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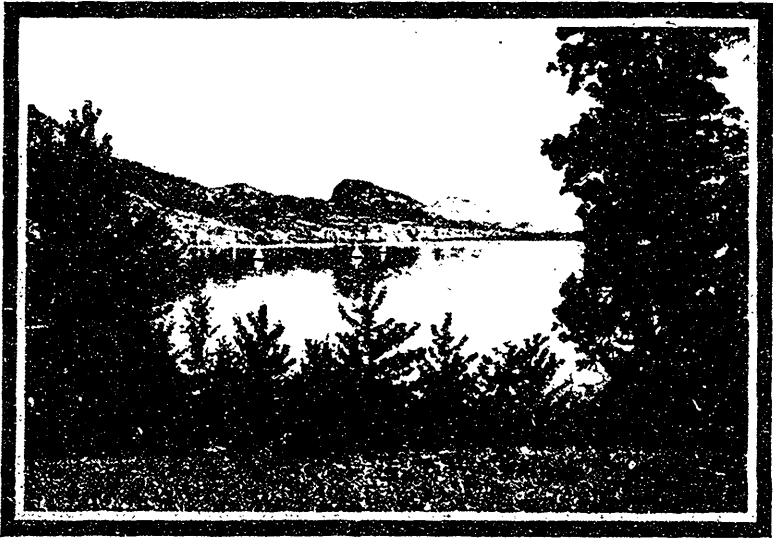
THREE SISTERS, CANMORE, ALBERTA.



MOUNT BAKER, B.C.



TAKAKKOW FALLS AND YOHO VALLEY, B.C.



OKANAGAN LAKE.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1905.

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THE NEW WEST.

BY L'INCONNU.



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.



I HAVE never got away from that memory of my childhood's home on the outskirts of the little country town. I can see it yet, the hollyhocks, and the long old garden, with the two steel rails at the foot, shining like gold in the sun as they drew nearer together till they passed out, between the drop in the hills, to the far North-West. There was a fascination about those rails for my childish mind, a something that drew me always after the two shining lines leading beyond the hills.

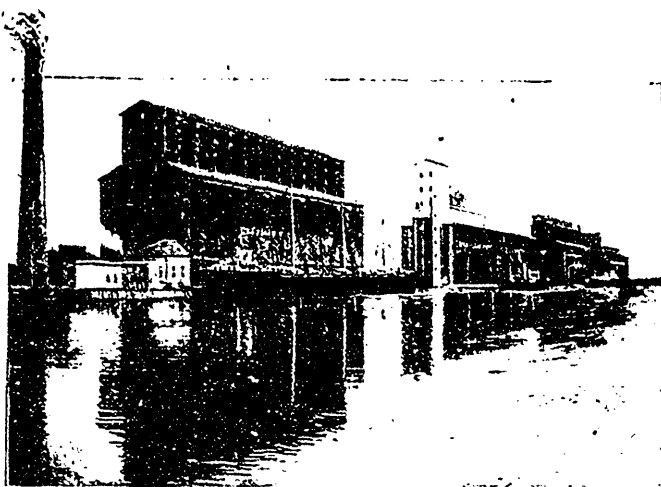
On the wall of the roomy old kitchen within hung an immense map of North America, the United States, on the lower half, all dotted with cities and lined with railways. On the upper half was Canada, for the most part a vast yellow waste, with just

the rivers wriggling through. But ere long my childish ears heard talk of other steel rails than those at the garden end, or a great railroad that was to stretch across the continent on Canadian soil.

Gray-haired men sat and discussed the problem, the cost, the difficulties. These they talked of till the picture became quite plain to my imagination. I could see the vast rocky region about Lake Superior, the deep lakes and mighty rivers. There was the black line of the Red River on the map, and across that, they talked of a great plain stretching for a thousand miles, known only to the fur-trader and the Indians. Further still came range after range of mountains, gigantic and unexplored. The difficulties were legion, and to add to these, the question became one of domestic politics, dividing parties and creating political contentions.

A few years later thousands of





C. P. R. GRAIN ELEVATORS, FORT WILLIAM.

people were pouring into the West. Its timber, its coal-beds, its mineral deposits, but above all, its millions of acres of rich agricultural land, were becoming known. The demands of the growing commerce of the West made a railway imperative. In the year 1881 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was formed. Armies of men were soon working from Winnipeg westward, and from the point where the Government had suspended its labors, from the Pacific Coast, eastward.

One misty morning early in November of 1885, the two parties of workingmen met in Eagle Pass. The last rails of the C.P.R. were linked together, the last spike driven. The longest continuous line of railway in the world was complete. But even before this the completed sections of the road had proved its necessity by carrying a large and profitable traffic.

There was something like the touch of a magician in the march of these two steel rails, sometimes at the rate of five or even six miles a day. Right on the heels of the line-builders, vil-

lages, towns, and even cities, were springing up in the night, as it were. till to-day one finds at Winnipeg fifty miles or more of railway tracks all crowded with cars—a picture surely suggestive of the greatness of the West. Long trains are pouring in, laden with grain and flour, cattle, and other freight. The great West is the future larder and granary of the world.

At Fort William one finds looming up the great grain elevators, four monster ones, holding twelve to fifteen hundred thousand bushels each. Trading-posts have been transformed into cities. The railway has tapped, in the East Kootenay region, the largest undeveloped coal areas in the world.

Moreover, the Company has extended its lines so as to afford direct communication between Halifax and Vancouver. It has made connection with all parts of Ontario, the Western States, and the great Mississippi Valley. To-day the Company's lines embrace over 10,000 miles of railway.

Not content with carrying the trade



REAPING—WESTERN CANADA.

to and fro from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the young giant railway has reached across the ocean and is bringing us the teas and silks from China and Japan in exchange for our own goods. The mountains did not stay its progress. Neither has the sea checked its path. Last year witnessed the inauguration of a steamship service on the Atlantic, between Canada and London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Antwerp. It is Canada's iron girdle that has sent the pulsations of com-

merce through her forests, across her prairies and down into her mines, till the country awakens, as scenting danger, when the Dominion Government lays a hand on the future of the education of these new provinces. It is in a large measure the "iron girdle" that has developed the modest colony into the strong young nation that has come to be counted an important factor in the commerce and civilization of the world.

Moreover, Canada is attracting the



THRESHING—WESTERN CANADA.

tourist. Every year thousands of foreigners enjoy the beauties and sublimities of the Canadian Rockies. No Canadian need bemoan the fact that he cannot afford to go to Europe. We have mountains in our West beside which the Alps are insignificant. We have summer hotels, like that at Banff, with waterfalls beneath the balconies, and a magnificent range of mountains of different shapes and colorings. If we were foreigners we should rave over beautiful Canada.

Furthermore, there are few countries in which one travels with such comfort and ease as in our own Canadian North-West. For the Canadian

settlements, then through the lumbering districts. A little further and we near Sudbury, in the heart of the copper and nickel regions. Columns of smoke climb the sky where the mines are being worked, and lines of cars, heaped with ores, crowd the sidings.

On we pass through the never-ending hills and the burnt lands, where the pines stand charred and black against the clear blue of the sky. Now and again a long train rolls past us. There are cars and cars of cattle; others of flour and grain. We begin to awaken to the fact that there is a great country before us.



A WESTERN CANADA WHEAT-FIELD.

Pacific, with all its commercial burdens, has not forgotten to see to the comfort of its passengers. The cars are large, commodious, and richly furnished. The dining and sleeping coaches are especially luxurious. The sleepers are built with a strength and security equalled by those of few roads.

And now, let us look at the scenic attractions on a C.P.R. trip from Montreal to Vancouver. It is a twenty-four hours' run from Montreal to the first glimpse of Lake Superior—a ride through a region of rocks and pines, pretty lakes, dark forests, shadowed pools and tumbling cascades; through pretty little French

Then we catch our first glimpse of Lake Superior, and for many hours we are looking down upon the great inland sea, at times skirting steep cliffs, while to the right lie the rocks and the tree-clad mountains, to the left the limitless expanse of the unsalted sea.

We have only time for a fleeting glimpse of Port Arthur and Fort William, the latter with its great grain elevators before mentioned. But we shall carry with us always the memory of Thunder Bay, with its bright green waters and the black and purple basaltic cliffs rising abruptly from its surface.

Then comes Winnipeg. We have

only time for a brief visit here, too, though it is worthy a longer stay. We are surprised in this new-born city at the imposing stores, banks, churches, colleges; the long lines of warehouses; the air of progress and enterprise. The climate is bracing; the faces are bright.

But the West is just beginning. We are eager to see the vast areas of wheat that stretch for hundreds of miles. We take the train again, and are soon steaming westward behind one of the engines the C.P.R. has recently had constructed in Toronto.

Canada's flower-gardens in the West. Somehow, we don't quite want to believe it at first. We had associated such abundance of flowers with the tangled growth of the tropics, not with the tumbling grass of the prairies.

We are now in the region, too, of the "Hard Fife Wheat." You look across miles and miles of wheat-fields. Here reapers are at work. Here the numerous threshing-engines are all steaming away in one great field, as we have seen them in pictures. What a scene of toil and plenty! And oh! the freedom of it—this limitless space



CATTLE RANCHING—WESTERN CANADA.

For the Company believes in patronizing home industries. At first we must pass across a great plain, "level and green as a billiard-table."

One hundred and thirty-three miles west of Winnipeg we cross the Assiniboine River, at Brandon. Then begins the great prairie in earnest. Not the long monotonous stretch of flat greens, and greys, and browns that we had imagined, but a great undulating sea of grass and flowers. Flowers! flowers! flowers! blue and pink and purple and yellow and flaming scarlet! We had no idea of

—the great freshness of it! We recall the words of one of our ministers who had lived in the West some years. He said, when he returned to the East again, that he felt the need of standing up on the fence to get a full breath of air.

For a tonic for tired nerves we prescribe the rest and freshness of the limitless prairie. It is equal to the sea, only more varied, and without the plague of *mal de mer*.

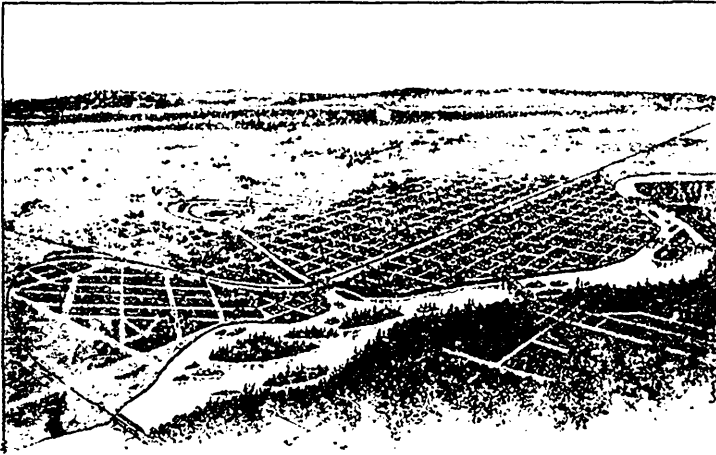
It is not all wheat-fields, either, that meet our eyes. There are the wild scenes—the untamed lands. You see

the deep, narrow trail of the buffalo through the prairie grass and flowers, and the hollows where the monsters have wallowed. There is a toss of a white-tufted tail, a stir of excitement among the passengers. Antelope! You see them in plenty now. Sportsmen drop off at every station.

The landscape is dotted with lakes, some salt, some alkaline, but mostly fresh, and their surfaces are blackened with waterfowl. There is a long white line of pelicans on the shores.

ing pipes and other like rude manufactures. The conical forms of their "tepees" are outlined against the sky.

We pass through Medicine Hat, the "Smokeless City," as it has been called, with its splendid supply of natural gas. Then begins one of the most attractive stretches of country in the world. We are in the region of the warm "Chinook winds." Cattle and horses graze at will all the year round in great herds. Here it is, in the spring and fall, that the cattle-



CALGARY, ALBERTA.

Flocks of wild geese, ducks, cranes, snipe, plover, curlew—this is the hunters' paradise. The ground is dotted with the holes made by the pretty little gophers. And we get an occasional glimpse of a coyote or prairie wolf.

Then for miles we near the purple line of the Cypress Hills. At Maple Creek we see the scarlet figures of the North-West Mounted Police keeping guard over an Indian encampment. At the station are the Indians and squaws themselves, in gay-colored blankets, dirty but picturesque, offer-

ings and the cowboys gather for their famous "round-ups."

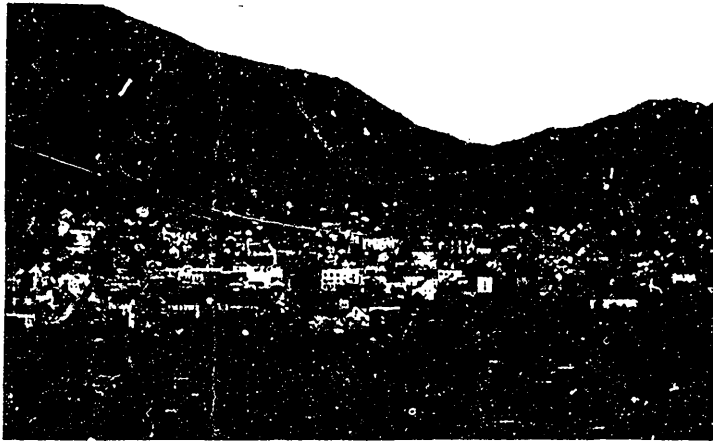
At Crowfoot Station we caught our first glimpse of the Rockies. And now, hour after hour, we are rolling on toward the great barrier of white-capped mountains. Their snows and their glaciers glisten in the midsummer sun. All the way to the Pacific the mountains will be with us. It is this region that Whympfer described as "fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one." From five to eight thousand feet the mountains lift their heads above the plain. We are

speechless in the presence of such majesty. A feeling half of terror comes over one. Are they great live monsters that will rise in the night and crush you? You had meant to write notes to your friends and describe them accurately. But you can't. You are in the presence of the unutterable. Why speak at all when language fails so utterly? You are hushed before the mysterious, the majestic, the sublime.

We pass the Three Sisters at Canmore, in the mining region, and stop

here, each differing from the others in form and color; and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Well-made carriage roads and bridle paths lead to the different springs and wind about among the mountains everywhere."

"We climbed the rock-built breasts of earth;  
 We saw the snowy mountains rolled  
 Like mighty billows; saw the birth  
 Of sudden dawns; beheld the gold  
 Of awful sunsets; saw the face  
 Of God, and named it boundless space."



CITY OF NELSON.

at the far-famed Banff. "Everybody stops here for a day or two at least, and we should do likewise. We shall find luxurious quarters in a large and handsomely appointed hotel, perched on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of the Bow River. The river comes down from its glacial sources at the west, plunges over a precipice beneath the hotel balconies, and, stretching away through the deep, forested valley, disappears among the distant mountains at the east. Half a dozen ranges of magnificent snow-tipped mountains centre

Thirty-four miles west we pay a visit to the "Lakes in the Clouds," and the wonderful beauties of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. We cross the "Great Divide" at the summit of the Rockies; we pass Mount Stephen, rising 8,000 feet above the track, and enter the Yoho Valley, the Canadian Yosemite, with its wonderful falls 1,200 feet in height. "Takakkow!" ("It is so beautiful!") cried the first Indian who beheld it, and by this name it is known.

After the Rockies come the Selkirk, with their wonders and their

terrifying beauty. Here are great green glaciers, vastly larger than any Switzerland can show, and sparkling waterfalls tumbling from peak to vale among the mountains. Here, in the land of gigantic trees, we pause in another paradise of hunters about Okanagan Lake. Here are caribou and bear (great grizzlies), mountain sheep and goats, and waters abounding in fish. The Canadian Pacific Hotel at Sicamous is a favorite retreat for fishermen.

A little further on the journey and we pass through the terrible gorge of the Fraser River, so deep and narrow in many places that the sunlight seldom penetrates it and where the dark, fierce waters force their way in angry tumult.

We pass out of the black terrors of the canyon and see the Chinamen washing gold on the sand-bars, the Indians herding cattle in the meadows, Indian villages, Chinese huts, salmon drying on poles by the river, while sixty miles away and 14,000 feet above the sea gleams the white cone of Mount Baker.

