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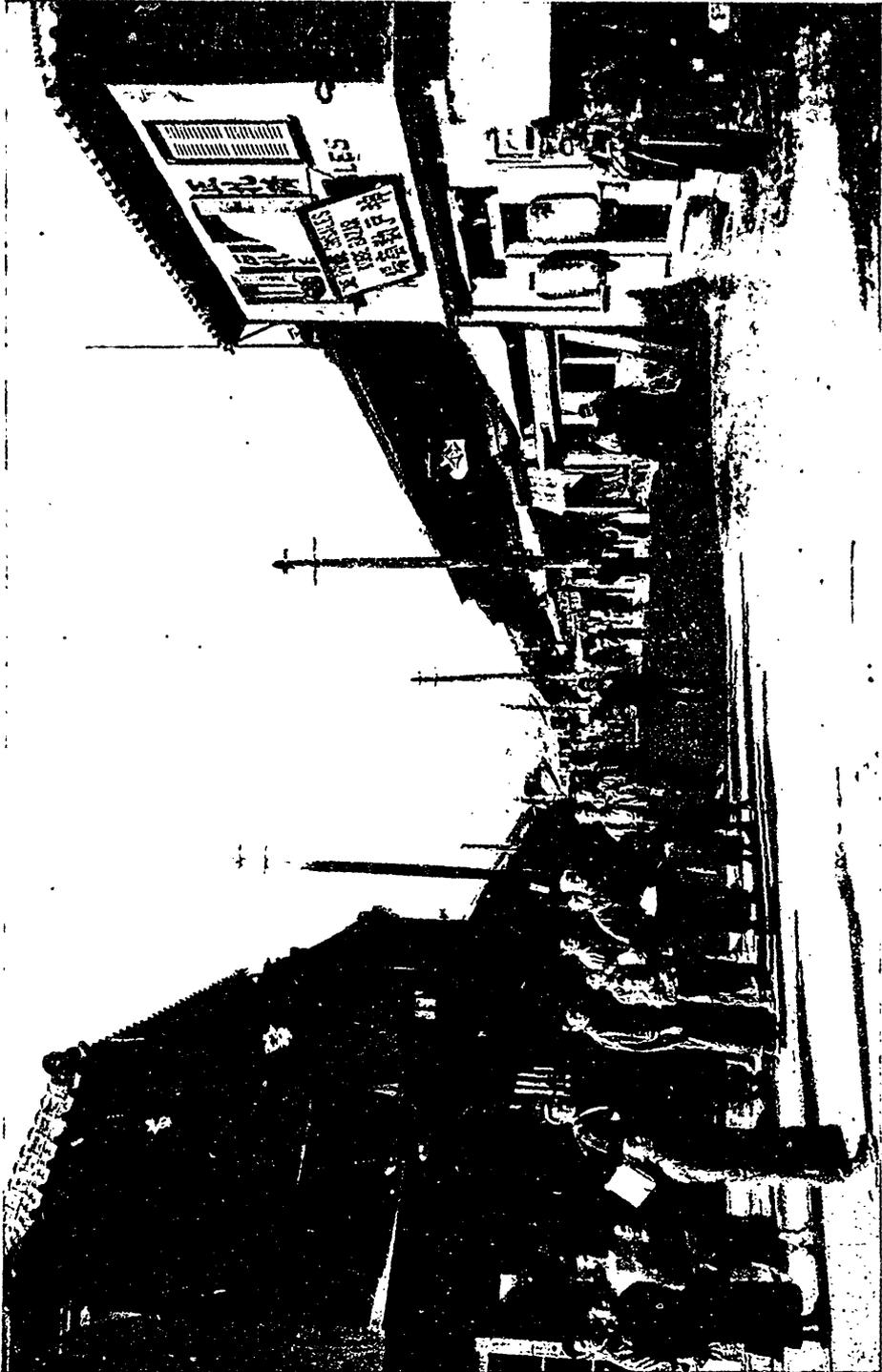
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CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME IN JAPAN.



JAPAN—MOTOMACHI STREET, KOBE.

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JAPAN IN WAR TIME.



THE LATE REV. D. MACDONALD, M.D.



THE Methodist Church of Canada built more wisely than it knew in founding its first foreign mission in Japan. It was a bold undertaking when, over thirty years ago, it sent forth its two pioneer missionaries, Dr. Cochran and Dr. Macdonald, to preach the everlasting Gospel of Christ in the then recently opened Empire of the Rising Sun. Many barriers were in the way. A difficult language had to be acquired; a religious literature had to be created, and the Bible translated into the Japanese tongue. Bitter prejudices had to be overcome. By the roadsides were displayed the decrees forbidding the preaching or teaching of this new religion in all but

very limited areas. Many of the missionaries had to devote their energies to teaching secular subjects in the government schools or colleges. The medical missionaries especially found wide opportunity for Christian work in, like the first great Master Missionary, healing the diseases as well as in ministering to the moral maladies of the people. In this field Dr. Macdonald was singularly successful. In Bible translation Dr. Cochran rendered invaluable service. Followed by able and apostolic men, Dr. Meacham, Dr. Eby, and a host of faithful laborers in the high places of the field, our missions have been crowned with signal success, till now we have in that country eight Canadian missionaries and twenty-six native preachers. In addition to these the Woman's Missionary Society has twenty-three



THE LATE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN, D.D.



THE REV. GEORGE M. MEACHAM, M.A., D.D.

agents who co-operate with the missionaries and their wives in evangelizing this great Empire.

The influence of the Christian churches in moulding the character of this young nation and inspiring its ideals can never be measured by cold statistics. The divine leaven of Christianity has been hidden in the measure of meal and is destined to leaven the whole lump. Far beyond any numerical results has that influence been potent. The leaders of thought, the members of the cabinet and of the high councils of the nation have in very considerable numbers accepted the teachings of Jesus. The recognition of Christian institutions and the *Christian Sabbath*, the adoption in large degree of the English characters instead of the complex Japanese ideographs, are evidences of this moulding influence.

Japan has had good reason to be jealous of most of the "Christian" nations of the west. The perfidy and truculence of Russia, of Germany, of France in despoiling her of the fruits of her war with China ten years ago, rankled in her breast.

The integrity and honesty of the two Protestant powers, Britain and

America, have been in large degree an antidote to that virus, and have led to the treaty with the greatest sea power in the world, which guarantees to Japan a fair field in the development of her new imperialism. And the influence of President Roosevelt has brought to a close the tremendous war in which the little David of the East smote to his knees the boasting Goliath of the West.

Canadian readers, therefore, will follow with deepest interest the development of that new civilization in which our own Church is so largely contributing. It is significant of much that one of our ministers received an appointment, with others, of chaplain to the troops, and although these Christian officers were not enabled to join the forces in the field, they were, with our other missionaries, able to render most important service in the hospitals and camps at home; and the Y.M.C.A. did much to mitigate the sufferings and beguile the tedium of the wounded and sick. The Rev. William Elliott writes as follows of experiences of Japan in war time:

Almost simultaneously with the first war news—of the exciting fate

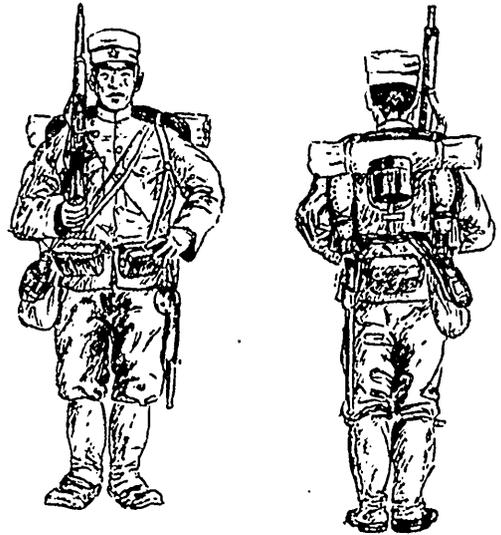


THE REV. CHAS. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

of the "Koreetz," "Variag," and other Russian vessels—we learned that our harbor was already full of transports, and its village enlarged and enlivened by the erection of six large storehouses and the filling of them with tons of rice and other provisions; that enormous quantities of horse-fodder had also been accumulated and placed under cover; that whole regiments of soldiers had been sent through under our very noses, but so secretly and quietly that the fact broke upon us like a revelation.

With the first report of naval success, however, and the formal declaration of war, military activity became open, and, though never noisy or spectacular, very stirring and impressive in both city and port; for this is the chief point for the muster, training and despatch of troops. The Fifth Division—the local garrison—welcomed in rapid succession the Imperial Body Guard and three other divisions, so that at one time there were nearly 100,000 soldiers here, quartered on the citizens and in barracks, hotels, temples, everywhere, until every available space was full to overflowing; while thousands of horses pawed and whinnied in temporary stables or tied to posts in the open; and parade grounds, school grounds, and many other places specially utilized, were covered with field guns, pontoon boats and their wagons, and other wagons bearing electrical fittings, ammunition, and all the varied apparatus of modern warfare.

In a few weeks Hiroshima and Ujina were joined by a mile of new shops and other buildings erected on either side of the main road. At the latter extensive docks and freight sheds, also recently built, are alive with men and women almost day and night, transferring goods from trains



JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN FULL KIT.
Drawn by a Japanese boy of fifteen years.

to junks, from which they are passed on to the transports. To us one of the most interesting sights is the hoisting of horses by cranes from the junks up over the sides of the transports, and the lowering of them down within. Their feet are covered with woven straw, so that they may inflict less injury on each other.

The good order and respectful bearing of our swarthy knights of the gun is marvellous, surely unexcelled, if equalled, the world over. Drunkenness is quite rare; and even when drunk the men are wonderfully harmless. Foreign women walk freely along past thousands of them on the street, and almost never, even when off drill, are the soldiers guilty of any objectionable utterance or suggestion. How far this is due to a supposition that all these foreigners are English-spoken, I know not. Certain it is that just now the Anglo-Saxon peoples are in their eyes "all right." This sometimes comes out in unexpected ways. On a recent Sunday, while on



MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN—1867-1906.

Englishman" (fond of Englishmen), and went on his happy way.

It is simple justice to say that Japan never forgets her alliance with England, and her duty to try to live up to it. Even the boys think of it constantly, with pride and high purpose.

Japan's care of her sick and wounded is a first study by many at home, as well as by an unusual number of globe-trotters here. Happily it is a first study also with the local government; and happily for Christianity the chief organization is the Red Cross Society. Not, indeed, ostensibly chosen as a Christian organization, but practically Christian nevertheless, and a mighty John the Baptist to the larger coming of Jesus Christ to these islands. Not strange, then, that its head at Hiroshima is a Christian, and that all its chief nurses sent to the front are Christians. In fact, all the official interpreters belong to the same class, deliberately selected by the military authorities, because in the campaign ten years ago many interpreters proved too susceptible to alcoholic persuasion and gave away too many army secrets.

The Red Cross Society here is an imperial institution, supported partly from the national treasury and partly by private subscription. There are many life members, who pay a single fee of \$12.50, or ten annual fees of \$1.50. The president and all the chief officers are of high rank, and the society is rich, strong, and finely equipped and managed. It has two excellent hospital ships of its own, which were ample at first to bring home all who had been rendered unfit for service; though, later, more than twice as many more were chartered, and, still later, in addition to what all these can accommodate, each transport, on its return journey, has brought hundreds of pitiable heroes from the field—enough to more than

my way from church, a stranger soldier overtook me, and suddenly shot me with—

"Igirisu?" (English?)

"Hai" (yes), I said, thinking it unnecessary to be more explicit as to my native land. Immediately he gently pressed my little girl's hand out of mine, and heartily shook it—my left hand—as it hung by my side, before I fairly realized what he was doing. It was only a few days later that my wife was suddenly accosted, in a railway station, by a tipsy marine:

"Are you Englishman?"

"No (tentatively); I'm not a man at all. I'm a woman." This, however, proved too deep a plunge into English for the daring fellow, and he simply rejoined, "I am very like



ARRANGING FLOWERS, A FAVORITE PASTIME IN JAPAN.

crowd all the military hospitals in the land. The delectable glories of war!

The Hiroshima hospital consists of eight divisions, in various parts of the city, each of which has from ten to fifty wards. These are single, separate buildings, with cots for between forty-five and fifty patients. What impressed me most—next to the pitiable glory aforesaid, and I have not been into even the ante-chamber of the “hell” of war—is the roominess and cleanliness, the thoroughness and efficiency, manifest everywhere, whether on hospital ship or in city ward. The directors have been sadly puzzled to find room for the newer buildings; yet, resolute against anything like half measures, they keep right up to date, and challenge the admiration of everybody; including,

among others, Dr. McGee—daughter of the well-known astronomer, Newcomb—and the nine American nurses associated with her. And they have had the best opportunities for judging. They have all been as far as Manchuria by hospital ship, and have just completed their six months’ engagement—most of it in practical every-day work—seven days a week—in the wards of this city. Each woman is quite proficient in her own line, and they are thoroughly competent judges of what is being done. Their praise of it is unstinted.

It has been a rare privilege to be in close touch with these ladies socially; while to see them dressing the head of this grateful Japanese, the knee of that, or the poor riddled body of another, has been a beautiful object-



THE CROWN PRINCESS SADA,
WIFE OF PRINCE HARU.

lesson in what is at once the best in humanity and the final test of acknowledged fellowship with divinity. "Inasmuch as unto these least, unto Me." Their doing has evidently been very largely unto Him.

A very happy thought, indeed, the sending of these nurses, and one that has worked out very smoothly and successfully! Enthusiastically welcomed and feasted when they came, they were most warmly feasted when they left. It is by no means simply a question of help rendered the local Red Cross, though that, too, will bear close inquiry. It is the fact that America and Japan are further bound together by one of the strongest bonds, the noblest philanthropic principles given an outstanding illustration, the world-spirit broadened and bettered.

Earnest systematic effort is being made to utilize a unique opportunity for Christian work in the hospitals.

Books, Scripture portions, tracts, flowers, etc., are given, and special services are held. Now a baby organ is taken from ward to ward, and a little playing and singing is done; then the patients who are able are gathered into the "social room" to hear short, crisp addresses and prayer, in addition to the music; and, again, personal heart-to-heart conversation is held with the men in their cots. Most of the patients are very grateful. A few days ago, as one of our ladies approached a poor, emaciated fellow, he strained eagerly towards her, tears ran down his cheeks, and after an effort, she caught the words, "Sambika—ga—arimasu—ko?" (Have you a hymn-book?)—it is close to the Bible in the estimation of the Japanese. Not that he was a Christian, but he knew a little about "the way," and was hungry to know more.



THE CROWN PRINCE HARU.

He is the first heir-apparent to be educated in public. He has two sons, Prince Nicho and Prince Atsu.

A few days earlier I had something like the following conversation with an officer:

"Can you speak English?"

"Yes, a little."

My wife then handed him a Christian paper from Canada. "Thank you," he said, heartily. "We are very glad to get reading matter to pass away the time. I am a graduate of a mission school in Tokio. My name is Koma. I am a nephew of Count Hiroosawa. I've been here about three months. I've lost a leg," and he showed us a very short stump. "But I am nearly well now, and will soon be out."

"What mission school did you graduate from in Tokio?"

"The Azabu Toyo Eiwa Gakko, connected with the Canadian Methodist Mission."

"Oh, indeed! We are Canadians and Methodists, and know that school very well. Did you know Dr. Cochran?"

"Yes; and Mr. Large, and Mr. Whittington, and Mr. Saunby." And we found that he was a faithful Chris-



MISS SATO, A JAPANESE NURSE.

tian—good fruit cultivated by noble men who were wont to sow beside all waters.

Most of the Russian prisoners are not far away—at Matsuyama, in Shikoku. They are well cared for, and



ARMY AND HOSPITAL SURGEONS AND NURSES.
The nurses are both American and Japanese.



DR. M'GEE, WOUNDED OFFICERS AND NURSES.

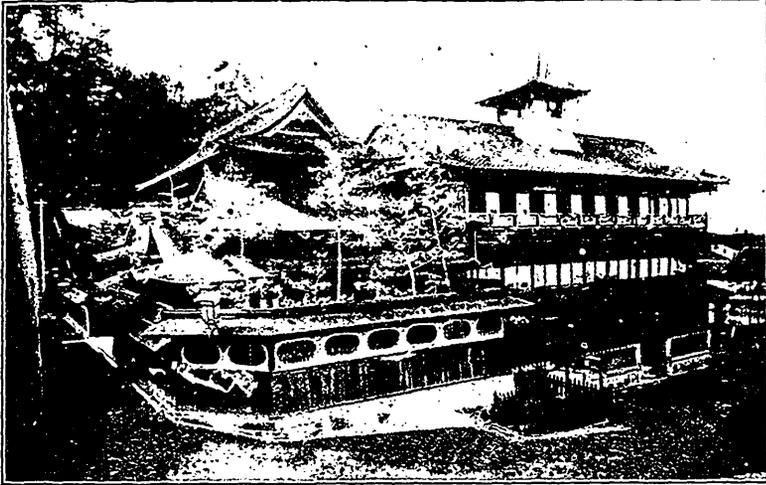
are given much freedom. I have not seen them. But I saw here, through car windows, over five hundred men, of those gallantly rescued by Admiral Kamimura after the sinking of the "Rurik," and I have also seen over a hundred army prisoners. The former were fair, average-looking men, but the latter appeared unexpectedly coarse and ignorant. Hundreds of Japanese keenly eyed them, too, but there was not the slightest sign of hate or even reproach; only a rather expressionless look, or one of pity.

"The war with Russia brought out all the dormant energies and latent heroism in the hearts of the Japanese women," writes Edwin Emerson, Jr. Ladies of rank have forgotten the etiquette and conventionality that usually hedges them in and restricts their activity and "have taken the lead in all the leagues and associations that have sprung into being or developed a new activity at the first call to arms. They have sunk their rank or used it for the service of their country, as was most expedient. All religious differences were forgotten in the face of

the pressing need, and the Christians, Buddhists, and Shintoists all join hands in the common cause of helpfulness."

The Empress set the example, and, when war was declared, sent all her jewels and treasures to the Bank of Japan to increase the reserve fund. She also directed the officers of her suite to join their regiments, realizing that they would wish to be with their brothers in arms at this crisis. Many of the princesses were in the Ladies' Nursing Association, a self-supporting auxiliary of the Red Cross Society, founded in Japan by the late Imperial Princess Komatsu. The duties these society women took upon themselves are by no means light. The work to be done was all mapped out in a business-like way. The women divided into squads, and volunteered for the branch most congenial to them; beyond that there was no option, and the princesses worked as long and as hard as any of the others. Each lady was due at the bandage-room two days a week.

Emphasis has been laid upon this



MINERAL BATH HOUSE, MATSUYAMA.
For Russian sick and wounded.

association, because it is typical of all the others. The Ladies' Patriotic League, which was formed at the close of the late war, had for its aim caring especially for the soldiers and their families. It was the largest of the women's associations, having a membership of sixty thousand, including women of all ranks of society, from the Princess Kanin, the honorary president, and the Princess Iwakura, the directress, who naturally wield a wide national influence, down to women of the humblest class, who showed a no less genuine patriotism, though having less to give to their country. In Tokio, the question of the soldiers' families was uppermost, and the Ladies' Educational Society resolved to extend their society's aims, for the period of the war, to cover this need. Many foreign ladies joined the society. In all the girls' schools the pupils help in some way. In many schools they knitted socks for the sailors, and made caps for the soldiers. At the Presbyterian board school the pupils have undertaken to furnish ten thousand "comfort bags," containing such

things as towels, candy, tablets of chocolate, packages of court-plaster and little Testaments. The humblest denied themselves something. In the European part of the town, servant girls dispensed with the services of the hairdresser, and did up their own hair (a very much harder task than any European coiffure), and others went without fish with their rice every other day, a sacrifice which was pathetic in its earnestness.

Sir Frederick Treves, in a letter from Tokio to the *British Medical Journal*, on the official medical service, says: The field equipment of the army medical corps in Japan is excellent—light, simple, and inexpensive, and full of ingenious devices in every department. In time of war the Red Cross Society supplements the medical work of the service. This society is remarkable in its size, its many branches all over the country, its important work, and its very admirable organization. It is a society of voluntary workers. It has no direct official connection with the army medical corps, but the utmost

use is made of its invaluable services. It not only maintains hospitals for soldiers in Japan, but it supplies an immense staff of civil surgeons and nurses. More than that, it concerns itself in every way with everything that relates to the comfort of the soldier in camp or field in times of war.

The Rev. D. R. McKenzie, B.A., of our Canadian Japanese mission, writes: When we visited the Kanazawa regiment in the castle, to speak to the soldiers there, previous to their departure, we were very kindly entertained by the colonel in command,



ENTRANCE TO ADMIRAL TOGO'S HOUSE, TOKIO.

who thanked us for what we had said, and expressed his high appreciation of the sympathy of England and America for Japan in this crisis. During the summer we heard that this officer had fallen at Port Arthur, covered with wounds. Two days ago I went again to the castle, in company with two of the Japanese pastors, to express the sympathy of the churches of the city to the officers and men who have come back from the seat of war sick or wounded, and are now in the hospital ward of the castle barracks. We visited and spoke to some two hundred men and twenty officers.

Later we expect to send them Christian literature. A good many of the convalescent ones were out in the grounds taking exercise or receiving visits from their friends. In some cases there seemed no lack of reading matter, especially in the officers' ward, and, the presence of cakes, tobacco, flowers, etc.; showed that there were thoughtful friends and relatives who were doing what they could to make the time pass as agreeably as possible. In other cases these signs were lacking; perhaps for the reason that some of the men do not belong to these parts, and so have no friends near.

These will doubtless be glad to get some reading matter.

From our upstairs we can count between forty and fifty hospital buildings. These are one-story frame buildings about 18 x 100 feet in size, each intended to hold about fifty or sixty men. As fast as they are finished they are filled. A few days ago the ladies of the W. C. T. U. distributed gospels and tracts to a large number of soldiers quartered here. My big boy, who helped the ladies in the work reported that the men

were "wild to get something to read." It is said that there are now altogether some five or six thousand of the sick and wounded in the city, and that many more are expected. The Churches and the W. C. T. U. will try to reach them all with Christian literature or by other means.

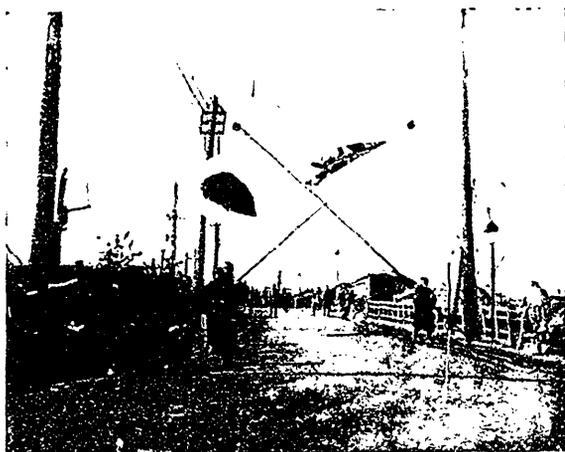
At a place where there was no other building available, we obtained a Buddhist temple for our meeting. Under such circumstances, as Noto is a very strongly Buddhist section of the country, we showed only general pictures, those relating to the war, etc., as we thought it hardly in good

taste to show our Scripture pictures. We explained that we were Christian workers, and told them why we did not show our Scripture views. I told them I was an Englishman, and I would speak on the war, and so I proceeded to tell them why the English sympathized with Japan at the present time, and hoped she might win. When I finished there was a shout of "Hurrah for England" (Ei-ko-ku ban-zai).

Our most interesting work has been among the wounded soldiers. The three Churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian—formed a joint committee for the carrying on of this work. About a thousand men have fallen to the Methodists, and Mrs. McKenzie and I have the direction of the work. The W.M.S. ladies of our mission have ten other rooms at the opposite end of the parade grounds, the point nearest their house.

We first obtained permission to visit the hospitals with singing bands on Sunday afternoon to sing hymns. In order that the soldiers might receive the most possible benefit from this work, we selected from the new Union Hymnal (used by nearly all the Protestant Churches in Japan) twenty good hymns, and had them printed for distribution among the soldiers.

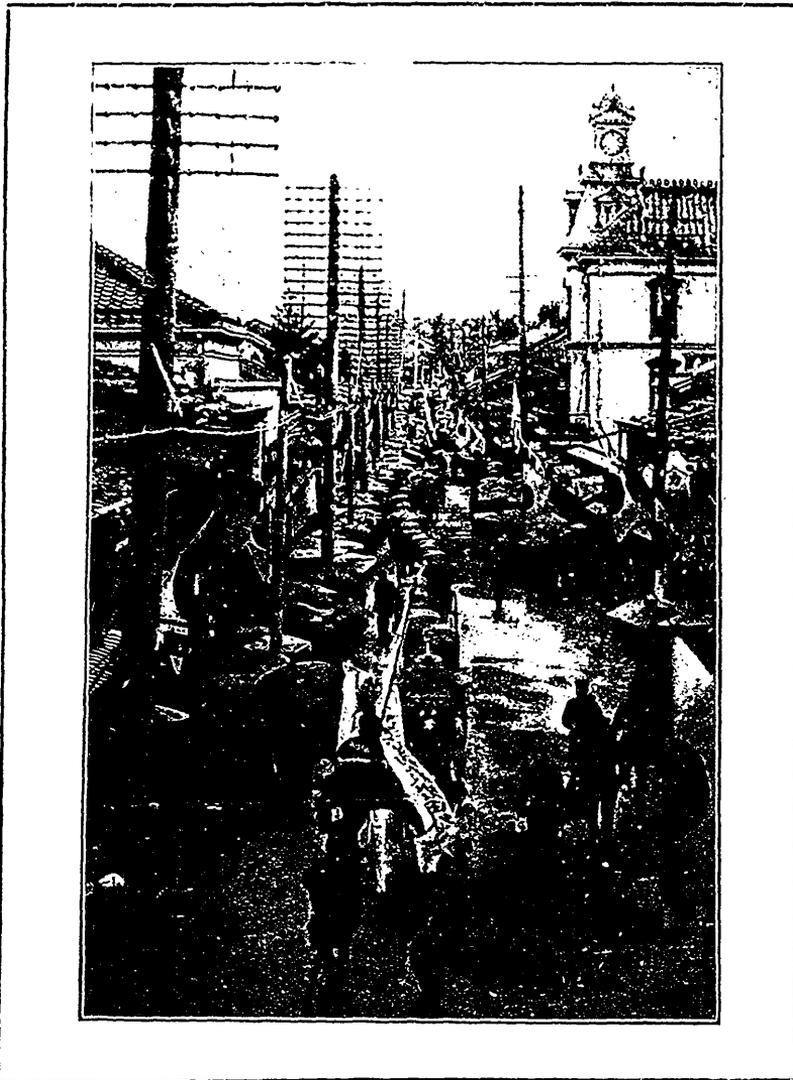
When the rooms are filled there are about forty beds on a side; that is, eighty in a room. The patients are some of them lying down, others sitting up, reading, smoking, chatting, and if it happens to be a fine day some of them will be walking in the grounds outside. The men are dressed in thick wadded Japanese clothes, or "kimonos," made of unbleached cotton, and



A BRIDGE OVER A RAILWAY, JAPAN.

The flags are crossed in honor of a Japanese victory.

having a red cross on the left sleeve. As we enter the room we salute the inmates, and ask them if they would like some singing. "Yes, yes, yes," is the hearty response. So we take up a position at the centre of the room, and having distributed the sheets with the hymns on, announce a hymn. If it is the first time we have visited this particular room we briefly explain the meaning of the hymn before singing it. We usually sing three or four hymns in a room, winding up with the Japanese National Anthem. Most of the twenty hymns we have printed for distribution are old familiar ones, known all over the world wherever Christians are found. Here is a partial list: "Stand Up for Jesus," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Fairer Than Day," "Lily of the Valley," "Yield Not to Temptation," "Whiter Than Snow," "Soldiers of the Cross, Arise," "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Occasionally among the patients there is a Christian, and he can join in the singing. Others who do not yet know the hymns, but are anxious to learn, try to join in. A number of years ago the question was



THE FUNERAL OF TWELVE OF JAPAN'S BRAVEST OFFICERS, KANAZAWA, JAPAN.

put, I think through one of the Christian papers in Japan, as to how the Christians addressed had been led to Christ, and among those who replied there were several who attributed their conversion in the first place to Christian hymns. Who knows but that these simple song services we are

holding for the soldiers may be the means of leading many into the fold of Christ? God grant that they may.

Another kind of work we do is to hang Berean Cluster pictures around the walls of the hospital wards. We take the Quarterly Clusters apart and pin or tack them up, some eight or



COLONEL OUCHI.

Commanding the 7th Regiment at Kanazawa. Killed at Port Arthur.

ten to a room, and after they have been there a week or two change them for others. These pictures help to brighten the sombre grey walls of the rooms, and the patients are very much pleased with them. The only trouble is that we have not nearly enough pictures. The men are not only glad to have the pictures, but like to have them explained. I suggested to one

of our Christian young men that he might like to stay and explain the pictures, while the rest of us went to the next room to sing. He readily agreed, and spent half an hour or so going from picture to picture and giving the explanation. If you have pictures to spare wrap them up well and send by book post, addressing simply, D. R. McKenzie, Kanazawa, Kaga, Japan, and I promise you good use will be made of them. We regularly visit hospitals having a total of over one thousand patients, and as the men are constantly changing it takes a great many portions and tracts to keep up the supply.



GENERAL ICHINOHE.

Of the Kanazawa Division, whose bravery is known throughout the world.

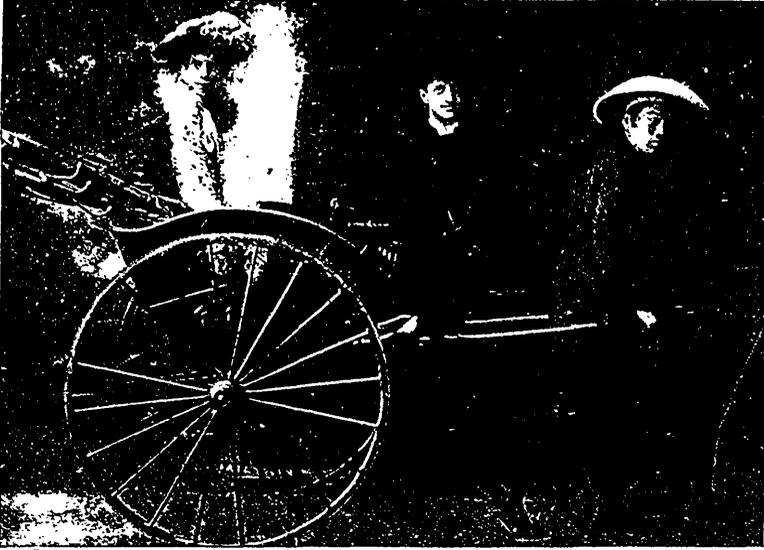


GENERAL OSHIMA.