A little later you enter the city of Vancouver, the western terminus of the C.P.R. We are surprised at the

growth of this new seaboard city, surprised at the buildings, surprised at everything! It was here, in Wesley Methodist Church, of this city, that over \$2,000 was subscribed to missions on the last missionary anniversary. We go down to the steamship dock, where lie the great ships come to harbor from China and Australia and Japan. The sun is sinking behind the mountain ridge of Vancouver Isle.

"Let me advise you," says a tourist friend, "not to fail, now that you are so near, to visit Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. A steamer will take you there in a few hours, and you will be rewarded in finding a transplanted section of Old England, climate, people and all; and more vigorous, perhaps, because of the transplanting."

We have finished our journey. We are convinced of the greatness of the West. We understand the feeling in those lines:

"Oh! wind that comes out of the West,  
You sigh on your way to the plain,  
'The mountain land is best,  
Will you not come back again?"

"Glow, skies, with your golden light;  
Blow softly, dear wind from the hill;  
For my heart has a longing to-night  
That only the West can fill."



CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL SICAMOUS, SICAMOUS, B.C.

## IN ATTENDANCE ON THE KING.\*

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.



GARDEN FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE.



IN attendance on the King! The phrase gives place to all sorts of conjectures as to nature of duties and extent of privileges, as well as much wonderment as to the daily *regime* and the little details which never come before the public: which have, as it were, to be read between the

lines of the Court Gazette, or the more prolific special report of the daily press.

Every royal official is one of a charmed circle, concerning the doings of which the average outsider is absolutely ignorant. If, however, any man imagines the holder of office which brings him into immediate contact with the King to fill a post that is a mere sinecure then he is vastly mistaken; for the helpers of a man who

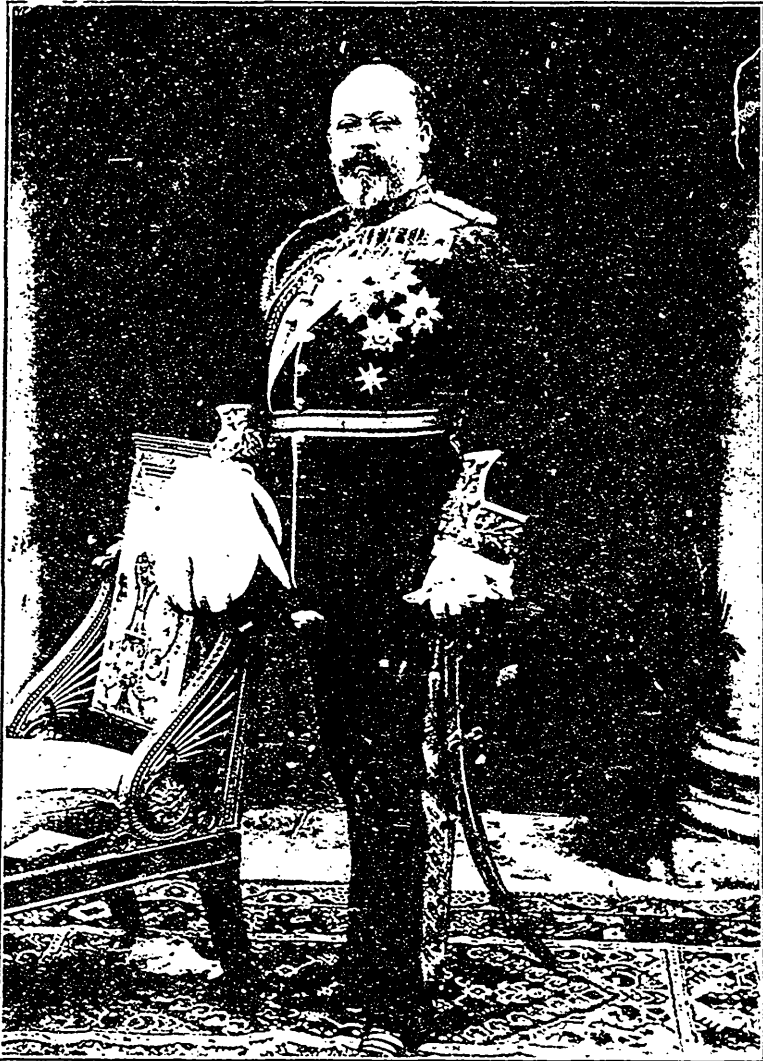
is an indefatigable worker and a systematic one at that, are, in a sense, wheels of a complicated and unceasing piece of machinery.

Few are aware of the real magnitude of the multitudinous business which must be dealt with year in and year out, necessitating a knowledge of men and events which is simply marvellous, and a grasp and tact far and away beyond the average. To deal with such the King must be surrounded by men of no common calibre, but men who are blessed with brains and know how to use them, who have not only profited by the best scholastic mentors, but have turned their acquirements to account with profit to themselves and their compeers.

No dullard would be eligible, not if he were to have the best blood of England in his veins and the recommendation and influence of every member of the Upper House. The

\* Abridged from *The Leisure Hour*.





HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

man who holds a post in the immediate *entourage* of His Majesty the King must be a thinker, a worker, a diplomatist, and a courtier. He must also be a proficient in modern popular accomplishments, as these may often be called into requisition when the ordinary routine work is for the moment in abeyance.

Thus it will be seen that every prominent member of the royal suite is of necessity a man of exceptional ability, and that, though his position may be envied by many, he is eminently qualified to fill it, and must work hard to maintain it. More or less, these officials are admitted to a certain friendship with His Majesty, of

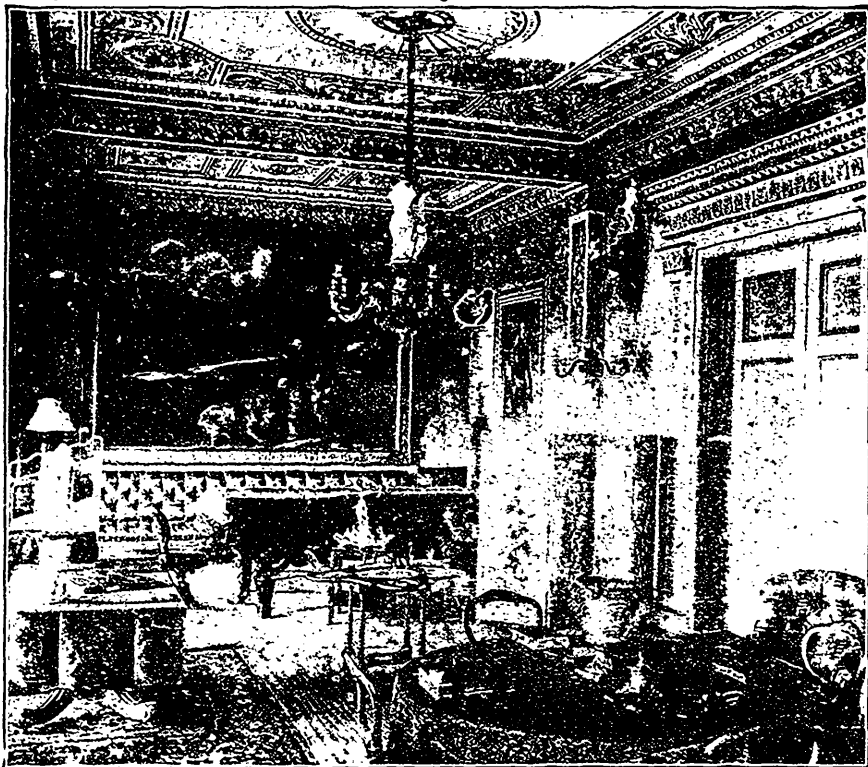


QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

which there are, of course, degrees of intimacy; but undoubtedly the two or three who share the higher degree know more of the King's real thoughts and opinions on diversities of things than do any other men in the world.

In mentioning such, the name of

Lord Knollys, private secretary to His Majesty for very many years, naturally occurs as one of the most prominent. From the very nature of his position and duties, Lord Knollys—next to the King—must know more of the inner wheels of the machinery of our own state and empire, as well



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, OSBORNE HOUSE.

as more of the political and friendly or unfriendly relations with foreign powers, than any other man. He it is who morning by morning opens the despatch bags and goes through the documents with the King, hears His Majesty's views, takes notes and indites replies; those which are of extreme importance being written by his lordship's own hand.

Thus, when a change of ministry is imminent, or a leading member of the Government is about to resign, Lord Knollys is the one man—apart from the King and the official concerned—who is cognisant of the fact. Also, this trusted member of His Majesty's household deals with his royal master's correspondence, opening all let-

ters not carrying the hall-mark of relationship or privilege or marked private. And, truth to tell, even many of those which are so marked are subject to the discretionary powers of Lord Knollys, for obviously the "private" is affixed by many persons who are either cranks, people with a grievance, or who send petitions with which the King cannot constitutionally deal; applications for business patronage or autographs, and a never-ending stream of begging letters.

The major portion of these are dealt with in one stereotyped way; it goes without saying that the King cannot possibly be troubled with such epistles, so Lord Knollys goes rapidly through them to get the gist, passes



A BIT OF THE LONG CORRIDOR, OSBORNE HOUSE.

over such as should be answered to an assistant secretary, who in his turn directs one of the typists to despatch the formal set reply. Such as should come before the King do so in due course, the privileged private ones being at once sent to His Majesty, the others being retained by Lord Knollys for the King's perusal and decision.

Of course every happening in the royal household, whether it savors of public or private life, must be conducted on absolutely punctual lines, or the most utter confusion would reign supreme instead of the very admirable order which is now dominant. In no department is this more necessary to be exemplified than in that of the private secretary.

Let me give an instance in connec-

tion with the visit of an official of a public institution to settle the details of a visit with which the King was about to honor the place. 2.30 was the hour named, but the official did not arrive until a few minutes after that time, and then found that one of several other callers had been given the preference. Furthermore, he had to watch the whole number enter and leave the private secretary's room before his own turn came. All but himself had been punctual to their appointment, and so he had to submit to a long and tiresome delay, brought about by his own lack of punctuality. A little incident, perhaps, but exactly illustrative of the essentially rigid mode imperative at Buckingham Palace.

Lord Knollys from long experience



SANDRINGHAM.

can gauge to a nicety just how long it will take to get through with so and so. Always courteous, he yet conveys an unmistakable impression of no time to waste, gives the idea of a man who knows exactly what he is

going to say, and has a very nice knack of quietly bringing to the point any one who is inclined to be loquacious. Thus he is generally able to make up a long list of appointments to cover a certain space of time—and gets them over as specified.

Lord Knollys it is who, with the assistance of the equerries, sends out the “command invitations” to dine and sleep, spend a week-end, etc. (The invitations to courts and other state functions are, of course, given through the Lord Chamberlain.) Thanks to companies and individuals are also duly despatched from his lordship’s office; the aggregate of documents and letters which have his name affixed to them day by day appearing an imposing task of itself.

Lord Knollys has official residences at Colour Court, St. James’s Palace, and in Winchester Tower, Windsor, but it is very little that his homes see of him, for he is in continual attendance on the King, and, generally speaking, dines with His Majesty, often afterwards forming one of the circle in the drawing-rooms.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to note that previous to the reign of George III. no British monarch had a private secretary. Then one was appointed at a salary of £2,000, and the office has been perpetuated until



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND SOME OF HER PETS.

the present day, although the holders had no very arduous duties to perform prior to the Victorian era.

Next in importance—if one takes length of service and friendship as a gauge—is General the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, who to the many letters after his name can add the gloricus V.C. The office at present held by the General is that of Keeper of the Privy Purse, but when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, his post was that of Comptroller and Treasurer of His Royal Highness's household, which post he filled for many years. As Comptroller, Sir Dighton was naturally very much with the Prince, in fact, he was a constant companion; his Sandringham residence, too, is within the park, close to the doors of His Majesty's house, and he has at all times been almost as one of the family in the royal household. If there have been times when Sir Dighton was not in daily attendance on the King, it was on the occasions of the Queen's various trips to Denmark. Twice a year, generally speaking, has Her Majesty journeyed to her childhood's home, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn being her invariable attendants.

Almost immediately after the commencement of King Edward's reign the royal household was entirely remodelled, and Sir Dighton was nominated Privy Purse. At first sight, an outsider might wonder how this official could find sufficient work to engage his attention and take up practically the whole of his time, but that the duties are continuous and arduous is beyond a shadow of a doubt. In the first place, the General draws and signs all personal cheques, for, needless to say, this is one of the things which the King does not do for himself. With such a prodigious expenditure as must inevitably attach to

His Majesty, this is a task in itself. Then he also duly makes investigation into the merits or otherwise of all societies, charities, and private persons the King has been asked to befriend, or is disposed to assist without having been previously solicited to do so.

Only Sir Dighton could tell what His Majesty's charities really are, and how much is sent to relieve private needs of which the world has no record. But the General's duties are by no means limited to financial affairs, for he also holds the appointment of Extra Equerry, and is a member of the Councils of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the revenues of which, as is well known, augment the incomes of the King and Prince of Wales respectively. General Sir Dighton Probyn has apartments at Buckingham Palace, a residence in the Norman Tower, Windsor, and a country home known as Park House, Sandringham.

Another official in attendance on the King, who may also be ranked as a personal friend of His Majesty, is Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Household. His duties are multitudinous, for he is not only the actual Master—as his name implies—but he veritably has the King under his care, for all functions within the palaces; that is, he is personally responsible for the well-doing of all the household staff, and for the prompt and thorough performance of all duties assigned. There are certain times when Lord Farquhar's office is a very onerous one, such being on the occasions of royal and distinguished personages paying visits to the King. Then the Master has to see that each and all are suitably accommodated in accordance with their rank—and, it must be added, their known likes and dislikes; some having decided preferences for certain positions, etc.

And the number of petitions Lord Farquhar has to deal with is truly astonishing—applications from all quarters on every imaginable subject, embracing suppliants for positions in the household, offers of all sorts of goods from aspiring tradesmen who have an eye to future royal patronage, and requests for permission to do this, that, and the other—things which often are quite outside the province of the Master. Lord Farquhar has a residence at Castle Rising, which almost joins the King's Sandringham estate, His Majesty having more than once honored it with a week-end visit. When in Norfolk for the shooting season, the King and Lord Farquhar, with other guns, are out together nearly every day, just in the same way as ordinary country neighbors who are on very good terms with each other. The Master has an able colleague in the person of the Deputy Master, Colonel Fredericks, this gentleman representing him on all occasions of absence, and assisting him generally.

Then we come to the Assistant Keepers of the Privy Purse and Assistant Secretaries, Lieut.-Colonel Davidson and Captain F. Ponsonby, gentlemen whose time and energies are fully taxed in the performance of their duties, which come under the heading as implied by the titles, and who also often act as equerries in attendance. Thus, they may be called upon not only to assist with correspondence, but to ride or drive with the King; to go to the station to meet certain guests beneath the dignity of royalty, or to attend His Majesty when such guests are of kingly rank. They must also help to receive distinguished guests at the Castle or Palace, or receive alone those of lesser standing; and in many instances conduct guests to assigned apartments. They must post visitors in points of

royal etiquette before presentation or dinner, and, in fact, generally look after all men guests.

They are in attendance on the King at all functions, and when the family are alone they must be ready to play billiards or bridge with His Majesty, converse on literature and topical subjects as well as agriculture, military and naval matters, and the hundred and one things in which the King is interested; or they may be included in the general circle for private theatricals or music.

It is the hours that tell, too! From early morn until midnight there is no cessation of duties of some description, and though daily performance of such of course brings familiarity, yet there of necessity is a great strain and more than a little anxiety in connection with such an exceptional routine as here indicated.

Any of these gentlemen may be called upon to dine with the royal family when at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle; and at Sandringham, where state etiquette is not so much observed, they invariably do so. On all other occasions they take their meals in the household dining-room, the Master or his Deputy occupying the post of honor at the table. Of course, all have their own private apartments.

But sketches of what may be termed the civic officials of the King's household—as apart from the state and military—would not be complete without some mention of the physicians and surgeons, as well as the domestic chaplains. The first of these to be mentioned is Sir Francis Henry Laking, the Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, and, in fact, his trusted medical adviser. Sir Francis was born in 1847, and was educated at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. The popular physician is a tall, clean-shaven man, with a broad brow, keen

eyes, and open, pleasant face and affable manner. He is particularly fond of children, and is still consulting physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

Every one will be conversant with the terribly anxious weeks Sir Francis had to undergo at the time of the King's illness in 1902, a period that very perceptibly aged him, and during which he scarcely left His Majesty's apartments. He is also a great favorite with all other members of the royal family, and is often included in the court circle, even when not in the Palace for professional purposes.