Who commanded the Kanazawa Division at Port Arthur.

Another kind of hospital work we are doing is the holding of lantern meetings and the exhibition of Scripture and other views. We hang a curtain of rather thin material at the centre of the room and show a picture some five feet across. The men seem to enjoy these exhibitions very much.

At Christmas we thought we would give the hospital patients a bit of Christmas cheer, so we got willow branches and adorned them with imi-



THE REV. E. A. WICHER AND MRS. WICHER.

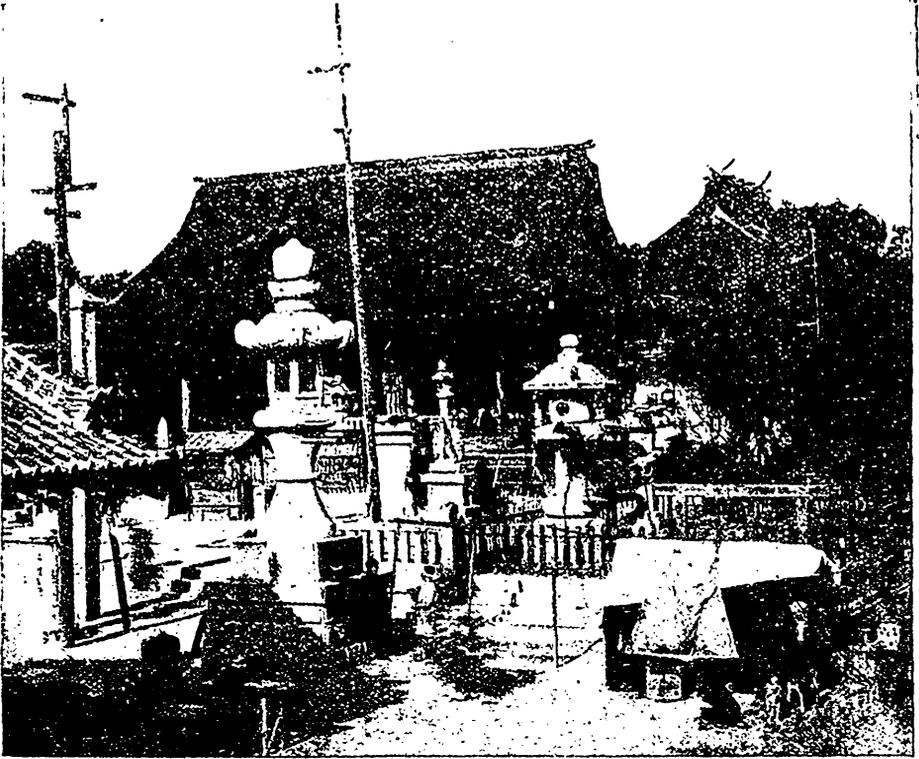
tation cherry blossoms, as they do here at festival seasons. The men were greatly delighted. On the afternoon of Christmas Day four of us went through the rooms singing two Christmas songs in each, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," in English," and "Glory to God the Father," in Japanese, and Mrs. McKenzie and her Bible-woman and Ethel, our little girl, followed, distributing packages of oranges and cake to the nearly eight hundred men who were there at the time. I think they will not soon forget this Christmas. Of course, we explained what Christmas was, and how Christians all over the world keep this day with gladness.

Mrs. McKenzie and I, in order to identify ourselves as thoroughly as possible with the people, have become members of the Red Cross and the patriotic societies. We have also attended a number of the military funerals, and go to the station when soldiers start for the front, and when the wounded are brought back. We

are specially interested, because, as I said above, the Kanazawa troops have been doing heavy fighting at Port Arthur. It is they who, under the command of General Oshima, have had to attack the strongest of the forts, namely, those at the north and north-east of the fortress. General Ichinohe (e-che-no-hay), whose brave exploits are known throughout the world, belongs to the Kanazawa division. So after the fall of Port Arthur you may be sure the city rejoiced.

Each of the generals mentioned above, General Oshima and General Ichinohe, have a daughter attending the Presbyterian Mission School in this place.

The Rev. E. A. Wicher thus describes a famous street and temple in Kobe: Motomachi is the great show street of Kobe, the street whose shops are full of all the kinds of costly wares which the tourist buys—silks, embroideries, carved chairs, painted screens, pictures, lacquer bowls and old stone gods. Here, too,



NANKO TEMPLE AT KOBE.

the tourist buys antiques that are manufactured in Osaka. Indeed, the candid sign of one shop announces that the proprietor is a "manufacturer and exporter of curios."

We passed over the railway bridge and down into the old Japanese town beyond. There was Nanko Temple on our right. Leaving the rickshaw man at the gate, we came first into the spacious fore-court, where were the immense bazaars, the open stalls for the sale of all kinds of goods, and even the restaurants for the refectation of the visitors. It was now dusk and the lights were being lighted in all parts of the grounds. We took our way up to the open court on the left where the old goods were displayed on

straw mats. Each little stall was of one mat about six feet by three, and was illuminated by a small kerosene lamp that stood in the middle. The stalls were in rows, leaving a space for the visitors to pass up and down between. The proprietor sat on his heels behind his wares. The prices asked were determined, not simply by the value of the articles, but also by the clothing and apparent wealth and social position of the customer. Consequently they varied exceedingly, it being possible sometimes to sell an article at three hundred per cent. of an advance upon the price of another time.

Bargaining is universal. I never saw a purchase made without bargain-

ing. And frequently it is very amusing for the bystanders. We overheard a youth trying to buy a lead pencil.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five sen," said the dealer, holding up one hand with the fingers outspread.

The youth looked horrified at such a display of cupidity. Then his face relaxed again into an amiable smile.

"Yes, I see, you mean for the bunch." The bunch contained six.

"No, indeed, I mean for one," indignantly cried the dealer.

The youth resumed his look of horror, and then said, "I could not think of giving more than two sen."

Finally the bargain was concluded at three sen for one pencil. The dealer was an old man, the youth was about fourteen years old. They seemed to understand life equally well and to be fairly matched in the bargaining. They parted with mutual bowings.



NANKO TEMPLE—GATE OF THE SHRINE.

THE HOME LIFE.

O dying Year, when thou wast new,
I vowed allegiance, faithful, true;
Upon thy first pure page I penned,
"My life from hence I do amend."
Alas! with sorrow and regret,
With troubled brow and lashes wet,
I view the volume all unrolled;
Thy fourfold tale, I know, is told.

On every page is blot or stain,
Oh, might I write them o'er again!
And, dying Year, I have no plea
That thou canst bear away with thee!

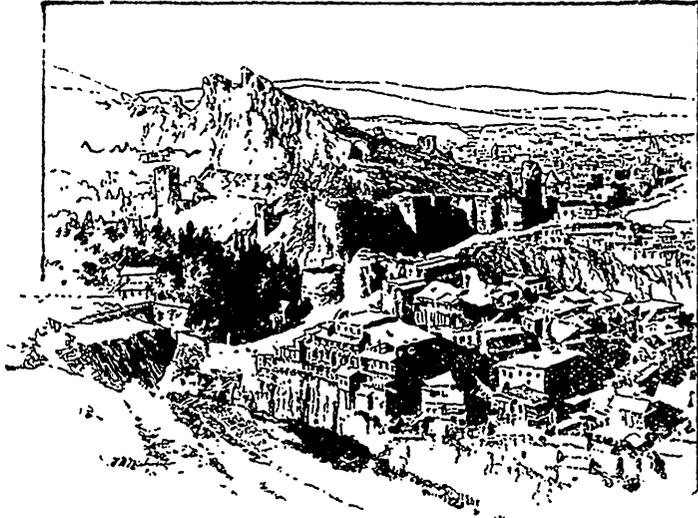
With contrite shame I hide my face,
And beg of Heaven for pardoning grace.

The solemn midnight hour is come,
And night is deep and waves are dumb,
And thou art borne with mighty sweep
Adown the flood of Time's rude steep.
And scarce I mourn thee lost and dead,
When, lo, a stranger comes instead.
With Hope and Joy in either hand,
Before me does the stranger stand;
And as I find my vision clear,
I gladly cry, All Hail, New Year!

—Anna D. Walker.

WITH THE CAUCASIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.*

BY ERNEST POOLE.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT TIFLIS.—A COSSACK STRONGHOLD.



THE Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution, in the most romantic, rockiest, richest, warmest dominion of Russia:

I lay, with my interpreter, Ivanoff, on the upper deck of a Black Sea coaster. The stars hung close above, the air was soft and balmy, though this was only March, and above in Russia all was still ice and snow. Down in the steerage behind lay a tangled mass of Armenians, Persians, Russians, Caucasians, Turks—sleeping, gambling,

smoking, drinking, jabbering. Around us sat a score of gay Caucasian students homeward bound from Odessa, and a few rich Greek and Armenian merchants, a Circassian prince and his young Caucasian bride—of such marvellous dark beauty that I was ready at once to believe the old saying—"The Caucasian women are the diamonds of Russia." The students, too, were strikingly handsome in their brilliant uniforms; they had all struck at the University and were rushing home to fight. "All classes," cried one of them, "are rising! In a few months our beautiful mountains will all be free!" The mountains, dark and

* The cablegram reports from Russia give so little definite information and local color that we can form only vague general ideas of the condition of affairs in that distracted country. We therefore have pleasure in reproducing with slight abridgment the accompanying article from *The Outlook* magazine. The high

standing of that periodical is a guarantee that its correspondent gives a trustworthy account of the tragical condition of affairs in the Caucasus. We cannot but feel convinced that the Russian autocracy has been filling up the cup of its iniquity and is now drinking it to the dregs.

silent, towered out of the waves close to our left; we caught dim glimpses of turreted castles and quaint fishing hamlets. The students sang wild old mountain ballads, the music warm and throbbing with the hot blood of the south, but sad with the eternal minor note of Asia. They told me, through Ivanoff, what thrilling scenes I should witness, told stories and legends of love, jealousy, and revenge, of patriotism, tyranny, Siberia. The princess gazed up at the mountains and listened, and under her black mantilla you could see her big eyes sparkle.

"Is this all real?" I asked the American Consul at Batoum. I told him the stories I had heard. "Wonderful stories to write!" I ended, desperately. "But the magazines simply *won't* believe them!"

"Well," said the Consul, smiling, "write just what you see yourself. Here in Batoum we've had one general strike, two big revolutionist parades, one frightful massacre of men, women, and children by Cossacks, and now we have five thousand Cossacks and regulars camped all around us, the province is under martial law, and deep beneath it all a secret revolutionary committee is absolutely running the town. They show wonderful power; they are made up of all classes, from princes and doctors and lawyers to workmen and peasants; they give orders, they try criminals, they punish for all kinds of offences. An offender gets three anonymous warnings, and then, if he continues his offence, he is shot on the street. Five have been shot in the last week; one was killed last night right here below my window. Oh, you will see enough!"

That afternoon, with the prince and his wife and two students, we drove twenty miles through soft green valleys white with spring blossoms. We saw entirely different races of peas-

ants, Kurds and Caucasians, with different cabins, different languages, different religions; Mohammedan mosques near Greek churches, and late in the afternoon a funeral procession of men in long gowns and with uncut hair—the Doukobors. Poverty everywhere. Little children ran out by the score and scampered often half a mile behind the carriage begging for just one kopeck more. The cabins looked cheerless and bare inside; cattle, pigs, and people all in one room with uneven dirt floor. "And still they raise the taxes!" cried one of the students. "Do you wonder they are ready to fight?"

They were ready. You could see it in their eyes as they told of Government oppression and Cossack outrage—the same acts that cause Kentucky lynchings, only here no lynchings happened; the courts had laughed and would not punish, and the feelings were all pent up ready to burst. At dinner our thin but gigantic waiter told us a hideous story—his own little niece the sufferer. We heard more that night on the great warm docks, in the crooked, narrow streets, in long, low drinking-rooms full of men of all races and costumes—in Russian blouses, or kilts, or flowing robes with knives stuck in their belts. Asia and Europe all mixed in together boiling.

Still later, to our hotel room came one of our students bringing a tall, black-bearded man with steady gray eyes. This man read our letters from Petersburg revolutionists, and then talked long into the night, telling us where to go, giving us more letters, and promising to have word sent on ahead by the revolutionist underground mail. But about his own committee he kept silent. We had not proved ourselves as yet, and were evidently to be watched as we travelled.

Long after midnight I lay in bed in the darkness, aching from a hundred

too vivid impressions. Suddenly I saw by my pillow a giant of a figure, a dark arm came out, and I felt in my hand the cold steel of a revolver. I rolled out of bed—on the other side.

"Ivanoff! Ask this man what he wants."

With exasperating slowness Ivanoff woke up and questioned.

"Why—he's our waiter. They don't allow guns in this country. He bought this from a French steamer, and he wants you to take it up inland and kill a few Cossacks. He says any kind will do."

ists all! Their sons and brothers and fathers had been killed in a war they hated; their beloved free country had been enslaved sixty years back by the Russian Czar, and had already been squeezed into famines and riots by the tightening grasp of Russian despots; their property was insecure; judges, police, and Cossack leaders were for ever at hand, blackmailing, bullying, to be kept off only by bribery—until now the richest spot in Europe was choked in its struggle to civilization, mines undeveloped and vineyards untended. "We are beggars sitting on



COSSACK HORSEMANSHIP.

Two days later I sat in a narrow, swaying dining-car on the train *de luxe* for Tiflis. At a long table down the middle sat some forty men, beards black and gray and white, but always beards. Fifty years ago they would have been clan chieftains. Since the emancipation of the serfs they were simply landowners. But revolution-

bags of gold!" cried one old gray-beard. So now they were going to Tiflis, the capital, there to meet hundreds of others from all parts of the mountains, and demand a constitution of the Czar!

In looks and words they were still clan chieftains. Rugged, hairy faces, sunburnt, wrinkled, glowing; rough

voices talking fast in harsh Georgian dialects; long coarse woollen gowns of dull red, orange, or gray, with a silver knife at the waist and across the chest a belt for cartridges—empty, according to the hated Russian law; long, flowing sleeves, big fur caps or hoods or turbans, heavy capes of black goatskin thrown back over chairs. And frock suits and silk hats! For some of these gay Georgians had been in Paris when news came of the struggle. Hats were tipped far back, faces flushed with wine, eyes gleamed under black brows, big hands gestured. The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution!

I looked outside. The conductor wore a knife and a revolver: At the stations the little newsboys, shrieking the latest riot sensation, were in bright, ragged mediæval dress; the loafers who gawked at the train were dressed like mountain bandits, with faces to match. And as we thundered up the valley, the long, soft streams of light from the setting sun fell on gray old cliffs and castles perched high and ready to topple with age, on solemn little buffalo oxen dragging carts whose wheels were just pieces of wood with a hole in the middle. More queer bark cabins and huts of rocks and dug-outs. More costumes, fierce faces, and bristling beards. Romantic gorges, precipices, and ravines. And all bathed in the unreal light of a dream.

Ivanoff and the prince were now boon companions with a rugged old chief whose wide gray beard flowed over an enormous thick chest, whose fists showed big and hairy in his loose red sleeves. As Ivanoff interpreted, I heard legends and myths that made me think of Greece and Troy and Achilles—and always of Helen. The familiar old tales had crept northward slowly from lip to lip through the centuries, and now appeared as Cau-

casian myths with vivid Caucasian colors. Then I heard of a famous mountain bandit named Darcia, who had lived for twenty years with his band of sixty in mountain caves, had dressed like a prince, had robbed the rich, and was for ever helping the poor. And this Robin Hood had lived and robbed until he was killed six months ago!

The old man scowled, and his voice grew low and tense.

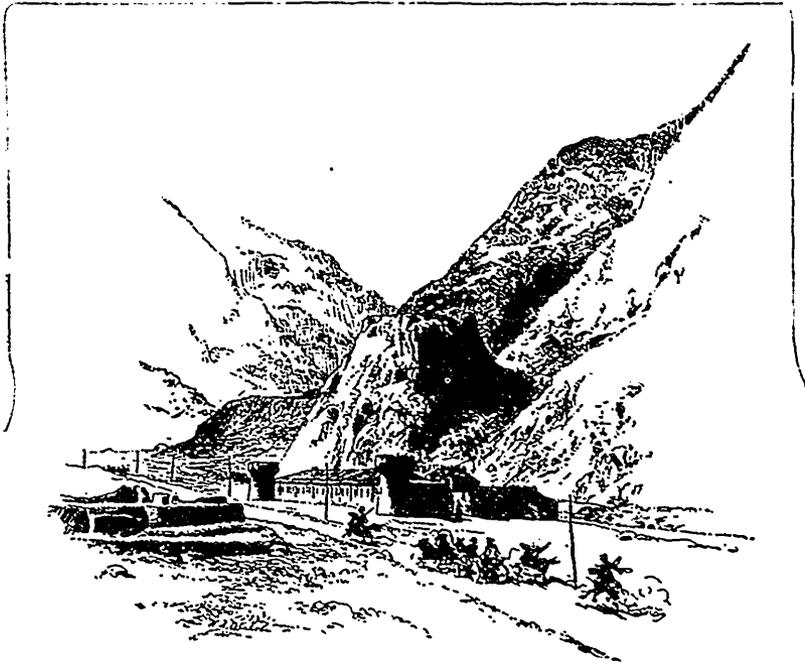
“Three weeks ago,” he cried, “a workman came to me bloody and black and blue from Cossack whips—whips with iron nails for lashes. I galloped to the place—a railroad crossing. Four Cossacks were there on horseback. ‘Why did you beat him?’ I asked. ‘Do you call that a beating?’ asked one of them, leering. ‘Why, we only swung our knouts a little.’ I took their names and wrote to their colonel. No answer. I went to him, and asked if he had received it. He laughed. ‘Oh, yes, I received it.’ I asked him what legal redress there was for this outrage. ‘Why,’ said the colonel, ‘what harm is there in beating these stupid cattle? They bother me with hundreds of letters. I burn them up.’ He laughed. ‘Since the Batoum riot we’ve stopped using firewood here. Paper is cheaper.’

“In the Batoum riot I saw a boy five years old imitating the men, and shouting, ‘Down, down, down with—’ he didn’t know what. I saw six Cossacks rush on him; I seized him, and took him to the Cossack colonel, showed the child’s face bleeding, told of scores of women and children I had seen flogged by his men, who laughed while they did it. ‘Ha!’ cried the colonel, who was himself still wild from the sight of blood. ‘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 their lesson! I took the child home; his mother, who had been half-dead with terror, fell on her knees and kissed both my hands, and then my boots, sobbing, 'I shall thank you all my life!' The child had been out with his nurse, and had gone too near the riot, and the nurse had been killed. So now the boy's father and two uncles and grandfather—all are revolutionists! That's how they are made!"

streets, and saw such revolting poverty that again we were drawn back to reality.

Cautiously we felt our way till we reached the real revolutionist leaders, and then we set forth a plan which had been intrusted to us by certain outside friends. It had to do with guns and certain Black Sea ships, and a landing at night near Batoum; a plan wild as the Caucasus itself, wild as the Cossack outrages—but no



RUINS OF CASTLE OF TAMARA.

In the rich, gay streets of Tiflis we saw hundreds of chiefs and nobles—with such women! Radiant Persian and Georgian beauties, some in the latest Paris gowns, others in gorgeous old-time costumes, laughing from carriages by day, and by night tripping up the broad stairs at the opera. Dreams again! But then we wandered through steep, crooked slum

wilder. In three days it took shape, and a secret meeting of the Committee of all the Caucasians was arranged for a night one week distant. Meanwhile those frightful stories kept rolling up till at last I refused to believe them. "We ask you to believe nothing," said the leader; "go and see for yourself," and he mapped out a week's trip through the mountains.

We went first to the Governor at Koutais. Arrayed in frock suits and high hats, we entered the ante-room, showed my credentials, and stood waiting while five attaches and guards sat watching, as though for possible bombs. At last we were ushered in. Two gigantic Cossack guards kept close behind, and in the room were several more. The Governor lay back in a deep reclining-chair—an old prince with soft white beard flowing down over his richly embroidered blue gown. He puffed slowly at the stem of a pipe five feet long, while a kneeling servant tended the bowl. The Governor's little blue eyes beamed benevolently. He said he was glad we had not come sooner, for then Koutais was dangerous, but now his Cossacks had made all peaceful. We would find it a charming old town.

Ivanoff asked if he had any objection to our visiting the villages near by.

"None at all," said the Governor. "My only concern is for your own safety. These mountaineers are so desperately poor and savage; they have a most painful habit of plunging a big knife far into your vitals, and then twisting it in a way that produces, I am told, excruciating agony. I was a boy once myself, and I have a feeling that you will not heed my warning. But if you go, please let me know just where, that I may take precautions."

So quieting was the courteous old prince that again I began to doubt the stories. I watched the Cossacks in their camp, and never have I seen such magnificent horsemanship. Heartly, jovial, good fellows all, they seemed to fit the warm, balmy spring morning. In the afternoon the doubts still grew. I wandered in and out of the steep, narrow streets, saw those picturesque peasants chatting in the street markets, driving solemn-eyed

geese, nervous turkeys, and stoical oxen. I peered into quaint, dark smithies and booths for tailors, carpenters, shoemakers. Buds, flowers, blossoms, and leaves everywhere; glimpses of distant hilltops covered with turreted ruins. Stolid peasants trudged by under gray pigskins of wine. A water-carrier sold me delicious spring water for a tenth of a cent from the leaf-covered tankard on his back. Long-haired priests rode past on mules. And such girls! They smiled from dark passages, leaned from tiny balconies, laughed low, rippling laughter from behind garden walls. And at sunset in the town square they strolled up and down under the sleepy old trees—girls young and old, dark and fair, with bright eyes delightfully busy. The handsome men with fierce, romantic eyes looked far indeed from business. Flower-girls moved in and out, the band played, a soft, hazy new moon peeped down through the trees. The birds chirped sleepily.

A score of Cossacks galloped by! And then from these same gay people came scowls and flashes of eyes and angry murmurs which rose to cries of defiance; again we heard snatches of stories that made one's blood boil. The women disappeared at nightfall, and when we asked the reason of an old gardener in the square, he said simply, "Cossacks." The men gathered in groups, and the talk grew fiercer—"Cossacks, Cossacks, Cossacks!" Even our portly, jovial landlord grew excited, and told how a cottage on the edge of the town had just been burned to the ground by drunken Cossacks at midnight, a sick woman and her baby burned to ashes. What could you do? Nothing. We could hear the infantry patrols march by, a hundred strong, and twice we heard the whoop and clatter of Cossacks.

About ten o'clock in rushed our bell-boy, a little chap of twelve. One cheek had a black welt and was swelling fast, and the boy was still shaking with terror. "I couldn't! I couldn't!" he kept sobbing. At last we made him speak. "I was in a narrow street; an old woman was there; three Cossacks grabbed her. One laughed and asked, 'Old girl, where is your revolver?' Then they all laughed and shouted, 'Yes, we must search her, she is dangerous.' But she wasn't dangerous at all; she was only old, and cried. They grabbed her handkerchief and a silver buckle, and then one of them yelled, 'Ha! a

valley was white with blossoms, the gray mountain-sides were hazy with budding green, above shone the giant white peaks and the pure snow-fields; the sky was a warm, rich blue. How quiet it was! Only tiny sounds of life in the warm, damp grass under my head, a tinkle from the brook that slipped under a ledge of rock and red roses; now and then a bird gave a chirp, an old horse cropped noisily, wee white kids frisked round, a fool of a yellow goose kept strutting by. Faintly from across the river came cries of toy men driving slow toy oxen; the river rippled below, and over on the other side a young woman



MTZCHET, A COSSACK TOWN.

revolver!" and held up something; but I saw it wasn't a revolver, but a silver purse. Then they saw me and kicked over the old woman and ran for me, and I ran; but I couldn't, I couldn't! I tried to climb the wall quick. And one of them lashed my face as I got on top, so I jumped down in a garden and ran." Again he was sobbing. Most of the stories we heard that night cannot be mentioned. What a discreet old Governor!

The next morning we drove fifteen miles back into the mountains, and there after luncheon I lay in a meadow . . . Around me the

was washing a speck of a baby, laughing when the baby shut its eyes and cried.

A sudden deep-rolling clatter of hoofs! Faint yells, oaths, and snatches of song. Across the river, round a sharp curve in the road, swept a hundred Cossacks. Huge splendid brutes sitting straight in their saddles—laughing, joking, yelling. As they passed the slow peasant ox-carts some of them leaned over and lashed the oxen. Glorious savages trained from their birth to violence, trained out on the steppes two hundred thousand strong, trained to be the Czar's police and hold his people down.

I heard quick breaths, and a little girl of ten came running with a baby in her arms. Close by me she stumbled and pitched into a deep green hollow. A loud sob of terror! I ran over and stooped to lift her, and she gave a shaking breath of relief, for we had played together all that lazy noon hour when she had laughed at my cigar—a thing she had never seen before. She seized my arm now and stared at the Cossacks as at devils. I led her off to the inn where Ivanoff sat talking, and then we three went up the mountain-side to her father's cabin.

We went in. It was gloomy; there was no window, and at first we could see nothing but a hummocky dirt floor. In the middle was a grey, smouldering bonfire; the lazy white ringlets rose and vanished among sooty rafters. A chain dangled down swinging a black iron pot into the smoke. Along one wall ran a low bench of split logs covered with bedding for the whole family. On one end of the bench sat a withered old woman who stooped over a cradle, laughing and making grotesque faces at something inside. The rest of the cabin was bare except that one corner was railed off for cattle.

The little girl stood gazing down at a huddled white figure on the other end of the bench. It was the figure of her fifteen-year-old sister, dying from a nameless crime.

We found the father, tall and deep-chested, with black beard, red turban and brown cloak, a poniard stuck in the belt.

"When I rushed to the Cossack barracks," he cried, "the colonel only grinned. He has heard hundreds of these things, and calls them jokes. All he said was, 'Point out the men who did it. I can't punish a whole regiment.'

"When I came home and told this,

my younger girl, the little one who brought you—her eyes got twice as big. She took me behind the cabin, and whispered, 'Can I go? I saw them. Can't I point to the men who did it?' I took her; but the big colonel got red, and gave her a shove that made her fall with her head on the floor.

"What right has the Russian Czar to turn loose such wolves among us? But their time will come! In the next valley, last week, a crowd of our peasants waited for a train. On it were two hundred Cossacks. Every peasant knew some young girl who had been beaten, or worse. The train came rushing through the gorge! The track was gone! In a second over a hundred wolves were dead. We will do this many times again! And I know Almighty God will not be angry, for He is a Father himself. And we will fight right on till all Russia shall be free!"

Low moans from the cabin. The little sister came out for a dipper of cold water. As she carried it in, her hand shook, and her eyes stared as though still watching something.

What a discreet old Governor! But his Cossacks were not. On the train from Koutais we joined a jolly Cossack crowd in a smoking compartment, and as they drained quart after quart of fiery vodka, they laughed till the tears rolled down their swarthy cheeks, telling the same stories we heard from the peasants. Then one by one they dropped off to sleep, and I got to work on my note-book, until slowly the dim light from the smoky, swaying lamp was whitened. At five o'clock the train stopped; we got off, and the train rumbled on without us.

Cold drizzle and a small station surrounded by forest. Beside us paced a sentry, and another stood guard over a freight-car where Russian soldiers

lay asleep. A peasant woman trudged by behind a team of oxen, while her husband sat on the wooden yoke over the oxen's necks. We entered the station, drank steaming tea from a huge old samovar, and ate eggs and big hunks of cheese and delicious blue bread, and in this we were joined by our Cossack major, who had jumped off the train behind us. He was bound for the same place as we—a village twelve miles back in the mountains. "The most dangerous place you could pick out!" the Governor had told us. "Avoid it by all means!"

The major proposed to drive with us. Under his tall, resplendent white-plumed cap was a dark glowing face with black moustache and gleaming teeth and deep, sparkling eye. His ringing laugh made you like him at once. As we galloped down hills and through forests he swore at the police and spies and judges. "Eternal bribes and blackmail," he cried. "When they see two drunken peasants together, they shout, 'A revolution.' So in yonder village. The peasants simply refused to work the fields of the nobles. 'A revolution against our Czar!' scream the spies, who are paid for what they discover. At midnight we start from our barracks a hundred miles over the mountains, we gallop all night and all day, and find nothing. Not an ounce of excitement to warm us up! These peasants are quiet as curs. All we can do is to drink and eat and sleep and have our fun. You will see for yourself."

First we saw poverty. The bare cabins looked the colder and leakier in the fast thickening rain. The children were weak and thin; no jolly shouts or laughter, only dreary silence. "Well," I remarked to Ivanoff, "I hope the old Governor does expel us, the sooner the better. For of all the sickening holes on earth this is the worst."

"Right, stranger," said a sad-eyed peasant, ragged and lame. "It's a dead place for sure."

"Where did you learn English?"

"Four years with Buffalo Bill—he make me a Cossack in the rough rider troop. We have the bully time! So I broke my leg. So here I am." But when I told him why I had come he brightened. "Good. Write it in all the most big papers—how we are poor—why we strike. I will show." He took us to peasants, we used our Tiflis letters besides, and all morning we took their stories.

"Poorer every year!" cried one white, stooping old peasant, his sturdy voice shaking. "I was a serf before the emancipation in '64. Our owner took from my father every year one cow, eight sheep, twelve chickens (to feed to his hunting falcons), one pig, and ten poods of gomee (rice). He could strap us in his stocks or beat us as he pleased, and when he punished a man he beat the man's parents too for giving birth to such a devil. (An old Persian custom). In '64 we were freed. But then our old owners shouted, 'You don't own this land. Get off!' And we had to take the very worst land, and so we starved. My father shouted, 'This is a devil's trick!' So they grabbed him at night away to Siberia, and we never saw him again. The new land got so bad we rented our old land, and so we were slaves again. They kept raising the rent, and, besides, the police and priests and judges of the Czar made us pay, or they would beat us or curse our souls. So three years ago we just stopped plowing. Then the owners grew angry because their fields were idle; they took our cattle. We went and took our own cattle back. And the police and judges shouted, 'This is a revolution!'"

"We have a letter from Tolstoy," said one quiet, intelligent man, a doc-

tor. "He is glad of our three years' struggle. He says we make the best of all revolutions—without guns or fists or knives. We just say to the owners, 'Keep your fields. We will not come.' And to the Governor, 'Please stay in your town. We will pay you all your taxes, we will pay for all your judges, priests and policemen. But let the judge sit in his house, the priest in his church, and the policeman in his jail. We will punish our own criminals, marry our own lovers, bury our own dead—and so we do. When a lad loves a girl he just brings her before all the people and says, 'I love her and want her to be my wife until she dies.' And the old men ask her, 'Do you love him?' And she says, 'Yes,' and so they are happy.