Of Lord Lister and Sir Frederick Treves much has been written; but these, together with other appointed medicos, are not in such continuous attendance as is Sir Francis Laking; he may, in fact, be named "Keeper of the King's Health," for upon him devolves the actual responsibility. No light charge, when the unceasing activity of His Majesty is taken into consideration—an activity which cannot but conduce to a wear and tear of constitution already much tried by illness. Sir Francis is an amateur farmer, an enthusiastic geologist, and a collector of *bric-a-brac*.

Of the two Domestic Chaplains, the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Hervey, it is the latter who is more often in actual attendance on the King, for he is Rector of the San-

dringham House Church, officiating and generally preaching when His Majesty is in residence at his Norfolk home. The Canon is also librarian for Sandringham, in that and other capacities being brought into frequent contact with the royal family, and he may, in fact, be counted as a personal friend of both the King and Queen. The Canon's residence is within the Park, just a stone's throw, in fact, from Sandringham House.

There are many nice points not generally known to the public, one of which is the question of departments. The Master of the Household, for instance, and the "staff below stairs" come under the Lord Steward's department, while the Lord Chamberlain of the Household has control of all officials "above stairs," including chaplains, physicians, etc. The State Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart—in the department of Master of the Horse—is in frequent intercourse with the King, and is responsible to His Majesty for the proper supply and equipment of all carriages and horses required for their Majesties and the royal family, Sir Henry's orders being transmitted to Captain Nicholas, the Superintendent of the Royal Mews, whose business it is to issue directions to the men, and to personally inspect every stable, coach-house, and harness-room, with all their contents, at least once every day.

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#### RESPONSIBILITY.

O Holy Ghost, thy people move,  
Baptize their hearts with faith and love,  
And consecrate their gold.  
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,  
And all their ranks unite once more,  
As in the days of old.

The Master's coming draweth near,  
The Son of man will soon appear,  
His kingdom is at hand.

But ere that glorious day can be,  
This gospel of Thy Kingdom we  
Must preach in every land.

They're passing, passing fast away,  
A hundred thousand souls a day,  
In Christless guilt and gloom.  
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say  
When in the awful judgment day  
They charge thee with their doom?



## THE NEW PROBLEM FOR MISSIONS.\*

BY REV. C. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.



MUCH as has been written about Japan during the last few decades, and the movements of the Japanese army and navy within the last year or two, very few seem to have any idea of the modern developments in China, Korea, and Manchuria, the tremendous influence the triumph of Japan will have on the destiny of the Far East, and the possible effect on the Western world. The question to-day is not whether Japan is to be taken seriously, but what is to be done to meet the new conditions, not only in Japan, but in all eastern Asia, as the result of the rising of the Island Empire to startle the world into a new awakening and lead to a new era. Shall the new era be moulded by the powers that make for human welfare? Is it to be a new stage in the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth? Or shall it betoken a new deluge to overwhelm an unfaithful West, such as swept away the Roman Empire and ancient civilization?

*The Situation.*

The conglomerate of people known as "all the Russias," led by an autocracy without a heart, tyrannized by a Church without Christianity, inspired by an infatuation to dominate all Asia, had crept eastward, and, by lying diplomacy and heartless war, had swallowed Siberia and Mongolia, thrown its claws over Manchuria and

gripped Korea, next door to Japan. If they succeeded, all China, Thibet, Korea, Japan, would not have satisfied them. All these nations would have been armed and led on to the conquest of India, and the civilization of Asia would have been rolled back for centuries, or the greatest war of all time, to which the present would be a flea-bite, would have been fought between the civilized nations and the Muscovite, possibly backed by France and Germany.

But, in the providence of God, a little rod was kept in pickle, and just at the right moment the world is astonished at a thunderbolt out of the blue. What was supposed to be a doll's-house nation hurls itself against the mountainous Muscovite, with all his century-old ambitions, and rolls back the portentous giant of evil. The Muscovite must retire. When converted and reorganized on a Christian basis, he may once more become mighty, a blessing instead of a curse to the world. In the meantime a new Orient is born, and Japan is at the head of it.

But, still more tremendous in its implications for us, the English-speaking world is back of Japan. Not merely in the direct political fact of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan, but in the fact that the touch with the English-speaking peoples has been the mightiest factor in the making of modern Japan, without which she never would have become what she is to-day. Japan gratefully acknowledges the obligation and is strengthened by the wider moral support of the Anglo-Saxons and all people thirsting for freedom in every land, more vitally important in the

\* The many years Dr Eby has spent as a missionary of our Church in Japan, and his prolonged study of missionary problems, give special weight and value to this paper on the great crisis in the Far East.—Ed.

long run than the official alliance of any political treaty.

While there has been a wonderful providence in the timely development of Japan, there is nothing magical about it. The whole outcome is the result of years of preparation, the fruitage which has naturally grown out of antecedent factors. God moves and works according to law, but it is His law that we must study and find out, not our law, either of nations or of boards and committees. It is because these facts and factors are not intelligently studied in conjunction with the great laws of divine operation among men for the Kingdom of God on earth that mistakes are made and progress is so slow.

But the problem is not now simply with an awakened nation that has for thirty years or forty years ransacked the world for the best ideas in order to appropriate them for their own material advantage. That alone should have made "the wise ones" do a little thinking some time ago; but now we shall have to do with a modern and triumphant Japan, in control of Korea, with Manchuria nominally under the sovereignty of China, but open to the world and practically under the protection of Japan, with China as scholar and co-partner, and all combined to produce an advanced and civilized Orient by appropriating those elements of the West which have made the Island Empire great. The Far Eastern nations will form one united Bund, led by Japan, and will deliberately start out on a new career as one of the mightiest factors in the world-development of the twentieth century. A combination of one-third of the human race, one-half of the non-Christian population of the globe, becoming conscious of their power, reorganizing for self-defence and for progress, presents a problem worth studying—a

condition of things that should arouse the Christian world into thought and action. The final solution depends on the attitude and enterprise of Christian evangelizing forces over against the more obtrusive powers of diplomacy, militarism and mammonism, the world-spirits now ruling the darkness of this age.

Newspapers and magazines teem with articles which attempt explanations of the situation in the Far East, and what will happen after the war. Some of them are intelligent to a degree, some are the opposite, descending even to a suggestion that the religion of Japan must have had much to do in making such good soldiers, and therefore Europe should learn and appropriate the same! Verily, the military mind is ever pagan! The difficulty with all these studies is that they are partial, and therefore defective, in so far as essential elements are overlooked which must be reckoned with to have a correct view of the whole problem.

#### *The Political Chessmen.*

Over two thousand years ago China passed out of the military feudal stage of development into the industrial, commercial stage. The mental culture of the Chinese at that early date brought to the land great advantages, creating a prestige which resulted in a mighty empire whose supremacy was undisputed for many "cycles of Cathay." It was able to lead in human progress up to a certain point; beyond that the huge mass resembled dough, and would have remained dough for ever unless some new leaven came to raise the mass into a capacity for better things, or elements of decay brought it to an end. The wilder tribes of the north, strong in primal brute force, came in conquering hordes, overthrew the dynasty, time and again, settled in

multitudes on the cultivated lands of the civilized people, to be digested down in a short time into the stolid mass of Chinese, an added quantity of dough.

Times have changed. A respite from northern hordes did not prevent another disturbing element. New world-powers have gradually come into being until they traverse the oceans seeking new fields to conquer, or new markets for commerce, and, incidentally, lands for a possession. Britain & Sons seem to have stumbled into empire. Elsewhere permanent Anglo-Saxon nations are planted; they do not seek to disturb the autonomy of any civilized land where fair play in commerce can be had. Russia has moved for centuries, stealthily, steadily, along one line of enlargement, with a premeditated purpose, not to colonize but to absorb and Russianize all Asia into one submissive mass under the autocracy of the Church and the Czar. It is the old movement of the hordes, but in modern, systematic form: absorbing Siberia, Mongolia, and almost Manchuria, through the tentacles of railway and the planting everywhere possible of the ubiquitous bureaucracy and militarism of St. Petersburg, until the Far East was apparently almost won. France and Germany have been knocking at every possible open door to get in and colonize—that is, appropriate. To them the partition of China seemed, and apparently still seems, the legitimate, inevitable thing. Which should win, ancient absolutism in possession of the whole, mediæval dissection and disintegration, or the “open door” in an awakened, renewed and consolidated East?

It has not been left to the West to decide this matter alone. Japan, awakened by the West, has caught on to Western ideas, and has resolved to solve the Eastern problem. Her

ideal solution is an Eastern Asia preserving its integrity in all its parts, united by seeking progress along all lines of Western science and education, preserving the good inherent in the old Orient, borrowing the good of the West to make a modern East, and seeking to find in Korea and Manchuria a home for some of her swarming population, as well as a market for her industries. Anglo-Saxon peoples say “amen” to her ambitions; some from selfish motives, for that means the open door for world commerce; some for higher reasons, for it means an open door for the message of the Gospel, and the advance of the kingdom of love upon the earth. And Japan will win.

When she has won, what will happen? There is no danger of a Japanese horde overrunning any part of the continent, as the Mongols and the Manchus overran China. But the immense territory of Manchuria, larger than all of France and Germany together, rich in forest and arable lands, and in every possible type of resources, with climate and many other features resembling Canada, with a comparatively sparse population of 18,000,000, capable of sustaining 100,000,000, will offer a needed opportunity for colonies of enterprising Japanese emigrants and will relieve the overcrowding of the Island Empire. That will be a mutual benefit and an injury to neither. Nor is there any need of another fear, sometimes expressed, that immense sums of capital, either their own or borrowed, will be spent by Japan on developing vast resources, to become afterwards an excuse for perpetual control.

As to Russia, there is at this moment (March, 1905) a great deal of deciding never—no, never!—to pay an indemnity to Japan. That would be a humiliation too great to bear!

But Russia will have no peace until she agrees to pay an indemnity or to give an equivalent. But "What if we evacuate Manchuria, and simply refuse to pay? The Japanese cannot compel payment because they are not on Russian soil," says Russia. Russia would be doubly dishonored before the world; would be driven out of all touch with the Pacific and gradually pushed back towards the Urals would lose before long more than the indemnity would cost. But in any case, no matter what the terms of peace may be, to pay the indemnity and restore her army and navy, or simply to regain lost ground and prepare for revenge, she will need immense sums of money and many years of preparation. To get money she must borrow from France or Germany. But to borrow from either there must be promise of a period of peace and the development of internal resources.

If Russia takes some years to prepare for revenge, what will Japan be doing in the meantime? Her plan has been made and has been in process for years. Japan will unify all Eastern Asia; reorganize the armies of each of the nations included therein on the model of her own; her experienced army will become the military ideal for the ranks; her generals will give the military genius for organization and mobilization, the military leadership for any possible emergency. So that by the time Russia is where she was two years ago, the Far East will be twenty years ahead, with an army tenfold that of Japan before which her hosts went down. For when Russia faces Japan again, it will be Japan plus all Eastern Asia, awake and organized for a far bigger fight.

General Gordon showed that a little generalship, a little drill, and a little stiffening of a very few experienced veterans, could turn Chinese

into first-class fighting men. Under the direction and inspiration of the experienced veterans of Japan, the ever-victorious armies of the Island Empire, it will not take long to prepare a host of five or ten millions of soldiers, who will be ready to perform just such deeds of daring and endurance as made the Mikado's troops invincible.

There is only one contingency that will turn the new world-force into a "yellow peril." That will be the selfish aggressiveness of Europe. The statesmen of China are essentially materialistic. "If Russia wins against Japan, make common cause with Russia; if Japan wins, make an alliance with Japan," was the advice of that astute old man of the world, Li Hung Chang. China will follow his advice. But China has no love for war; no desire for aggression; no hunger for glory; no lust for colonies. Nor has Japan any desire to conquer the territory of any nation. But together they are determined to be no longer browbeaten by brutal foreigners, nor allow their land to be carved up for European colonies.

It would not be surprising if China should demand the return of Mongolia before many years, and make the Central Asian Mountains her frontier as before Russia stole that immense area. Manchuria and Mongolia at peace and open to development, would give splendid scope for Chinese industry and relieve the overcrowding of the congested provinces. The economic and social conditions of the whole of those lands would immediately be greatly improved and give a field for pent-up energies of enterprise.

If Russia makes a second attack she will be met with an army ten times as large as that before which her legions have already failed, with other hosts behind that could over-

whelm Europe, if nagged to the effort. It is to be hoped that Russia will turn her attention to internal reforms until she experiences a permanent change of heart, and therewith a change of policy.

There is, however, one other possible contingency. Russia is persistent in her plans for final and complete Asiatic conquest. Having failed to run the "little dwarfs," as they scornfully called the Japanese, into the sea, it may be they are anxious to make an alliance with Japan. If England could be ousted from the place of Japan's ally, and Japan could be got to unite with Russia in managing China and attacking India, what a splendid chance to beat the British after all! And then take time for crushing Japan! But Japan is too wise to fall into any such trap as that, let us hope, for her own sake as well as for Eastern Asia. Japan seeks the fruits of civilization and not the booty or power resulting from the unnecessary wars of conquest. That result will best be reached in other company.

But, taking for granted that in a short time the continent will be at peace, what will be the attitude of the rest of the world towards the consolidated Imperial Bund of the New Orient? Russia will need financial help, and will need all her wits for problems at home and in the Near East. France may draw off, or be neutral, as a money-lender. It may be the opportunity for the Emperor of Germany to head a combination making a European Imperial Bund—Germany, Russia, and Austria—with William as *Primus*. On the other hand, in more or less combination with the Great East, would be all Anglo-Saxondom with the rest of Europe and the popular heart of France and Germany.

The German Emperor would be more than pleased to break the bond between two possible enemies, one on

either flank, and pose as friend to his brother emperor in distress, in place of republican France. Now that the fear of a possible attack from Russia for many years has been removed by Russian disaster, the Kaiser is losing no time in wooing France to closer friendship and possible alliance.

To make a long story short, we are within measurable distance of a combination of three empires, Russia, Germany, Austria, with the German Kaiser at the head, on the one side, with Anglo-Saxondom, France, Italy, Japan, and all the Far East on the other. Absolutism against democracy; the land powers against the sea powers; reaction against progress.

The immediate storm-centre would shift to the "Near East," and rage around Turkey and the blighted but awakening lands rent and torn between Mohammedanism, Greekism, and Romanism. The imperial powers would have enough to do in reorganizing home affairs and reconstructing Russia to keep them from aggressiveness for many years. Meanwhile the yeast of modern thought and freedom at work in the universities and among the people would have a chance to undermine the brutal and reactionary elements of absolutism. William may have his way in financing for Russia, but the German people will have a chance to do some fine missionary work, and from underneath a revolution will take place that will make old absolutism obsolete for ever, after, say, twenty years.

#### *The Present Objective.*

In the meantime, while Japan may be reorganizing the triple Eastern empire on lines of militarism, and may show her leadership there, China will very soon take the lead in all questions of industry, commerce, and great finance. Because a people are extraordinarily successful on military

lines is no reason why they should be expected to be equally successful in other lines. In matters of war Japan will easily lead; in all essential activities of peace China will just as easily lead away out of sight. But behind these material figures on the chess-board of a hemisphere, there lie unseen the psychic forces which control the movements that are seen. These unseen movements are the more important: they are creative. The material movements are phenomena, evanescent figures on a stage.

Japan awoke in the fifties to the weakness of her isolation. During the sixties she began to study what it all meant. During the seventies, the whole energies of an empire, from beggar's hut to imperial palace, from cradle-babe to tottering age, were concentrated on the one thought of learning how to appropriate that in the West which would make her strong, to preserve intact their ancestral heritage. During the eighties she fought with ever-increasing tenacity and purpose on diplomatic lines for recognition as a civilized nation. Early in the nineties she tried her implements of war and her newly-learned tactics in a contest with China. Both she and China learned a lesson in war; and then a lesson in the damnable diplomacy of the West. From 1894 to 1904, the recognition of her commercial rights gave her great material advantage, and every effort was redoubled to prepare for the inevitable war with Russia. For this purpose the science of the West was brought into requisition, and the culture of the West analyzed for elements suitable for her purpose.