"So, too, we bury our dead, and they are just as happy in heaven as they would be if the Russian priest had mumbled over their graves Russian words that most of us can't even understand. And our criminals? It is easy to catch them, for every man is a policeman; and easy to find out their rights or wrongs, for every man is a witness. And if the thief will not give back what he stole from his brother, then we just leave him alone, no one ever speaks to him, he has to go with priests and policemen, and soon he becomes nearly crazy and works till he can give back. We do not punish, we just cure. And so all kinds of disputes are settled. For now we know that we are all brothers, and any man who is mean or bad is ashamed when we make him stand up before all the people."

We dined in the mess of the jovial major and his fellows. When we told of the Governor's "dangerous ruffians," they laughed and cried, "Pigs! Lambs! Quiet as mules!" These stupid peasants would give them no excitement, so they took it out in

drink and other things. The dinner lasted until late in the afternoon. And then came a policeman who took us to the guard tent. The Governor had telegraphed that we be instantly expelled. We were given an hour to leave. We took the full hour, and talked with other peasants, who were growling against the peaceful Tolstoyans, and told us the old stories of Cossack outrage. Then we drove three hours through dark forests and gorges, past peasants by the hundred. But never did we feel that "excruciating agony." What a wise old Governor!

But all peasants were not so peaceful. In the next two days we talked with many, we saw the same abject poverty, heard the same gruesome tales, saw fists clinch and black eyes gleam. And the more we heard from both peasants and Cossacks, the more eager we grew to get back to our plan in Tiflis. So, our work ended, with note-book and camera filled, we took the train once more up that wonderful valley of castles and ruins and gorges.

"They have killed the engineer!" cried a voice. "In the train ahead! The bandits shot him!" Our train had stopped in a narrow valley with bare black mountains on either side and in front a rocky gorge, where an engineer had been killed that morning. Our engineer refused to go on. By nightfall our impatience warmed. That Committee had been called to meet from all over the Caucasus.

"Well," said Ivanoff, calmly, "suppose we run the engine." He took me into the roundhouse, climbed into the cab, and showed exactly how every lever, throttle, and valve did its work. "I ran one for two weeks once in Poland," he ended. It struck me as very funny. "But hold on," he cried. "Why can't we? They only run fifteen miles an hour, and all you do is to stand in the tender and throw

wood into the furnace." At last I gave in, we offered our services, and were at once surrounded by admiring passengers.

But soon I began to notice scowls and sneers and growls from the railroad workmen. I grew uneasy. "Look here, Ivanoff! This looks to me more like a strike than bandits! Ask these men if we are scabs." We were. A moment later we reached the station-master. "You need not consider our proposal longer," said Ivanoff. "The young American hero has resigned."

We found the strike leaders, and showed our Tiflis letters, and then, returning to our compartment, we pulled down the shades on the station side, took the leaders in through the windows, and talked until midnight.

"This is only a test," said one tall, light-bearded man, who seemed more thoughtful than the others. "The Committee has ordered it to see how strong we are. Some day we will have it all over Russia. Your zemstvo men and university students can talk, and the peasants can burn estates and howl and get slaughtered. But *we* can cut Russia in pieces! We can do anything if we have the legal right to strike. But we haven't. A strike is high treason. That is why we are revolutionists! We want a free republic like yours!"

We walked down the track in the moonlight. The soldiers were singing, fifty of them in a circle, in their long gray coats and caps with white bands; high above the deep voices soared a plaintive tenor. Behind rose an ugly water tank, machine shop, roundhouse, telegraph poles, and a long gray tenement; before it was a crowd of two hundred black forms—men and women; no music there, only a low discordant hum, broken now and then by a passionate rise in the speaker's voice, or by sudden bursts

of applause. In one dark room of the tenement a woman was moaning over the dead engineer; as we passed by we could hear the wild sobs of her four little children.

For two nights we heard sentinels pace by our window; sharp challenges rang out, in the distance rose sounds of sudden fights and angry talking, and even by day the soldiers encircled the train and the station. We grew more and more impatient; we told the strike leaders of our meeting in Tiflis, and at last they secured us a wagon to drive the eighty miles over the old mountain highroads. But on the third morning a train crept out of the mouth of the gorge. The engine was run by soldiers; five soldiers with levelled guns stood out on the cowcatcher; and so the train moved through the silent, scowling crowds of men and women.

I started back at noon for Tiflis. Just before, I jumped past the sentries and took a snap-shot of the soldiers on the engine. The next moment my kodak was wrenched away, I was seized by two police, and taken, with Ivanoff, to the little guard-room. There we were turned over to a burly, surly old policeman, who took us back to our compartment, and sat with us all the way to Tiflis. The train crept up the gorge at five miles an hour, stopping while men ran ahead to examine the bridges. But nothing happened. Only at one station a soldier was carried in, his head still bleeding from deep knife gashes. And once we heard a sharp report from the locomotive, and a peasant in the fields fell back over a stone wall.

At Tiflis we were taken to the Chief of Police of all the Caucasus. Only a big bare room, and the Chief at his desk was only a plain modern man in uniform. But the room for fifty years had been an anteroom to Siberia, the prison feeling was in the air, and this

was helped by the two big policemen who stood close behind us. Behind them was our baggage, and in my suit-case were all my revolutionist notes and stories. Would the Chief search the luggage of an American citizen? If so, could he read English? As I weighed the chances I glanced at Ivanoff. Me they could only send out of Russia, but to Ivanoff they could do what they pleased. But he chuckled and smiled and joked all through that painful hour. This we had arranged in the train. I was to be the indignant rich young gentleman tourist, and Ivanoff, my courier, was to laugh with the Chief at my absurd anger over so small an annoyance. So I protested loud and long in English against the indignity of our arrest; Ivanoff translated and smiled. I protested still more vehemently against having my luggage searched; Ivanoff translated and smiled. He even smiled when the Chief decided to waive my protest, and he joked while the Chief slowly went through my papers. The minutes wore on. I could feel those miserable policemen watching both our faces. I grew angry and Ivanoff chuckled. Then I grew pleasantly warm all over—from the feet up. We were released. The Chief could not read English.

We had to go slow in meeting our revolutionist friends, for now we were constantly watched. But after a few hours of dodging about we met the leaders at night and talked until nearly daylight. The plan I cannot give here. It was only one of a hundred unceasing attempts; new ones began the moment old ones failed. We were simply bearers of information to certain outside friends in one of these plans; and, like so many others, this plan failed. But at the time we did not think it would, and it was with the warmest feelings of admiration

and hope that we grasped the hands of those men in parting—journalists, landowners, workmen, princes, doctors, lawyers, peasants. With them, life, fortune, health—all was nothing until the Caucasus was free!

The trains could not be trusted, so we hired a lumbering old mountain carriage and started at sunrise. It was Sunday morning, hot and sultry, but by eleven o'clock that night it was freezing cold as we galloped on high above the clouds, between snowbanks ten feet high. We had thirty-two horses in eight relays, and we covered the hundred and fifty miles in thirty-four hours. Never have I had a grander, more inspiring ride. It was straight north out of the Caucasus to Vladicavcas, where we were to take the train for London. It was over the famous path which for ages has been the great land gateway from Asia into Europe. Through it poured those hordes that swept Europe into the Dark Ages. The past has left many traces. Rude forts and ruined castles rose in every narrow place, our old driver told us legend after legend still handed down from father to son among the wild mountaineers, and Ivanoff, who had travelled eight months through these very mountains, told me what he had learned of the people—Mohammedans, Christians, and a dozen other religions—Tartars, Armenians, Turks, and a score of Caucasian tribes—all mixed and clashing in this caldron of the world.

At midnight we stopped for five hours' sleep in a queer old inn way up above the clouds. Here, at supper, we met Cossacks and Russian officers. And here a silent little man climbed down from his seat by our driver, where he had been listening to our talk all the way from Tiflis. We saw him whisper to the inn proprietor, and at dawn another listener took his place. All this kept the Pre-

sent in our minds. And when, at nightfall, we emerged from one last deep, glorious gorge, and galloped straight out into the silent, desolate steppe of Russia, we looked back at the mountains—huge and dim and silent, towering over the Present as

they had towered for ages over the Past, as they would still tower for ages over the future. What a past! What a Present! The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution! And what will be the Future?

THE LARGER LIFE.

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

Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Professor of English Literature, Victoria University.



THE noble spires and lofty naves of Gothic architecture owe their stability and strength to broad foundations and massive buttresses and walls. Height cannot be secured without width and weight. The same holds true in the building of character. The plan in which we are designed by the Great Architect of the universe requires breadth as well as height. But in our building we sometimes vainly think that we may build the more imposing parts of the structure and yet neglect the parts that do not strike the eye.

With a view to spiritual exaltation, some men have despised and neglected the physical life, and the result has been ascetic gloom and morbid fancy. Others who have cultivated the sentiments but neglected the intelligence, have been lost in the chase after wandering fires over the swamps of superstition. Others again have hoped to gain a closer communion with God by shunning communion with their fellow-men, and neglecting the duties and amenities of social life. They tried to be good men without being good sons, and husbands, and fathers, and citizens, and men of business.

After years of solitude and silence these mistaken men have often lapsed into imbecility.

Mistakes of this kind, so common in a past age, are not uncommon still, though not so marked in degree. The spiritual life is looked upon as a thing apart from the common life, and even hostile to it. The truth is, however, that the so-called common life with its seeming difficulties and distractions is as necessary to spiritual growth and progress as the air is to the flight of the bird. The air, which at first may seem to hinder the advance is really essential to advancement, for what progress could there be if the beating wings met no resisting but sustaining air?

“ Let us not always say,
‘ Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole !’
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, ‘ All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul !’ ”

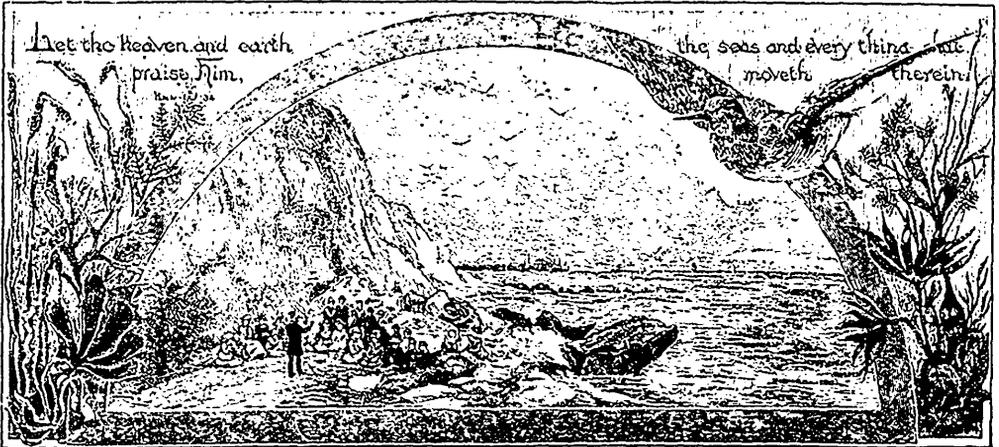
The same thing is true of the intellectual life as the means and occasion of higher spiritual development. The study of nature and of human nature is the necessary basis of much that is involved in the worship of God and in His service. How else could we join

in the song "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints"? And how could a man work together with God and carry out his will without giving thought to the will of God, as shown in the laws of matter and of mind?

Again, the larger life requires that Christian men should enter into the social life that in God's providence opens up before them. How else can they become the salt of the earth and the light of the world? The light that

shines in the pulpit and the pew and the prayer-meeting may be good and helpful, but it is as a light under a bushel when compared with the light that shines in courts and camps, in parliaments and councils, in offices and shops, in factories and laboratories and studios, in colleges and schools and at the domestic hearth.

Not till the whole life of man helps and is helped by the higher life will the Temple of the Holy Ghost be reared after the design of the Divine Architect.



EITHER.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I do not know, I do not seek to know
What next before me lies;
The future, as the past, is His, Who well
Doth shape all destinies.

I trust His love; I will not ask Him if
There be yet more and more
Of suffering, that I must still pass through,
Ere this frail life be o'er;
Toronto.

Nor will I crave to learn if, even yet,
Some joy be meant for me,
Which I had ceased to dream that e'er on earth
It could be mine to see.

Or this or that, below: it matters not;
I have His promise sure
Of pleasures, in the world above, which shall
Eternally endure.

THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE coming evangelistic campaign in Toronto is attracting much attention throughout the country. The same marvellous results which have attended the labors of God's honored servants in other lands may be expected here. A tidal wave of revival seems rolling round the world. The great lesson of this book is the mighty power of prayer. That was the origin of the Torrey-Alexander world-girdling campaign. That was the secret of its success in Britain in 1905. Thirty thousand persons were enrolled in prayer circles for the success of this work.

The personal record of these faithful evangelists shows how God selects his instruments of power. Dr. Torrey was born at Hoboken, New Jersey, 1856. His father was a New York banker, and his youth was surrounded by luxury. The elder Torrey lost two fortunes, and the only inheritance of the son was a matchbox and a pair of sleeve buttons. The boy was sent to Yale College at fifteen, had plenty of money to spend, and a good chance of going to the devil; but his mother's prayers followed him and gave him no rest. One night he jumped out of bed in an agony of despair and groped for a pistol to end his life. He could not find it; he dropped on his knees and cried

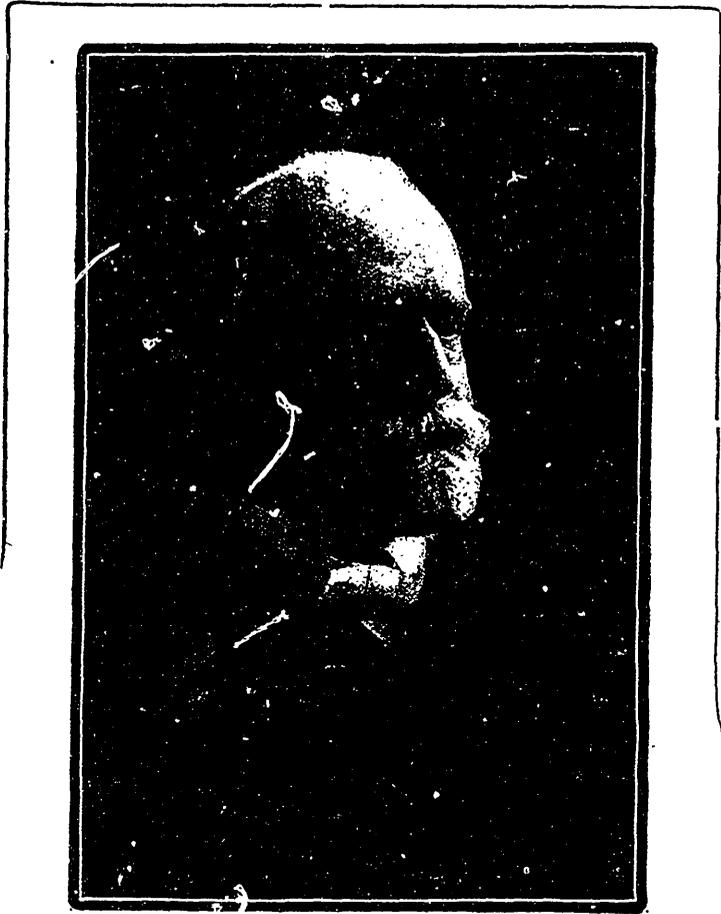
mightily to God. He surrendered his pet ambition to be a lawyer and followed his convictions into the Christian ministry.

When Mr. Moody came to Yale young Torrey was in the senior theological class, knew more than he will ever know in his life again, so he thought he would patronize the uneducated man by going to hear him. Moody gave him the inspiration of his life. He became pastor of a small church in Ohio. He felt called upon to testify for God in a leading saloon, which he did with much power. A few days later the keeper of a rival saloon glared at him as he passed, and said, "Isn't my saloon as good as Horton & Thompson's? Why don't you come here?" He walked right in and held a rousing service. He was not then a pledged abstainer. Attending a temperance revival a speaker asked for pledges. An old drunkard, a young lady and himself stood up and signed the pledge together. The young lady became his wife and life-long fellow-worker.

After four years' pastorate Mr. Torrey went to Leipsic and Erlangen, in Germany, to study theology under Delitzsch and Luthardt. He was then a pronounced higher critic, but he learned the fallacy of his position and became intensely "orthodox." German beer flowed like water at the students' picnics, but he was true to his convictions and not a drop of liquor passed his lips.

On his return to the United States he became pastor at Minneapolis. Here he read George Muller's "Life of Trust," and determined to accept no stated salary.

*"Torrey and Alexander." The Story of a World-wide Revival. A Record and Study of the Work and Personality of the Evangelists R. A. Torrey, D.D., and Charles M. Alexander. By George T. B. Davis. Illustrated. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 257. Price, \$1.00 net.



DR. TORREY.

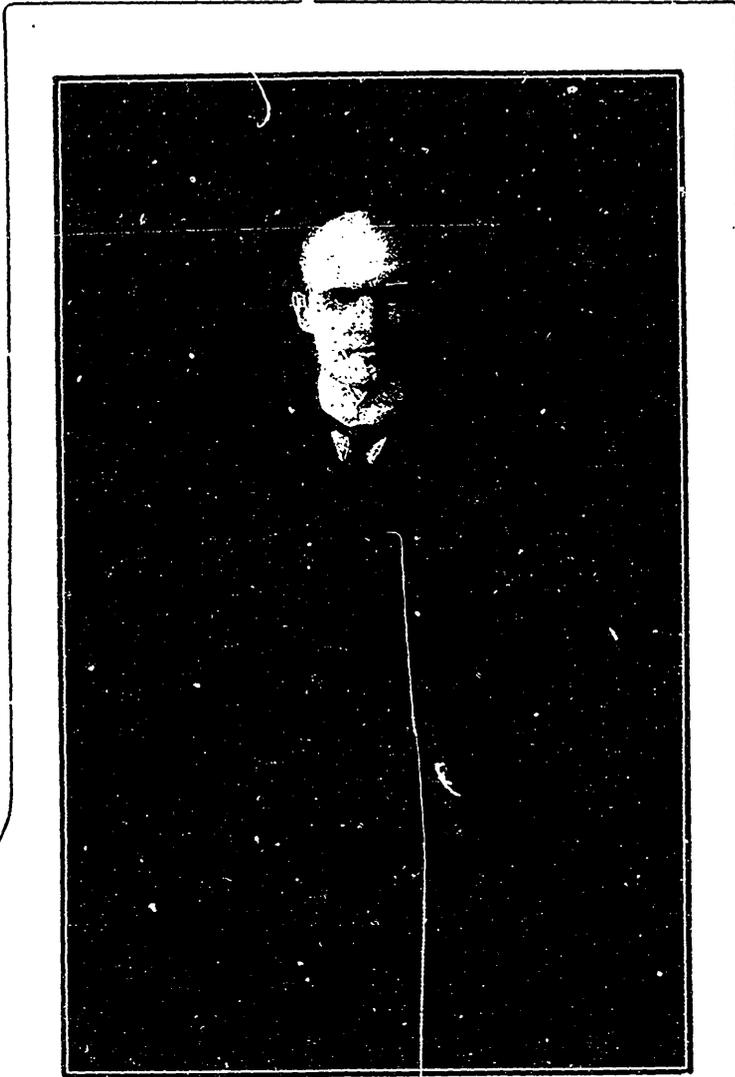
From "Torrey and Alexander." By George T. B. Davis.
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To Live on Faith.

Every meal and every dollar of household expense and public hall rent came by prayer. One day when he had but seven cents in his pocket and knew not where any more was coming from, a lady was going to be put off the car because the only money she had was counterfeit. He paid her five cents as if he had been a millionaire and had two cents left; but God never failed in one of his promises. He succeeded Mr. Moody in the Bible In-

stitute at Chicago, and four years later as, pastor of Mr. Moody's church. During the World's Fair campaign, 1893, he was Mr. Moody's most effective colleague.

Meanwhile God was preparing a fellow evangelist for a world-wide campaign. Charles Alexander was born thirty-eight years ago in a log house amid the hills of Tennessee. His parents were devout Presbyterians and pious people. He inherited the gift of song and leadership. Poor



CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

From "Torrey and Alexander." By George T. B. Davis.
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as he was he found his way to college, and soon became its musical conductor. The death of his father called him home to the farm, but the great longing to save souls became the ruling passion of his life. He went to study at the Moody Bible Institute,

Chicago, and became choir-master of the big Moody Sunday-school of eighteen hundred, and proved the power of song to quiet the most restless little roughs and toughs.

But his clothes were getting shabby and he knew no way to get them but

by prayer. The next day a friend offered him twenty dollars for a suit of clothes. The tailor had none at the price, but showed him a misfit which had cost forty but which he would give for eighteen and adjust it to fit. Mr. Alexander also helped Mr. Moody at the World's Fair campaign, and continued for eight years in evangelistic work throughout the United States.

In Australia.

Three years ago Mr. Torrey was invited to assist in a revival in Melbourne, Australia. He went, arranging to be joined by Mr. Alexander. Addressing the university students at Tokio, Japan, he was admonished not to speak directly to these young Shintoists on religion. But the Word of God could not be bound; he preached unto them Jesus, and one hundred and thirty-one of these Japanese students publicly accepted Christ. From the short Australian campaign resulted twenty thousand conversions. A chief instrument seemed to be the famous "Glory Song," that Marseillaise of the revival which has girdled the world. It ran like wildfire through the country, it was sung in shops and factories, ground out from hand-organs, whistled on the streets, hummed in trains and trams. Mohammedans, Parsees, Hindus and Buddhists, forgetting their differences, would unite in singing the Glory Song.

At Ballarat Dr. Torrey so strongly denounced dancing that a storm of opposition was raised. He was invited by a dancing club to visit one of their dances and see if there was anything objectionable. They did not think he would go, but he went, and the dance quickly stopped in confusion. Dr. Torrey preached a pungent sermon, and the club went to pieces. The Salvation Army were, of course, their best helpers. Said one

big Salvationist, "Before I gave my heart to God I weighed ten stone, was in poor health and had no peace in my soul. Since my conversion I have fattened up with peace in my heart and health in my body; I now weigh nineteen stone, every pound sacred, praise the Lord."

The touching songs "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" and "Tell mother I'll be there" brought many a poor prodigal back to his mother's God. Dr. Torrey won the sobriquet of "the Chicago hustler." He carried shrewd business methods into his revival campaign. In New Zealand, where they could not stop at many of the smaller towns, they arranged for ten-minute services at the railway stations. One day they had seven of these. They had thousands of hymn sheets ready, a piano waiting on the station, and a short song service and brief address would reach thousands who could be reached no other way.

A six weeks' campaign in India led many thousands to the Saviour. It was in Great Britain, however, that the greatest results were reached. The campaign began among the hard-headed Scots folk of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Dundee, then went to the warm-hearted Irish of Dublin and Belfast, then to the great centres of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, London, and Sheffield, in England.

The Burden of Dr. Torrey's Mission

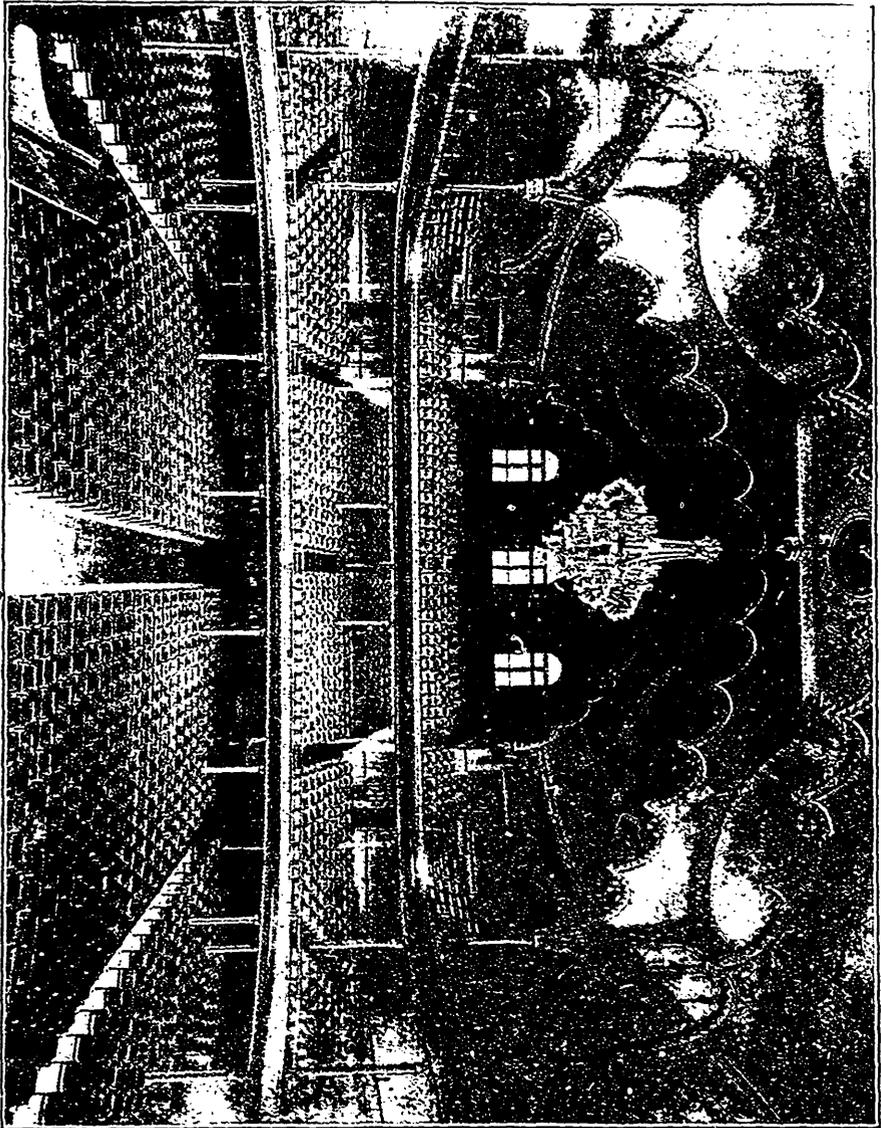
he describes as follows: "People are anxious to hear the old-fashioned religion of the Bible. I preach four great truths. I preach the whole Bible from cover to cover. I accept everything; except nothing. I preach the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to save—the doctrine of the Atonement. I preach the personality of the Holy Spirit. I preach the power of prayer."

After a brief visit to Chicago the

evangelist returned in the fall of 1903 to England. At Liverpool, Birmingham, in London and throughout

was saved on the top of an omnibus. Mr. Alexander recounts many direct answers to prayer. At one time Dr.

NASSEY HALL, TORONTO, WHERE THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MEETINGS OPEN.



Wales multitudes were brought to God. A 'bus conductor while collecting fares would talk to his passengers about their souls. Many a man

Torrey was threatened with collapse and loss of voice. His singing colleague cabled to the Moody Institute. "Pray for Torrey's voice and health."

The next morning the great evangelist was able to preach with all his accustomed force.

Mrs. Alexander.

In Birmingham an entire football team, twenty-five in all, was converted. Here the romance of Mr. Alexander's marriage occurred. He saw a lady with winsome presence speaking and praying with the most wretched-looking and poorly-clad women and girls. He prayed God she might become his life-long helper, and a few months later so it was. She was a daughter of the famous Richard Cadbury, the Quaker cocoa manufacturer, and one of the greatest public benefactors of Birmingham, who built the People's Institute at the cost of two hundred thousand dollars. They were married quietly at the Quaker meeting-house, but the city of Birmingham turned out en masse to give its congratulations.

This daughter of wealth gave up her home to join the evangelistic work throughout the world of her devoted husband. She has fine elocutionary abilities and recites with deep pathos the parable of the "Little Brack Sheep," a negro version of "The Ninety and Nine." It reaches its thrilling culmination in the words "An' . . . dat little brack sheep . . . was . . . me." Mrs. Alexander is a lady of culture and refinement, reads and speaks German fluently, thrice visited the Lord's Land, and in 1899 her father passed from Jerusalem on earth to the New Jerusalem in heaven.

While working in Bolton at a midnight meeting Mrs. Alexander was praying with a poor, degraded woman. While telling her of the love of God the lost woman looked in her eyes and said, "Will you give me a kiss?" For a moment she shrank, but instantly replied to the poor draggled creature

reeking with foul odors and her face distorted with drink, "I will give you a kiss for the sake of Jesus who loves you." That kiss was her salvation. She was soundly converted, was removed from her evil surroundings and placed in a Christian home. Another proud, bitter woman shook sharply off the saintly evangelist as she spoke to her. Mrs. Alexander went out into the street and bought from a flower-girl a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley. "Would you mind accepting a few flowers from me," she asked of the embittered soul. The look of bitterness fled and she turned to the Saviour.

Sacred Song.

In Liverpool a choir of 3,658 members was organized and the singing there, as everywhere, was the most helpful feature of the campaign. A wedding feast was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, not to themselves, but to twenty-three hundred of the city poor, at which there were two hundred and thirty-one confessions of Christ. A famous prize-fighter, Edward Roberts, took his wife to hear the evangelists. The singing of the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," broke down the barriers of unbelief. He is now manager of sixty provision shops in London and is constantly witnessing for Christ. A poor, untutored working girl of only thirteen brought over a score of boys and girls to the Saviour. At Keswick a father said, "My son is away over in Vancouver, a wanderer on the face of the earth. Can you tell me some one to cable to. I want him put under restraint." A few months later that man entered the Liverpool service, was led to God, restored to his wife and family.

Five hundred Bolton people chartered a train to Liverpool and marched to the railway station singing revival

hymns in perfect time, conducted by Mr. Alexander from the top of a cab by waving a white handkerchief.

Printer's Ink.

A feature of the Torrey-Alexander revival is the use made of printer's ink. They have distributed literally millions of small white cards bearing, in bold, red letters, only four words, "Get right with God." These burning words, in gigantic letters, back their stage. Scores of bicyclists carry the summons like the flaming torch in the highlands throughout the country. In Belfast one hundred and fifty thousand, in Liverpool two hundred thousand cards were distributed. In the most marvellous way God owned and honored this message. Of one hundred and fifty persons who accepted Christ on one night seventeen said they were led definitely to Christ through these cards. A similar card was that which bore only the words "2 Timothy ii. 15." This enigma led multitudes to search the Scriptures. Sixty Cambridge students went to Oxford with this motto, in huge letters, on their railway coach, and it was shouted by them like a college yell.