In the meantime China has been slowly awakening. For thousands of years her culture was unquestioned, supreme; schoolmaster of nations for thirty centuries. With naughty pride she refused the culture of the West

during a whole century of incessant and increasingly persistent contact, until aroused by the blows of the Japanese army and navy. The young Emperor launched an edict opening the empire to Western learning. The Empress Dowager suppressed him and his edict for the time, and Old China made another struggle against the inevitable New China in the Boxer rising. Again they were punished by the West. Now an edict, for some time in force, has been filling the land with schools in every province, culminating in an immense Imperial University, in all of which Western knowledge and culture will be taught. The old, old type of official examinations, which looked only to the past, is giving place to new examinations which look to the culture of the West and to the future of China. A revolution, simply beyond the power of description, has already begun. What has occurred in Japan on a small scale during the last forty years is being re-enacted in China on a scale colossal and portentous. A mountain moving means an avalanche; China moving in mass means—what?

There is, however, one overlooked feature, important for the purpose of this paper and ominous for every thoughtful mind. This whole development of Western culture in the Eastern mind, so far as it is national and popular, is anti-Christian, determinedly materialistic. The educational department of Japan, so far as possible, has wrought for the exclusion of Christian influences from the national system, and, when able, cripples the mission schools. The result may be seen in the religious census of two schools, typical of the whole. And let it be remembered that 92 per cent. of the boys of school age, and 83 per cent. of the girls are in these schools. "In a school of 200 students, whose average age was 18½

years, there were: Christians 2, Buddhists 9, Shintoists 1, Agnostics 140, Atheists 27, non-committal 21. In a school of 130 students, average age 21½ years: Christians 0, Buddhists 3, Shintoists 0, Confucianists 1, Agnostics 95, Atheists 26, non-committal 5.\* Thus it will be seen that the old religions are passing, and that the gospel to-day accepted in Japan is that of Herbert Spencer and Professor Haeckel. In China they have not gone so far in that direction, but cling to Confucius, with his earth-bounded ethics and culture of the "natural," the psychic man.

But to such an extent does the old hold sway that no Christian child and no Christian teacher can remain in their national system of schools. From the common school to the university the Christian is excluded, and, of course, Christian teaching is impossible. The culture of the West is accepted in the curriculum, deliberately and of set purpose, for its materialistic advantage, in the war against aggression and in the wider field of industrialism and commerce, in order to preserve their ancestral inheritance, mental, ethical, religious.

What the ultimate result of such a method of contact between East and West will be, unless controlled and changed by some higher set of forces, we can easily imagine. The "yellow peril" will materialize. The evolution of the ages will be re-enacted on a tremendous scale. "That is not a wisdom which comes down from above: it is of the earth, psychical, demoniacal." (Jas. iii. 15.) Is there a wisdom which comes from above that can be made available to take possession of the field of culture, and bring the soul-life of the East and West into harmony with one central controlling Spirit? Can these peoples

be brought thus into harmony with each other amid the endless variety of the phenomena of matter and mind? Let us see!

### *Spiritual Forces.*

When the contact of East and West was at its first climax in Asia Minor there came One who claimed the allegiance of the world. "All authority has been given unto Me in heaven and upon earth: go ye therefore and make all nations My disciples: teaching them to make My words their universal law." Paul was the first to grasp the world-statesmanship involved, and sought to weld all races into one new type of man for a new type of nation. He wrought wonders and made history. We pass over nearly two thousand years and find the conditions which Paul found in a microcosm magnified into a world-wide macrocosmic scale, with vast means and experienced workers to face the problems in it, with all its new and larger demands.

The missionary has been bringing to the Orient another kind of contact with Western ideas and unseen forces. The propaganda of the Greek Church has ever been supported by Russian Government money, for a purpose. In Tokio the ground given for the legation was used to erect a church. The mission in Japan won converts, but failed to Russianize them. The Roman Catholic propaganda has generally been French, and France has not hesitated to make use of their work and the persecutions they have met as a method of aggression. The scientific work of the Jesuits in China is the chief outcome of long years of service. The Protestant missions have had only one aim, the advance of the Kingdom of God and, incidentally, the betterment of the people. In pursuance of their work they have been compelled more and more to build for

\* "The Heart of Japan," p. 151.

a long siege. They have been misunderstood; misrepresented at home, misapprehended and persecuted in China. But they keep on at their work of love. The whole of one long century of self-denying work in China has been the right kind of a preparation for just such an emergency as we are face to face with to-day. The same may be said of Japan for the shorter time since missionary work began. It was confidently predicted that the excesses of the Western soldiers and the severity of Western powers after the Boxer rising would make future missionary work impossible in China. But the conduct of the missionaries and the native Christians was such as to remove hindrances and open the whole land for immensely larger work.

While it is true that the educational departments of both Japan and China ostentatiously reject all contact with Christianity as such, the Christian missionary is still one of the mightiest factors working along the lines of intellectual culture in both these lands. That influence is backed and emphasized by growing religious, moral and humanitarian results of the self-denying labors of the missionaries. In China hundreds of mission schools are crowded with boys and girls, and if ten thousand more could be opened they would be crowded to the doors; the thirty mission colleges are crowded with paying students, while the thirty government colleges have difficulty in getting students, though giving free tuition and support. The mission presses have been multiplying apace, and such is the demand for literature dealing with Western matters, including religion and ethics, that the presses, working night and day, cannot keep up with orders. One mission press in Shanghai celebrated its jubilee in 1894; it then had a force of ninety-six printers and thirty binders, and

for the preceding five years had sold 200,000,000 pages, of which 123,000,000 were Holy Scriptures, 43,000,000 religious books and tracts, and 18,000,000 magazines.

The Rev. Timothy Richard, nearly twenty years ago, unfolded to me, in my study in Tokio, his plan to reach the higher classes for the enlightenment of the literati, on which his heart was set, and to accomplish which he was making a special appeal to his Board. He is to-day secretary and moving spirit of a great "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," of which Sir Robert Hart is president. Its object is to provide high-class literature for the more intelligent and illustrated books for families. They published an ably edited magazine, *The Review of the Times*, for the general reader, and one specially for Christians. The output of the society and the range of its work increases every year. Last year one of its books was sold in six pirated editions in one city! And yet they sold over \$54,000 worth during the year. This, with kindred methods of spreading Western culture imbued with Christian sentiment, is flooding the land with influences to counteract the anti-Christian efforts to introduce Western learning without Christ. They are meeting an awakened popular demand.

The bare statement that there are 1,000 Christian workers and 60,000 Protestant Christians in Japan, and over 2,000 foreign workers and 250,000 believers in China, does not begin to convey an adequate idea of the effect produced among the people along spiritual, ethical, intellectual, medical, social, humanitarian lines, indicating a steady and permanent growth of the Kingdom of God in the Far East. But 60,000 nominal Christians amid the 45,000,000 of Japan, though among them there is



an unusual number of men of influence and power, is, after all, only the promise and proof of great possibilities in the future if the battle is pushed with energy by Anglo-Saxon Christians. To imagine that the Japanese are Christianized, or that the native Church is able to finish the work without more help from abroad, is simply preposterous. And to imagine that the evangelization of the continent can be left in their hands is the utterest insanity. It is true, as a Shanghai secular paper states, that the missionary workers constitute "a buffer state between what are considered to be the dangerous literary and official classes of China, and the dangerous and diplomatic classes of the West."

#### *Summary.*

1. We are face to face with the rise of a New China which is to be homogeneous, self-governed, reformed by the science of the West. Ten Japans in one in process of transformation.

2. There will be a combination of China, Korea, Japan, including Manchuria and, perhaps, Mongolia, with the control of the Pacific, militarily reorganized and led by Japan. China is preparing to spend \$200,000,000 annually on a new navy, and is able to put 5,000,000 soldiers in the field. A solid one-third of the human race, arming, drilling, ready for what?

3. Sir Robert Hart asserts, and no one has a better right to know than he, that "the only salvation from the 'yellow peril' will be either the partition of China among the European powers, or a miraculous spread of Christianity that shall transform the empire." The partition of China will not take place. Our only alternative is a Christianized Far East.

4. The battle-ground where the East will be lost or won, between the materialism of war and mammon, on

the one hand, and the forces of peace and goodwill on the other, will be on the field of intellectual culture. Shall Christianity win the mind of the thinking East, or shall Confucius become mightier under the name of Agnosticism, and heathenism triumph for ages to come under the garb of modern atheism?

5. If Christ is to win it will be by means of the Anglo-Saxon Christian peoples moving forward with workers from all Protestant lands. The "miraculous spread of Christianity," demanded by Sir Robert Hart, will come when, and only when, true mission statesmanship shall be able to organize the vast forces of Christendom for a new and overwhelming crusade, that shall co-operate with and strengthen all the institutions and agencies now in the field, energize them into greater power, and add thereto an army of fresh workers, mobilized for new methods of advance. The spiritual element must ever be to the fore and prayer be an unceasing and increasingly momentous factor. But this is a time when Jehovah speaks once more to the leaders of His people, "What are ye crying to me about? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

6. How a divine advance can be inaugurated, that shall multiply the Christian workers in the Far East one hundredfold within five years; how to provide for them, utilize them to the best advantage, arrange for an indefinite increase for fifty years to come, and lead them in an invincible campaign of peace and goodwill, so as to win the Orient for Christ, will be the theme for a succeeding article.

At such a crisis as this, with such a Saviour as we have, and with such omnipotence of spiritual power as is at our command, "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

## TO DRIVE OR TO DELIGHT?

ONE MAN CAN DRIVE A CHILD, HOW MANY CAN MAKE HIM THINK?

BY GEO. A. DICKINSON, M.D.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;  
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect."



IR ANDREW CLARKE

has said the criterion of true instruction is not acquiring but thinking. This suggests to one's mind the question, How can I make a child think? With many teachers, apparently, the effort is often wasted. It is a repetition of the old story

of leading the colt to the trough, but utterly failing to make him drink. To get a child to think means that there is produced an activity in the faculties or nerve centres of the brain; there is created a desire for knowledge which is analogous to the hunger for food.

To create a hunger for food, often means simply that we see food, smell it, or hear it being prepared; so desire for knowledge means that an activity is created in a faculty by the presence of appropriate stimuli acting spontaneously through the senses. The centre for taste is stimulated by the contact of tasting liquids with the gustatory nerves in the tongue; the sight, by interesting things to look at; the hearing, interesting sounds. The other senses and faculties have an activity produced in them by the various appropriate impressions. Likewise, feelings of aversion, desire, hatred, love, sympathy, anger, pride, friendship, fear, ambition, will, respect, kindness, hope, faith, justice, imagination, etc., are aroused in our

nature by different impressions acting throughout our senses.

This activity varies much in degree, according to the kind of impression or experience causing it, and according to mental endowment of the individual. A word or look which shows kindness, sympathy, hope, or faith, almost constantly arouses like feelings in another. Where a child is possessed of a bold, determined, aggressive spirit, these traits of character are quickly awakened on the least provocation, while in one differently constituted different feelings are aroused.

The senses vary much in degree of perfection. To some persons all tastes taste the same; the sense of smell may be poorly developed, and fragrant odors are not noticed. Likewise, those things which we like to see, or those sounds which please us—those things required to create activity in our mental faculties—vary greatly, according to our peculiarities of mental endowment. The artist is interested in pictures, the machinist in things mechanical, the tailor in clothes, the farmer in things appertaining to his calling, and so each of us shows very different feelings, according to his mental make-up.

Every child in a school varies in some degree mentally from every other—no two are alike. So their interests, their likes and dislikes, are shown in many ways. In order to train a young child with facility, you must use appropriate means; in other words, you must interest the scholar if he is not interested, or, as they say,

you must create an appetite. It seems that teaching is somewhat like eating—it appears to be to satisfy an existing appetite. But a first-class teacher is something like a good cook: he can create an appetite when the child is apparently not hungry. You must get his attention, your subject must be made pleasing, or you cannot create an intense activity. By teaching a child those subjects in which he is interested, in time he can be taught to take an interest and thus be instructed in almost any subject, however dry and uninteresting that subject may be.

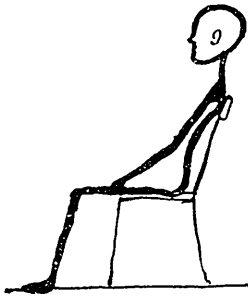
As M. Ribot has pointed out, interest or attention may be said to be of two kinds, one of which is natural, innate or spontaneous, and exists in our nature, is inborn, is a part of our character, and is not the result of artificial agencies acting on our mind, is not the result of education.

Before external influences could have any effect, all children show peculiarities of character and mental traits. These are shown spontaneously in desires, likes or dislikes, tendencies, gratifications, etc. Children may be of a mechanical turn of mind, or show a liking for art, poetry, music, or an aptitude to learn languages, etc., and may take a spontaneous interest in these pursuits.

On the other hand, attention or interest may be said to be artificial when it is acquired as the result of environment, of schooling. It is acquired by making interesting that which is not really so by nature. For example, a child does not wish to study such a subject as Euclid; now, if he likes drawing, he will be pleased to draw cubes, squares, oblongs, etc., or if he is of a mechanical turn of mind, he can be asked to build various geometrical figures out of cardboard and thus be educated to take an interest in and acquire some knowledge of geometry.

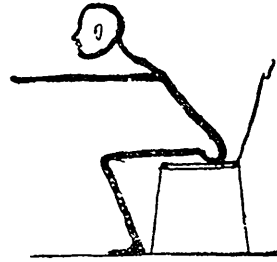
We know whether a child is inter-

ested in a subject or not by the effects which close attention or reflection have on the countenance; these are usually characteristic, and consist of contractions and relaxations of the facial muscles. These have been summarized by Mantegazza as contraction of the eyebrows; fixation of the eyes and muscles of the face; exaggerated opening, closing, or partial closing of the eyes; extreme elevation of one eyebrow only; dropping of the under jaw; partial or total twitching of the muscles of the face; to open the mouth, slightly lower the head and render it fixed without any great alteration, and turn the eyes to the subject which causes attention. In addition to the above changes in the countenance in close attention or profound thought, they are often accompanied by certain movements of the limbs or body, such as scratching the head, forehead or nose; touching the hair; striking the forehead or holding the head in the hands; rubbing the eyes; shaking the head; rhythmical movements of the legs, arms, hands, or feet; slapping the side of the nose with the finger; pulling moustache or beard. Persons who are thinking earnestly may chew or smoke tobacco, take snuff, or, maybe, eat candies, fruit, etc., or sip some favorite beverage. Doubtless these immobilizations or movements of muscles of the body, changes of position, etc., help to increase the supply of blood to the brain and thus to stimulate the faculties to activity; the apparent opposite methods of proceeding being quite reasonable, if you take into consideration the peculiarities of constitution of the persons who do the different things. Sir Lauder Brunton says, "The instinct of people generally has taught them to lower their heads when engaged in thinking." This is shown in diagrams, Figs. 1 to 4.



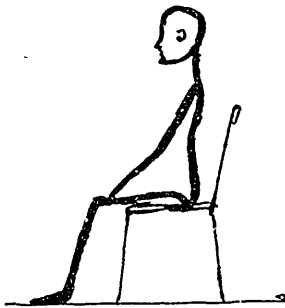
ATTENTION.  
Fig. 1.

Not uncommonly they rest their chin upon their hand, as in the diagram, Fig. 5.



EXCITEMENT.  
Fig. 4.

pressing emotion of the heart, the head is usually lowered still further, and pressed against the temples. Fig. 6.



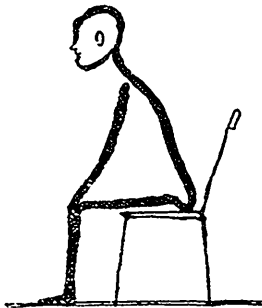
INTEREST.  
Fig. 2.

When the circulation is weakened by the action of grief, or other de-



REFLECTION.  
Fig. 5.

If a child is interested in a subject, he is thinking, so that we might say attention and thinking are synonymous terms. In order to get a child's close attention, to get him to think profoundly, it is necessary: (1) that



EAGERNESS.  
Fig. 3.