The crowning feature of the revival was the five months' campaign in London. The expenses amounted to \$85,000, the number of conversions reached nearly fifteen thousand. Dr. Torrey secured the co-operation of men of highest character and standing. His London committee were Lord Kinnaird, the distinguished philanthropist, many members of Parliament, lawyers, bankers, clergymen and titled ladies. A special glass-and-iron structure, seating fifty-five hundred, costing \$25,000, was erected in South London; another great iron building was erected in The Strand in the very heart of the city. The meetings in Royal Albert Hall, which seats eleven thousand, continued for two months

and were crowded twice a day at nearly every service, with sometimes ten thousand unable to gain admission.

Noted Converts.

Among the converts was Colonel Beauchamp, of the British Army; Mr. Quentin Ashlyn, a concert hall singer of great talent, who afterwards employed his gift in the service of God. "Before my conversion," he said, "I was the most miserable man in London. I, who amused everybody, could not amuse myself. I was tired of theatres, tired of novels, tired of dressing myself—tired of everything. Now my heart's burden is gone, and I am a new man. My friends are all wondering at the change in my looks. I am as if I were in a new world."

At one meeting persons of fifteen nationalities were present. Forty men came down from Cambridge University to spend a week at the revival meetings at their own expense in order to do personal work. Many touching letters were received from children. Mr. Torrey strongly urges Christians to pray definitely every day for definite individuals, to form a prayer list and make every effort to bring their friends to the Saviour. Many Christian workers have written that the last person has gone off the prayer list and they must make a new one.

A British officer started a series of drawing-room revival meeting. Numerous conversations were the result; one was that of the nephew of a Viscount who used to "swear the roof off" almost if he only lost a paper. He now spends all his money in Bibles and tracts. Many thousands of young men were reached and numbers of these were seen every morning reading their Bibles on the train on their way to work.

One most blessed result was the carrying of the live coals from these

altars of revival to many parts of the land and to many lands. Already revival fires have broken out in Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, Switzerland, India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and invitations have come from many of these countries for a revival campaign.

"Dr. Torrey," says an English paper, "in no uncertain terms denounced dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, drinking, and smoking, for he himself had once engaged in these worldly pleasures and he knew thoroughly their pernicious effect upon the spiritual life of the Christian. Again, in the face of criticism from ministers of the Gospel and of ridicule from the press, he did not hesi-

tate throughout the entire tour of the world to preach future punishment for the unrepentant."

The special characteristic of Mr. Alexander is his buoyancy and cheeriness under all circumstances. His radiant smile has become famous, his favorite texts seem to be "Serve the Lord with gladness," "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

It is impossible to tabulate the results of their labors. It is estimated that in their revival campaign which has girdled the globe a hundred thousand souls have been brought to God. Let unceasing prayer be made that the visits of these evangelists may be greatly blessed to our city and our land.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

The corridors of Time

Are full of doors—the portals of closed years.
We enter them no more, though bitter tears
Beat hard against them, and we hear the chime
Of lost dreams, dirgelike, in behind them ring,
At Memory's opening.

But one door stands ajar—

The New Year's; while a golden chain of days
Holds it half shut. The eager foot delays
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;
And Fears that shrink, and Hopes that shout aloud.
Around it wait and crowd.

It shuts back the Unknown,

And dare we truly welcome one more year,
Who down the past a mocking laughter hear
From idle aims like wandering breezes blown?
We, whose large aspirations dimmed and shrank
Till the year's scroll was blank!

We pause beside this door.

Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
How shall we thence thy hidden treasures win?
Shall we return in beggary, as before,
When thou art near at hand, with infinite wealth,
Wisdom, and heavenly health?

THE FLYING OF BIRDS.

BY THE REV. J. TALLMAN PITCHER.



A PAIR OF WILD PIGEONS.

Now very rarely seen in this country where once they were seen in thousands. Capable of remarkable flight.



THERE is nothing more wonderful in nature than the power of flight possessed by birds, and no subject yields, upon investigation, such interesting and startling facts. "The way of the eagle in the air," is one of those things of which Solomon expressed himself ignorant. To those

who have

study, there still remain perplexities. There is something truly marvellous in the mechanism which controls the scythe-like sweep of the wing peculiar to many birds, enabling them to sustain and direct their movements more easily, more rapidly and more certainly than the movements of animals upon the solid earth. It is remarkable that the force which seems adverse—the force of gravitation drawing all bodies to the earth—is the force which is principally concerned in

flight, and without which flight would be impossible.

By some persons it has been supposed that birds have air sacks which they fill and are thus made lighter; but the eagle by no puffing can lessen his nine or ten pounds weight by an ounce. A balloon rises and floats because it is filled with gas, which is lighter than air. But even if a bird could fill itself with air, the air within would be no lighter than the air without, and would not lessen in the slightest degree the weight of the bird, which is immensely heavier than the air through which it moves so rapidly and with such apparent ease.



STARTING FROM
ITS CRAGGY
HEIGHT.

The Wings.

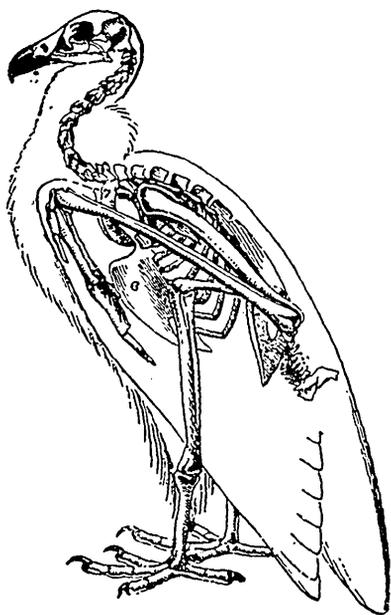
The invention and construction of a great locomotive are simplicity itself compared with the skill and adjustment necessary to make it possible for a bird to fly. So many are these contrivances, so various, so fine, so intricate, that no one in writing on the subject has exhausted the beauty of the method of this mechanical problem. There are few things in nature more wonderfully constructed than the wing of a bird. The use to be made of it must determine its shape, its size must be governed largely, though not wholly, by the weight of the bird's body; it must have great strength and extreme lightness; it must be so constructed as to fold up

and be held tight by the side when the bird wishes; the individual feather and quill must have lightness, stiffness, flexibility, and a firm attachment to the bone; then these must be so made and arranged as to rotate and close up into an impervious plane in the down stroke of the wing and open and allow the air to pass through freely on the up stroke; the muscles must be strong enough to work the great or small fans, and keep them going, in some instances, for days at a time; and these wings must be so placed and constructed that the bird can rise, fall, turn to right or left, fold or expand its pinions at its will.

In considering how the wing is made and managed, we notice that when it is spread the bones are not stretched out as straight as those in our arms when they are fully extended, but there is a crook at the elbow which is bridged with a very strong web, covered with feathers, and having a stout tendon or selvage running along the edge like the draw-string of a bag. When the wing is folded this tendon puckers up and holds the wing close by the bird's side.

Another point of interest is the extreme lightness of the wings, even in the largest birds. Here are strong bones, powerful muscles, stiff, long quills; a wing made to bear the weight of a heavy bird, resist the pressure of fierce gales of wind, and to propel him faster than a railway train; yet the whole machine weighs only a few ounces. Immense muscular strain must be involved in travelling great distances at high speed. Yet nature has given such a beautifully constructed piece of mechanism that great exertion ordinarily is unnecessary.

The general shape of the wing is such as to beat down the air with a firm, clean stroke, for which it is concave below to hold the air on the



SKELETON OF A VULTURE.

6, Keel of sternum; 7, Clavicle, or wish-bone.

down stroke, convex above to shed it on the up beat; the front of the wing is curved, and on the under side has a stiff, projecting flange, so that the compressed air cannot escape in that direction, but the air can easily escape at the back of the wing, where it is open and the quills are flexible. The compressed air under the wing shoves the bird forward and upward. But the up stroke would shove the bird down again were it not for the fact that the secondaries roll on edge and relieve the pressure from above, as a self-acting valve.

We observe that all the long quills overlap each other like the shingles of a roof. This greatly aids, as it makes the wing air-tight on the down beat, converting the whole series of wing feathers into one connected web; while on the upbeat the broader vane of each quill is pressed downwards, the feathers are separated and the air

rushes freely through at every point, or flight would be impossible.

To accomplish flight we must consider the immense elasticity of the air, and the reacting force it exerts. "The air is solid if you hit it hard enough. To enable a bird to support itself against the power of gravity it must be able to strike the air downwards with such a force as to make a rebound upwards. This is the function assigned to the powerful muscles by which the wings of a bird are flapped with such velocity and strength. There is a greater concentration of muscular power in the organism of birds than in most other animal frames, because it is essential in flight that the engine which works the wings should be very strong, very compact, of a special form, and that, though heavier than the air, it should not have excessive weight.

Feathers and Quills.

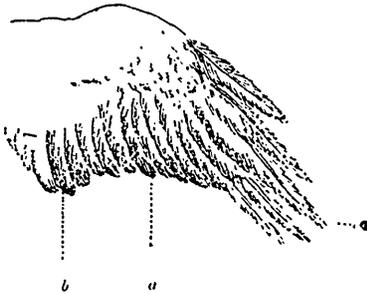
In examining the coverings of wings we see that the feathers are of different lengths and are differently attached. There are short ones which cover the skinny portions of the wings in overlapping layers, and the long ones which are attached to the back edge from tip to body, in a single line of strong, wide, long quills, whose use is to increase the area of the wing while adding the least possible weight. These quills are arranged in three divisions, according to the different wing-bones to which they are attached. The quills which form the tip of the wing are called



THE WING OF THE FALCON.

"primaries"; those which form the middle are the "secondaries"; and those which are next to the body of the bird are called "tertiaries." The primaries are always nine or ten in number, and never vary in birds of the same family. The secondaries vary much in number, and are movable.

The chief burden in flight is cast upon the quills which form the tip of the wing. Each feather has less and less weight to bear, and less force to exert, in proportion as it lies nearer to the body of the bird; and there is nothing more beautiful than the perfect gradation in strength and stiffness, as well as in the modification of



WING OF THE SPARROW-HAWK.

b Primaries, *a* Secondaries, *c* Tertiaries.

form, which marks the series from the first of the primary quills to the last and feeblest of the tertiaries.

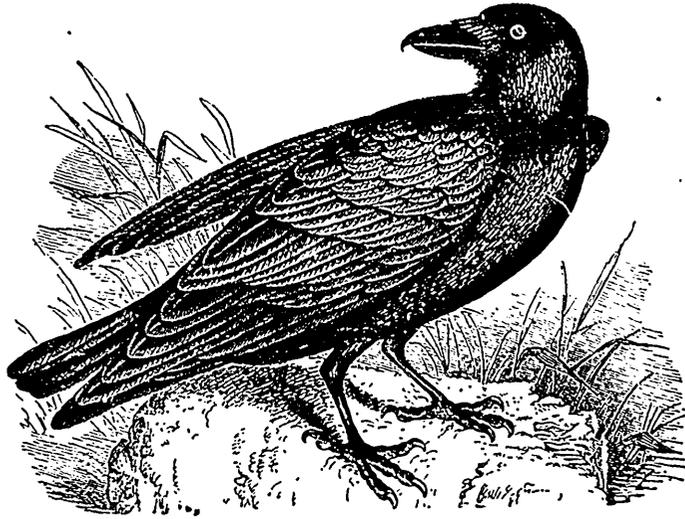
The forward motion of the bird is given by the direction in which the wing feathers are set and the structure given to each feather itself. The wing feathers are all set backwards, and each feather is strong and rigid towards its base, and extremely flexible and elastic towards its end. The front and back vane of each feather is made on the same principle. So when the air is struck and compressed in the hollow of the wing, being unable to escape upwards owing to the close overlapping of the feathers, and being unable to escape forwards ow-

ing to the rigidity of the quills in that direction, it can only escape behind and thus push the bird forward. Thus by this elaborate mechanism and contrivance the same volume of air is made to sustain the bird's weight against the force of gravity and also to give a forward impulse. The hollow quill, the tapering shaft, the vane, composed of barbs clinging together at the ends as if joined by elastic hooks, making an impermeable yet flexible plane, the hinder vane of each feather always broader than the front vane, all combine in an arrangement which produces the greatest possible effectiveness in the down stroke, and the least possible loss in recovery for another stroke. The bird, therefore, has nothing to do but to repeat with the requisite velocity and strength its perpendicular blows upon the air—the same blow sustaining and propelling.

The Bird in the Air.

But how does the bird get its start? How does it guide its course? And how does it soar, and hover, and stop? Watch the crow make a start from the fence rail. If there is no wind he throws himself forward, stretches his wings, drops a little, this gives him his first wing stroke with the momentum of his falling body. If there is a wind he turns his face to it, even though he intends to fly in the other direction, stretches up on his legs to his full height, spreads his wings, the wind fills them, he leans down upon it, and his first stroke gives him headway and bears him up.

Many birds, if on the ground, give a little leap in the air to get a start. From a tree it is easy for any bird to get upon the wing, but starting from the ground is more difficult, and the difficulty increases with the weight of the bird. The turkey-buzzard, which



FALCON.

This bird belongs to the same great class as the crow, the eagle, the vulture. Its strong talons and beak enable it to hold and rend its prey. Its powerful wings with their well-defined quills and feathers illustrate the description in the text.

is so majestic when flying, makes a slow, ungraceful start. It is said that the great eagle has to run and make awkward leaps for some rods before its wings get leverage. The loon is in a worse plight, for he can get no chance to spring from the water, and so must get his momentum by running along the surface of the water violently flapping his wings. Even then his wings are too small to lift his heavy body unless there is a wind blowing.

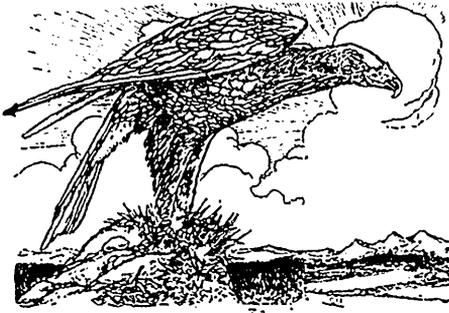
Those who have watched with care the flight of birds have noticed that when once they have gained a certain initial velocity, and a certain elevation by rapid strokes, they can fly with comparatively little exertion, and some of them can fly long distances without any visible motion of the wings.

The wing of a bird acts after the manner of a boy's kite, the only dif-

ference being that the kite is pulled forward upon the wind by the string and the hand, whereas in the bird the wing is pushed forward upon the wind by the weight of the body and the life residing in the pinion itself.

To some birds the air is almost their perpetual home—the only region in which they find their food—a region which they never leave, whether in storm or sunshine, except during the hours of darkness, and the time which is devoted to their nests. The birds which seek their food in the air have long and powerful wings, and their self-command is so perfect and their power of direction so accurate that they can pick up a flying gnat while they are travelling at the rate of more than a hundred miles an hour. Such especially are the powers of some of the species of the swallow tribe.

The movements of the wings in most birds are so rapid that they can-



EAGLE PREENING ITS WINGS FOR FLIGHT.

not be counted. Even the heron flaps its wings from 130 to 150 times in a minute, this is counting only the downward strokes. Yet the heron is remarkable for its heavy and slow flight. Let any one try to count the pulsations of the wing in the flight of the pigeon, or of the partridge, or still more, of any of the diving sea fowl; he will find it utterly impossible. In the diver, pheasant, partridge, and humming-bird tribes, the velocity of the wing movement is so great that the eye cannot follow it, and the vibrations of the wings leave only a blurred impression on the eye.

Some birds have their wings adapted to the double purpose of diving and flying. In this class the wings are reduced to the smallest possible size which is consistent with retaining the power of flight at all. All oceanic diving birds that have vast distances to go, in moving from their summer to their winter haunts, fly with immense velocity, and the wing strokes are extremely rapid. But this class of birds have no facility in evolution, nor delicate power of steering. They cannot start nor stop with ease, they do not need to. The trackless fields of ocean are broad, and they fly in straight lines, changing their direction only in long curves, and lighting in the sea almost with a tumble and splash.

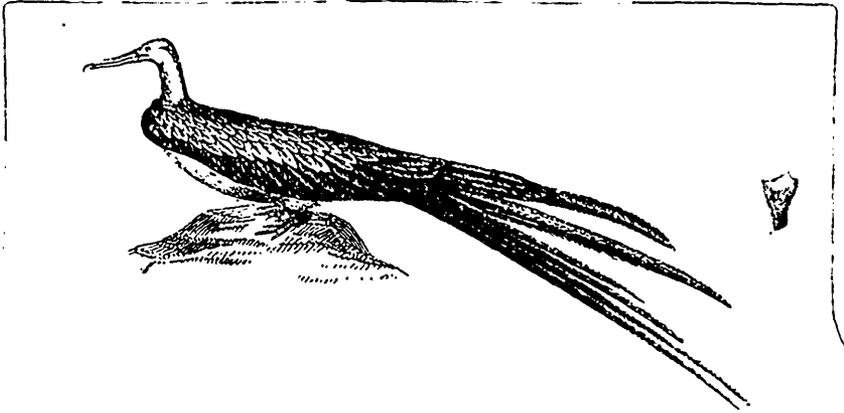
There are other oceanic birds whose feeding-ground is on the surface of the sea. Here we find the highest perfection of mechanical laws under different conditions. In the gulls, the terns, the petrels and albatross, the highest degree of powers for endurance and quick evolution is found. Birds of long-sustained power of flight are provided with wings that are long and sometimes extremely narrow in proportion to their length, and always sharply pointed. The common swift is a good example of this wing. The great, long-winged oceanic birds often appear to float rather than fly. The stronger the gale the easier the flight, because the blasts which strike against the wings are enough to sustain the bird with comparatively little exertion of its own, except that of holding the wings stretched and exposed at proper angles to the wind. Those who have seen the albatross are never weary of watching its glorious motion.

“Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest.”

Sometimes for a whole hour this splendid bird will wheel around a ship in every direction without a single stroke of its wings. Its wings are from fourteen to fifteen feet from tip to tip and very narrow. On the other hand, birds with short wings, though sometimes they fly very fast, are unable to sustain it long, and some of them never fly except to escape an enemy, or to change their feeding-ground.

Soaring.

Navier describes three kinds of flight. The first and most common is *progression* by flapping the wings, the second is *hovering*, in which the bird remains stationary in the air, and the third motion is *soaring*. It consists in the bird maintaining a for-



THE FRIGATE BIRD.

So named from its wonderful powers of sustained flight.

ward movement, straight or circling, with an occasional and slight flap of the pinions, and in some cases with none at all, but with perfectly rigid wings. Of these three motions soaring appears to be the most wonderful and to require the least exertion, though few birds can do it well.

Only a few birds can manage to hover. The Duke of Argyle thought this the most difficult feat of wingmanship a bird can execute. Watch the humming-bird before the flower, the king-bird over the grass, the sparrow-hawk above the hole of a meadow-mouse, or the tern over a fish near the surface, and you will see that the tail is spread wide, dipped at right angles with the body, the head bent down, the wings partly flexed—the head and tail acting as a brake against the action of the wings.

How birds soar is yet an unexplained mystery. Our knowledge of the laws of mechanics says it is impossible that a heavy bird, suspended in the air, should find in the action of the wind sufficient power to advance against it without the movements of its wings. As well throw a stone into a flowing river and expect the current to cause it to move up stream.

And yet it is a fact that many birds do soar without a movement of their wings in the teeth of a gale of wind. It is said that when the wind blows from five to twenty miles an hour, the vultures cease flapping their wings and soar for an indefinite period and in all directions. They sweep in great circles, while surveying the field, rise a mile or more and come swooping down again, repeating the action thirty or fifty times a day, and all this they do on perfectly rigid wings. Without apparent effort many birds, as the large hawk, the sea-eagle, the frigate and others soar for hours with perfect ease. They seem to be held up by an invisible hand, while they float like a ship upon thin, yielding air, although their bodies have a specific gravity nearly a thousand times greater than the atmosphere.

In turning, birds do not vary the motion of their wings, but simply throw their weight onto the side they wish to go. This elevates the wing on one side and depresses the other, and the circle is made on the direction altered.

Stopping is accomplished by both wings and tail. A bird in swift flight wishing to check his course spreads his

tail to the fullest extent, throws up his wings, and drops as nearly vertically as his momentum will permit him.

Speed.

Although there are birds which attain the speed of from one to two hundred miles an hour, the number is small. There is something fascinating in the thought of thus eliminating time and space. Sir Edwin Arnold speaks of birds "fitting past the ship at the rate of one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn. Our untiring engine, which throbs and pants under the deck, is a slow, clumsy affair compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to roost."

The stormy petrel, the smallest web-footed bird, has been seen two thousand miles from the nearest land. When the humming-bird flies horizontally, it goes with a velocity so as to together to elude observation. Marcy gives a table of the speed of birds per hour; while it is over that given by the Duke of Argyle, it is under other naturalists: The heron, 30 miles per hour; quail, 38; pigeon, 60; falcon, 63; swift, 150; martin, 200; hawk, 150. The golden eagle flies at the rate of 140 miles an hour, double the speed of the best railway train. A falcon was seen to cut a snipe in two, with such speed and force did it throw itself upon its prey. Sparrow-hawks have been known to

crash through plate-glass to reach a caged bird.

The Germans, French, and Italians have made much use of carrier pigeons as swift and safe message bearers in war-time. A sharp-shooter has a poor chance to hit a bird in the air going at the rate of one hundred miles in an hour. Sir John Ross mentions two trained pigeons that "homed" 2,000 miles in twenty-four hours. That would include stops for rest and food. What must be the mechanism that can stand such a strain! Mr. Darwin claimed that several species could cross the Atlantic in twenty-four hours. The subject of the flight of birds has only been touched upon in this article. It is one of the most fascinating branches of natural history. We conclude with a quotation from the Duke of Argyle:

"On the earth and on the sea man has attained to powers of locomotion with which, in strength, endurance, and in velocity, no animal movement can compare. But the air is an element on which he cannot travel. The birds of the air are still his envy, and on the paths they tread he cannot follow. Of one thing we are sure, if man ever navigates the air, it will be in machines formed in strict obedience to the mechanical laws which have been employed by the Creator for the same purpose in flying animals.

Ottawa.

THE WANING YEAR.—DEVELOPMENT.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

When you and I have done with earth
And crossed the "Great Divide,"
Will there be tasks awaiting us
Upon the other side?
Thus far the soul has not become
The noble thing it meant.
Nor yet have we attained the end
Toward which our thoughts are bent.

What then? Shall we fruition find
In some sphere yet unknown?
And shall we smile at childish ills
When we are larger grown?
Unending progress! Who would not
Earth's vanities forego?
To train the soul's unending powers
The perfect life to know?

AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM—THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

BY THE REV. G. W. KERBY, B.A.



NAPOLEON laid it down as a military maxim "That the army which remained in the entrenchments is beaten." The same thing is true of a Church that is unenterprising and unevangelistic. We are not of those who think that the Church has fallen back altogether on the entrenchments or that Christianity is a spent force. The Church is by no means beaten. She has not ceased to win victories—Christianity is not antiquated nor out of date. At the same time it would be idle for us not to see that there is a religious crisis in the world to-day. "We are," says Rev. John Watson, "between the tides, between the creed which is dead and the creed which is to be, between the life that was and the life that is going to be; we are in the grey mist between night and morning."

There are those who go so far as to say that there are signs of disintegration and final collapse. They argue that the Church is full of half-hearted members who never permit their religion to interfere with their business. They tell us that the ministry is not calling to its ranks men of highest ability; that the Bible is no longer what it was, an unimpeached and trustworthy teacher; that supernatural conversion is slowly giving way to the rationalistic theory of evolution, and that there is everywhere manifest throughout Christendom a spirit of apathy and indifference, if not of absolute scepticism and agnosticism. Now there is some truth in these statements. Assuredly there is a crisis. But there have been similar crises in

past days. There was a crisis in Moses' day, in Samuel's day, in Elijah's day, in Isaiah's day, in Christ's day, in Luther's day, in Wesley's day. Every such crisis has been God's opportunity to awaken and arouse the slumbering conscience of the Church. There is no reason to doubt that the present crisis will be an exception to the past in this regard.

The situation has two aspects. The one encouraging, the other depressing, the one a forward, the other a retrograde movement. There have been gains and losses during the century. We have gained in wealth, in culture, in social position, in buildings, in architecture, in elaborate machinery. We have lost in the supreme and serious sense of God and the consuming passion for souls. We have gained in the outward and visible, we have lost in the inward and spiritual. We have gained in the humanitarian and philanthropic enterprises of the Church. We have lost in witnessing power and the praying spirit. The pulpit has gained in learning if not in eloquence—but it has lost in holy unction, in burning exhortation and the power of appeal. In a word, we have gained in edification, we have lost in evangelization.

View it as we may, Methodism has lost something of its evangelistic spirit, and so far as we can see no other church has found it, unless it be the Salvation Army. We are still epistles known and read of all men, but our life has not the same evidential value it had. We are awaking to the possibilities of child culture and conversion; but we are forgetting or neglecting the unsaved adult. The grown-up sinner, the drunkard, the

harlot, and the moral man are no longer, as once, the subject of the Church's intense solicitude. In fact there is a tendency to regard the moral man as secure, while the morally bad are consigned to the tender mercies of an indulgent God. We have been flourishing at the bottom, we have been dying at the top. These are some of the things that make the present crisis.

There is, as we have said, encouragement—there is also a cause for deep humiliation and self-abasement. One thing is certain, the Church will never become a great aggressive force until she regains the sense that men are lost and that they need a Saviour. As Dr. Denney says, "Our sins have put us wrong with God and only God can put us right." There are signs of such an awakening. There are indications of a new era in the life of the Church and in the history of Christianity. We need, to quote from Dr. Watson again, "what in literature is called a Renaissance and in religion a Revival." Some are praying for an old-fashioned revival, others are attempting to forecast the lines of the new evangelism.

In the main it may be said that history will repeat itself. It will repeat itself, because God is in history. The facts are the same to-day as on the day of Pentecost; human nature is the same, human need is the same, human sin is the same, God is the same. Our need, if not our very despair, is our hope and the basis of our claim on God. Out of the present crisis the Church will emerge with new life and power, clear-eyed and clean-souled—"to seek and to save that which was lost."

This is the purpose for which the Church was instituted and organized. Evangelism is her first duty. It is her supreme mission. A church that is only marking time, that goes not out

to seek the lost, that never adds to its membership roll on confession of faith, that exists only by letter of transfer, that church has forfeited its right to existence, it is time its doors were closed and over them inscribed "Ihabod, the glory of the Lord has departed."

Some time ago the London Quarterly Review said that 75 per cent. of the people were outside the Church. If this be true, have we not been spending too much time and money on the 25 per cent. that are inside, instead of the 75 per cent. who are outside? In Greater New York it is estimated that over two million people have no concern in any form of religion whatever. It seems to me that we must turn our faces earnestly toward those who are outside, many of whom have never heard of Christ; others of whom have been alienated from the Church; and still others who go hungry and Christless away from her services. Six millions of people die every year, the vast majority of whom have no interest in Christ. Intemperance, Sabellian desecration, licentiousness, worldliness and fraud abound on every hand. In 1904 two appalling disasters occurred, one in New York, the other in Chicago, the one the burning of an excursion steamer, the other the burning of a theatre. In these terrible holocausts several hundred people perished. The heart of a nation was touched and prompt action taken to prevent the occurrence of these awful scenes. But think of it: 100,000 men went down to drunkards' graves on this continent last year, drowned, burned, and murdered by whiskey—and no government has taken any special measure to prevent the same thing recurring this year.

There are 250,000 young men in prisons and 230,000 women in houses of shame. Only 5 per cent. of the young men of America are members

of the Church, and only 3 per cent. are doing any religious work, while 75 per cent. out of every 100 practically never enter a church door. I do not give these facts because I am a pessimist, but because I am an optimist; because I believe in God, in His promise and in His Church. Here then is the Church problem. This is the Church's business; God in Heaven is yearning after these lost and prodigal children—Christ died for them—they are our brothers and sisters, and we have no right to the privilege of sonship if we are not willing to share in the responsibilities of brotherhood.

If then our analysis of the situation be correct, if our interpretation of the symptoms be right, it remains for us to apply the remedy and show how "an aggressive evangelistic work" will meet the need of the hour.

And first of all let me say it will be in the present crisis as in the history of the former great awakenings, the work will begin at Jerusalem. It will begin by purging and cleansing the Church. It will start from within and work its way out. It will commence at the bottom and work its way up until it takes in all grades and classes. The individual, social, civic and national life will be touched by it. This was the feature of the Pentecostal revival of the first century. This was the feature of the great aggressive movement of the eighteenth century that saved Anglo-Saxon civilization and launched the Methodist Church; and this will be the feature of the coming revival.

The starting-point is all-important. It is a question of first things first, this is God's law and an order. If it begins on the outside it will be but an ephemeral and fleeting thing, and the last state thereof will be worse than the first; but if it begins in the heart and conscience of the Church we will see an epoch-making movement

that will mark the twentieth century and make the Church's influence felt to the ends of the earth. Therefore the Church must give herself to prayer—as Dr. A. T. Pearson says, "All great epochs of spiritual activity have been circles with one centre—prayer"; The work of John Wesley had its origin in the prayers of the Holy Club in Lincoln College, Oxford. All the revivals that have blessed the Church and the world have been the result of prayer. We must begin an aggressive evangelism on our knees before we can work for God effectually. We must wait upon Him patiently. We must tarry at Jerusalem as did the apostles.

In the second place, though "Jerusalem" is to be the starting-point of the new evangelism, it must not be the stopping-point; as of old, it will go into Judea, Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth. The circle of the Church's influence widens. A self-centred Church will soon die. The mission of the Church is to convert sinners, not coddle the saints. Aggressive evangelistic work, if it means anything at all, means to get out of Jerusalem. It is the business of the Church to bring the whole world to Christ, or, to put it in another way, bring Christ to the whole world. The leaven must creep from particle to particle until the whole is leavened. The heathen peoples must be made Christians—the unsaved in Christian lands must be led to Christ; children born in Christian communities must be kept for Christ; and Christian believers must be built up in the faith. This is the scope of the Church's mission. The Christian who only tries to win a little bit of this world for Christ will be a little bit of a Christian.

The same is true of a Church that does not realize the responsibility of its mission. The tarrying at Jeru-

salem is only that the going forth may be more certain. The waiting is in order that the working may be more effectual. Prayer generates power; it fixes purpose; it stimulates zeal; it determines values; it quickens spiritual perception; it deepens the sense of God and intensifies human obligations. Think of the result that followed the evangelistic work of the early Church—individuals, communities, cities, nations were brought under the power of the Gospel—an infant Church against a giant empire; an apostate Julian exclaiming "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

We have the same evangel the Apostles had—will any one say we have the same results? We have machinery and organization far surpassing that of primitive Christianity, but as some one has said, the Church has not the Apostolic statistics to recite. But those can be repeated. The Church has been depending too much on her splendid machinery and not enough on the Spirit of God. The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation, but we must preach it, we must believe it, we must live it.

Judea and Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth must ring with the tones of a clear, definite, direct and positive evangel. There must be no blurring of the message. There must be no apologizing for the word that we preach. "Others may preach the Gospel better, but no one has a better Gospel to preach than we have. If then the starting-point of the new evangelism is in an atmosphere of prayer, the going forth should be in the spirit of faith. Our faith needs vitalizing. We need a revival of faith in the power of the Spirit of God to regenerate and save. We hear a good deal these days about salvation by education, and the latest suggestion is salvation by psychology. But there is

nothing we need more this very hour than salvation by spontaneous regeneration.

If Christ Jesus ever could save men He can do it to-day. I have had my faith in the old evangel wonderfully quickened during the year. It was my duty to preach Christ to one in prison. He was a young man who had run the gamut of crime; he was a daring desperado; he had broken every commandment in the decalogue; he was a thief, a robber, a blasphemer, a libertine, a murderer. He was shut within the narrow confines of a prison cell, his feet were in the shackles. He was surrounded by armed men, he was condemned to die. In a few days he must pay the death penalty on the scaffold. Is there any hope for such a man? It is the eleventh hour, and he is a sinner of the deepest dye. What could I say to him—what did I say to him? These words: "You are a sinner, but Christ Jesus is the Saviour. If you will confess your sin and turn from your sin He will forgive you, He'll save you." Was he saved? Yes. When he opened his heart in penitence and confession the light broke into that dark cell, the consciousness of pardon and peace came into his heart. His soul was saved though his life was lost.

We have dealt with the starting-point of the new evangelism, we have seen it, clear-eyed and strong-souled, going forth in the spirit of faith to seek the lost and conquer the world for Christ.

I want now in the third place to notice the motive, the impelling power, the incentive that must be the heart and soul of the evangelism that is to meet the need of the hour. Here I would say that if prayer is the starting-point and faith is the guiding principle, then love must be the motive power that is to feed and fan the

flames of holy enthusiasm and determine the character and quality of the evangelism of the future.

Love is the crowning glory of Christianity. It is the essence and meaning of the Gospel. "What the thunders of Sinai could not do, what the horrors of prolonged captivity failed to accomplish, what the inexorable operations of nature never achieved, the sweet Gospel of God's love has wrought for millions." What the world needs is *Love*. The greatest Christian and the greatest Church is one that loves most. Love is the mightiest factor in Christian service. It is the secret of efficiency. Men who cannot be argued or reasoned into the Kingdom of God can be loved into it. Love is a consuming passion, a conquering power, that knows neither hardship nor discouragement, nor failure. It works early and late. It never gives up. It is the spiritual radium—it gives of itself and yet loses not. It surrenders and is not in the least diminished.

Our age has put the emphasis on the intellectual, and the Church has very largely partaken of the spirit of the age. I would not minimize the intellectual, if there is any service that demands the highest culture it is the evangelistic; but what I want to do is to put the emphasis on the spiritual. I have an idea that if one-half of the brain power in the Church was converted into heart power it would start the revival we all long for, and multitudes would be swept into the kingdom. There is too much chill in pulpit and in pew.

If you want to know what the missing link between the preacher's words and the heart of the sinner is, I will tell you, it is *Love*. Think of that Divine passion which moved God to send His Son and which moved His Son to come so far and to stoop so low and to suffer so much that lost men

might be saved. The contemplation of such an exhibition of love ought to make every man and every minister a flaming evangel, driven on by the compulsive power of love. If our ministry is not a ministry of love it is about the poorest thing on earth. Men can get on without our superior knowledge of philosophy, history, theology, science and literature. They will forgive us if we are not experts in these matters, but they will turn from us and curse us if when they ask for bread we give them a stone.

And the chill is no less on the pew than the pulpit. John F. Carson, writing in *The Ram's Horn*, says, "If men who occupy the church pews on Sunday were as apathetic and cold in business on Monday and Tuesday and through the week as they are in church work, many of the business houses and monied institutions of our land would be in the hands of the receiver within a month. There are hundreds of churches that never report a single convert in twelve months. Surely we need a revival of earnestness, earnestness in the pulpit and in the pew, earnestness that arouses our natures and sets our faculties on fire for God. Earnestness as in the days of John the Baptist, and of Jesus and His Apostles, "where the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Earnestness that is begotten of love, earnestness that took Duff to India; Taylor to the Congo, Livingstone to Africa, Spurgeon to London, Moody to the world.

Think of the dulness, deadness, coldness often of the Church on the one hand and the activity of the opposition on the other. Mr. Moody tells of stopping in a town of 5,000 people in the West; a great many of the inhabitants were young men, some of them graduates of colleges, who had gone out into the new country to

make their way in the world. They were enterprising fellows, but they had four churches and thirty-six saloons in that town. Some of the saloons and concert halls were open day and night, summer and winter, but they closed up most of the churches in the summer. The Episcopal minister's lungs had given out and so he had gone off and they couldn't have any preaching in the Episcopal church. The Baptist minister had died, so there was no preaching there; and the Methodist minister had only one lung, and about all he could do was to whisper. There was one more minister, and he was preaching against revivals and warning the people not to be carried away by the meetings about to be held. There were only two young men in these churches between the ages of fifteen and thirty, and one of them only had one lung, and he was laid on his back at the first meeting Mr. Moody held, so there was only one young man left. One young man between the ages of fifteen and thirty in the church; hundreds of young men spending their time and money in the saloons and dens of iniquity, and the minister preaching against revivals. This issue is on in every town and city in the West. We are not so badly off for lung power. Most of our ministers have two lungs and they know how to use them.

We are not so lacking in common sense; we are by no means below the average in brain power, but I would not be surprised if we were not needing a little heart tonic—an increase of motive power—a Paul-like passion when the love of Christ will constrain us that we cannot feel comfortable when young men and older men all around us are throwing away their lives in sin.

The outstanding names in the history of the Christian religion are

those men who have been characterized by a passion for souls. "The polished scholar, the finished writer, the eloquent speaker may attract the attention of their contemporaries, but the outstanding figure of all the centuries is the evangelist," the man who loves souls. St. Francis of Assisi threw bright gleams of light into the darkness of the middle ages by preaching the Gospel to the poor. Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," faced persecution in order that he might spread a cure and undefiled Gospel among all classes of people. Luther defied the Pope and the whole force of public opinion because of his burning zeal for the salvation of men. Bunyan endured imprisonment in Bedford Jail because his heart was ablaze with a passion for souls. Wesley was a man of many-sided abilities, but he is remembered to-day because under God he saved Great Britain from ruin, by that burning love for souls which enabled him to turn multitudes from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God.

We need a revival of love, love to God, love of the truth, love of the Scriptures, love for work, love for souls, love for sacrifice, love for the poor, love that hates sin and drives selfishness out of our hearts.

We have considered Prayer, Faith, Love, these three, but the greatest of these is Love. They are the prime factors, the great forces, in the evangelism that is needed. The first furnished us with the starting-point, the atmosphere of a truly great movement. The second provides us with the guiding principle, and the third gives us the motive power. In a word, we have dealt with what we conceive to be the life, the spirit, the soul of the coming revival. Let us now inquire as to the form, the methods, and the lines of operation.

Here we must be careful not to dogmatize. There should be no cast-iron method for carrying on evangelistic work. The Spirit, the Life remains the same; prayer and faith and love will never be superseded, but the methods will change to meet the changing conditions of time, place and temperament. Moody, for example, found that the methods that worked well in America were not so well received in Scotland. Methods are secondary; wherever there is life there will be found means and ways for expressing itself. Wherever the Holy Spirit has the right of way He will prompt and direct to the best conclusions. In these later days I fear we have allowed the "How" to displace the "Why" and the "What." "We have been so careful of the engine, as one has said, that we have allowed the fire to go out." The life is the all-important thing. He that winneth souls must be wise. We must, says Campbell Morgan, put into the work of saving men and women sinew, and brain, and muscle, and blood, and then we will begin to move the world.

Let us bear in mind that this supreme work of evangelism is to be carried on in the regular work of the ministry, as well as at special times and seasons in the life of a community. It is the business of every minister to get a verdict for Jesus Christ. He must present the evangel and make the appeal and press for immediate decision, and no ministry is complete that does not give frequent opportunity to those who listen to make choice of Christ. We must prepare and preach in expectation and God will honor the word spoken, and our ministry will be a perennial source of life and hope and salvation.

In England, British Methodists have, during the last few years, undertaken some new lines and methods in evangelism. They have created a dis-

tingent order of Methodist Evangelists. they have established many great central Mission Halls throughout the larger towns of England. They are doing a great work. Yet neither one nor all of these can solve the problem. What is needed above everything else is a frank, full recognition of the powers of evangelistic work among the normal activities of the church life. We have a responsibility which we cannot delegate to any man or any mission. However successful those missions may be, every disciple is called upon according to the measure of his power to become an apostle.

If I understand the method of New Testament evangelism correctly it is twofold. Let me give it to you in the words of Rev. C. A. Eaton in his work on the Old Evangel and the New Evangelism. The ordinary every-day Christians went forth as individuals; they did their daily tasks, they travelled, they bought and sold as other men; but wherever they went, by example, by word, by spirit and tenor of their whole lives, they kept presenting Christ as the Saviour of the world.

Then on the other hand the leaders, apostles, evangelists, and others preached to any and every kind of assembly before which they could obtain a hearing. There is no record of artificial interest in the form of committees, choirs, buildings. The Christian individual, no matter what his position, took the task he found next to him and did it for Jesus' sake. It was by this means, by these simple but radical methods, that within a century after Christ the new faith had won for itself a first place in the world.

Is there not something for us to learn yet from the early Church on these lines? I believe there is. The Book of Acts is the best text-book I know of on an aggressive evangelism. Its ministers and evangelists and

workers, its spirits and methods, its glorious ingathering, its incomings and outdoings will repay our constant study and perusal a thousand times.

In conclusion let me say we have not tried so much to give details or plans as to place before you principles. Every man, every minister, every church, every community, every age, must work out the details and adopt methods that seem best suited to the times and circumstances—only this, we must be careful to leave room for spontaneity of action and be on the watch for the Spirit leading in every service.

Let me say I am persuaded we are on the eve of a great awakening. I trust we may live to see it and take part in it; at any rate we can prepare the way of the Lord. The voices of the age are full of hope; God is moving on to victory; may He make us fellow-workers with Himself. To quote the conclusions of Prof. James, of Harvard University, in his remarkable book on "The Varieties of Human Experiences," "We and God have business with each other, and in opening ourselves to His influence, our deepest destiny is fulfilled."

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the Golden Year.

Ah! though the times, when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the Golden Year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands;
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the Golden Year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days,
Roll onward, leading up the Golden Year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward
With silks and fruits and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.
Through all the circle of the Golden Year!

SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



THE Canadian who travels in Germany soon makes the discovery that he has never known what it really means to be governed. He has always felt a calm assurance in the superiority of his system of public administration, and he has paid with liberality for the privilege of having a Governor-General, a Lieutenant-Governor, and a Mayor, yet he has hardly known that he was governed! But there is no such uncertainty here in the Fatherland. For every pfennig that the German pays in taxes he expects and receives a pfennig's worth of government. He enjoys being looked after, and if he fails to hear the whirring of the wheels of public administration he feels that something has gone wrong.

From the moment of landing on German soil the Canadian begins to feel a certain spirit of repression which seems to pervade the land. At first it gives him an uncomfortable impression of being watched; he feels the wild West in him slowly suffocating; he had not realized before that he was especially wild Western. But he soon finds that his attitude of mind is undergoing a change. The brooding spirit of government no longer harasses him, and he finds himself engaged in a humorous quest for "verbotens."*

He begins to see the philosophy of all this government. It relieves him of a load of responsibility to have his conduct made clear for him by rules and regulations. He feels grateful to

the government which informs him in a plainly printed sign that the water in this trough is for horses, not for men. In America he would be compelled to decide for himself, and he might make the mistake of allowing his horse to drink from a man's trough. When he walks in the park it is a comfort to have the seats labeled clearly, "For Children," "For Nurses with Children Only," and "For Adults Only." Thus the stranger goes through Germany learning rules, and after a time it becomes a passion to trace out all the minute ramifications of administrative supervision. One may travel a long time in Germany and go home with the comfortable feeling that there are still undiscovered regulations awaiting another visit. There is one drawback, however, to the full enjoyment of the quest for verbotens. It may be expressed in a simple rule: Always discover the verboten before you are discovered. This rule, if observed, will save the traveller much annoyance. An absent-minded friend of mine crossed a bridge at Stettin on the left side, not knowing that this was one of the verbotens. He was taken with much solemnity before a magistrate and fined fifty pfennigs (twelve cents). He felt that the experience was cheap at the price. The best way to discover verbotens is to ride on a bicycle; they appear, painted large, at every turn, and if you ride far enough you will conclude that all the especially interesting byways are particularly verboten, and that verboten is a kind of profanity used by German policemen.

I never have seen the statute-books of Germany, but they must be voluminous beyond comparison, for there is

* "Verboten," forbidden.

a law regulating almost every conceivable human activity. If a thing is not mentioned in the law books, it is to be presumed that it has no existence. As a consequence, odd things happen in Germany. Early in the year 1900 a company of capitalists began operating automobile 'buses in Berlin—big, glittering caravans, which tooted up and down the streets like so many steam locomotives, running at a rate of speed double that of the ordinary trams. Theoretically the German dislikes being hurried, but practically and individually he is quite as pleased as the American to save five or ten minutes on the journey to his office in the morning. As a result, the new automobiles did such a flourishing business that the other tram companies, which had long been compelled by stringent laws to limit the speed of their cars, made complaint to the police.

There must have followed a great searching of the statute-books. Every sort of vehicle, from a wheelbarrow up, was mentioned and regulated, but there was not a word about the automobile 'bus. Consequently there was nothing to do but to let it pursue its wild career until such time as a law could be devised and passed. And this, like everything else in connection with the Government, was a matter of deliberation, so that, by the time authority was bestowed upon the police to limit the speed of the new vehicles, the automobile company had cut in heavily on its competitors and had firmly established its position. Exactly the same thing happened when the bicycle was first introduced in Germany. For months bicycle-riders rode when and where they pleased, tipped over pedestrians, and generally demoralized the police; now they are regulated out of all comfort. There is a great fortune awaiting the man who will introduce flying-machines in Germany and sell out be-

fore the machinery of the law overtakes him.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. A German Socialist once said, "It takes half of all the Germans to control the other half;" and one who sees Germany's immense army, her cloud of officials, great and small, and her omniscient policemen, is inclined to believe that the Socialist was right. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay. You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the Empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth, and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going, and so on. If you fail in any one of these multitudinous requirements of the Government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offence. There are offences graded as low as two cents.

This parental system of watchfulness and supervision by the police has made every German neighborhood a sort of whispering gallery. Within a few days after you move into new apartments you find that nearly every one in the block, from the milkman up, knows who you are, what your business is, and how long you

expect to remain, and your place in the social scale is fixed once for all with mathematical precision. And directly you begin to pay taxes, for the police have learned in some mysterious manner just how much money you have in the bank, and where it comes from, if you are earning a salary they also hear about that, and all these facts speedily reach your neighbors. A New England town with two sewing societies is not to be compared for an instant with a German neighborhood for sociability.

On the other hand, the labeling and cataloguing of the population enable the police to watch the criminal classes and to keep them in subjection to an extent quite astonishing. German cities are safer for strangers, perhaps, than any other in the world. In the same way close police supervision in the matter of garbage disposal, street litter, sewage, and so on, has been a factor in giving Germany a well-deserved reputation for clean, healthy cities. I have seen a policeman stop a man and order him to pick up a bit of paper which he had thrown into the street.

And there is this comforting thing to be said about the activity of the police. In America the other man is always elbowing you in the street-cars, crowding in ahead of you, and in general making city life uncomfortable. But the German has regulated the other man into comparative respectability. For instance, each bus and car is plainly labeled on the outside with the number of seats which it contains, and signs on the front and rear platforms show how many persons may find standing after the seats have all been occupied. And when once the car is filled not another person is allowed to enter. You see, also, on the end of each car a little metallic rack with numbered compartments where smokers may leave their cigars.

The whole cab-service of Germany is regulated in a way to make the American envious of German institutions. In most cities a large proportion of the cabs are provided with "taximeters"—little dials placed in front of the seat and so arranged that they indicate just how much the passenger owes at any given time. For instance, when you take a cab in Berlin the indicator shows a charge of fifty pfennigs (twelve cents) as you take your seat, and as you drive the figures change ten pfennigs at a time, and when you are ready to stop you pay the sum indicated by the dial—no more, no less. Thus there is no chance for extortion on the part of the cabman, and no disagreement as to charges, a feature of disagreeable prominence in London and Paris. And it may be said in passing that the charges are generally very low compared with those in other cities.

Indeed, there are not many things in Germany that the Government doesn't own or control, or at least influence. When you travel you must buy your ticket of the Government, for the Government owns all the railroad lines; you eat Government sandwiches at the station; you send a telegram over Government wires. Your letters, of course, go by Government post, but so do your express packages, and it may be said for the Germans that their conveniences for sending packages and money cheaply by mail are much more perfect than ours. Packages may also be ordered and sent (collect on delivery) by mail for a small fee, the postman collecting the money from the purchaser and returning it to the seller, a system which greatly facilitates business in the Empire by doing away with much letter-writing and the expense of mailing bills and cheques. In the same way the Germans have perfected an unequalled system for the quick delivery of messages in large cities. In

Berlin one may purchase what is known as a rohr-postcard for twenty-five pfennigs (six cents), write a message containing as many words as the card will hold, and it will be specially delivered almost anywhere in the city within an hour. It is better by far and cheaper than the telephone, for only a comparatively few people have telephones; it is quicker and much less expensive than the telegraph. It may be said in passing, also, that ordinary postal cards may be sent in German cities for two pfennigs—less than half a cent.

In Germany the Government owns the greatest opera-houses, and if you would hear the best music you must listen to musicians who are paid from the public treasury. A Government minister preaches in the Government-owned church which you attend on Sunday, and if you are a student in a university the professor who lectures to you is a Government official. Sometimes you can even trace the Government inspector's stamp on the chop served at your restaurant. Then there are the cherries, the big, luscious, red cherries which come when you order a *compote* with your meat. These, you hear, are called "imperial cherries," and you learn that the Government has embarked, with rare frugality, in the business of fruit-raising. Along each side of the Government railroad tracks there is a strip of land which is utilized in places by planting rows of cherry-trees. These are cultivated with care, and no improper little German boys ever climb up and steal the fruit. The Empire or the Kingdom gathers its cherry crop and takes it to market, and later the imperial cherries appear as *compote* to delight the German palate and suggest the all-sufficiency of the Governmental machinery. The profits are credited in the State revenues. I did hear that an account was kept with each separate cherry-tree, but one isn't

compelled to believe all he hears, even though it is characteristic.

All government in Germany smacks strongly of the military camp. Many of the officials, especially those of the lower grades, such as policemen, firemen, and so on, are old soldiers who have won their places in civil life by years of faithful service as non-commissioned officers in the army. They have all the methodical habits of the barracks, and very naturally look upon the public as a great awkward squad to be cajoled into subjection and proper discipline. The awkward squad submits the more easily because every man in Germany has served his time in the army, and knows how to put up with the exactions of non-commissioned martinets. Indeed, the exactness and order, the minuteness of regulation, and the infinite detail of military life pervade the entire social fabric of Germany. Everything, from beer-drinking up, goes by rule, and most of these rules have been set forth in books or pamphlets with the characteristic thoroughness of the Teuton.

I shall not soon forget the dazzling effect presented by a fine-looking, soldierly German whom I saw coming down Unter den Linden at noonday in a full-dress suit, a tall hat, and white kid gloves. No one seemed at all surprised at his appearance, and I learned afterward that he was probably some new Government official going to pay his respects to his chief, and that every detail of his costume was prescribed in the written order which summoned him. A foreigner in Germany is certain to make the most amusing mistaken in the matter of formality and informality of dress.

An English lady, the wife of a famous scientist, gave me an amusing account of her experience at a reception given by the wife of a German professor. As soon as she came into the room she was invited to a place on

a huge, soft sofa, standing in a prominent place at one side of the room. She much preferred a chair, because it would be not only less conspicuous but much more comfortable. But when she would have taken an empty chair, to her astonishment it was promptly removed and occupied by one of the German women, and she was finally compelled to take a seat on the sofa. Presently another English lady of rank appeared, and the wife of the scientist was promptly invited to leave the sofa and take a chair, and the newcomer, by hook and crook, was induced to occupy the sofa. Afterward all these proceedings were made plain; the sofa was the place of honor beyond all others, and it must be occupied by the most important lady present whether she liked it or not.

Then there is the fine art of bowing. In Germany you lift your hat to men as well as to women. If you meet General Schmoller, you raise your hat high and bring it down to your knees with a full sweep of the arm; if you meet Herr Schmitt, who is your social equal, you tip your hat as much as he does his—and no more; whereas if you meet your tailor, you respond to his low bow by the merest touch of recognition. To the initiated every man proclaims his social position at every step by his bowing. One must remove his hat when he enters a store, though, strangely enough, the same man who stands uncovered while he is purchasing a pair of gloves will wear his hat in the café next door. The Englishman, whose neck is proverbially stiff in the matter of bowing, always leaves behind him the smoke of offence when he leaves a German shop, for he has invariably forgotten to remove his hat. The German store-keeper is the soul of politeness. He rushes out to open the door for you when you leave, and whether you have bought anything or not he has an appreciative "thank you" ready for

you. Indeed, the spirit of thanks is one of the pleasant things which the stranger encounters in Germany. The elevator boy who takes you up to your room thanks you heartily when you become his guest; the waiter thanks you when he takes your order; the barber thanks you when you sit down in his chair. And I am sure that this is not done merely with a view to ultimate tips, for many Germans tip very sparingly; it seems to me that it proceeds rather from a very genuine friendliness which I have seen manifested in so many other pleasant ways in Germany.

Speaking of the shops of Germany, nothing could be finer than the window displays of the book, art, and flower stores; they are fine even after Paris, especially in Munich and Dresden, and they are brilliant compared with the ugly displays in London. One walking up a city street in Berlin for the first time is irresistibly attracted by the splendid window shows, not only of books and works of art, but of all sorts of other things, and by and by he is so far tempted that he enters the shop. And what a disappointment! From the appearance of the window he has anticipated greater glories within, but here is a stuffy, dim little shop, ill-arranged, overcrowded, and often dusty. And like as not he finds that the greater part of the merchant's stock is in the window, a part of that magnificent display, and that when he asks to see a piece of goods the clerk must go crawling into the window after it. Of course there are fine shops in Germany, but they are not plentiful.

One day in a German book-store I picked up a book of rules for drinking beer; it was a good thick book, and it must have required not a little study to master it. Afterwards I found how thoroughly some of these rules were observed. There are regular formulæ of words to be followed,

all set down in clear type, so that even a wayfarer, though a fool, may properly express his sentiments to his beer-drinking companions.

One evening I walked out to a little tavern among the Thuringian hills, one of those quiet places at the end of a beautiful stroll which the German loves. It was a curious old place, smoky-raftered and hung with prints half a century old. The long tables were filled with men and women and a sprinkling of children, and the beer flowed free. Along in the evening a white-bearded old man came around and distributed a leaflet on which was printed a German song. After every one was supplied the old man struck a gong, and at once the whole party began to sing with right good will—joyously and unaffectedly. There were, as I knew, solid German citizens and business men in the company, as well as students and workmen with their wives, for a German beer resort is nothing if not democratic. All these sang together and enjoyed it well, stopping at places indicated in the song by the words "bier-pause," and after a long look into the tall wooden mugs they sang again. It was really delightful enough in its entire simplicity and complete sociability, but the sentiment of the songs—and there were many of them—was amusing enough to a stranger. They were not singing love ditties, nor national hymns, nor yet music-hall ballads. Each song was the work of a local poet, and it expressed in high-flown language the glories of this particular beer-place; how good the beer was; how jolly and benevolent and honest the host was; what a splendid view there was from the windows; how sweet the barmaid looked, and such sausages as she served! And, business men and all, they sang the glories of the place for an hour or more, and then they walked home in the cool of the evening, sober but sociable.

The German has not reached the point of revolt against advertising. Like everything else, advertising is limited by law; the cities provide certain large wooden columns at street intersections upon which placards may be pasted, and the streets are not disfigured by dead-walls bearing patent-medicine advertisements. One coming into New York or any other American city must perforce be impressed with the virtues of somebody's soap or pain-killer, painted in letters that seem to fill the landscape, and in London the trams and 'buses are one mass of travelling advertisements. This disfigurement is unknown in Germany, and yet the Germans have their own effective methods of proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Look at the gimcrack toy which your boy is playing with and you will find upon it the words "Made in Germany," and if you travel in Germany you will find that you are very persistently plied with circulars and pamphlets by post and otherwise.

The Germans, as a rule, disapprove of all foreigners, especially the English and French, and during the Spanish-American war they hated the Americans most ardently. I don't know that the Germans are peculiar in this respect; every country thinks best of its own. But the individual German ordinarily treats a stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality. I have had a hundred examples of this.

But I heard of one German who knew an American every time he saw him. He was a professor of ethnology—a gentle absent-minded old man, who wore thick prism glasses that made his eyes stare out blue and big, giving him a look of perpetual astonishment. He had made a study of the craniums of his American students, and it was amusing enough to find that he looked upon Americans, as a class, as incipient red Indians. He had formed the curious theory that all Am-

ericans, owing to the nature of their climate and other conditions of environment, were gradually acquiring the characteristics of the Indian aborigines—high cheek-bones, straight, coarse hair, and a bronze-colored complexion. I learned that he sometimes stopped Americans on the streets and requested the privilege of examining their cheek-bones, always with a look of humorous astonishment. I suppose that in time we shall have a voluminous and learned monograph on the subject, done as only a German professor can do it.

The ordinary German has a rather hazy idea of America and Americans, although it is, perhaps as clear as the ordinary English idea. He knows Milwaukee, for he has a cousin there; he knows Hoboken, for that is where the German ships land; and he has heard of Niagara Falls and Chicago. The Spanish-American war did more than anything has ever done to educate Europe on American affairs.

An English-speaking stranger in Germany is astonished by the wide knowledge of his language, and not only among hotel porters, waiters, and others who have special need to cater to the tourist element, but among business men who seldom meet tourists, among shopkeepers, barbers, and, of course, professors, military officers, and so on. An ordinary tourist who wishes merely to see the country has little need of knowledge of the German language. English is the greatest of commercial languages, with a world-wide use, and it is quite necessary to business enterprise, especially in foreign countries, for the German to be able to speak English fluently. As a result, thousands of young Germans go to Great Britain every year and serve an apprenticeship in English business houses, barber-shops, restaurants, hotels, and so on, gaining a knowledge of the language and of the weights and measures, and at the same

time study business methods generally. Indeed, England has unintentionally given much of the instruction which has enabled the German to win some of his greatest business triumphs of recent years, so that the pupil now threatens the commercial supremacy of the master. During this preliminary service in England the German is willing to work for little or nothing, considering his occupation in the light of an educational course. Thus London is brimful of Germans—barber-shops with only an English-speaking proprietor, restaurants that swarm with German waiters, and shops that employ German workmen.

Much of the language acquirements of the waiter class is, however, barely skin deep. Talk about food, forks, and fees, and the waiter understands instantly, but ask him a question outside of the realm of the dining-room and he is lost, and so are you. Some Germans of the better class come to America to learn the language, but this, as I understand, is looked upon with disfavor, for many of those who come never return, finding undreamed-of business chances in America, to say nothing of plenty of German society.

An American engineer who was visiting Germany after an absence of three years, told me that the great cities, especially Hamburg, Berlin, Nuremberg, and a few others, actually seemed made over in the short time since his last visit. "Lightning has literally struck Germany," he said, and he pointed out how the cities blazed with electricity—streets, show windows, hotels, restaurants, and private dwellings. Berlin is brilliant compared with London. Indeed, no country in the world, not even the United States, is advancing more rapidly in electrical development than Germany.

The slot-machine has also had a remarkable development in Germany. At many railroad stations, if one wishes to go out on the platform to

meet a friend, he must, perforce, drop a ten-pfennig piece (two and one-half cents) in a slot-machine and draw a ticket. He may buy unlimited postal cards, candy, and gimcracks at slot-machines, and he may drop the equivalent of a penny in the slot and hear phonographic music or see moving pictures. But the most notable development of all is the automatic restaurant. There are several of these curious institutions in Berlin, two very fine ones in Friedrich Strasse, and they are also to be found in other German cities. They are large, brilliantly fitted rooms, with metal and glass walls which contain a great number of pockets and slots. Supposing you want a glass of beer and a sandwich, you drop your twenty-pfennig piece in the proper beer-place, and, having set a glass underneath a spout, you turn a handle, and immediately your glass is foaming full. Then you cross the room to the sandwich department, where, through a glass wall, you may see all the varieties of sandwiches in stock. When you have selected the kind you wish, a coin in the slot will cause it to drop out on a little shelf and thence to a plate or into your hand. Should you desire coffee, milk, salad, cold meat, preserves, and in some cases warm dishes, they are all to be had for the dropping of a coin, and the food furnished is well cooked and fresh. Tables are provided at which one may stand or sit and eat his lunch. One would think that such institutions would in no wise attract the leisurely German, who loves to sit long over his beer and sausages, but they are quite as popular as our own quick-lunch restaurants, being especially crowded in the evenings.

As a whole, the new Germany gives an observer the impression of tremendous activity and vitality, of change and improvement. One who visits the ancient town of Nuremberg looking only for the quaint evidences of

mediaeval grandeur and power will be astonished by the signs of present-day enterprise—the smoking chimneys, the roaring street traffic, the busy shops, the brilliant lights. Nuremberg is Western and progressive—and yet not more so than the other great cities of Germany. Berlin has been growing more rapidly in the last decade than Chicago. In the twenty years from 1875 to 1895 the city more than doubled its population, while Hamburg gained 146 per cent., Munich 140 per cent., and Leipsic, famed once for its sleepy streets and ancient university, made the remarkable gain of 263 per cent. Expansion and prosperity are everywhere—splendid new buildings and factories, new ships, new canals, new railroads.

Germany has laid the foundation of her industries on the bed-rock of science and thorough technical industry, to a degree equalled by no other nation. Thirty years ago coal-tar was almost unknown to German industry; between 1877 and 1890 no fewer than eight hundred patents were taken out on coal-tar derivatives, and in 1898 the industries connected with the utilization of coal-tar—a former waste material—yielded over \$17,000,000 in products. That is a sample of what the intelligent practical application of science has done. Fifty years ago the German was the world's typical dreamer, musician, poet, scholar; then he became the world's philosopher, scientist, and educator; and now he is appearing as a great man of affairs, of world politics, of giant industries.