GRIEF.  
Fig. 6.

his hereditary endowment be such as gives him a spontaneous interest in the subject; (2) that he be healthy, that the faculties be not fatigued, and that the brain be supplied with the energy required for reflection; and (3) that he be possessed of the special senses, organs which are necessary to create an activity in the brain centres. If the child is not interested, is not giving attention, he is not thinking, and no amount of forcing, scolding, or chastisement of any kind will make him think. These have rather a deadening, paralyzing effect on his mental activity, while snappy, harsh, unkind words have almost invariably the effect of producing the same feelings in the child as were manifested by the person who uttered them. On the other hand, good humor, vivacity, sympathy, love, and a real personal interest in the child's welfare, work like magic in making children good-natured, obedient, happy, active scholars, who will think and succeed.

A child may possibly be deprived of some of the special senses, or be poorly endowed in some of the faculties, but, nevertheless, be taught so as to acquire interest in a subject, and to a great extent be educated. For example, Miss Helen Keller, who is deaf and blind, and at the age of six or seven became dumb, has, through the sense of touch, learned to think, study, write, and, in a way, talk.

In passing, I might say that the noble, industrious life of Miss Keller should ever be an example for boys and girls to follow. She is now a senior student in Radcliffe College, the woman's department of Harvard. She has been honored by being elected

vice-president of her class. She is pursuing four full courses of study, two in Latin and two in English. She has, thus far, passed all her examinations with as much credit as if she had all her faculties, and is accomplishing more in scholarship than any other person in the world so handicapped. If any little girl who dislikes the dry details of uninteresting book work could be taught as Miss Keller was, and get more facts direct from nature, doubtless she would have greater desire to study. This is how Helen Keller studied geography. She says: "Our favorite walk was to Keller's Landing, an old tumbledown lumber-wharf on the Tennessee River, used during the Civil War to land soldiers. There we spent many happy hours and played at learning geography. I built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes and dug river beds, all for fun, and never dreamed I was learning a lesson. I listened with increasing wonder to Miss Sullivan's description of the great round world with its burning mountains, buried cities, moving rivers of ice, and many things so strange. She made raised maps in clay so that I could feel the mountain ridges and valleys and follow with my fingers the devious course of rivers." (*Ladies' Home Journal.*)

There are children whose capacity for acquiring knowledge is as deficient as the faculty for speech in Miss Keller, yet through perseverance, the proper exercise of deficient faculties and the assistance of the well-developed ones, very much can be done to strengthen and develop the brain.

Port Hope, Ont.

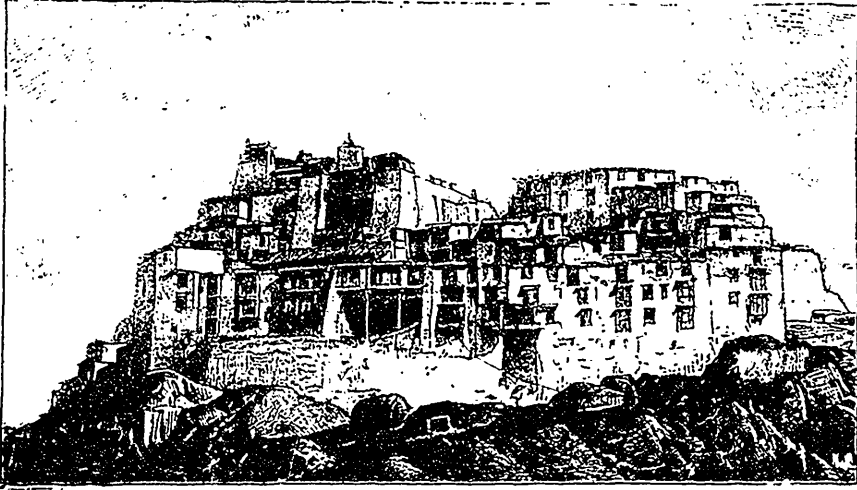
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#### TRANSFORMATION.

A little seed, a little earth,  
A little sun and shower;  
And lo! there sprang in joyous birth  
A flower.

A little form, a little grave!  
We wept—so weak we are,  
God, smiling, shaped from what we gave  
A star.

## THE LIVING MUMMIES OF THIBET.



TYPICAL THIBETAN MONASTERY.



LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL, author of "The Buddhism of Thibet," and a member of Colonel Younghusband's expedition, writes thus of his visit to some troglodyte convents of a strange class of the monks of Thibet, who existed for years immured in underground cave-graves.

He well describes them in *The Leisure Hour* as the "living mummies of far Thibet."

A few days after our arrival at Gyantse in April, 1904, the people of that town and the neighboring villages—men, women and children—came flocking in scores into the Mission camp, bringing in all kinds of available stores for sale, laden on their backs or on strings of yaks and asses. They brought large quantities of grain and fodder for the transport ani-

mals, provisions and vegetables for the men, besides handsome carpets, woollen rugs and other local produce. The almighty rupee worked wonders. There was nothing the people were not willing to sell in exchange for it. They would take off their turquoise earrings and other ornaments and press you to buy them as curios. Even the sleek lamas or priests brought out their sacred scrolls and images and bargained them for cash, and everybody seemed supremely pleased, never having had so much money in their lives before.

When this amicable state of affairs had been going on for about a fortnight, and everybody appeared so friendly, and our scouts reported that all was quiet up and down the valley for over a day's journey on either side, we thought it was then safe for us to venture out for a little sight-seeing in the vicinity. One of the first places we decided to visit was a

curious hermitage we had heard of amongst the mountains, about fourteen miles down the valley on the road to Shigatze, the western capital of



A TIBETAN MONASTERY AND FORTRESS.

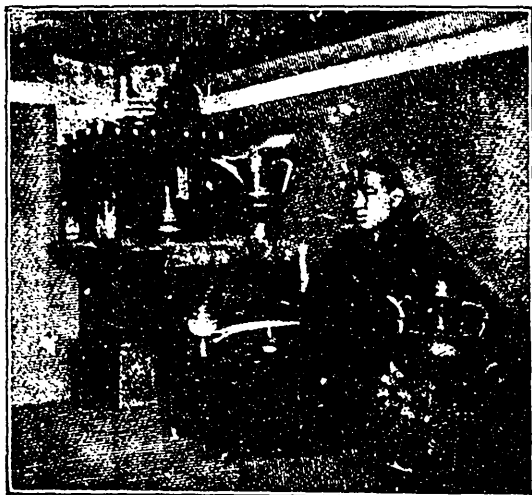
Thibet, where it was reported that the hermits were sealed up in dark caves like burial-vaults and kept imprisoned there, never seeing the light or any

human being until they died, "ruined in body and shattered in soul."

On April 30, 1904, four of us formed a party to go and see this peculiar community of anchorites in their living tombs. We started off, after breakfast, mounted on shaggy little Thibetan ponies, accompanied by a guide and four of the Sikh mounted infantry, the latter to hold our ponies and assist in our defence in the remote possibility of our encountering any hostility.

Our road at first led past the town of Gyantse, dominated by its towering castle, which from afar glittered in the early sunshine like a jewel on the bosom of the plain. Thence we cantered through suburbs out on to the open plain beyond, where the many-armed Nyang river wound in curving links through the rich meadow-land, three or four miles broad, and dotted freely over with the trim whitewashed cottages of the farmers nestling in clumps of trees—for this is one of the many misleading fallacies of travellers' tales which we have had to get rid of, namely, that Thibet is a vast treeless and barren plain, peopled by roving pastoral nomads, whereas here we have a settled peasantry engaged in agriculture in a fairly well wooded and hilly country. Here we now reined up and went along at a walk to enjoy the scenery and drink in the piquantly fresh air. From the meadow, hemmed in by bare brown hills, the glistening white monasteries which studded the hill-sides of the priest-ridden land led the eye up to the harsh peaks softened by freshly-fallen snow gleaming against the sapphire sky.

It was a perfect spring morning! All nature was vibrating with the joy of new-found life. The frost-bitten land had thawed under the few weeks' genial sun, and from every hamlet the cottagers had swarmed out into their



THE LAMA'S CHAPLAIN IN HIS CELL.

fields, and were busily ploughing and sowing in the glorious sunshine, forming pleasant bits of bright color. The men were ploughing with oxen gaudily bedecked with tufts of wool dyed scarlet and blue, with tassels of dyed yaks' tails and jingling bells; whilst the women followed close behind as the sowers. Some were humming snatches of song in light-heartedness, or at pleasing visions of the new season's crops. Amongst the poplar and tall willow trees surrounding the trim homesteads neatly whitened and picked out with red ochre, and amongst the pollarded willow-bushes fringing the numerous irrigation channels, flitted rosefinches, pert little tits, cinnamon sparrows, doves and warbling thrushes, all busy pairing and nest-building. Occasional flocks of snow pigeons whirred swiftly past us, and a few wild ducks and geese, scaring the partridges and hares from their cover and the terns from their trout-fishing, settled amongst the reedy hummocks fringing the turquoise pools on the river, where they breed.

From this genial valley, brimming with life, our guide turned us abruptly, about the twelfth mile, up into a small, lonely glen, and at once the scene was changed. A bare stone-strewn valley stretched away up to savagely grim hills, and up in its throat, where it narrowed into a rocky ravine, we could discern, about a mile away, the hermitage we were in search of. The small streamlet of the valley was hushed and silent, choked by the stones fallen from the hillside and from the moraine of a dead glacier above. On the rocky cliff were dotted about irregularly the sombre cells of the buried anchorites, and the smoke from the fires of their attendants hung ghost-like in gauzy drifts over all. Below, as if in



MINSTREL MENDICANTS.





LAMA WORSHIP.

mockery, in a grove of wild rose-bushes, blasted-looking as their dead foliage of last year had not yet drooped, some peach trees had burst into luxuriant pink blossom, whilst above, a hoary willow tree watched solitary over the living graves.

Disturbed by our clatter over the stones, some of the attendants came out and met us. They had not the appearance of the ordinary Thibetan monks or priests—the “lamas.”

They were thinly clad, not in monkish robe, but more like laymen. Their hair was not cropped or tonsured; it hung down in long matted locks on the shoulder, giving a shaggy wild look, or it was loosely knotted upon the crown as with the Indian ascetics, the *jogis* or *fakcers*. It was not plaited into a pigtail as with laymen. Altogether this mode of doing up their hair gave them at once the look of Indian devotees, rather than Thibe-

tans. They told us that they too were hermits of the order. They had only undergone, so far, entombment for the first or second stage, namely, for six months or for the period of three years, three months and three days, and had not yet taken the vow for the third or final stage, the plunge for life. Meanwhile, they attended upon their holier brothers, carrying food for them, entombed for life. The euphemistic name they gave their hermitage was “The Cave of Happy Musing on Misery” (*Nyang to-ki P'u*).

We were then led up a narrow winding path and across a stone-flagged court to their small chapel. Above the door hung two stuffed bear-skins, which they explained were their symbols or coat-of-arms as “cave-dwellers” in the mountains. Inside the chapel the chief place in a large fresco-painting of semi-nude In-



AN AGED ABBOT.

dian-looking ascetics on the wall above the altar was given to the patron saint of their order, the Thibetan hermit Milarapa. This hermit was a sort of wizard poet who lived in the eleventh century A.D. and had his chief hermitage on the flanks of Mount Everest, about 150 miles from here. The next place was given to an Indian wizard named Saraha, who they said founded this particular hermitage.

From this chapel we were led at our special request to the "caves." These to the number of over twenty are perched irregularly on the rocky hillside, and have their entrance built up solidly with stones and mortar, leaving a stout padlocked door for entry. The only other opening besides this, and a small drain as a sewer, is a tiny doored opening, about six inches square, like the door of a rabbit-hutch, only just sufficiently large for the hermit to pass out a hand for his daily

dole of parched grain and water. The former food is tied in a napkin, and deposited on a narrow sill outside the small window hole, and the water is poured into a small saucer-shaped depression on the same place.

Inmured in this dark cell, from the moment the door closes on him, the hermit remains in total darkness throughout his imprisonment for the first or second stages or for life. He has no means of distinguishing day or night or the passage of time. His only communication with the world is when his daily food is left on the sill, and then he is bound by his vows not to let in a stray ray of light or peep out. He can see or talk to no living person whatever, throughout this confinement.

In the first cell we were led to, there was confined an old hermit who had not seen the light or been seen or spoken to by any one for over twenty-one years! Whilst we were standing



THIBETAN PRIEST, WITH TRUMPET OF HUMAN THIGH-BONE.



A PRIEST ON THE PROWL.

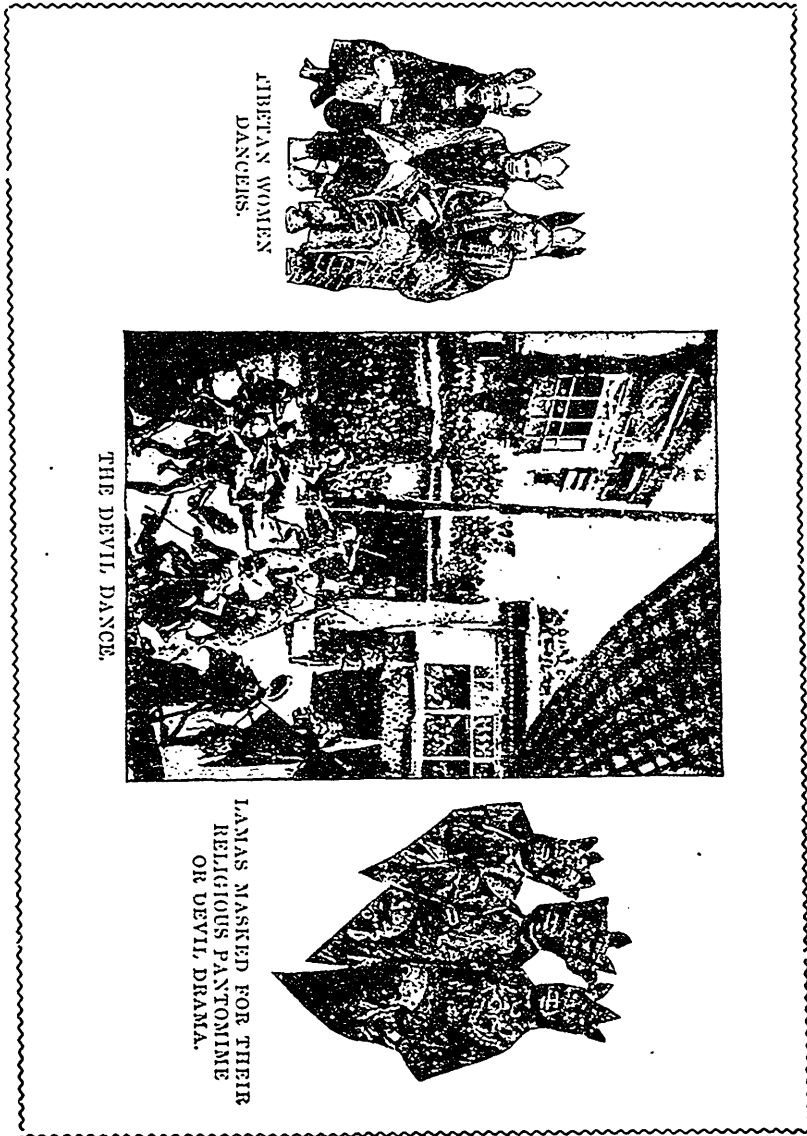
outside and pitying the poor man who voluntarily pent himself up in this prison, one of us asked to be shown evidence of the hermit's presence within. Thereupon the attendant gave the signal which they use when they deposit the food. He tapped very gently thrice on the sill, so softly that

it was almost inaudible to us, and then —after ten or twelve seconds whilst we held our breath in a silence like that of the tomb—the tiny rabbit-hutch door of the window in front of us trembled, then began to move, and was gently pushed ajar about half-way, only three inches or so, and from

the deep gloom within came slowly faltering forth a gloved hand! This was all! It protruded about four inches on to the stone-slab sill, and

treating into its shell, and nothing broke the agonizing silence save, as I fancied, a suppressed moan.