Yet no great nation in the world today is perplexed with such weighty and difficult problems, relating both to external and internal affairs, as Germany. No great nation is torn by such diversities of opinion regarding economic and political questions; none presents such seemingly irreconcilable contrasts and changing relationships. In the cities, for instance, there exists

a fierce socialistic and often revolutionary spirit, and opposed to this is the obstinate conservatism of the aristocratic Agrarians or landowners (Junkers), the latter demanding protection to agriculture with higher duties on imported foodstuffs, and the former, the wage-workers, demanding free trade and cheaper food. Between these two powerful opponents in the social and political scale there lies seemingly a bottomless chasm, and it needs all the astuteness and power of the Government, even with such a man as the young Emperor at its head, to keep them together until Germany shall have developed a large and sensible middle class.

Here also is the old German tendency to free thought and high culture set over against a Government that will not permit free speech, a free press, or free assemblage for the discussion of certain questions of administration and politics, a Government that punishes with an iron hand for *lese-majeste*. Here is a vast and bloated militarism standing in contrast to a professed desire and a real need of peace—a huge army and navy costing millions in taxes, and taking half

a million men from agriculture and the industries when there are not enough laborers to till the fields. Yet an army Germany must have, for jealous enemies crowd close on every side. The nation itself is hardly yet a nation; it is made up of many States, each more or less jealous of the others; the Catholics of the south distrust the Lutherans of the north, the Saxon dislikes the Prussian, and the Bavarian suspects both; then there are half-loyal Poles in East Germany, French in the Rhine country, Danes in Schleswig-Holstein. From all these diverse elements of population loyalty, if it proceed not from desire, is demanded by force. It is a constant struggle between the centrifugal force exerted by twenty-five States, which only thirty years ago were separate sovereignties, and the centripetal force of the powerful Prussian monarchy, with an iron-handed Hohenzollern at its head. More than one prophet during the past thirty years, who has seen all these dark problems, has predicted the speedy downfall of German political institutions, yet Germany still stands, a great and powerful nation.

 JOHN HAY.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Amid ferns and mosses brown,
 From the little mountain-town,
 Through the driving rain they bore him,
 Kearsarge frowning down :

Onward bore him, wrapped from sight
 Under palms and blossoms white—
 While the grieving hearts of thousands
 Followed through the night—

To that grave, love sanctified,
 Where, in the full summertime,
 Low, they laid him, who had cherished
 Sympathies world-wide.

Honored grave ! Yet Azrael's dart
 Only slays the mortal part,

And they die not who have written
 On the human heart.

Sad Roumania, far Peking,
 East with West, his praise to sing
 Who deemed justice more than power,
 Hither tribute bring ;

And the Motherland who bore—
 She whom most he labored for,
 Bows her head in sorrow, knowing
 He returns no more.

Fame has crowned her own again,
 Writing with illumined pen—
 Lincoln's friend, who loved and truly
 Served his fellow-men.

HYMN-BOOK AND HYMNAL.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.



LITTLE over a year ago the Methodist Hymn-Book was published in London. Last summer the Methodist Hymnal came from the press in New York. The Hymn-Book was compiled for the use of the Wesleyan, New Connexion, and Wesleyan Reform Churches of Great Britain, and the Methodist Church of Australasia. The Hymnal is the result of the labors of a joint commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and is now the official book of praise for both. A few notes regarding these volumes may chance to be of interest to the reader.

The British Hymn-Book contains less than a thousand selections, and of these nearly four hundred and fifty—or practically one-half—are from the pen of Charles Wesley. While we deem some of Charles Wesley's lyrics immortal; and while we steadily hold that Christendom itself will ever be indebted to him for the new musical impulse which he aroused,—which, to quote John Richard Green, “gradually changed the face of public devotion throughout England;” yet we regard the retention of such a disproportionately large number of his hymns in a modern manual as decidedly unfortunate.

To begin with, “time makes ancient good uncouth,” and it is reasonable to assume that, after the lapse of much more than a century, many of the productions of Charles Wesley would fail fittingly to voice current

thought, devotion and aspiration. Had he survived to the present, we are morally certain that he would have written new hymns to comport with the new conditions, and that these would have superseded a number of those which still find a place in the Hymn-Book, and which will seldom, if ever, be used.

Again, others have been raised up to do that which Charles Wesley was not spared to accomplish—for it would be little short of impious to suggest that Providence would not inspire later piety to continue and perfect that which Charles Wesley so nobly began. The work of these gifted writers, dowered as they are with our modern ideals, hopes and sentiments, ought not to be ignored or underestimated, particularly as, from a literary standpoint, it is often much superior to the hurried productions of our own proto-poet. Says Professor Winchester, of Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in the last number of the *Methodist Review*: “He never penned . . . fustian or nonsense, but he did write a vast deal of good, honest, practical religious prose, with capital letters and rhyming syllables properly interspersed.”

England suffers from the defects of her qualities. She is, proverbially, too conservative; and none feel that more keenly than exiled Englishmen, who, after a lengthened absence, return home to find old wrongs enjoying the same perpetuity as old excellencies. British Methodism shares the same characteristics, as Dr. Ryerson learned in his day, and a glance over the face of the new

Hymn-Book shows that an ecclesiastical or denominational conservatism of a kind that is too pronounced to be wholesome has had to do with its compilation.

Yet, when this is said, there are some men of light and leading in British Methodism who do not make a fetish of the name of Charles Wesley, but who assign him his true position in the hagiology of the Church universal. In that charming work, "The Hymn-Book of the Modern Church," Dr. Arthur E. Gregory, while placing a high estimate on the mission of the Wesley poetry, nevertheless adds the following passage:

"It may at once be granted that Charles Wesley wrote far too easily and too diffusely to secure permanent remembrance for the majority of his hymns. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, might disappear without serious loss to the spiritual and devotional life of the Church. It may be admitted, further, that he did not know which were his best and which his worst productions, and that John Wesley's editing might with advantage have been more severe. The printing-press was dangerously convenient to Charles Wesley, and the certainty of extensive sale for everything he published, combined with the enthusiasm with which their people received what the brothers wrote, either in prose or verse, presented a temptation to rapid and frequent publication which few poets could resist."

Writing in the London Quarterly Review, Dr. Davison, again, himself a Wesleyan of the Wesleyans, says: "C. Wesley's great facility as a versewriter led him away, so that very many of his thousands of paraphrases are mere Scripture-and-water, even the water being often not of the best."

In his discreet commendation of the new Hymn-Book the Doctor adds: "A true veneration for Charles Wesley as perhaps the very first of evangelical hymn-writers has not blinded the compilers of the new book to the fact that, despite his brother's disclaimer, he could and did write doggerel, and that some of his rhymes were atrocious.

In the American Hymnal we have less than seven hundred and fifty selections, and of these Charles Wesley is credited with only about a hundred and twenty, or not quite one-sixth of the whole. Professor Winchester observes that "it is probable that a selection based strictly upon merit, and not influenced by denominational preference, would further reduce this number to about seventy-five." Still the commission of the two Churches concerned, as well as the Churches themselves, are to be congratulated upon the fact that they have published a book of sacred song which is more cultured, broad and catholic-spirited than any that ever has appeared in Methodism before.

Obviously when less space is occupied by the hymns of any individual writer, whose work must necessarily be marked and limited by his personal thought and feeling, there is more opportunity for the display and ministry of the diverse talents of other poets, and so for the truer and wider usefulness of the book. On this account we claim greater catholicity for the Hymnal than for the Hymn-Book. For while the former contains over two hundred and fifty less hymns than the latter, it lays nearly sixty more writers under tribute.

So much for the differences which obtain between these two volumes. They have, however, some character-

istics in common. Both, for example, contain some of the sweet lines of Whittier :

“ Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind :
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence praise.

“ In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow Thee.”

and again :

“ But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

“ The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.”

In a new hymnal which will be

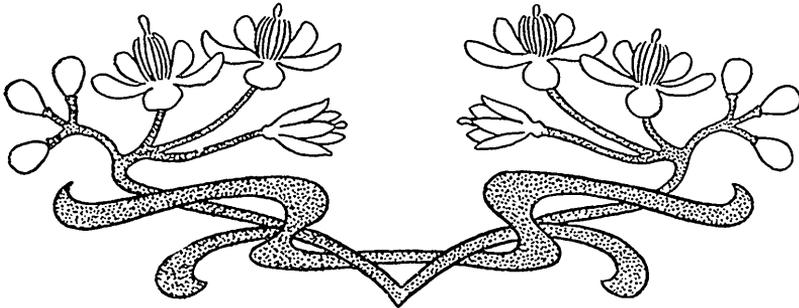
issued from the Oxford Clarendon Press next year, there will be included several poems from the works of Christina Rossetti. In the Hymn-Book one of her poems has a place. It consists of but three stanzas, yet they reveal a devout spirit, and, to quote Tennyson's estimate of the writer, “ a true artist ”:

“ None other Lamb, none other Name,
 None other hope in heaven or earth or sea,
 None other hiding-place from guilt and
 shame,
 None beside Thee.

“ My faith burns low, my hope burns low ;
 Only my heart's desire cries out in me
 By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
 Cries out to Thee.

“ Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead ;
 Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be ;
 Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
 Nor home, but Thee.”

Norwood, Ont.



THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS.

When, one by one, the silent stately years
 Glide like pale ghosts beyond our yearning
 sight,

Vainly we stretch our arms to stay their flight,
 So soon, so swift, they pass to endless night !

We hardly learn to name them,
 To praise them or to blame them,
 To know their shadowy faces,
 Ere we see their empty places !

Only once the glad spring greets them,
 Only once fair summer meets them,
 Only once the autumn glory

Tells for them its mystic story.

Only once the winter hoary
 Wears for them its robes of light !

Years leave their work half done ; like men,
 alas !

With sheaves ungathered to their graves they
 pass

And are forgotten. What they strive to do
 Lives for a while in memory of a few,
 Then over all Oblivion's waters flow—
 The years are buried in the long ago !

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Author of "In a 'ounty Town," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)



AUNT HANNAH lingered at Summerwild through August, gaining renewed strength. Almost every day Elizabeth came for her to drive in her phaeton, and the old lady's heart grew very tender toward the girl. She was a proud little old lady after her fashion, but Bess' truthful, tender sympathy won on her until before the summer ended she had given the girl an insight into all the workings of the Welles household. Far clearer than Aunt Hannah herself saw it, Bess realized Clarence's selfishness, John's worth, and Louise's immaturity. Sometimes with a blush on her averted face she would try to let the old lady see that she too appreciated John Welles' nobility of nature, and that she hoped large things from his intellectual endowments. Aunt Hannah received remarks of that kind as no more worthy of comment than any other commonplace and self-evident statement.

Early in September the old lady returned to the city, and life there went on somewhat more easily. There was no invalid whose care need tax the time and attention. Louise was far more companionable to Aunt Hannah. She was not well, and did not care for the outside gaieties that formerly engrossed all her attention. She was developing housewifely traits and a certain teachable docility that made her very sweet and lovable. John gave no more lessons, but devoted himself to his work. He fitted up as his library the room in which his father died, and when at home spent most of his time there. Sometimes he contrasted it mentally with a certain other library he had considered perfection in its way. Still this room possessed quite as much individuality as did Miss Hogarth's own. It was, however, of a different kind. Her books did not overflow their shelves and stream around on the floor as if for ever at high tide. Her writing-desk was the most

absurd of toys in contrast with this great secretary, bristling with pens and adorned by an inkstand in size and shape like a cannon-ball. She tied up her papers with pink ribbons. He stacked his in ricks like hay. Many of her literary treasures were clothed in blue and gold; most of his wore old leather or went naked of covering. Yet, in spite of the extremely professional air of the place, it was neither gloomy nor disorderly, and certainly had not the sombre, cobwebbed aspect of the pictured Faust study. There were easy-chairs, a few fine engravings on the wall, and a luxuriant growth of ivy in one window.

A bleak, unpleasant autumn came and went and the holidays were at hand. Christmas Eve, that most sacred time of all the year, a little child was born in the old down-town man'ion. Louise was happier than words can tell. Aunt Hannah declared that, tiny as it was, this was surely a beautiful child. Clarence, when his boy was put in his arms, did not for once in his life banish all sentiment with a joke. He looked at the little creature gravely, then at his brother, saying: "John, I wish his father was as much of a man as you are."

"Nonsense, Clarence," said John, his eyes a little misty. "Make yourself everything a man ought to be before your boy is able to call you father. You can do it if you will, God helping."

Long after, John understood the look that startled him then when Clarence turned and gave the bundle of flannel to its excited and admiring great-aunt.

If Louise had possessed any failings before this time, they were all forgotten, and for ever, by Aunt Hannah. Louise knew about as much now at nineteen of the care of a baby as she had when at nine she adored her French doll. She meekly and gratefully let Aunt Hannah do with it as she saw fit; and what woman's heart could resist that? Aunt Hannah would impart endless instructions to the young mother about its dress, diet, even its future education, and then, her advice having been dutifully received (or at least listened to), she would astound John and Clarence by rehearsing to them all this as Louise's own ideas, evolved from her profound

experience. The beautiful little mother did not get strong very fast, and every hour that Clarence could spare from his business was spent with her.

Her mother came once to see her unknown to Mr. Grace. She was a weakly, good-natured, flabby-souled woman, beruffled, bejewelled, and rouged. Aunt Hannah would have resented her remarks as insolence had she not seen that life for her held but three verities: money, dress, and the speech of people—such people as possessed the other two commodities in large measure. She cried a little over the baby, as if she were at a funeral and the deceased was on exhibition. She advised Louise to get into her corsets and lace them tight or her figure would be utterly ruined. She moaned over her husband's obstinacy, told the latest scandal in high life, and last, and worst of all, intimated to horror-smitten Aunt Hannah, as she said good-morning, that Louise was "too young to be tied down, and if the baby should not live," why, resignation would be in order. The old lady might have forcibly ejected her in her hot indignation had not the portly madam waddled briskly to her carriage and gotten herself out of that plebeian neighborhood as fast as possible.

"Weren't you ever married, Aunt Hannah?" asked Louise when she returned to the upper room.

"No, indeed, I never had time to be, with my two boys."

"But you seem a great deal more married than mother does—more—more motherly, I mean. I hope I will be just such an old lady as you are."

Aunt Hannah kissed her, and felt more like a Christian.

Six weeks went by and everybody in the house rejoiced in the cheerful influences of their Christmas gift. Little "Joe John," as Louise teasingly called her baby, grew fat and jolly. She fully intended to name him Clarence, but insisted that his grandfather and his uncle's name was preferable. She sang him to sleep with operatic airs, she crocheted him wonderful socks and was really interested now in hearing about all the Welles babies of the past, how Clarence sucked his thumbs almost flat and John climbed to the top shelf of the store room for preserved ginger, then fell and broke the china jar and cut open his scalp. Aunt Hannah had the very jar now, and Louise added that John had the same scalp.

One afternoon in February the Graces' coachman again turned his horses into the street, but this time it was Mr. Grace

who alighted and asked at the Welles' door for Clarence. He was told that he would soon be home, and so entered the parlor to wait. John, going downstairs for a book, saw that the servant had left some one there in the gloom of late afternoon, so going in he lighted the gas. He concealed his surprise, greeted Mr. Grace civilly, and withdrew. When Louise learned who was in the parlor she did not hesitate a moment, but, seizing her baby from Aunt Hannah's arms, she hastened down-stairs with it, and rushed into her father's presence. It might have been more melodramatic if she had fallen on her knees and made a pretty scene; but she knew Mr. Grace better. She held the really beautiful baby directly under the gaslight, saying:

"Father, isn't he a beauty?"

The frigid gentleman walked over to them and looked a moment at Louise, with her great eyes full of mother love and pride, her cheeks like pink oleanders—at the tiny boy in his snowy wraps, then he unbent enough to study the little face and remarked:

"A very wholesome-looking child."

"Wholesome! Why, you speak as if he were a vegetable, and somebody wanted to eat him. He is sweet enough for that. Now, father Grace, you know you couldn't have a nicer grandson than this is, and I hope you will appreciate him."

"I will talk to you of the boy, Louise, some other time. Now, take him upstairs. My business is with you—with Clarence."

Greatly wondering, but secretly exultant, Louise carried her baby back to Aunt Hannah, and prophesied that "Father Grace will never, never be able to harden his heart to little Joe John. He will 'first pity, then endure, and then embrace,' as somebody says in my old Reader. He will forgive me and put Clarence right ahead until he can make lots of money. See if he does not."

"Well, dear, I hope for your sake he may, because it is very bad to be at odds with one's own flesh and blood. No doubt he notices what a change has come over Clarence; he is very domestic now, and as grave or graver than John."

"Oh, there is fun enough in John, but Clarence is changed. He is very sober nowadays; it is his dignity weighing on him. It is your weight, you little tow-headed midget you," and Louise hugged the baby until he rebelled audibly.

It was just then that Clarence opened the door, saw a guest in the parlor, looked in, and entered, concealing, as had John, his surprise.

Mr. Grace's bow was scarcely perceptible, then he intimated that he wished a private conversation, and glanced at the doors. Clarence closed them—a weight, indeed, settling on his heart, but not the warm, tender weight Louise had laughed about one moment before.

They talked for nearly an hour, then John heard the door close and the sound of carriage-wheels. Clarence did not come up afterward, and Louise, unaware that her father had gone, did not go down. John waited a while, and then went to see what had been the cause of this visit; he, too, augured good from it.

He entered the parlor with a jest on his lips, but checked himself unconsciously in seeing Clarence bent, his face in his hands, his attitude that of a man who has heard of some overpowering calamity.

"Clarence, what is it?" he cried, going to him quickly.

He started in amazement at the drawn, unhappy, yes, tortured countenance lifted to his.

"Clarence, speak! What has happened?"

His brother shook himself and almost gasped out the words: "He is determined to have Louise and the boy—to make her leave me—make her go home for ever."

"Nonsense, my dear boy!" exclaimed John affectionately; for he was deeply touched at this evidence of more feeling than he had given Clarence credit for. "He can't do it! Louise is your wife, and no power on earth can take her or the boy from you while you care for her as you do."

"He will talk her over; he can bring so many things to bear on her."

"You ought to be ashamed. Did they not try that last summer, and how angry she was! Why, Clarrie, you are foolishly excited!"

"He says I am poor, and if I refuse I shall leave the firm; if I consent, Louise and the boy shall have all his money."

"He is an old screw; but, Clarence, let him put you out; you have proved yourself a man. You can find a position elsewhere. It is absurd to think that he can tempt Louise. She will only be poor in comparison to their wealth. We can feed her and half a dozen more babies," urged John, patting his shoulder tenderly.

"He made me promise to set it all before Louise to-night," groaned Clarence.

John laughed outright, saying: "Well, that is easily done. Come, it is almost dinner-time; run right up to Mrs. Louise,

who seems to love you uncommonly well, and ask her if she would not like to take our family baby to-morrow and run home and have her papa get her a divorce so she can have more spending money. Tell her not to let it make any difference that the very idea of it seems to have laid you out completely, but make her say yes or no before Milly spoils our dinner."

Clarence stood up gloomily as if he had not heard, saying: "Don't let Aunt Hannah talk to me. Louise will bring me up a cup of coffee; don't wait dinner for me." And then he went upstairs slowly, as if he were ten years older.

John was puzzled; he banished as unworthy of him the suggestion that in boyish scrapes Clarence, when distressed, often told half the truth, keeping back the rest until it must be known. Could there be anything else? But of course not! Clarence was a Welles. Then with the thought that Aunt Hannah would certainly be curious if she saw Clarence before he was more composed, John hastened up to call her to himself on some suddenly devised pretext.

Clarence came into his wife's room just as his baby was testing powerfully the vigor of his youthful lungs. Louise was unable for a time to attend to anything but his pacification.

"The sight of his grandsire has soured on his stomach," said Clarence grimly. He had gone to the window, and with head bent seemed only intent on the street below.

"Oh, Clarrie, I am crazy to know what my father wanted! Did he offer to take you into partnership?"

"Not exactly."

"To settle fifty thousand on the baby?"

"About that—conditionally."

"How provoking you are! I would come and shake it out of you in a hurry if Joe John would stop screeching like a steam whistle."

"There goes the dinner-bell; don't tease me to tell you now, Louise. It—it is a long story, and my head aches as if it would split. You go down and let Milly bring me up a cup of coffee."

The light was dim; she only saw that her husband looked pale, so soothing the baby, she came and wet his forehead with cologne, kissed him, and agreed to go to dinner before being enlightened as to the reason of her father's visit. She went the more readily that Clarence said it was about "business."

Aunt Hannah, though curious, as it was natural she should be, was easily silenced at a hint from John. After dinner her

mind was absorbed by quite a wonderful piece of good news. John called her into his room to tell her that at last fortune smiled on him. He had been taken on the staff of one of the cleanest, brightest, and most influential newspapers of the city. He could not ask for anything more satisfactory.

Aunt Hannah's ideas of editorial duties were very vague, but she readily understood that John seemed like a man whose future was very bright and whose present was free from care. She was delighted to learn that his income would be nearly doubled, and she expressed the hope that he would not overwork. In her innocence, the old lady had the impression that John would now have to try about all the contents of each daily issue of the aforesaid paper; but she thought him equal to the task. She warmly congratulated him, and after a half-hour's chat, left him to Flip.

Since the advent of the baby, the pug realized in a manner truly pathetic that he was a dog who had, in one sense, had his day. He was fed, warmed, and housed, but Louise no longer soothed him to sleep in eider-down cushions or tickled his palate with chocolate-creams. John, who, in his days of arrogance, had been moved to kick him, now pitied the little beast. Flip gnashed his teeth if he espied little Joe John's long white petticoats in his mistress' arms, and would no more of her, but trotted off to John Welles, who at first only recited to him parts of Wolsey's soliloquy after his fall. Flip took so feelingly to Shakespeare that soon he was as much a part of John's sanctum as the scrap-basket. He would wedge himself into the back of John's chair, serve as a bolster, cushion, book-rack, or pen-wiper, asking only to be recognized as a companion.

In course of time John discovered such virtues in him that as soon as Aunt Hannah began to get eloquent over the baby's beauty and precocity he would boast about Flip, and go to the length of trying to prove to the disgusted old lady that Flip was really infinitely more knowing and self-reliant than her protegee. To-night the pug found John genial in a degree quite unprecedented. He teased him, patted him, settled down with him under his arm, and smilingly mused, murmuring something about "Summer-wild" and "possibly I was too quick," and other ejaculations which Flip considered irrelevant, but winked at.

Dinner over, and the baby peacefully sleeping, Louise drew her chair near

Clarence, who sat half buried in a huge one, and prepared to hear all.

"Louise, your father will never be reconciled to me; understand that once and for ever, for he made it plain to me."

"Then, for what did he come here? surely not to say just that; he said the same a year ago, but I do not believe it. He will relent, Clarrie."

"No; he came to say that he would not have me any longer in the firm. He wants you and the baby; if you will leave me you shall have everything money can give; the boy will be his heir."

"And you?"

"He will not persecute me—will give me temporary pecuniary aid."

Clarence talked like a half-dazed person reciting something by rote.

Louise sprang to her feet in her excitement.

"Clarence Welles! You don't say father came here for such an errand as that! Does he think us two silly children? To ask a wife and mother to give up her husband for money; then to tell the husband—a man—that he will pay him a little something in exchange for wife and child!"

Clarence groaned.

"Why, father must be losing his mind. You must have been very angry; but I hope you did not say anything so bitter he won't forget—the idea!"

"But, Louise, it is true I have dragged you down in—"

"Dragged me down! Really, leaving yourself out of the question," said Louise, half provoked, half amused; "you are very flattering to Aunt Hannah, your brother, and all the by-gone Welles that I supposed were quite decent people."

"I am not a good example of a Welles; your father made me see his power."

"Power," echoed Louise.

"Well, what he could do," cried Clarence, half irritably. "He has the cursed money that a man will do anything to get; that when he has got, he can do what he will. I promised your father to show you what he could give you if you will go back—to—to—urge you."

Louise stood gazing at Clarence with first an expression of the utmost astonishment, then anger, then some new emotion that took all the color from her glowing cheeks.

"I should say that a man would do that for just one reason. Clarence Welles, if you agree, I will take the child and go home to-night—if it means you do not want me."

Ho reached out and caught her, crying: "You know I love you better than any one on earth."

"Then for pity's sake, don't behave like a simpleton," she returned, settling into his arms and rumpiling the thick hair on his boyish head. When he made no response she went on in a softer tone; "Now, Clarrie, once for all let us end this talk of 'money'! 'money'! I am perfectly contented to share what you have, to learn to be economical. Let father do what he sees fit with his wealth. I will say to him as that ancient history woman—Corinthia—Cornelia—what was her name? I mean the 'these-are-my-jewels' woman. You and Joe John are riches enough for me to worry along with."

The face she uplifted on her pretty hand was not boyish but haggard. Clarence's eyes evaded hers, and he said: "After all, it may be you had better leave me."

"Very well, then; I will go to-morrow," cried Louise indignantly. She sprang to her feet again, this time flinging his arm from her and asking if she should hereafter consider him a calling acquaintance, or should she drop him entirely.

He sat in moody silence until there came to Louise as to John the same suggestion. She returned to the chair at his side.

"Clarence! I believe you are keeping something back from me. If you love me, and know I love you, all this you have said is nonsense. Is there anything else?"

"Yes—yes! Louise, there is! I am in a horrible mess! I wish I were dead!"

She was only a girl, who never had known a greater trouble than a misfit gown or a dead canary; still in her was the making of a true woman. She trembled in every limb, but her voice was as tender as Aunt Hannah's.

"What is it, dear? Tell me everything—the very worst, I will know it all."

He began as if the words choked him.

"Very well, I will, from the very first. You know I always had money to spend, and even to waste, until a few years ago. I never earned a penny. Father lost everything. You can't tell what it means to a fellow to have only five cents where he has thought fifty dollars a trifle—girls never spend as men do, but I had to find out how it felt. Father's friends got me into Wintertons' as a cashier. Before I went abroad I had helped father

just enough to know I could take the place. They thought I had more experience or I should not have got it. Your father is a silent partner in the concern. I got on all right, but my salary seemed never to go any way toward my expenses. I was always in debt. I fell in love with you. I—I—well, Louise, you know I took a little too much once in a while."

"I never knew it until we were married."

"Well, it would be nearer the truth to say I drank more than any one knew, for at first I never did it in business hours. I know a lot of fellows—rich, and jolly, and generous. One of them is always speculating in Wall Street, and he makes a pile. He knew how hard things were with me, and one time, just before we were married, he said if I would give him a few hundred to turn over for me he believed he could double it. Well, about that time, another fellow with plenty said he would lend me a thousand any time. Edwards—that is the Wall Street broker—met me one day and told me that was the very time in stocks for a knowing one to make a big haul. I went to Howard, my other friend, to ask for the sum I wanted, and he had gone to Chicago for a fortnight. I—well, you can't understand, because business is all Greek to you—but I could take five or six hundred dollars that day out of the concern, and nobody would be the wiser under a week, anyway. I knew if I lost I could repay inside of a week with Howard's money. I wrote to him to send me the loan he offered. I took the amount I wanted, put it in Edwards' hands, and he more than doubled it. I paid back into the firm, and no one knows it to this day; then I had the rest clear gain."

"Was it not crooked, rather?"

"If I had stopped there I would have been a long sight better off to-night," groaned Clarence, "but the stock business seemed so easy I got just infatuated, and especially when I was a little warmed up with a glass or two; then I was sure I saw double my investments every time if only I had something to invest."

"Yes, I understand; go on!"

Clarence swallowed hard and went on:

"We were married. I was sure your father would come around all right. He went to Mt. Desert with your mother last June; you went to the seaside. The Winterton brothers are sleepy old chaps, but awful miserly. The firm is enormously rich. I—well, one day without his knowledge, I borrowed several hundred dollars of your father. I lost it! I had to bor-

now more, and I lost that! I meant, if I only had time to put back every cent, but stocks fell every time that I took a risk, and I never could make it up. He—your father—has found me out! If you think he did not make it hot for me to-night, you don't know what he can do; but he has got me where he wants me. He has kept his discovery to himself. He has it in his power to disgrace me, send me to State's prison, deal the family such a blow that John and——"

Clarence stopped a second.

"He told me all this. Then he said that you and the boy must share the disgrace if it all came out. He wanted no convict for a son-in-law. He—if—if you will take the baby and go home, he will cover up what I have done. I must resign you for ever, give up my position; then I shall go free. It is that or State's prison!"

"Clarence!" shrieked Louise, and sank back to grow faint as the full force of his words came over her. "Oh! How could you? How could you? How could you?"

"I could, because every time I got high I saw my way to being a millionaire, and I drank last summer more than ever before or since."

"But, think of it—to go home without you—to leave you always alone, or—oh, Clarence, if you should love some other woman and I living!"

He groaned out the words:

"You can refuse, and then have me shut up until I am gray-headed."

Louise sat as if turned to stone. Finally she asked:

"What shall I do? What do you want me to do?"

"I want—I want to die."

"Let us go to John," said Louise pitifully. "He is so good, and he always knows what anybody ought to do——"

"John! I can't tell him. He is so good he never can understand. He is proud and I have disgraced him," and then Clarence broke down, sobbing like the boy John had saved from so many merited punishments.

Now, alas, no John could help him. Clarence's weakness only made Louise more persistent, until he said:

"Go, then, and tell him for me—I cannot."

A moment after, John was aroused from writing by a rap on his door. He called, "Come," and looked up to see Louise.

Something in her white face made him

jump from his chair, go to her side, and lead her to a seat, saying:

"My child, how white you are! Are you faint?"

She wasted no time, but beginning, "It is about Clarence," she told the whole story without one interruption from the man whose face took on an ashen hue as he listened. Ending, she waited for some expression, opinion, or advice, then asked impatiently:

"John, do speak!"

"Oh! this is terrible! What can I say! I must think. Disgrace after my father's long life—his son sent to State's prison!—my own brother. Clarence to do such a thing, even if it were not found out—a thief!"

"But he need not go to prison, only—oh, John, could you send your wife and child away from you for ever? I don't—I can't have Clarrie go to prison, but I don't want him willing to give me up," and all a woman's love, pride, and sense of the loyalty due her burst forth in that cry. It took John out of himself. He laid his hand on her, saying:

"No, I couldn't let a woman sacrifice herself to save me. I would bear my shame."

"But I must, I will," she cried, with quick revulsion. "I never will let Clarrie be punished in that horrible way! Oh, John, how can we bear it? Oh, help us! tell me what to do!"

"God help us all! Where is Clarence? Let me talk with him."

Louise turned to the door, leading the way to the room she had lately left. The sleeping child was now its only occupant.

"He has gone. John. He would not kill himself, would he?" cried Louise.