The whole action was muffled like



slowly fumbled there for two or three seconds, and finding nothing it returned trembling, as in a palsy, and the door slowly closed like a snail re-

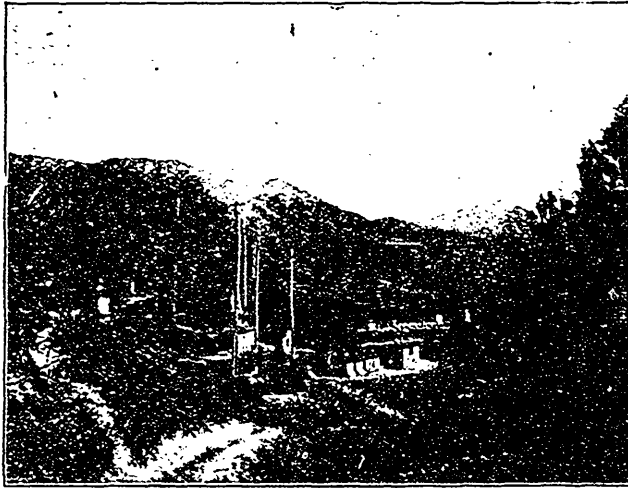
a dream, so slow, so stealthy, so silent and creepy. In the daylight it was unearthly and thrillingly horrible. Only a gloved hand! so the stimulus

of light is even denied to his hand, another drop in the cup of his misery. It was difficult to realize that a human being could be so confined voluntarily. It was only fit for a caged wild beast.

From this cave we went to four or five others, and it was all the same sickening sight, and it was remarkable that the gloved hands of even the younger men trembled as much as the older.

The last cell at which we stopped was that of a very old man, who had been in this cave for over twenty-two years and had just died the previous

Several young hermits accompanied us on this round, boys of twelve to eighteen years old, each of whom had already put in their imprisonment for either the first or second stages. Each of them aspired to become eventually like this wretched old man who had just passed away and who was being held up to them as a model for them to imitate. Of these poor boys one seemed almost an idiot, and no wonder. Indeed the only wonder is that any one can remain sane after undergoing this terrible ordeal even for six months.



THIBETAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

day. He had not removed his food for several days, when the senior attendant, getting no response to his taps, knocks and inquiries, unlocked the door and found that the poor old inmate was dead. Our request to be allowed to see the body was not acceded to, as it was alleged that no one, not even another monk except the senior one, was allowed to look on the corpse, as it was deemed too sacred. A funeral banner was being erected at the entrance to the cave, and lamps lighted for the soul of the deceased.

Now what does it all mean? And why do these poor men, illiterate peasants all of them, voluntarily give up their liberty, their home and all that enriches life and sacrifice themselves in this horrible way?

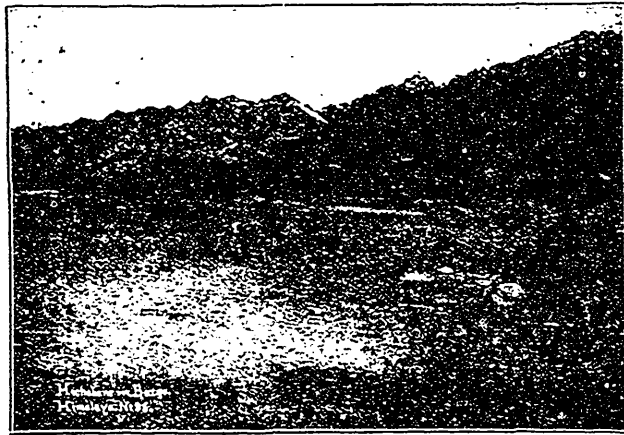
The reason why volunteers are forthcoming for such a revolting purpose as this is, I think, doubtless owing to the fact that about one in every three of the male population of Thibet is practically compelled by the present rulers of the country, the lamas or priests, to adopt one or other form of

religious life as a profession. For this particular form of hermitage the "volunteers" are chiefly children recruited at the age of ten or twelve, when they cannot be supposed to realize what it is they are apprenticing themselves to, and once in the grip of the order they are unable to escape its obligations. Thus there is nothing of a religious mania about it.

The evolution of so repulsive a form of hermitage as this is, offers, it seems to me, another instance of the clumsy and mistaken and mechanical

seize upon the mere externals, and interpreting these in a crude and grossly materialistic way imitate them mechanically and make these outer formalities an end and object in themselves. This superficial mimicry has led them into absurd perversions of the original. So, I think, it has been in the present instance.

The method of retirement for a time, like John the Baptist, into solitude in the wilderness or into hermitage, was advocated not only by Buddha but by other sages of old.



A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE.

A sandy plateau surrounded by high mountains, in Western Thibet.

way in which the semi-savage Thibetans, sunk in the depths of ignorance, try to imitate the religious rites and practices of Indian Buddhism, which is their great model for orthodoxy, but which they so imperfectly understand.

The average Thibetan, and especially the priest or lama, is extraordinarily low in intelligence and practically incapable of conceiving any new abstract idea, or the rationale for a particular practice if it requires much mental effort. Thus the lamas, in copying Buddhist practices, often

East and West. It was for the purpose of escaping for a time from the bustle and counter-attraction of the world, partly as a matter of religious discipline, but chiefly for a little quiet thought, to adjust their mental focus for mental and moral introspection, and so lead to constructive independent thought and a clear-eyed formulating of it for personal use or for the teaching of others.

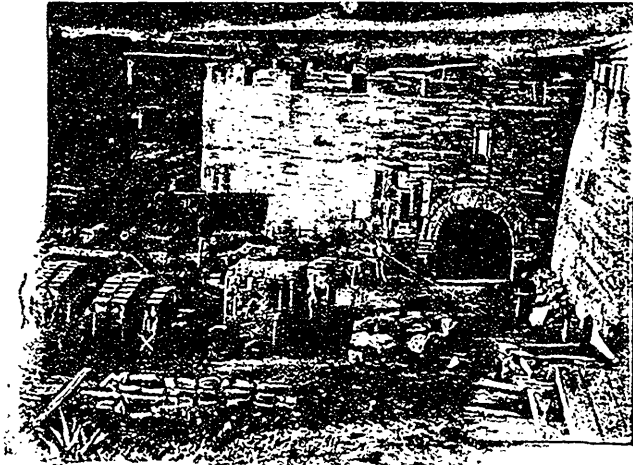
In this way, by resorting to hermitage for a short time Buddha himself evolved his doctrine of the "True Way" of Salvation, and formulated

the metaphysical basis on which it rests. So too the patron saint of this particular hermitage, Milarapa, composed in his mountain cave his rough religious hymns which are still sung by the people all over Western Thibet.

But these poor men here! They are gifted with practically no intellectual assets to start with, yet they imitate the old philosophers in going into retreat to develop them, and then not only for a short time, but for life. It is almost humorous were it not so pathetic. This, for them meaningless,

he was going in for life, replied that it was over fifteen years since he had done his second stage, but he added with a smirk and a shrug of his shoulders, that he was uncertain whether he would go in for the final stage at all.

As implements and utensils for use in the cave, the hermit is given a rosary, a human thigh-bone trumpet to summon the devils, and, ghoul-like, as a bowl for food a goblet made out of the top of a human skull. The task set him to perform in the cave con-



A CHINESE CITY GATE.

confinement, instead of improving their mental and moral nature, can only result in the gradual disintegration of what little mind they have got. In fact, it was noticeable that none of the men who had passed through the first and second stages were above the average of the low general standard of intelligence, whilst most of them were even below this. One who had passed the second stage was of the low type of congenital criminal, and one boy was decidedly imbecile. But all of them were not fools. The fat old senior attendant, when asked when

sists chiefly in the mummery of repeating some millions of times a spell in meaningless Sanskrit jargon with certain attitudes of the fingers and limbs for the purpose of expelling devils. After doing this, and at certain stages before he has completed the requisite number of repetitions of the spell, he is to fancy that he sees the most malignant of all the devils, those painted grotesque monsters which disfigure and defile the walls of all the temples in Thibet. Then he is to vanquish the devils by these spells. To conjure up such a vision should

be somewhat easy to the credulous and superstitious Thibetan, who believes he lives in a world full of devils all scheming to do him harm, and the exorcising of which is a profitable source of income to all the village priests. As a result of this practice in exorcising devils in the cave, the hermit is supposed to earn good marks towards raising himself to Paradise in his next birth. The food for all the occupants of the hermitage is supplied free by the villagers as an act of pious charity.

How pitiful it is to see such wicked abuse and waste of life as this monstrous working theory of life entails on its wretched victims! These poor misguided men from a mistaken sense of duty leave the working world outside and turn themselves into animated ghosts in an underground

world where, soaked in the atmosphere of the tomb, their feeble intellect, still more benumbed, sinks into a lethargy of drivelling imbecility.

Glad were we to get away from this morbid "Cave of Happy Musing on Misery" and out again into the healthy fresh air and sunshine, and back through the pleasant Gyantse valley safely to our camp.

We were, indeed, fortunate in getting back *safely*, for within the next three days the whole valley down which we had been was up in arms against us, and swarming with some thousands of Thibetan soldiery from Shigatse hurrying up to attack our camp at Gyantse, which they did with savage and very unBuddhistic ferocity on the night of the 4th of May.

"THE SOUL'S AWAKENING."

BY E. S. MINKLER.

Methought 'mid gardens, bright and fair,  
I walked in spirit, fancy-free ;  
The dew was on the red-rose tree  
And sweetest fragrance filled the air.

And happy birds, full well I ween,  
With joyous notes to heaven upborne,  
Arose to greet the glad some morn :  
Such dawn Creation ne'er had seen.

And, murmuring softly through the grove,  
A fairy brooklet took its rise,  
I looked and lo, before mine eyes,  
The whole wide world did blaze with love.

A voice of sweetest music came,—  
I trow in heaven it had its birth ;  
It was not as the sounds of earth,—  
And wrapt my spirit as with flame.  
London, Ont.

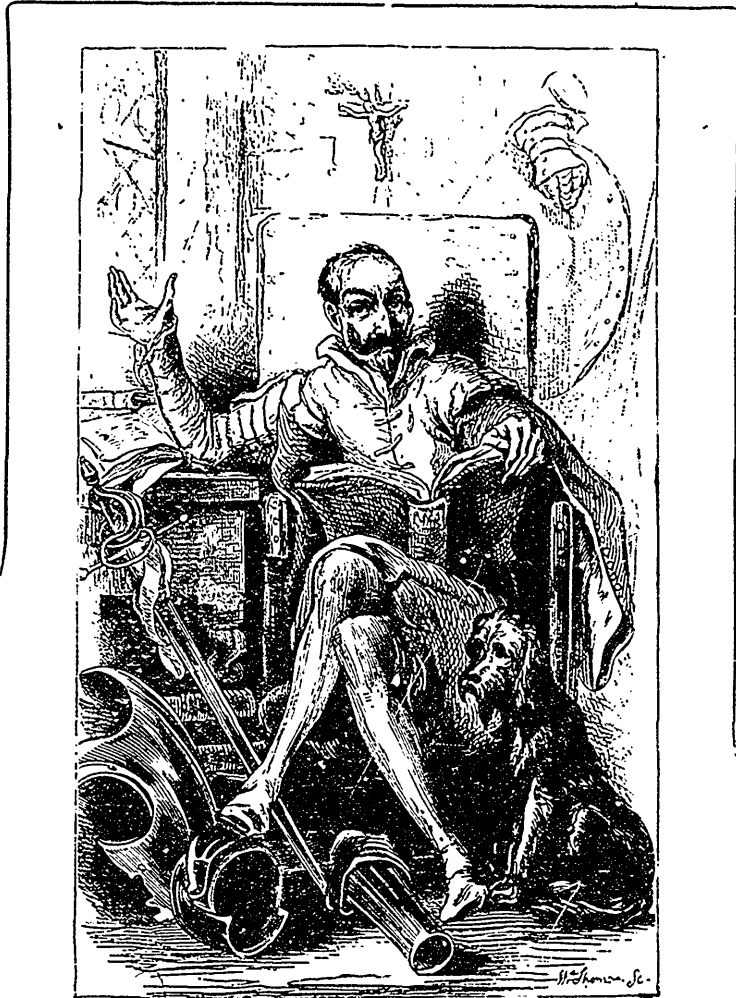
"O soul," methought it cried. "awake!  
No longer nurse the peevish night  
Of blind unfaith, of secret hate ;  
Still trust in Providence,—not Fate :  
See, see, the outward sun shines bright ;  
Awake, O soul, the morn doth break.

"Awake to nobler thoughts of life :  
Awake to deeper faith in man :  
Be good, be true, be beautiful ;  
Be one with Love and dutiful  
In all ; thy life is but a span ;  
For him no crown, to whom no strife !"

As from on high a heavenly ray,  
Even so the cheering accents fell ;  
I could not, would not, dare not tell  
The Son of Man to go His way.



THE "DON QUIXOTE" TERCENTENARY.



DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

**A** BOOK which has been one of the most widely read in the world in many lands and many tongues for three hundred years, and a big book at that, must have some solid qualities of merit. A copy before us fills a volume of 790

pages and has nearly 700 illustrations. We must confess, at the outset, that we have never found time to read this bulky book. We know it only at second-hand and through the pictures. We are dependent, therefore, on the criticisms of those who are more familiar than we

are with this great work. Sismondi, in his "Literature of the South of Europe," devotes three chapters, or nearly fifty pages, to the genial Spanish humorist, Miguel de Cervantes. His life, however, has more of romantic interest than even that of the Knight of La Mancha. It was a perfect *Odyssey* of adventure and *Iliad* of disaster. Like *Othello*, he could tell

"Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history."

To these "poets, prophets, seers," of whom Cervantes was one. Long-fellow has thus written:

"Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

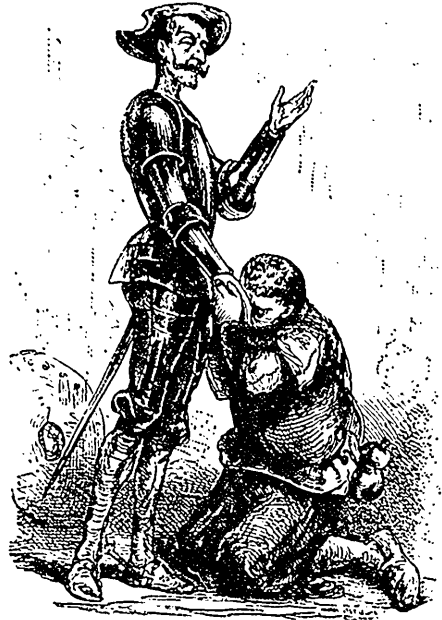
"Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Coryb'ntes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

"Though to all there is not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavor,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven  
All the hearts of men for ever.

"Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
Honor and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaming through the realms benighted  
As they onward bear the measure!"

"It is not because three hundred years ago Cervantes revolutionized the Spanish book trade that Europe rings with the echoes of his fame. It is not even that he invested the age of chivalry with the wizard moonlight of the breaking day. No, it is because in shattering a dream he gave substance to that human enthusiasm which survives all dreams."

"Don Quixote," says a writer in the London Academy, "is Spain's patent of nobility in the world of let-



DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, SANCHO PANZA.

ters. . . . There would be a Spanish literature without Cervantes; but then it would have no life outside the peninsula. He has raised his brethren by excelling them, for, thanks to him, they do belong to the family which has produced one member who ranks with Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Moliere."

"No work was ever produced by human art," says Mr. H. E. Watts, "so perfectly simple and sincere, so utterly devoid of self-consciousness or any vulgar trick of authorship. The wit, the humor, the good sense, and the human nature which are the distinguishing characteristics of 'Don Quixote,' are so carefully blended and rise so naturally out of the situation as to defy analysis. Don Quixote himself is the most lovable personage in all fiction. He has stood as the model which all who have followed Cervantes have never been tired of copying. *Hudibras* and *Uncle Toby*,



DON QUIXOTE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURES.

Colonel Newcombe, and Mr. Pickwick—what are all these, and many others, but the descendants of the hero of La Mancha, who stands as much higher than any of his progeny as Amadis does to his children and grandchildren?"

"Don Quixote" was first published in January, 1605, and was translated into English seven years later. Translations were subsequently made into every modern language, and more than three hundred editions have now been printed.

We quote largely the "Life of Cervantes," by Charles Jarvis, one of the best translators of his works.

The following is the critical estimate by Sismondi of this famous writer:

"Every one is acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha, who, losing his reason over his books of chivalry, imagines that he lives in the times of the Paladins and enchanters; who, resolved to imitate Amadis and Orlando, whose histories he has read with such delight, mounts his lean and ancient steed, braces on his rusty

armor, and traverses woods and fields in search of adventures.

"Every common object is transformed by his poetical imagination. Giants, Paladins and enchanters meet him at every step, and all his misfortunes are not sufficient to undeceive him. But the Don, with his faithful Rosinante and his squire, Sancho Panza, have already taken their places in the imagination of the whole world.

"Don Quixote is described as an accomplished man, who is, notwithstanding, the constant object of ridicule; a man brave beyond all that history can boast of; who confronts the most terrific, not only of mortal, but of supernatural perils; a man whose high sense of honor permits him not to hesitate for a single moment in the accomplishment of his promises or to deviate in the slightest degree from truth. As disinterested as brave, he combats only for virtue; and when he covets a kingdom, it is only that he may bestow it upon his faithful squire. He is the most constant and most respectful of lovers, the most humane of warriors, the kindest master, the most accomplished of cavaliers.

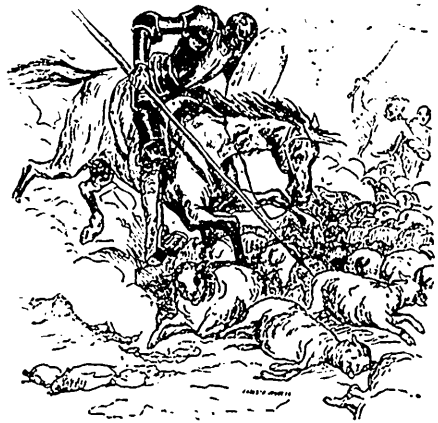
"With a taste as refined as his intellect is cultivated, he surpasses in goodness, in loyalty, and in bravery, the Amadis and the Orlando whom he has chosen for his models. His most generous enterprises, however, end only in blows and bruises. His love of glory is the bane of those around him. The giants, with whom he believes he is fighting, are only windmills; the ladies, whom he delivers from enchanters, are harmless women whom he terrifies upon their journey and whose servants he maltreats."

Of all Spanish prose writings, the immortal "Don Quixote" of Cervantes may be said to be the only one which has had any influence in

Europe. Montesquieu epigrammatically said that it was written to prove all others to be worthless. The remark is no less true than terse; but its signification must, of course, be limited to works descriptive of the knight-errantry of Spain—those picturesque romances of chivalry called into existence during the struggle waged between the Cross and the Crescent—the old Froissart-like chronicles begun by Alonzo the Learned, on which were grafted the more ornate productions, at the head of which stand "Amadis de Gaul," and the "Poema del Cid." These paved the way for Miguel Saavedra de Cervantes, whose "Don Quixote" reveals in every page how intimate was his acquaintance with the knightly legends and romantic lore of his country, and how deeply he was imbued with the true spirit of knight-errantry.

The influence of the two chivalrous tales we have named was all-powerful in Spain for more than two centuries: but their reign was over when Don Quixote entered the lists. Amadis de Gaul and the Cid himself both succumbed to the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, before whose long lance of ridicule and trenchant sword of sarcasm the spirit of Spanish chivalry fled affrighted, never to return. This powerful satire, it has been asserted, has exercised no mean influence in extinguishing the high and manly bearing for which the Spaniards of that period were remarkable, and in superinducing the traits which characterize him in our day. It is a point, however, which we will not stop to entertain, but come at once to the consideration of Cervantes himself.

It may generally be said, remarks M. Viardot, that the history of an author, like that of an artist, is confined to the works which survive him:



DON QUIXOTE CHARGING A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

that his writings are his actions, and that the man is absorbed in the author. This is not so in the case of Cervantes. Distinguished as a man, before he became illustrious as a writer, he performed great actions before he gave to the world an immortal book. His history would interest without the superadded recommendation of a glorious name; and his life, no less than his work, is replete with entertainment and instruction.

Unknown till his death, indeed, it may be said, not until long after that event, Cervantes had no contemporary biographers: and all the efforts of a tardy posthumous admiration were necessary to supply, with the aid of tradition, authentic documents, and conjecture, a memoir, at last incomplete, of a long and active life.

Even now, the place which contains the tomb of Cervantes is unknown, and the world was long ignorant of the place of his birth. Like Homer of old, eight cities claimed the distinction of being his birthplace. It is ascertained, however, that he was born in Alcala de Henares, October



DON QUIXOTE AND HIS STEED, ROSINANTE.

9th, 1547. His family, originally of Galicia, afterwards established in Castile, without belonging to the titled nobility, was at least reckoned among those respectable houses the members of which are called "hidalgos." From the thirteenth century, we find the name of Cervantes mentioned with honor in the annals of Spain. There were warriors who bore it at the time of the great conquests of Ferdinand, at the taking of Seville. Others of his ancestors are celebrated among the conquerors of the new world, as having carried into those distant regions some branches of the ancient stock.

Few incidents connected with the youth of Cervantes are known. He himself tells us that he had, from his most tender years, a great taste for letters, and he was so fond of reading that he would pick up scraps of paper in the street to peruse them. The young Miguel, having been sent to Salamanca, he passed two years there, and matriculated among the students of that celebrated university. Here he became acquainted with the manners of the students, which he has so well depicted in the second part of "Don Quixote." Somewhat later, we find Cervantes at the school of a professor

of considerable note, Juan Lopez de Hoyos.

Cervantes assures us himself that he served the Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, in quality of chamberlain. It was a very common practice for Spanish young gentlemen to accept such situations, either with the view of visiting Italy at little expense, or in the hope of gaining Church preferment, from the favor and influence of their patrons.

Notwithstanding the luxurious indolence which the ante-chamber of the Roman prelate afforded to him, and the opportunity, more delightful still, which it afforded him for indulging his taste for poetry, Cervantes did not remain long in this situation, but he enrolled his name among the Spanish troops who then occupied part of Italy.

Of the military achievements of Cervantes little is on record. In the memorable battle of Lepanto he received three arquebus wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was maimed ever after. He regretted the loss of his hand, but often declared that he applauded himself for having paid this price, that he might be counted among the soldiers of Lepanto.

Cervantes, sick and wounded, was compelled to remain six months in the hospital of Messina. It appears, however, that his wound was not so severe as to incapacitate him from further service, for in the disastrous campaign of the following years we find he also bore a part, and returned to Spain, having been absent seven years.

From his connection with these military expeditions, Cervantes was enabled to travel through Italy. He visited Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo, and the College of Bologna, founded for Spaniards by Cardinal Alborno. He acquired the

Italian language, and applied himself assiduously to the study of Italian literature.

Cervantes was now twenty-eight years of age, and Don John of Austria gave him letters to the King, in which he entreated Philip to confer on him the command of one of the companies then being raised to serve in Italy or Flanders. Cervantes embarked at Naples in the Spanish galley "El Sol" (the Sun), with his elder brother Rodrigo, a soldier like himself. But new trials awaited them, for on the 26th of September, 1575, the galley "El Sol" was captured by an Algerine squadron, and he, with the rest of his countrymen, conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, where the captives were divided among their conquerors. Cervantes was loaded with chains, thrown into prison, and subjected to all kinds of privations and tortures. This disastrous termination to his voyage, though it depressed, could not extinguish his indomitable spirit. He became the life and oracle of his companions, and under his leadership several attempts were made to escape. They were recaptured and received severe punishment for their attempt to escape.

Rodrigo de Cervantes, his father sold or mortgaged the small patrimony of his son, his own property, and even the dowries of his two unmarried sisters—thus condemning the whole family to poverty—and sent the produce of the sales and the mortgage to Cervantes to purchase his freedom. His master, Dali-Mami, however, set so high a value on his captive, and his demands were so exorbitant, that Cervantes was obliged to renounce the hope of purchasing his liberty. He generously appropriated his share of the money to redeem his brother, a lower price being set upon him, and he was liberated. On leaving, he promised to fit out from Valencia or

the Balearic Isles, an armed frigate, to liberate his brother and the other Christians. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers, and, standing off at sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, to communicate with the captives. Unfortunately, however, some fishermen perceived the Christian vessel, notwithstanding the darkness. They gave the alarm, and the frigate was obliged to stand out to sea. She subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but the Moors were on their guard; they surprised the ship, and made prisoners of all on board.

Thus far Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all their privations, but hope now failed them. Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace. The Dey employed alternately the most flattering and the most terrific threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices; but Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The Dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and doubtless in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison.

Notwithstanding the rigor of his captivity, notwithstanding the imminent peril which threatened him on each attempt to escape, Cervantes never ceased using to that end all the means which offered. In the course of the year 1578, he contrived to send a Moor to Oran, with letters addressed to the governor of the fortress; but this emissary was arrested and brought back to the Dey of Algiers, who caused the unfortunate messenger to be impaled, and condemned Cervantes, whose signature was attached to the letters, to receive

two thousand lashes. Some friends interposed their good offices, and the usually pitiless Hassan pardoned him.

Notwithstanding these repeated disasters, Cervantes was unceasingly occupied with plans for effecting his own emancipation and that of his companions. He formed an acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, who had assumed the turban. In concert with him Cervantes formed a new project for effecting their escape, and they applied for aid to two Spanish merchants established in Algiers. An armed frigate was purchased, the crew engaged, and only waited for the signal to embark, when a contemptible wretch named Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, like another Judas, attracted by the vile hope of gain, betrayed to the Dey the scheme of his countrymen.

When brought before Hassan Aga, Cervantes resolutely refused to disclose who were his accomplices. He remained shackled in his dungeon for five months, when his liberty was effected by the ordinary means of ransom, chiefly through the exertions of his mother and sister. On the 19th of September, 1580, Cervantes was once more a free man, and experienced, to use his own expression, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world—that of returning after a long period of slavery safe and sound to his native land."

But misfortune soon drove him from the bosom of his family. His brother Rodrigo had re-entered the service, and our author resolved to follow his example. Accordingly, notwithstanding his mutilated arm, he resumed the musket of a private soldier.

In 1584, Cervantes, then thirty-seven years of age, married the heroine of his poem, "Galatea," Donna Catalina. He was now become a private citizen of Esquivias, and, like

his neighbors, employed himself in superintending his estate. The dull monotony of such a life, however, ill accorded with the activity of his mind, and we find him soon returning to literature, devoting himself exclusively to the drama. He did not find the drama so productive of either profit or fame as he had imagined; besides, a greater favorite than he, Lope de Vega, claimed that province as his own.

He was now about forty years of age, and, burdened with a large family, which was increased by two sisters, he accepted an offer of a situation as clerk to a victualler to the navy at Seville. Previously to this, he had petitioned the king for employment in America, which he called "the refuge for destitute Spaniards," but he met with the common treatment of those who put their trust in princes—no notice whatever was taken of him or his petition. It was at Seville, and under the depressing circumstances we have narrated, that Cervantes wrote most of his novels, which were the first ever written in the Spanish language, preceding writers having confined themselves to translations of the licentious tales of the Decameron, and to effete imitations of Boccaccio. The occasion of Cervantes' departure from Seville was an accusation of malversation of office while employed in the victualling department of the royal dockyard; but, although he was arrested and thrown into prison at Madrid, there is reason to believe that no stain of dishonor attaches to Cervantes.

Nothing is known with certainty of the fortunes of our author from 1598 to 1603. It was during this period, however, that he undertook the work which has made him famous through all time, the immortal "Don Quixote." Out of Spain, it was for a long time the generally received opinion that he

conceived and commenced his admirable work in a dungeon of the Holy Inquisition.

The first part of "Don Quixote" was published in 1605. Cervantes had applied in vain for the patronage of the Duke of Lerma, who was all-powerful at court; but the claims of the soldier of Lepanto were ignored, and the haughty favorite treated him with the usual superciliousness of men in high places to postulants for favors. His straitened circumstances necessitated him to hasten the publication of "Don Quixote."

Its success in a short time was perfectly dazzling; and as a consequence the shafts of envy were thickly showered at the fortunate author. The writers and the readers of the monstrous tales of chivalry against which Cervantes had couched his lance, considered themselves insulted, and the various dramatic authors of whom he had made unfavorable mention were deeply incensed—the friends of Lope de Vega, in particular, were highly indignant. The efforts of the detractors of "Don Quixote," however, served only to increase its popularity; it rapidly made its way into the hands of young and old of all ranks.

The second part of "Don Quixote" was issued in 1615. In the dedication Cervantes alludes again to his poverty and infirmities. "Why is not such a man enriched from the public treasury?" asked a gentleman, when another shrewdly observed, "If poverty obliges him to write, heaven forbid that he should be in affluence, since by his works he enriches the whole world."

It is said that one day Philip III., being on the balcony of his palace, observed a student who was walking on the banks of the Manzanares with a book in his hand. The volume seemed completely to absorb him, and to afford him huge delight, for at in-

tervals he would, in his walk, strike his forehead with his hand, and burst into a fit of laughter. "That student is mad, or he is reading 'Don Quixote,'" said the King. Inquiry proved that the latter was the fact. It did not occur to the monarch, however, that the all-admired author was in circumstances little removed from indigence.

Perhaps no other book has been translated into so many languages as "Don Quixote."

Though more than sixty years of age when the completion of "Don Quixote" was published, it would appear that Cervantes was even then engaged in writing several works, one being entitled "Persiles and Sigismunda." Strangely enough, this romance, which was published by his widow in 1617, is every whit as absurd as the most absurd of those which he says turned the brain of his own hidalgo. Not less strange is it that this production was his chief favorite, affording another striking instance that authors are by no means the best judges of their works. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the second part of "Don Quixote," Cervantes was attacked with the malady which terminated his life. In his dying moments he dictated the following letter to the Count de Lemos. It is translated verbatim:

"One foot already in the grave,  
And in the agonies of death,  
Great lord, I write these lines to thee."

"Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and to-day I write this letter. My time is short; my sufferings increase, hope fades; and with all this to deplore, I sustain existence from a wish that I have to retain life a little longer, and to stay the progress of my disease, till I can approach to kiss



the feet of your Excellency. Perhaps the joy of seeing you well and in Spain again would be so great that it would restore me to health. But if it is decreed that I should lay down my life, why then let heaven's will be accomplished."

Cervantes now sank into a state of insensibility, and expired on Saturday, the 23rd of April, 1627, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

It has been stated as a singular co-

incidence, that Miguel de Cervantes and William Shakespeare both died on the same day, the 23rd of April. But it should be remembered that, as the Gregorian computation of time was not adopted in England until 1752, and that, consequently, up to that period we were behind the Spaniards in dates, there was, in fact, an interval of twelve days between the respective demise of those two world-famous men.




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THE TERCENTENARY OF "DON QUIXOTE." \*

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Advents we greet of great and small,  
 Much we extol that may not live,  
 Yet to the new-born type we give  
 No care at all!

This year, three centuries past, by age  
 More maimed than by Lepanto's fight.  
 This year Cervantes gave to light  
 His matchless page.

Whence first outrode th' immortal Fair—  
 The half-crazed Hero and his hind—  
 To make sad laughter for mankind;  
 And whence they far

Throughout all Fiction still, where chance  
 Allies Life's dulness with its dreams—  
 Allies what is with what but seems—  
 Fact and Romance—

O Knight of fire and Squire of earth!  
 O changing give-and-take between  
 The aim too high, the aim too mean,  
 I hail your birth,

Three centuries past, in sunburned Spain,  
 And hang on Time's Pantheon wall,  
 My votive tablet to recall  
 That lasting gain!

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\* Published at Madrid, 1605.

## CHURCH HYMNODY.

## ITS RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. A. E. HAGAR, B.A.

## II.



THE so-called Seven Great Hymns of the Latin Church are: (1) "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis," by Bernard of Cluny; (2) "Veni Sancte Spiritus," by Hermannus Contractus, though generally, and in our own hymn book, attributed to King Robert II. of France; (3) "Veni Creator Spiritus," authorship very uncertain, probably Rabanus Maurus, Bishop of Mainz; (4) the "Dies Iræ," by Thomas of Celano; (5) "Stabat Mater," and (6) "Stabat Speciosa," by Jacobus de Benedictis; (7) "Vexilla Regis," by Fortunatus.