They had scarcely time to think of the dreadful possibility, before Milly appeared, saying:

"Mrs. Welles, Mr. Clarence said as how he was going out for a little while and not to worry, he would be in soon."

"Stay here until he comes; talk to me, John; it seems as if I had a horrible nightmare. I have been so happy. I meant to be good and helpful. I knew I had been silly and giddy, but I never had any one to—to be to me as you all have been. How can I leave you all, and him?" sobbed Louise, breaking down.

John tried to soothe her with gentle words of no special weight, while all the time he was thinking if there could be any way out of the trouble. Suddenly he asked:

"Was it a great sum, Louise, in all?"

"I don't know—no, I do not think it was."

"This house and lot if sold would bring twenty thousand dollars. It is finely situated for business purposes; half belongs to Clarence. Father begged me not to sell it while Aunt Hannah lived, for it has been her home since we were babies. Go to your father to-morrow morning, tell him he shall have the full value of this property, Clarence's share and mine; plead with him to save your husband for your sake and the child's. Clarence can quietly leave the firm, and may the Lord save the wretched boy from utter ruin!"

"Dear, dear John!" cried Louise joyously. "I knew you could help us, you are so strong and wise; but what will you live on and Aunt Hannah?"

"Oh, thank God, I have a new way just opened to take care of her—and you too. Father would say, part with everything, even life itself, before dishonoring his name."

"Father is stern, but he was never cruel. I have heard mother say he threatened what he did not do always. I will move him; he loves me after all. I will show him he will break my heart if he sends Clarence to prison."

The longer they talked the less heavily the burden weighed. Louise became almost cheerful. John suffered in a different way. Even if what Clarence had taken could not be made good and the whole transaction covered, the fact remained that his brother had done this shameful thing, had betrayed his trust, was unworthy a place with honest men. He stayed with Louise, helped her to keep up before Aunt Hannah, who came for a while and then retired ignorant of anything out of the usual course of family affairs.

It was not late when Clarence returned, but, as John feared, he had been drinking, and was ready to talk for hours to justify himself, to accuse his father-in-law, to lament his hard fate, to weep maudlin tears. John took him to his own room and spent with him one of those nights that make men older by years.

The morning came. Clarence by Mr. Grace's request was to remain at home until his future was decided. Louise started forth on her momentous errand. She went first to her old home, but learned at the door that he had gone to his place of business, and there she followed him.

Now, Mr. Grace had been exasperated beyond measure by Louise's marriage. If

she could not marry to suit him, he would infinitely rather have kept her at home never to marry. He had always disliked Clarence, for he was a fair reader of human nature. When he discovered his dishonesty, he felt all the anger and disgust that any business man would experience. He saw, as Clarence said, his power, and resolved to make the most of it. His loss was not great. He intended, if possible, to get back Louise; "to let Clarence go to the devil"; but not to make the matter public. He wanted his grandson—especially after seeing him. He did not care to disgrace him, Louise, or even John Welles, for whom he had entire respect. In his secret soul he knew he should probably cover up the young man's guilt even if Louise refused to leave her husband. He believed she would leave him (not knowing this last fact); then, sooner or later, a divorce would be in order, and Louise, still young and beautiful, would make a better match. That the matter could be taken out of his hands never once occurred to Mr. Grace. He would let his partners run no risk of suffering loss, for he would make Clarence resign.

He had not been in his office more than a half-hour the morning after his interview with Clarence before he learned that the Wintertons were also on the young man's track. They had only the previous day discovered a certain crookedness in accounts, and what, over and above, seemed like a forgery. They assured Mr. Grace that he was not a sufferer, and as they supposed the matter concerned only themselves, they had scarcely taken time to explain to him anything in detail. A matter of business called him from the private room, where they "were getting at the bottom of the thing," and he was just at liberty to return to them when Louise appeared.

Mr. Grace was naturally stern and relentless in ordinary cases of business dishonesty, but, at the sight of his daughter's pale face, at the thought of her young husband in prison, a wave of pity swept over him. Before she could speak he drew her apart from any listener, exclaiming:

"My poor child! I did not really mean to send your husband to prison, but it is far worse than I knew. He has taken the Wintertons' money. He has, I think, committed forgery. The amount is far greater than that taken of mine. He will be under arrest before noon."

"Before noon!" she gasped. "I could warn him. He could——"

Her father's hand went over her mouth, but by the quick intelligence that flashed across his face she knew he understood ; that he even would be glad to have Clarence flee.

"Go back, daughter," he hurriedly entreated ; "go back to your little one. I never meant to be hard. I pity you."

She turned and almost ran toward a carriage-stand. He saw her speak with the driver of a cab, spring into it, and a moment after it went tearing over the pavement at a rate he could easily account for. Poor little wife of a year, she had but one thought, to send her husband over the sea—anywhere out of the reach of justice !

Milly opened the door before her hand touched the bell and the girl's face gave her a sudden chill. John stepped from the parlor, drew her quickly in and to the sofa. Aunt Hannah in a large chair seemed to have shrunken into a trembling heap, her face hidden.

"John," shrieked Louise, "have they taken Clarence?"

"Yes."

She slipped from his arm, and sank senseless at his feet. Aunt Hannah tottered forward herself almost as lifeless.

"Water, Milly ! Be quick ! There, wet her face, give her a mouthful ! Oh, Aunt Hannah, come upstairs with her. I must follow Clarence. Oh, God help us !" groaned John. "Pray, Aunt Hannah, you are so good. He will hear you, and don't give up. You are old, be thankful ; for you won't have long to bear this. Oh, Clarence, my brother, my little brother ! Can it be real !"

The agony in his voice appalled poor Milly, who dropped her glass in excitement, but the moment Louise opened her eyes he calmed himself, took her in his arms and carried her to her room.

"Go you, follow poor Mr. Clarence," said Milly when Louise was put moaning on her bed. "I'll watch every minute by the baby, the dear little girl, and my blessed old mistress. God save us, what a worruld it is for trouble !"

Of the days that followed what need to write ? The law took its course. Nothing that John could do availed. Mr.

Grace could not have attempted more for his own son. It was useless. Clarence had gone on when once he started in his dishonest career like one bereft of reason, as indeed he had been by his indulgence in liquor. There was a scene in court, a short imprisonment in the city, and then one morning John, Aunt Hannah, and Louise came to bid him farewell. He was sentenced to Sing Sing for ten years. Kind friends assured them, that by good behavior and outside influence the term could doubtless be shortened, but time was just then little in their minds. The thought was : Clarence Welles—sentenced to prison for forgery and embezzlement.

They were as calm as possible in the brief interview. It was Clarence who wept. Aunt Hannah blessed him. She gave him his mother's Bible—then suddenly, as if inspired, held it over him, breaking into prayer. "Oh, God of his mother, hear us ! Be faithful unto Thy covenant ! She gave this child to Thee ; dying, she called on Thee to keep him ! Save, Lord ! save him ! He must go through the fire, but burn Thou out of him the dross. Save him so as by fire."

Clarence promised her to read that Bible every day of his life, and if he never saw her again, to join her while she lived in prayer for himself. John put his arms around his neck, sobbing, "Oh, brother, I would go in your stead if I could"; and Clarence believed him. Louise did not shed one tear. He held her in his arms, kissing her as if he could never let her go. She freed herself at last, and spoke with a ring in her voice that thrilled them all.

"Clarence, I love you as if you were the most honored man on earth. I will wait for you, love you, pray for you, teach our boy to do the same. When you come out I will be the best wife a man ever had. I am glad I married you. If God forgives you, and I love you, you can be patient, can't you ? I will—I will for the whole five years—" She ended the words again in his arms ; then they went home.

(To be continued.)

THE BEDESMAN OF THE YEAR.

Stands Time, the gray old bedesman,
And loosely through his hold
Slip down the days like carven beads,
Silver and dusk and gold.

And each day hath its whispered prayer,
Each one its patron saint,

And each its holy memories
Like incense sweet and faint.

O gray old bedesman, when you've told
Life's rosary all through,
Leave us the old life's memory
To consecrate the new.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.



ISH y' happy New Year, father," said Philip Junior, as he slid into his chair at the breakfast table.

"This isn't New Year's Day," Bartley informed his younger brother.

"I know it, but he was gone before I got up yesterday morning, and I didn't see him last night."

"Neither did I. Wish y' happy New Year, papa!" chimed in Christine from

her place beside her mother.

"Thank you, thank you, children. I wish you a great many. Where's Eva?"

"Late, as usual," said Bartley.

"We are all late," sighed Mrs. Ware. "I am sorry to have it so the first Sunday of the new year."

"Mother"—a tumbled mass of hair under which was a pretty girl face appeared through the cautiously-opened door—"may I come to the table in my bath-robe? I took another nap after you called me."

Her father answered: "Yes, do come along, Eva; the breakfast is getting cold."

"And there's the nine-o'clock bell! Yes, you may come, but don't ask it again," Mrs. Ware added; and Eva's triumphant glance met Bartley's frown as she took her seat.

The family had scarcely begun the meal when Philip exclaimed: "There comes the paper boy!" and ran to answer the bell.

Mr. Ware threw down his napkin and followed hastily, shouting after the retreating figure, with its heavy load, as he reached the door: "Here, boy! boy! Come back!"

The newsboy came to the steps.

"Haven't I told you to take the paper round to the back door Sunday mornings? Can't you remember anything?"

"Yessir. I jus' forgot this mornin'."

"Same thing last Sunday morning. If you do it again, I'll report you."

"Yessir," and the boy was off.

As Mr. Ware re-entered the dining-room he saw the highly embellished

edges of the Sunday paper projecting beyond Philip's resolute body, while threatening glances were directed toward him.

"You just wait till after breakfast, young man!" growled Bartley.

"Phil and me speak for the pictures," cried little Christine.

"Hush, children! The paper isn't worth quarrelling over. Mr. Ware, I wish you wouldn't take it this year," said his wife.

There was a howl from Phil.

"Mother! it's full of regular crack-a—"

"There are fine stories," interrupted Eva.

"Everybody takes it, ma. You ought to see the stacks that come on the train," added Bartley.

"That will do. We need not decide this morning," said Mr. Ware, uneasily.

"Aren't any of you going to church with me? Come, Philip, there's time to get ready if we hurry. Let's all go and begin the new year right," and Mrs. Ware arose hurriedly.

Bartley yawned. "My head aches, ma, and I don't believe I'll go."

Eva giggled. "There, Bart! You got that out before I had a chance. But you know I have a cold, mamma."

Mr. Ware did not respond, and his wife continued: "You haven't forgotten that this was your sister Molly's birthday, have you?"

"Molly's birthday? You're mistaken. Let me see. It was in June, or October—"

"Why, Philip!"

"Well, I ought to know."

"Yes, but you will find it was January second if you will look up your family record."

"I will. I'll do it, and show you I'm right. Where's that old family Bible?"

"It must be in the trunk with those other things that were your mother's, I think. Then you won't go to church?"

"No, I tell you I'm going to look up that record. As if I didn't remember Molly's birthday!"

"Then must I go alone?"

Christine's troubled brown eyes travelled around the family circle, rested

a moment longingly upon the protruding edges of The Journal, and then she said: "I will go with my own dear mamma."

"Good girl!" chuckled Eva. "You'll represent the family, Chickadee."

Just before Mrs. Ware left the house, she said: "Our subscription for benevolences is due, Philip. Can you let me have it this morning?"

"Oh, come now! I've paid about a hundred dollars for missions, and worn-out preachers, and I don't know what all."

Mrs. Ware laughed. "Never! It was only five dollars for everything."

"So much thrown into the bottomless well. I tell you, Lottic, it's an awful drain on a man's pocket, this continual begging."

"It doesn't begin to amount to as much as your club bills," she responded, "and you are a member of the church, Philip."

"Well, here 'tis, but don't let them call for any more at present;" and he held the money toward her ungraciously.

Mrs. Ware drew in her under lip—a woman's check-rein—and held it tight as she thrust the bill into her glove.

"There's the last bell; we must hurry, Chickadee," she said, and the two left the house.

Mr. Ware felt a reasonable pride as he watched the well-dressed, attractive woman and the beautiful child cross the lawn. For a moment he regretted that he was not with them, then murmured with a shrug of the shoulders: "I guess I've earned a rest."

Eva and Phil had divided the paper, and were absorbed in its lurid pages, which accounted for the unusual silence, and Bartley had disappeared. Mr. Ware stood a moment trying to recall what he had planned to do. "Oh, yes, Molly's birthday! I must hunt up that old Bible."

The trunk to which his wife had directed him was in the attic, filled with articles hastily gathered up in the old home after his mother's death. He had intended to look them over at once, but three years had passed, and he had not done so.

An attic filled with old furniture associated with one's youth is very apt to become a Hall of Memories; and as Mr. Ware paused after mounting the stairs and looked around, he felt as if he had suddenly returned to his boyhood home. There were his father's old desk and arm-

chair side by side; a few of the best "cane seats;" pictures from the parlor leaning against the beams; a broken cradle; and a clock pathetic in its silence. The sunlight was subdued by dusty window-panes across which spiders had hung their hammocks, and fell across the relics with the mellow radiance one finds in a cathedral. And it was so still! For once, Mr. Ware was "above the world," and his vision was blurred by a sudden mist. He felt as if he were being welcomed to the family circle once more, and Molly—no, Molly was not over there by the little old parlor organ beckoning him to come and sing with her, but he seemed to see her as she had been, sweet, vivacious, affectionate, his dear, only sister! But Mr. Ware was a man of hard common sense, and after clearing his throat and rubbing his eyes, he went over and wound the old clock. It was a relief to see its pendulum swinging and hear its querulous ticking.

Then he drew a low chair over to the trunk beside the organ, and lifted its cover. Packages of letters, newspapers clippings, bills and receipts, pamphlets, books, photographs, and an accumulation of what had once been treasures, met his gaze. Below these was the big Bible, and, opening to the family record, he read: "Mary Theresa, born January 2nd, 18—."

It was no surprise, for he had had a sneaking conviction that his wife was right even when he disputed her. Why was he always taking her up so sharply? he wondered.

Next to the Bible was a large blank book which had been known in the family as "Mother's Diary." Almost thinking he would hear, "There, my son, don't touch that," he opened it, and turned the closely written pages. Smiling and then pausing to wipe his eyes, he read on and on. Finally his own name appeared, and from the first solemn entry: "Have given my precious baby, Philip, to God this day," he seemed to have been the centre of her life. The first tooth, the first step, the first word, the first church-going—all were minutely described; and all through his boyhood, first alone and then as Molly's guide and protector, he saw himself glorified by a mother's love. His school days were seasons of triumphant intellectual progress to this prejudiced historian; and yet through all the record ran one steady purpose—he, Philip was to be a Chris-

tian man. Words failed to express her ambition and confidence in this direction, and when he finally read her account of his conversion and baptism, he bowed his face over the page and sobbed: "O mother, mother!"

Every man's conscience keeps a diary, and in the silence which followed Mr. Ware faced his own accusing records. Youthful ideals destroyed, opportunities misimproved, appeals unheeded, parental obligations shirked, church vows broken, a dwarfed life—this was the solemn inventory.

Seeing these things clearly, and with no word of protest to utter, still the man's pride rose in rebellion against the thought of confession and reform. There were the children! There especially was Bartley, even now surpassing him in criticising all that was "traditional" in ethics and religion. Mr. Ware seemed to see the half-suppressed sneer which would greet a return to strict religious living.

While still struggling with the contradictory forces within himself, Mr. Ware heard Christine's shrill call as she went from room to room searching for him. Reaching the open attic door, she exclaimed: "Now, papa, if you're up in this cobwebby place, I've found you!" And the next moment she stood beside him, rosy and breathless, her arm thrown around his neck. With the quick instinct of childhood she noted the contents of the old trunk, and asked in a whisper: "Are they gran'ma's things? An' do you love 'em because they were hers?" Receiving no response, she continued: "I wish you'd been to church. Our minister preached a lovely sermon. Want to know his text? He had two. One was, 'In the beginning God created;' an' the other"—here Constance drew

a bit of crumpled paper from her coat-pocket and read—"Create within me a clean heart.' An' it was all about beginning over again, because it's the first Sunday, you know; and he said God never got tired of us, an' he keeps forgiving an' forgiving if we'll only be sorry an' let him. An' what do you think? Bart came in when we was singing, an' mamma's face got all quivery, she was so glad! An' when we were walking home Bart said to mamma, didn't she think it would be nice if we could all begin over; an'—" here the sweet voice broke, and with her face hidden on her father's shoulder she sobbed—"I'm sorry for all my sins, papa, an' I want to begin over."

Mr. Ware caught the little girl to his heart as he murmured: "Christine, Christine, I'm sorry for all my sins, too, and I want to begin over!"

And there in the sacred quiet of the attic, his hand still resting on the old diary which had spoken to him like a voice from the home-land, father and child made their New Year resolutions.

The sound of the luncheon bell far below interrupted their earnest talk.

"I'm just as glad as I can be that we have an attic, papa," Christine remarked sagely as she looked around, "because it really is nearer God than the parlor, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear," Mr. Ware responded, as he reverently closed the old trunk, "it surely has been to-day."

The glad voice went on: "Wouldn't our minister be pleased if he knew his 'beginning' sermon had made the whole Ware family happy? Do let's hurry down and tell mamma."

And hand in hand they descended the stairs—Zion's Herald.

HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY F. A. NOBLE, D. D.

How short the span from sun to sun,
And year to year!
How soon our mortal race is run,
And leaf is sere!

The winter yields to spring, and spring
To summer heats;
And autumn, with its harvesting,
The round completes.

But large the love that marks the way,
From dawn to eve:
For though we oft forget to pray
We still receive.

And mercies suited to each stage
In life's career,
Reward our toil with amplest wage,
And crown with cheer.

A MONUMENT OF JEWISH SCHOLARSHIP.*

At the very time when the Jews are being harried and plundered and massacred in the country where they are most numerous, it is a strange irony that the closing volumes of the most comprehensive encyclopedia of the institutions, customs and literature of any nation or people is being published by means of the learning and enterprise of this persecuted people. At a time when the proudest races of modern Europe were fur-clad savages the Jews were a cultured, intellectual and highly-civilized race. It was they who kept alive the smouldering ashes of the old-world civilization and kindled it afresh in the new. It was the old Semitic races, Jewish and Saracenic, that in Spain bridged over the abyss of the dark ages; and even after the long centuries of pillage and plunder and outrage in Russia, Jewish learning shines by conspicuous contrast with the barbarism of their persecutors, despite its thin veneer of civilization.

The magnitude of this great work grows upon us as it approaches completion. In the present volume, ranging from Samson to Talmid, many biblical topics are treated. The canonical books of Samuel and the Song of Songs, with the apocryphal Wisdom of Jesus the son of Sirach, form a group of unique literature in Hebrew history, poetry and philosophy. Under the heads of Samuel, Saul, Solomon and the Kings of Assyria are included the important names of Sargon, Shalmanezar, and Sennacherib.

Under Biblical Zoology are many interesting topics of which sparrow, swallow, swan, swine deserve special mention. Biblical Theology is represented by Sheol, Star- and Stone-worship, Tables of the Law, and the Feast of Sukkoth or Tabernacles. Slaves and Slavery form a part of Biblical Legislation, while the article Semites is one of the most interesting topics of Biblical Ethnology.

Jewish legend and tradition has some curious stories about the Hebrew Hercules, Samson, whose shoulders, we read,

* "The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Volume XI. Sampson—Talmid Hakam. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$6.00.

were sixty ells broad, and so strong was he that he could lift mountains from their roots. Sarah, we learn, was so beautiful that all other persons seemed apes in comparison. The king of Egypt gave her his own daughter Hagar as a slave.

The contributions of the Jews to science and literature are shown to be immense. Strausberg became a great captain of industry in the United States, employing one hundred thousand persons and being engaged in speculations involving nearly \$500,000,000. Among the Jews who discussed the situation of their kinsmen in Russia with M. Witte at Portsmouth were Jacob Schiff, who controlled over \$1,000,000,000 railway stock, and the Strauss family, the great philanthropists.

Of the Jews to-day, as well as under the Pharaohs, it is true that the more they were persecuted the more they multiplied and grew. In the wars of Hadrian over half a million were slain, and in the mediæval persecutions nearly as many more, reducing the total number in the world to about one million. They now number over eleven millions, scattered abroad through all lands. Their longevity, healthfulness, and freedom from vice and from suicide are shown by remarkable statistics.

The studies of St. Peter and St. Paul in this volume are of special interest. The former is described as "a mighty battler for truth." St. Peter was considered the typical Jew, as departing from traditional Judaism only in the recognition of Jesus as the prophet predicted by Moses.

An interesting account is given of the remarkable false Messiah, Sabbathai, who in the latter part of the seventeenth century acquired quite a following in Egypt and Turkey. Many alleged miracles are attributed to his thaumaturgy. His picture, together with that of David was printed in most of the prayer-books and his deluded followers began to unroof their houses to prepare for the apocalyptic year, 1666. Rejecting the true Messiah, multitudes greeted him with "Long live our King, our Messiah." He basely embraced the religion of Islam in order to save his life, and died in obscurity 1676.

A sketch of more than ordinary interest is that of Spinoza, the great Dutch

philosopher, a fine portrait of whom prefaces the volume.

In the forthcoming volume 33 pages are devoted to the Jews in the United States, from which it appears that there are in that country a population of about 1,700,000—a wonderful increase in the last five-and-twenty years. The greatest number are, of course, in New York City, which is credited with 672,000. In Manhattan Island every fourth man is a Jew. In Pennsylvania are 115,000, of whom 75,000 are in Philadelphia; in Illinois 100,000, of whom 80,000 are in Chicago; in Massachusetts 60,000, of whom 45,000 are in Boston. A very large proportion of these are Russian Jews, driven into exile by the besom of persecution.

Many astounding legends are told of Solomon, of his marvellous wisdom, power and glory. According to tradition, he had a carpet sixty miles long and as wide, on which he was borne through the air swifter than the wind. One day he was filled with pride at his greatness and wisdom, when the wind shook the carpet, throwing down forty thousand men.

Many curious superstitions of the Jews

are narrated. These were very much fostered by the persecutions of the Middle Ages, especially those of the Inquisition and by their trials for witchcraft. Under the word synagogue is treated the architecture of these structures which conform very largely to the local types of the different countries where they are built. Some of these are very splendid structures, like the better ones in New York. In the city of Rome we saw, last year, a magnificent new synagogue, considered the finest in the world, which is built upon the site of the old ghetto in which the Jews were compelled to live. In some of these ghettos throughout Europe they were confined by gates or chains and compelled to wear a gaberdine with a great yellow patch on its back. At Frankfort was the inscription in the public square: "No Jews nor swine may enter here."

There are in this volume 137 editors and collaborators, 1,361 topics, 306 illustrations, and 690 large octavo, double-column pages. One more volume will complete this remarkable work.

RAMA IN RUSSIA.

Sons of the exile and the bitter scorning,
Children of sorrow and the martyr pang,
Still waiting in the darkness for that morning
Of which your prophets sang.

Lo! in the East, what portent cleaves asunder
The solemn shadows of your clouded night?
Is this the radiant star of dawn, whereunder
The land lies red and bright?

Nay, but with flames of ruined shrine and dwelling
Have Lust and Murder stained the guiltless sky,
And from that land once more the cry comes telling
Of Rachel's agony.

Still in the valley of humiliation
The servant of Jehovah bows his head,
Still in the wilderness the chosen nation
Must lay their cherished dead.

But thou, forget not how thy heavy burden
Hath lightened for the cruel world its load,
Nor deem thy martyr-crown a meaner guerdon
Than any man bestowed.

Not Asshur's sword or Edom's malediction
Shall rob thee of thy birthright, O mine own!
Over the stony ways of thine affliction
Move onwards to thy throne.

—B. Paul Neuman, in *The Spectator*.

CANADA'S GREATEST WOMAN POET.*



Isabella Valancy Crawford

It is a red-letter day for Canadian literature when two such high-class volumes of verse as are here reviewed issue from our connexional press. No house in Can-

* "The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford." Edited by J. W. Garvin, B.A. With Introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 309. Price, \$1.50.

ada has published so many books of Canadian poetry, and it has never issued any better than these—none quite equal. Miss Crawford is in our judgment the foremost woman singer of this continent, if not of the English-speaking world. We don't know what writer to place beside her unless it be "Shakespeare's sister," Mrs. E. B. Browning. This may seem extravagant praise, but an examination

of these poems will vindicate, we think, the high position assumed.

A pathos is lent to the poet's story by the austere conditions of her life. Her father, a cultured physician, came from Dublin to Canada in 1858, when his daughter was but eight years old, and settled in Paisley on the Saugeen River. He waged for years an unsuccessful war with poverty. The family of twelve children was reduced by death to three, when the household removed to Lakefield, Ontario, where for eight years longer the struggle with poverty was intensified. The death of the father and of an idolized younger sister, and the disappointments accentuated by the failure of her literary ventures, and her own death at the age of thirty-six—all this, says Miss Wetherald, is an old hard story. A great poet was among us and we knew it not.

Yet it was from England that the first recognition of her genius came. The Spectator, The Saturday Review, and other leading journals discerned her genius, and Lord Dufferin wrote her an autograph letter of appreciation which is reproduced in fac-simile in this volume.

We are struck first with the wonderful versatility of this untravelled Canadian girl. She presents dialect poems, in the wild western speech, "equal," says The London Graphic, "to anything Colonel Hay ever published." Others are in the quaint New England dialect, or in the tender Scottish and romantic Irish phrasing. She has caught, also, the very spirit of the French, Spanish, and German song, as shown in her "La Blanchisseuse," "Roses in Madrid," and "The Burgomeisters' Well." In her blank verse she breathes the spirit of the Greek poets, and there is something well-nigh Shakespearian in her poems on "Curtius" and "Caesar's Wife." She is equally good in short swallow-flights of song and in longer ballad and narrative poems. She has a keen sympathy with nature and has striking boldness of metaphor and great moral elevation and sublimity. Her muse by turns employs the oaten flute and rings like a bugle call. We can best illustrate by a few quotations:

Her musical "Harvest Song" closes with the recognition of the noble dignity of toil.

"The lives of men, the lives of men
With every sheaf are bound!
We are the blessing which annuls
The curse upon the ground!
And he who reaps the Golden Grain
The Golden Love hath found."

"The King's Kiss" teaches that not power nor place nor gold can win a woman's love:

"My heart for thine, for by the Rood
By love alone can love be graced."

"The Dead Mother" cannot sleep in her grave, lacking the love of her living child. It is a poem of tender and beautiful pathos, showing "how strong is the mother's soul."

A poem of extraordinary boldness of metaphor is that of "The Dark Stag";

"A startled stag, the blue-grey Night,"
Leaps down beyond black pines.
Behind—a length of yellow light—
The hunter's arrow shines:
His moccasins are stained with red,
He bends upon his knee,
From covering peaks his shafts are sped,
The blue mists plume his mighty head,—
Well may the swift Night flee!
The pale, pale Moon, a snow-white doe,
Sounds by his dappled flank."

The shafts of the red sun pierce his stout heart through and the broad day conquers the night.

Several of the poems refer to the land of her birth. "Mavourneen," and "A Hungry Day," are of an aching pathos. One of these poems utters a warning against the fatuous crimes by which Home Rule was sought. Personified Erin sings:

"If ye may not break my chains,
Fearless fronted, true and brave,
Spotless as thy sires were,
Then let Erin live a slave."

"Could I mount my throne again,
Sun-like placed in freedom's air,
Harkening as the nations say:
'Midnight murders placed her there?'"

"O my sons, take heed and see,
If ye break my chafing chain,
That ye bind not round my brow!
Fiery crown of lasting shame!"

An impassioned love of liberty throbs in many of her lines, as in the following:

"God spake—we listened—loud His voice,
High o'er the noise of waves.
Arose our answer: 'Land, rejoice,
No more shall blood of slaves
Enrich our soil!' From sea to sea
Rolled God's grand watchword, 'Liberty.'"

The quaint old border ballad is finely imitated in "Mary's Tryst." In "The City Tree," the loneliness of the denizen

of the forest in the crowded streets is finely expressed:

"And yet my branches spread, a kingly sight,
In the close prison of the drooping air;
When sun-vexed noons are at their fiery height
My shade is broad, and there

"Come city toilers, who their hour of ease
Weave out to precious seconds as they lie
Pillowed on horny hands, to hear the breeze
Through my great branches die.

"No violets look up, but, shy and grave,
The children pause and lift their crystal eyes
To where my emerald branches call and wave
As to the mystic skies."

Her poems on French subjects have an idyllic lightness and brightness that finely harmonize with the theme. "The Christmas Baby," telling how Santa Claus brought this Christmas gift, is a sweet and tender fancy. The poem on "Life" exhibits a noble faith in answering the question, "O Death, where is thy sting?" "The Helot," one of her longer poems, asserts in noble verse the essential dignity of man. "The King's Garments" is a solemn parable of the doom of sin:

"Whence come the warp, the woof? Behold,
O King!

From every deed of thine I see arise
Long filaments, dusk as the raven's wing
That blots the melting azure of the skies:
Thy battles, murders, wine-red blasphemy
Yield warp and woof of which I prophesy."

"The Legend of the Mistletoe" reveals the very heart of winter:

"What time fierce Winter, like a wolf all lean,
With sharp, white fangs bit at weak wood-land things,
Pierced furry breasts, and broke small painted wings,
And from dim homes all interlocked and green
Drove little spirits. . . ."

Miss Crawford has an ardent hatred for war, with all its waste and woe:

"At the forging of the Sword
So loud the hammers fell,
The thrice-scaled gates of Hell
Burst wide their glowing jaws,
Deep roaring, at the forging of the Sword.

"Fall Sword, dread lord—with one accord
The plough and hook we'll own as lord!"

Yet her conception of peace is not one of weak negation:

"Armed, armed her head, her foot, her breast,
A spear defends her white dove's nest:
As Peace is strong so is the blest."

"In Exchange for His Soul" describes the greatest of all tragedies. "The King is Dead. Long Live the King!" is one of the noblest New Year's poems in the language. "Gisli the Chieftain" is a northern saga of extraordinary power. Local interest is given by her poems on Toronto and other Canadian themes. In one she utters a prophecy of the future of the fair city by the lake:

"And when the wealthy fringes of thy robe
Sweep outward league on league, and to thee
come

The years all bowed with treasures for thy
house,

On lusty shoulders, still remember thee
Of thy first cradle on the lilies' lap
In the dim woods: and tho' thy diadem
Make a new sunrise, still, amid its flame,
Twine for the nursing lilies' sake the glow
Of the God-like lilies round about thy brow—
Honor and Peace and sweet-breathed
Charity!"

We have no room left to quote from her dialect verse, which is rich in humor, strong in elemental passion. How Old Spense's religion took the form of "flour and hog," to help an old man sick and poor, is fittingly told. But what idea can you get of a rich, lush garden, by smelling at a few severed flowers?

Mr. Garvin has performed a labor of love in his collection of these scattered poems, and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald's introductory essay shows a sympathetic literary discrimination.

PEACE!

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON.

Beat your sabres into ploughshares!
Kennel all your dogs of war!
Let the blossoms pour their beauty
O'er the trenches' ragged scar!

Forward! March! To nobler music
Than the war-drum's raucous din,
With the voices of Evangels,
Sing the Golden Era in!

CAMPBELL'S POEMS.*



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell is one of the best known of our Canadian poets. And thoroughly Canadian he is. He was born in Berlin, Ontario, 1861, and was educated at Toronto University and Cambridge, Mass. After doing parish duty in New England he became, in 1888, rector of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, but for several years has been employed in the civil service at Ottawa. Several of his poems have been contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, and *Harper's Maga-*

zine. His poem, "The Mother," published in *Harper's*, '91, is said to have received more notice than any single poem that ever appeared in the American press. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* placed it among the gems of English literature, and pronounced it the nearest approach to a great poem that had appeared in current literature for many a long day.

Mr. Campbell has been long known as the "poet of the lakes," from the title of his first volume. He has a keen sympathy with nature and at times a weird fancy. He is the author of two tragedies, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand," songs

* "The Poems of Wilfred Campbell." Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 354. Price, \$1.50.

from which appear in this volume. We admire most of all Mr. Campbell's poems of nature, which are of great beauty and rare subtlety of thought and grace of expression. His poems cannot, be well judged by dislocated quotation, nevertheless it is the only way that our space permits of illustrating his genius.

His poem "The Vanguard," a salutation to the twentieth century, rings like an ancient saga, whose form it assumes.

" Out of the grey light,
Into the daylight,
We are his butlemen
Riding along ;
Century-laden,
To some dim aidenn,
Hope in our vanguard,
Courage, our song.

" Check up the curb, there !
Firm in the stirrup, there !
Steady ! men, steady !
Riding along !"

"Unabsolved" is a strong dramatic monologue, being the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to search for Sir John Franklin's party and who, being ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice, was afraid to tell. His guilt of constructive murder haunted him all his life.

Our poet here catches the old ballad lilt in "Glen Eila," a touching story of the Scottish border. We quote as showing his facility of rhyme and the majestic cadence of his lines the initial stanza of his "Ode to Thunder Cape," the huge basaltic cliff which guards the entrance to Thunder Bay, Lake Superior.

" Storm-beaten cliff, thou mighty cape of thunder ;
Rock-Titan of the north, whose feet the waves beat under ;
Cloud-reared, mist-veiled, to all the world a wonder,
Shut out in thy wild solitude asunder,
O Thunder Cape, thou mighty Cape of Storms."

The elegaic and memorial verses have a dignity and majesty appropriate to the grave theme. That on the death of Queen Victoria is especially fine. A noble tribute is paid to the young Canadian, whose statue was recently unveiled at Ottawa, for his heroism in trying to save the life of Miss Blair. Our poet has drunk deeply of the Pierian spring and gives some fine classic poems, as "Pan the Fallen," and "Phaethon." He strikes again

the Arthurian lyre and reproduces some striking tales of Lancelot, Mordred and other characters of the Arthurian cycle. His Biblical poems are very strongly written. The noble theme of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel, the subject of one of Charles Wesley's grandest hymns, is treated in "Peniel," whose first stanza we quote:

" In a place in the mountains of Edom,
And a waste of the midnight shore,
When the evil winds of the desolate hills
Beat with an iron roar ;
With the pitiless black of the desert behind,
And the wrath of a brother before."

The poems on Cain and on Lazarus are striking. In the latter the saved soul in heaven cannot rest in Abraham's bosom while Dives suffers in torment. "The Were-Wolves" is a grim recital of Scandinavian legend:

" They hasten, still they hasten,
From the even to the dawn ;
And their tired eyes gleam and glisten
Under the north skies white and wan.
Each panter in the darkness
Is a demon-haunted soul,
The shadowy, phantom were-wolves
Who circle round the Pole."

"The Vengeance of Saki," a mad Indian "snake woman," who, with half a thousand horses, stampedes the objects of her hate, has a grim strength. "The Last Ride," with its haunting poignancy, reminds us of the weird genius of Poe.

That difficult thing, the sonnet, with its rigid limitations and demand for highest poetic skill is well represented in a fasciculus of verse.

Mr. Campbell is Canadian to the very core. The section of poems called "Sagas of Vaster Britain" rings with enthusiasm. One of these poems had the honor of being set to music and sung at the coronation bazaar as a greeting to the Queen as she entered. Another magnifies the deeds of the Scot in many lands. In "The Lazarus of Empire," Mr. Campbell misinterprets the sentiment of the homeland for Canada:

" But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor beggar Colonial
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame."

But this was written before the Boer war, when Britain "found herself" and found her children, too. "Show the Way, England," is a spirited reply to "Show the Way, Canada," an English poem:

“ Show the way, England !
Forward to justice,
Freedom and right,
Onward to glory and
Wisdom increase,
We will follow you,
Sons of the might of you,
Smokeward to battle
Or sunward to peace.”

The relations of the colonies to the empire are not yet solved. In “ Briton to Briton ” he makes an appeal for their solution:

“ We have come to the ways, O Brothers,
To the grim considering place;
And is it to be together,
Or chaos, and the end of the race ? ”

In a spirit of dignified shame and indignation he gives a prophet-like rebuke to the peace hunters and mercenaries who degrade the name of Canada. Recent revelations show us that craft and graft and guile are the greatest evils that menace our land:

“ Must this cursed trade go on,
Franchise but a bartered pawn,
Freedom, thought and honor gone ?
Heaven strike or send a holier dawn
To Canada, my own, my own.”

The jubilee ode to Queen Victoria has a majesty like an organ's peal. The siege

and relief of Mafeking are sung in words that stir one's pulses like Tennyson's “ Relief of Lucknow ”:

“ Weeks, long weeks of waiting, watching for
succor to come ;
To burrow in earth like rabbits, to wake to
the thunder of drum ;
Through months, long months, life-eating
nights of fever and pain,
Days of watching and hunger borne with a
brave disdain ; . . .
Where gaunt-eyed sorrow in woman's guise
went patiently up and down,
While near in the woman's laager the chil-
dren's graveyard grew.
These by thy soldiers, O England ! Care for
them, honor them, thine !
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron,
thy bulwarks from brine to brine ! ”

The songs on the departure of the Canadian contingent and on their return stir the blood like a bugle call. We quote a stanza of each :

“ They have gone with a people's hopes and
prayers,
Out over the eastern brine,
To strike for the might of Britain's right,
This bit of ‘ the thin red line.’ ”

“ Canadian heroes hailing home,
War-worn and tempest smitten,
Who circled leagues of rolling foam
To hold the earth for Britain.”

THE NEW YEAR.

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,
A wave upon the sleepless sea of time,
That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the chime
Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,
The dark year dead, the bright year born for man,
Dies ; all its days that watched man cower and climb,
Frail as the foam. and as the sun sublime,
Sleep sound as they that slept ere these began.
Our mother earth, whose ages none can tell,
Puts on no change ; time bids not her wax pale
Or kindle, quenched or quickened, when the knell
Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale
Farewell—and midnight answers us, Farewell ;
Hail—and the heaven of morning answers, Hail.

!—Algeron Charles Swinburne.

Current Topics and Events.



DOES THE CZAR RESIST?
He has a friend who suggested it.

DOES THE CZAR GIVE
A CONSTITUTION?
There is a friend who has so advised.

DOES THE CZAR CAUSE
THE PEOPLE TO BE
MASSACRED?
There is a friend who has given him permission.

THE COUNCILLORS OF THE CZAR.

—Fischietto (Turin).

HOW THE BRITISH DO IT.

The outstanding event of the month has been the change of ministry in Great Britain. Almost with the regularity of clockwork, the pendulum, the party, swings to and fro. Thus both sections of the people alternately control the administration of the world's greatest empire. And this is well. For even a good government may become a spent force. The change is necessary, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It is a strong cabinet that Campbell-Bannerman has constructed. The continuity of the administration of foreign affairs may be expected under the secretariat of Sir Edward Grey. It is a government strong in talent. Such men as Henry Asquith, John Morley, James Bryce, John Burns, Herbert Gladstone, Sir Henry Fowler—a staunch Methodist, by the way—and Lloyd George, may be trusted with the destinies of the island empire. From workman's bench to a seat in the cabinet is a long stride, but John Burns was not the first to make it, as

has been said. Henry Broadhurst, after working as a mason on the Parliament Buildings, entered the cabinet and became a guest of the King. This fact alone proves Great Britain the most democratic country in the world. Not in the vaunted home of democracy on this continent could a working man find a place among the senators and plutocrats of the cabinet.

One member has special interest to us as having been born in Canada, the Earl of Elgin, son of one of our greatest governors. We may feel sure that the iniquitous education scheme that has imprisoned hundreds of loyal subjects, many of them preachers of God's Word, will receive its quietus. Mr. Lloyd George is a staunch Baptist and a Welshman, a combination that may be counted on to resist such un-English discrimination against the Free Churches of Britain. The omission of Sir Charles Dilke from the cabinet is another tribute to the Non-conformist conscience. The crime that hurled Parnell from power prevents this titled libertine from entering the councils of the King.



OLDER BUTCHER: "HERE, TAKE IT; YOU'VE OUT-HERODED HEROD."
—Bradley in Chicago News.

The ease and quiet with which this change of government has been effected makes England the envy of Europe. Without a ripple of tumult the keys of empire pass from one party to another, while the endeavor to substitute a constitutional government for an autocracy in Russia convulses the realm and threatens to deluge it with blood. The casting out of the devil of despotism rends the body politic.

THE RUSSIAN CHAOS.

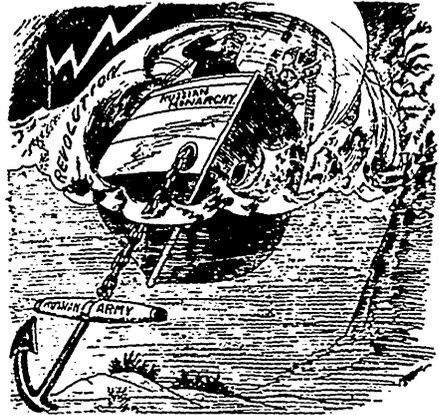
In Russia things go from bad to worse. The tragic story of the fugitives from



IF HE GETS IT, WHAT THEN?
—Rehse in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Russian butchery and barbarism reveals an abyss of horrors that well-nigh curdles the blood. It seems indisputable that the myrmidons of tyranny, the hated secret police, actually instigated and led the massacre of the Jews in order to create a reaction in favor of a stern dictatorship. Well may the cartoonists say that Herod has been out-Heroded.

Except for the atrocities of the Cossacks and their masters the revolution has been an almost bloodless one. A new weapon has been found. The labor strike paralyzed the empire, carried dismay to the heart of the bureaucrats, sent down the Russian monetary barom-



WILL THE ANCHOR HOLD?
—Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.

eter almost into the bulb, threatened the nation with bankruptcy and society with disorganization and dissolution. How cruel must have been the wrongs wreaked upon these dumb millions to force them to face famine and fever and cruel death in order to break their yoke of bondage! The sympathies of the civilized world must be with this great giant who, bound with fetters, grinds like Samson in the prison-house.

"There is a poor blind Sampson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bands
of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand;
And shake the pillars of the commonweal."

This prophecy, fulfilled in the disruption of the United States, may find a larger fulfilment in the disintegration of the world's greatest territorial empire.



POOR BEGGAR !

Bear—"Oh, I say, ma'am, don't be so hard—"
 Madam la France—"Sorry, but not another penny."
 —Punch (London).

"Though the mills of God slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small."

The long years of oppression and cruelty
 and wrong have brought their awful
 Nemesis.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

But disastrous as this convulsion is, it carries in it the seed of a regenerated country, of a larger liberty for Russia and for Europe. For long decades the empire was the menace of peace and freedom in Europe. It oppressed its subject races, it moved remorselessly as a glacier from the Urals to the Sea of Kamschatka, from the Arctic Ocean to the Caspian. It threatened the khannates of Central Asia, the kingdoms of Persia and Afghanistan, and the empire of India. Now, thank God, that nightmare is broken. The nations may pursue their peaceful development without the terror of this great military despotism.

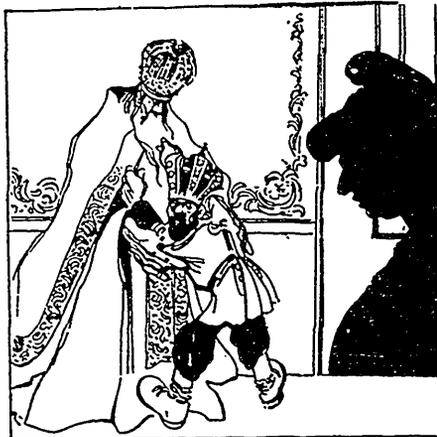
One can only regret that the debacle had not come in time to give the plucky Japs the reward of their valor in the possession of Sakalien and the eastern Asiatic littoral. De Witte's game of bluff succeeded at Portsmouth, but seems doomed to fail at St. Petersburg. But Russia's was a dear-bought victory. It revealed the government as honeycombed with fraud and gave the opportunity to saturate the army from Kamschatka to the Prussian borders with new ideals of

liberty. Even the Cossacks cannot be trusted to be the conscienceless weapon of autocracy.

It is a tremendous bombshell which the "Invisible Government" bring against the bureaucracy of squandering the nation's wealth in fraud and corruption, yet leaving the people without schools or roads and leaving the soldiers to starve. "The sooner the Government falls, the better," it asserts. Of course the papers that published this indictment were promptly suppressed and the leaders imprisoned, but you cannot imprison a whole nation. The revolt with fire and sword of the Baltic provinces, and the disaffection of the troops everywhere, except the Czar's bloodhounds, the Cossacks, is the answer. One need not put his ear to the ground to hear the rumblings of the earthquake that will overthrow czardom. Enceladus is struggling beneath his load.

THE NEW SOCIALISM.

The Socialists are carrying on their propaganda in France, in Italy, in Germany. They are sedulously, and sometimes by open appeal, urging the troops to refuse to fight. Should this feeling spread, as we believe it will, there will be an end to militarism in Europe. No longer will the sons of the soil submit to be dragged from the tilth of the earth or the work of their hands to become



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

The Church—"Don't be afraid, Nicholas; God is with us."

The Czar—"Yes, but some cannon would be handy, too!"

—Fischietto (Turin).



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
—Life.

butchers of their own fellow men. No czar nor kaiser can at his will let slip the leashes of the hellish dogs of war. Industrialism everywhere is opposed to militarism. The reign of the common people will be the doom of war. England enjoys the proud supremacy of being the only nation in Europe in which the hateful conscription is unknown. The old song says:

“Let those who make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight.”

If this could be enforced how soon would wars cease to the ends of the earth!

HISTORY IN CARTOON.

Our cartoons illustrate the rapid progress of events. If the mujik gets hold of the army, then the sleep of the Czar will be more troubled than it is. The army is at present, as another cartoon shows, the only anchor that keeps the monarchy from drifting to its doom. Will it hold?

The financial ruin is one of the most serious aspects of the situation. Not a kopeck more can the crippled mendicant receive from his quondam friend, La Belle France. Even the benedictions of the Church and the sacred ikons cannot protect the Czar from the shadow of that liberty which is cast upon the wall. It is a sort of irony of fate that the Czar should have issued his call for the second meeting of the Hague Peace Conference in this crisis in his own domain.

An Italian paper depicts the sinister influence of the Kaiser on the Czar. He is credited with having connived at the war upon Japan and with having encouraged him in his resistance to the de-

mands of the people. A free Poland on his eastern frontier would be an exceedingly inconvenient factor in the future. It were better if the Czar should take the advice of his peace-loving uncle of England, and trust the people. Only thus can they be governed nowadays.

Germany is confronted with the problem of raising forty-five million dollars additional revenue from a population now suffering from meat famine. This gives its point to the cartoon of the profit pig, in which the antagonism of the starveling craftsman and the burly burgomeister is sharply shown.

REVOLT FROM BOSSISM.

One of the most encouraging features of the political landslide in the United States is the emergence of such a strong and sturdy independent vote. Men by the thousands have broken the fetters of their political allegiance and hurled their former idols to the dust. It is a omen of good that they follow their reason and their conscience rather than the shibboleth of party in defiance of both. The same emancipation in Canada led to the overthrow of the most prolonged party government in history, and gave a lease of power with a tremendous majority to untried hands. The use of this power in dismissing tried and faithful servants—it is suspected, at the in-



THE PROFIT PIG.

Laboring Man—"Meat is scarce—won't you sell your pig?"

Landowner—"No! I must let it grow a little bigger yet before I do that."

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).



HE MUST BE RECKONED WITH HENCEFORTH.

--Westerman in The Ohio State Journal (Col.).

stigation of the liquor traffic—has led and justly, to the indignant resignation of one of the best boards of license commissioners ever appointed. But the people have the antidote of this bane in their own hands. The Local Option campaign throughout the country gives grand opportunity for local prohibition. The temperance people and the Churches will be false to their principles and their pledges if they fail to grasp this splendid opportunity. The drink traffic will die hard. It is said to be raising a colossal election fund. It must be watched as with the hundred eyes of Argus, and the plots and iniquities which have been perpetrated before must be strangled, as with the hundred arms of Briareus.

THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

The great question of higher education is receiving earnest thought and study and comparison of methods in educational circles. It is frankly considered that the principle of University Federation, in which Canada holds an unique and advanced position, must be considered sacred. It is a compact which may not

be broken. Let the Churches and the colleges unite, and we may build up in this province an institution which shall take its place with the great universities of the world. It need be no longer necessary to send our sons to Harvard or Yale, to Leipsic or Berlin. Nothing but the best is good enough for Canada, and we must develop the best at home or import it from abroad. The student body must not injure their own interests by silly insubordination. They are not in Russia. It does not need a strike to procure redress of any wrongs.

HOUSING THE POOR.

Recent investigation into the housing conditions of great American cities shows that landlords have not taken too readily to the idea of the model tenement as a paying investment. Those who have tried it, however, find gratifying returns. The percentage of removals in a satisfactory house is exceedingly low.

But in most tenement houses the condition is lamentable. Bad sanitation, lack of air and light, and overcrowding everywhere prevail. The danger of fire, and the generating field afforded for disease and crime should awaken the interest of citizens. It has been suggested that the municipal ownership of tenement houses would lead to improved conditions.

Even in our city of Toronto there are families living behind stores in the downtown districts, in rooms so hemmed in by brick walls as to make the gaslight necessary most of and sometimes all of the day.

We have only time to refer here to the appointment of the Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., to the important position of Professor of Homiletics in Victoria University. He will here exert an even wider influence than even the most popular preacher. To be a teacher of teachers and trainer of preachers is to exert a very wide and far-reaching influence on the future of our Church. We wish him great success in his work. We hope to present his portrait in an early number; did not get it in time for this issue.

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy!

—Burns.

Religious Intelligence.

A LONG STRIDE FORWARD.

Church union in Canada has taken another long stride forward. As these notes pass through the press the Union Joint Conference closes its sessions. A most delightful feeling of harmony prevailed at all its meetings. The Divine presence was manifestly felt. The members of the different Churches vied with each other in Christian courtesy. What many deemed the impossible has been achieved. A practical basis of union has been reached. Seemingly antagonistic creeds have been harmonized into one, embracing the essential features of each. Divine sovereignty and man's free will are shown to be each the complement of the other. Christian perfection is found to be but another name for the final perseverance of the saints. Blue Presbyterian and fervent Methodist and sedate Congregationalist agree as to a common ecclesiastical polity, and go forward to seek a corporate union. *Laus Deo!* It is the Lord's doing and is marvellous in our eyes.

The new creed, polity and plans will be submitted to higher ecclesiastical courts, and then sent to the people for ratification. We confidently expect that the people—the ultimate court of appeal—will gladly adopt the new constitution and expression of Christian faith.

What this will mean it is impossible for words to express. Within a century a mighty nation—probably a hundred millions of people—will occupy our vast and fertile provinces. It will tax to the utmost the United Church in Canada to evangelize these coming millions. Thank God, its energies will be concentrated, not dissipated. The waste of men and means in building rival altars shall not be perpetuated.

An example of Christian statesmanship and of brotherly love will be given to the whole wide world, which will challenge earnest emulation. The cause of home missions and foreign alike will share the benefit and blessing of this great movement.

The Churches should be much in prayer that the Pillar of Fire which has guided God's people to the present happy issue may still lead to the conquest of the world for the King of Righteousness and Peace.

INTER-CHURCH GATHERINGS.

The Inter-Church Conference on Federation was one of the greatest conventions ever held in point of merit of the addresses and essays given. In this respect it is said that nothing in the nature of a religious conference could be compared with it unless it were the meeting of the World's Evangelical Alliance, in 1873. Denominational lines were obliterated in the fellowship of the Master's service.

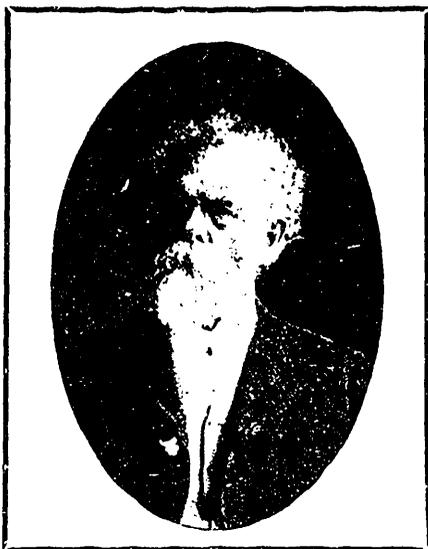
Dr. F. Mason North, discussing "The Evangelization of American Cities," said: "Since 1900 600,000 have been added to New York City." "The urban population is now one-third of the whole." "The ratio of increase is twenty-one per cent. of the entire population and thirty-seven per cent. of the city population." "In Chicago forty languages are spoken, fourteen by groups of 10,000 or more each." "In New York City eighteen languages on one block can be found. But while this menace of conditions justifies serious alarm, "a new ardor and a new crusade for the recovery of the Holy City fills the heart and mind of the Church."

THE REVIVAL.

The hearts of God's people are thriving with prayer and confidence toward the Torrey-Alexander campaign in this city. Not because their trust is in the human agents, in sermon or song, but in the Lord God of Elijah. God's people in this city and throughout the country should be much in prayer that the God who answereth by fire may kindle the flame of sacrifice upon His altars and bring conversion to hundreds of hearts. The record of the world-wide revival conducted by God's honored servants should call for renewed consecration and prayer and earnest effort.

NEW CITY MISSION.

The opening of the new Italian Mission is a forward movement of much importance in this city. God has wonderfully prepared the way in securing the splendid building for such a mission, and especially



THE LATE HON. JUDGE DEAN, M.A., LL.D.

in procuring and securing the agents so well fitted for this great work. A fine illustration of Christian comity is shown in the division of the field between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. The Presbyterians accept the even harder work of evangelizing the Jews, who are coming by hundreds to our city, and are leaving the Italians, to whose warm-hearted natures Methodism is so congenial, to ourselves. We pray God's blessing upon both missions. It will tax the energy of all the Churches to meet the influx of foreigners to Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria.

VETERANS PROMOTED.

The death of Judge Dean comes with a shock to all who knew him. He was so full of life and vigor and vivacity, retaining in old age so much of the enthusiasms of his youth and manhood, that we hoped he would long linger with us. His passing makes the world the poorer, though, thank God, heaven the richer. He was, we think, the oldest graduate of Victoria University, and the sole survivor of his class. He was ever in the forefront of social and religious progress. He was an ardent advocate of Methodist union and college federation, of temperance and moral reform. After

the last happy union he wrote to the present Editor, "Thank God that devil is dead anyhow," the demon of a divided and often antagonized Methodism. In a recent contribution to these pages he boldly championed the temperance reform.

The death of Dr. Warden and Dr. MacKay is an irreparable loss to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Dr. Warden was a great Christian statesman as well as churchman. Every department of Christian work in that great church has felt the inspiration of his great mind and strong will. He is spoken of specially as a successful financier. He was that, but he was much more. He was the seer as well. He was one of the few preachers who are also men of comparative wealth, and he wisely became his own executor. Wisely, we say, because his chief benefactions of \$20,000 to the colleges, made before his death, would have been invalid if left to posthumous bequests.

Dr. MacKay, the well-beloved, will be remembered chiefly for his enthusiastic and uncompromising labors in successive temperance campaigns in this province. His fervid zeal and consecration to this great work have left their mark in the improved temperance sentiment and in the great Local Option movement throughout the country.



THE LATE DR. MACKAY.

Book Notices.

"Irish History and the Irish Question."
By Goldwin Smith. Toronto: Morang
& Co. Pp. viii-270. Price, \$1.50.

The history of Ireland, like the prophet's scroll, is written within and without with lamentation and woe. It is a perfect Iliad of disaster, a dark tragedy of misfortune, misrule, and battling against arduous conditions. Professor Goldwin Smith's book is written with sympathy, with discrimination, and with a high sense of justice. He metes out praise and blame as they are deserved.

Few names are more hated in Ireland than that of the great Protector. "The curse of Cromwell" is one of the direst that can be invoked. Yet Cromwell endeavored to administer Rhadamanthine justice. "His proclamation on landing," says Professor Smith, "was the first utterance of law and order heard in ten years, and was strictly carried into effect. A soldier was hanged for robbing a native of a fowl." Yet the slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda is an indelible stain upon his name, though Alva, Parma, and Tilly committed many worse.

The Irish were their own worst enemies. Their turbulence and violence made it almost impossible to rule except by force. The strife between races under the Penal Code has scarce a parallel save that between the Catholics and Moriscos in Spain. The forcing on the Irish of an alien Church was the worst of policies. Swift bitterly said that the government doubtless appointed good Irish bishops, but they were always murdered on Hounslow Heath by highwaymen, who took their credentials and were installed in their place. What must have been the feelings of the Irish peasant when his scanty crop of potatoes was tithed for the support of a Protestant priest!

The bad economic conditions forced upon the country by the English government are responsible for much of its evils. But we do not think Professor Smith has emphasized enough an evil imposed by themselves. At the very time that famine was doing its worst in Ireland the great distilleries were converting the people's food into that which blasted their lives.

The chapter of chief interest is the last on "The Present State of the Irish Question." "Ireland has more than her share of representation in Parliament; she has no established Church; if her priesthood would let her she would have a complete system of national education [and she had this before England had]; her land law is far more favorable to the tenant than that of the other kingdoms, and she has been, and still is, receiving government subventions in aid of the tillers of her soil which English and Scotch tenants do not receive. Nothing is closed against her people. They have the markets of the whole empire, all its offices, patronages and services are perfectly open to them."

Professor Smith discusses the possible plans of solving the Irish question. A larger measure of local self-government would probably placate many antipathies. A session or two of the Imperial Parliament held at Dublin for the settlement of Irish questions would have had a good effect, but would entail too much inconvenience. "Would there be any objection," asks Dr. Smith, "to empowering the Irish members of both houses to sit annually at Dublin as a preparatory house of Irish legislation framing bills to be commended in Parliament?"

The book becomes almost indispensable in discussing the Irish question in view of the prominence which it is likely to receive in the new Parliament of Britain. Like everything which Dr. Smith writes, it has the spell of his own inimitable style—the "curiosa felicitas" of expression, the strength of thought, the breadth of view, the high statesmanship of a great scholar.

"London Films." By W. D. Howells.
Illustrated. New York: Harper &
Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.
Pp. 241. Price \$2.25 net.

The genial author of "Silas Lapham" and many another sterling story exhibits in this book the keenness of his observation and his deftness of expression. To use the figure of his title, his mind is a sensitive plate on which are kodaked sharp impressions of the strange kine-metograph of London's streets and Lon-

don life. No matter how well you may know your London you will find things here you have never noticed before. The busy streets impressed the writer like a mighty river in its ceaseless flow. The London parks, the spell of the Abbey and St. Paul's, the historic memories of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield and Hampton Court, the life on the river, the old-fashioned inns and modern apartments, Henley day and the House of Commons, all come under review.

Mr. Howells is a very genial and optimistic observer. "It is plain," he says, "that England, though a military power, is not militarized. Nowhere but in England does the European hand of iron wear a glove of velvet," and this because the English soldier has not been torn, an unwilling captive, from his home and work like the conscripts of other countries.

"If London ever has her epic poet," he says, "he will sing the omnibus, but he who sings the hansom must be of a lyrical note. The omnibus is as much an anachronism as the war chariot or the sedan chair." It is ugly, it is clumsy, it is slow. It sways and lurches like an elephant, yet it has a fascination all its own. From the top of an omnibus you can look down on coronets.

The London "bobby" is the personification of law and order. His lifted finger stays the mighty tide and makes the river cease to flow till the temporary dam is removed. The drink evil, he thinks, is less marked than in an earlier visit, "though the gin palaces still flare through their hell-litten windows into the night." He expresses the better sentiment of the American people in his love of the ancestral institutions of the motherland, and especially of "the mother-hearted sovereign whose goodness gave English monarchy a new lease of life in the affections of her subjects and raised loyalty to a part of their religion."

Two chapters on American origins lovingly describe the incunabulae of the new world in the old, and the inexplicable debt of America to England. As he walked the busy streets the past was more real than the present and mighty shades of English history haunted their ancient purlieus.

Such books as those of Hawthorne, Holmes and Howells do much to knit together the mother and the daughter land.

"The Endless Life." The Ingersoll Lecture, 1905. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 55. Price, 75 cents net.

This little book is a discussion of the most august things in the world. In wise and weighty words the author demonstrates the need of immortality as a logical sequence of our power of thought and action. The stupendous fact of existence is a living will, a higher kind of energy than any molecular attraction or chemical reaction. Out of the abyssal depths of personality comes the absolute need of immortality. It gives a new meaning to the words of Scripture, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Conscious of the divine reality of the present life, one can afford to wait for the things which do not yet appear.

"The Ethics of Imperialism." An Enquiry Whether Christian Ethics and Imperialism are Antagonistic. By Albert R. Carman. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176.

This is a very clever discussion of what seems to be the paradox of a conflict between the Christian doctrine of altruism and aggressive Imperialism. But much of this Imperialism is altruistic. It regards really the greatest good of the greatest number, the policing of the Seven Seas and supplanting a lower by a higher civilization. "The efforts of the peace lovers should be directed," says our author, "not to decrying patriotism and the military spirit, but to teaching the positive and material advantages of universal peace." The book is very cleverly written, is a fine piece of dialectics, permeated by level-headed common-sense.

"The Earnest Expectation." By Isaac Crook, D.D., LL.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116.

This is another series of discourses of pathos and power by a strongly original thinker.