Of these the "Dies Iræ" is by far the best known, and a truly magnificent hymn. Its author was a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century, Thomas of Celano, so called from the place of his birth, a little Neapolitan village. Passing a goodly part of his life amid the quiet and seclusion of his beloved monastery, this truly godly man has left a monument to his name that has made him famous in every language of Christendom as the author of what has been appropriately termed "the acknowledged masterpiece of sacred poetry, and the sublimest judgment hymn of the ages." Of it Dr. Robertson, in his Annotations, says: "It stands pre-eminent, not only because of the grandeur of the theme, but also from the perfection of its form and rhythm." And an English critic

says: "The metre, so grandly devised, fitted to bring out the noblest powers of the Latin language, the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, like blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the majestic, unadorned plainness of the style—these merits, with many more, have given the 'Dies Iræ' a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song."

There are about one hundred and sixty translations of this hymn in our own language, it having been rendered into English by some of the most celebrated writers of the Anglican Church, including Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Archbishop Trench, and the Rev. W. T. Irons. Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Earl Roscommon, Mrs. Charles, and Abraham Coles, M.D., of Newark, N.J., have all rendered it into English in a manner more or less acceptable; but with all the merits that the best of these translations may possess, it is far within the bounds to say, that in sublimity and power of expression, in the marvellous adaptation of rhythm to meaning, which so well drives home the thought with mighty effectiveness, the original has not yet been equalled nor its grandeur attained. As one critic has well said: "Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to be so transferred." And the greatest of its translators would in all probability be the very first to acknowledge the truth of this criticism.

Of the many excellent English versions of this remarkable poem, the

one by the Rev. Wm. Irons is conceded to be the best, by its close adherence to the original, and its truly beautiful and impressive phrasing. It is superior to Dean Stanley's as being written in the iambic measure and triple rhyme of the original, and it early found its way into many hymnals. By close comparison with the original Latin it will be seen how closely the scholarly Churchman has kept to his text.

“ Dies Irae ! dies illa !  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sybilla.

“ Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta strictè discussurus.

“ Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

“ Mors stupebit et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura

“ Liber scriptus proferetur  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

“ Lacrymosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla,  
Judicandus homo reus !  
Huic ergo parce, Deus !  
Pie Jesu, Domine,  
Dona eos requie.”

“ Day of wrath ! oh ! day of mourning !  
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

“ Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth.

“ Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the Throne it bringeth.

“ Death is struck and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To their Judge an answer making.

“ Lo ! the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded,  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

“ Ah ! that day of tears and mourning,  
From the dust of earth returning,  
Man for judgment must prepare him,  
Spare, O God, in mercy, spare him !  
Lord all pitying, Jesus blest,  
Grant them thine external rest ! ”

Mr. Irons seems to have written his version under very solemn and impressive circumstances. I quote from one of my references :

“ It is well known that the Revolution of Paris in 1848 led to many scenes of terror and shame. Foremost was the death of Monseigneur D. A. Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot on June 25th on the barricades of the Place de la Bastille, whilst endeavoring to persuade the insurgents to cease firing, and was buried on July 7th. As soon as it was safe to do so his funeral sermon was preached in Notre Dame, accompanied by a religious service of the most solemn and impressive kind. Throughout the service the Archbishop's heart was exposed in a glass case in the choir, and at the appointed time the Dies Irae was sung by an immense body of priests. The terror of the times, the painful sense of bereavement which rested upon the minds of the people through the death of their Archbishop, the exposed heart in the choir, and the imposing ritual of the service and the grand rendering of the Dies Irae by the priests gave to the occasion an unusual degree of impressiveness. Dr. Irons was present, and, deeply moved by what he saw and heard, on retiring from the church he wrote out this translation of the sublime hymn. The surrounding circumstances no doubt contributed to produce this, which is one of the finest of modern renderings of the grandest of mediæval hymns. In popularity and extensiveness of use this translation of the Dies Irae is surpassed only by Sir Walter Scott's.”

This translation by Sir Walter Scott is undoubtedly the next most popular rendering of this sublime judgment hymn into English. It occurs in our own hymn book as No. 885, and forms the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto in “ The Lay of the Last Minstrel,” being headed, “ A Hymn for the Dead.” After the publication of the “ Lay,” in 1805, this hymn attained a high degree of popu-

larity, and in a very short time it found its way into the hymn books, becoming the best known version of the hymn in the English tongue. Indeed, most of the hymnals published in the last half-century contain this version of the immortal hymn. The author leads up to these notable verses in the following lines :

“ Then mass was sung and prayers were said,  
And solemn requiem for the dead ;  
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,  
For the departed spirit’s weal ;  
And ever in the office close  
The hymn of intercession rose ;  
And far the echoing aisles prolong  
The awful burden of the song,—  
Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla ;  
While the pealing organ rung.  
Were it meet with sacred strain  
To close my lay so light and vain,  
Thus the holy fathers sung :—  
That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away.  
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

“ When shrivelling like a parched scroll  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the  
dead !

“ Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from  
clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner’s stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away !”

It will be seen that, while Scott has given us a very excellent poem, and one which has become deservedly popular, we cannot honestly say that it is the “ *Dies Iræ* ” ; in other words, he has not kept very close to his text.

Scott is said to have been a fervent admirer of this sublime hymn in the original, and to have repeated a few of its lines just before his death.

I ought not, perhaps, to leave this hymn without a reference to the version of it by Dean Stanley, which also appears in our hymn book as No. 882, and one of which hymn writers speak in universal praise. It is written in the six-line stanza, with rhyme coup-

let, which makes it, to my mind, out of comparison with the original, and certainly destroys its effect. That the celebrated Churchman has, however, given us a truly magnificent poem is beyond all question ; notwithstanding, the criticism holds good that it is not the “ *Dies Iræ*.” An examination of a few of his verses, and a comparison with the original ones by Thomas of Celano, will, I think, bring out the truth of what has been said :

“ Day of wrath, oh, dreadful day,  
When this earth shall pass away,  
And the heavens together roll,  
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
Long foretold by saint or sage,  
David’s harp and Sibyl’s page.

“ Then shall nature stand aghast,  
Death himself be overcast ;  
Then at her Creator’s call,  
Near and distant, great and small,  
Shall the whole creation rise,  
Waiting for the great assize.

“ Then the writing shall be read  
Which shall judge the quick and dead ;  
Then the Lord of all our race  
Shall appoint to each his place ;  
Every wrong shall be set right,  
Every secret brought to light.”

Referring to the seven great hymns of the Latin Church, we mentioned, as the third, one by Rebanus Maurus, a Latin poet of the ninth century, entitled, “ *Veni Creator Spiritus*.” It has been translated into English, with conspicuous ability, by Dryden, who has given us “ a spirited and elegant version of a hymn well worthy the efforts of the best translators. Dryden’s verses appear as No. 187 in our hymn-book, the first verse being :

“ Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world’s foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every thankful mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.”

The hymn published as the work, as some say, of King Robert II. of France, is a splendid version of the

same poem, though the English rendering is too loose and inaccurate to pass for a close translation. It also occurs in our hymnal as No. 203:

“Come, Holy Ghost, in Love.”

Wesley has likewise several hymns on the same theme, notably No. 188, which is cast in the same mould as Dryden's.

The two hymns, “Stabat Mater,” and “Mater Speciosa,” are so decidedly Roman in their phraseology and ideas as to be discountenanced by Protestant collectors.

We are, however, far within the bounds when we say that, notwithstanding many very excellent hymn-writers, and some decidedly superior ones, which the early Latin Church produced, there are two to whom the Church militant owes a greater debt of gratitude than to any others, and these are the two Bernards. It is little enough to say that the legacies they have left us have been treasured by the Church for ages, and that their beautiful and comforting words, in our modern translations, are sung in every denomination throughout Christendom, “in the true spirit of worship and in the most devout thankfulness to their authors.”

Of these, the one who holds the premier position is Bernard of Cluny. We do not know much about him, except that he was born in Morlaix, Brittany, of English parentage, and was a monk between the years 1122 and 1156. Like so many other great hymn writers, he wrote but one poem, but it was a masterpiece. The title by which it is generally known is “*Laus Patriæ Cœlestis*,” which, however, is not his own, but was affixed by Archbishop Trench to the selected one hundred lines with which the Church is most familiar.

The original poem contains nearly three thousand lines in all, under the title, “*De Contemptu Mundi*,” the

verses suiting well, in thought and phraseology, so suggestive a theme. It is written, as well, in a somewhat peculiar metre, which renders it exceedingly difficult of reproduction in English, and more than one author has found it a rock upon which he has well-nigh shattered his reputation as a poet and translator. An examination of a few lines will show the difficulty of an English version at all true to the original:

“*Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.*”

*Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.*

*O retributio ! stat brevis actio vita perennis ;*

*O retributio ! coelica mansio stat lue plenis.*

*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus !*

*Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.*”

Here is one way in which this last couplet has been done into English by some aspirant for fame:

“These are the latter times,  
These are not better times,  
Let us stand waiting ;  
Lo ! how with awfulness,  
He first in lawfulness  
Comes arbitrating.”

Whereof one critic justly remarks: “This is very faithful to the original, but it is wretched English poetry. So it is with the entire poem when one attempts a literal version.”

The beauty of diction and pathos of expression in the first four lines above quoted are well brought out in the English rendering by Dr. Neale, who has given us by far its best translation. It appears as No. 619 in our collection. Dr. Neale has departed from the exact form of the original Latin only so far as was necessitated by the difference of the two languages in the expression of thought, as the first verse will show:

“*Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur ;*

*Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur :*

O retributio ! stat brevis actio vita perennis ;  
O retributio ! coelica mansio stat lue plenis."

" Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there :

" Oh, happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals, and for sinners,  
A mansion with the blest !"

The hymn so familiar throughout Christendom, "Jerusalem, the Golden," is taken from the same poem. Again we are indebted to Dr. Neale for the marvellous way in which he has caught both the beauty and thought of the original. In our hymn-book it is No. 621 :

" Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea,  
cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis,  
et cor, et ora.  
Nescio, nescio quae jubilatio  
lux tibi qualis,  
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria  
quam specialis."

" Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest ;  
I know not, O I know not  
What social joys are there !  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare."

He who holds second place in importance is the other Bernard—Bernard of Clairvaux, of whose life we are able to give a more complete account. Born of a noble family in Burgundy in the year 1091, he became the first Abbot of Clairvaux, in 1115, at the age of twenty-five, and throughout his eventful life was one of the most notable figures of his time, a man whose words and works have made a very deep and lasting impression upon all subsequent ages of the Church's history. The achievements which have united to give him so great fame, apart from his poetry, are his founding of a distinctly religious order, his discomfiture of

Abelard, and his preaching of the Second Crusade. To quote the words of Archbishop Trench :

" Probably no man during his lifetime ever exercised a personal influence in Christendom equal to his ; the stayer of popular commotions, the queller of heresies, the umpire between princes and kings, the counsellor of popes."

But, better than all this, he was a writer of hymns—real hymns, hymns that have lived, and are bound to live, as long as a church spire points heavenward ; and it is this fact, after the strife, the commotions, the heresies, and the wars of the times have long since passed away, that makes his name dear to the hearts of Christendom. The verses that have given him a place in the front rank of the masters of sacred song are those entitled, "De Nomine Jesu," which in its original form consisted of fifty stanzas of four lines each. It is safe to say that no translation of it into English, excellent as those undoubtedly are, can come anywhere near the original.

We have, however, two versions of its opening verses, which for beauty of diction, sweetness of melody and dignity of expression are unsurpassed in the realm of English sacred poetry. The first version is that by the Rev. Edward Caswall, appearing as No. 110 in our Methodist Hymn Book. In its present form I place it beside the elegant verses of Bernard that the reader may compare them. He will, I think, agree with me that both the original and the translation are inexpressibly beautiful and melodious.

" Jesu, dulcis memoria,  
Dans vera cordi gaudia,  
Sed super mel et omnia,  
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

" Nil canitur suavius,  
Nil auditur jucundius,  
Nil cogitatur dulcius,  
Quam Jesu, Dei Filius.

" Jesu, spes poenitentibus,  
Quam pius es petentibus!  
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!  
Sed quid inventientibus!

" Nec lingua valet dicere,  
Nec litera exprimerò,  
Expertus potest credere  
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

" Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaudium,  
Qui es futurum premium;  
Sit nostra in Te gloria,  
Per cuncta semper saecula."

" Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

" Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

" O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

" But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

" Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity."

Surely, here we have a poem which, in the realm of sacred verse, is almost without rival, certainly without peer. Dr. Johnson, sturdy, blunt and unaffected though he was, used to say that he never could repeat the third verse of Bernard's hymn without tears. What a marvellous pathos, what an inexpressible beauty and subtlety of refinement are in the lines:

" Jesu, spes poenitentibus!  
Quam pius es petentibus!  
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!  
Sed quid inventientibus!"

And surely the translation is only second to it.

Dr. Duffield says of this translation: "It is inexpressibly fine in spirit and expression," and Robinson adds, "One might call this poem the finest

in the world and be within the limits of all extravagance."

Dr. Ray Palmer has added another wreath to his laurels as a poet in his translation of this hymn beginning,

" Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts."

In our hymnal it is No. 127, and while not as true to the original as the version by Mr. Caswall, it well becomes alike the loftiness of the theme and the fame of the writer.

There is another hymn of Bernard's, scarcely inferior to this, entitled "Salve Caput Cruentatem." It is the second part of a poem in seven portions, in which the author addresses the several members of our Lord's body as He hangs upon the cross. The translation, with which we are all so familiar, comes to us through the German, the English version being by the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander. In our hymn book it is No. 163:

" O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown.  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine!"

One of the biographers of Bernard has well said: "They canonized him in 1174; but it is better to have written a song for all saints than to be found in any breviary."

There are two Greek hymns that should be spoken of as belonging to this period, and once again the Church is under obligation to Dr. Neale for his excellent translations of both. The first is that written by Anatolius, of whom very little is known, except that he belonged to the seventh or eighth century, and was a hymn writer of unusual merit, even for a Greek. It is No. 812 in our collection, and as Greek is not as readily transferred as Latin, we must

content ourselves with the excellence of Dr. Neale's version :

“ The day is past and over ;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !  
We pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be ;  
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
And save us through the coming night ! ”

The other is by St. Stephen, the nephew of St. John of Damascus, who, when only ten years of age, was placed by his uncle in the monastery Mar Sabas, which still towers aloft on a high cliff overshadowing the valley of the river Kedron. There, in shelter and seclusion, free from the civic strife and worldly passions raging around him, he was truly caught up in the Spirit, and lived and wrote in the realm of the divine. Of

his beautiful hymns, the one that is loved most and is known more widely than any other he has written, is that whose English version by Dr. Neale is found in all modern Church hymnals, and which is No. 213 in our own :

“ Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed ?  
Come to me, saith One, and coming,  
Be at rest.

“ Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide ?  
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.

“ Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless !  
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer : ‘ Yes. ’ ”

Portage-du-Fort, Que.

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## THE MIRACLE OF SPRING.

BY DONALD GRANT.

“ Whilst I live Springtime . . . shall never cease.”

The earth lies dead !  
A cold, grey mist steals softly o'er the vale,  
Like funeral pall ; and in the barren dale  
Stand leafless trees.  
Earth-brown the plains, and bleak the mighty hills ;  
The woodland's silent ; e'en the running rills  
Seem hush'd and still.  
The wailing wind, in wistful, plaintive strain,  
Whispers its dirge, the requiem for the slain.  
The earth lies dead.

To rise again !  
For now the grey gives place to sunlit beam ;  
And scattered mists reveal the wondrous gleam  
Of new-born world.  
Not lifeless now, but lifeful are the boughs,  
Verdant, leaf-covered ; and the zephyr soughs  
A blithsome song,  
Through forest glade, green fields and winding dells.  
All Nature's glad—the joyous chorus tells—  
To rise again !

To every man  
There comes from God the “promise of the Spring.”  
A miracle of Love ; no little thing  
This gracious gift.  
As from the inmost soul of Mother Earth  
Life, beauty, strength, is surely brought to birth,  
And lives again,  
God's Breath of Spring will come to earth-stain'd men,  
Will touch their hearts and make them live again.  
To every man !



## “THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS OF CANADA.”\*

BY THE REV. JOHN LAWRENCE.



THE article on this subject, as found in the issue of the Methodist Magazine for March, 1905, written by Rev. Dr. McDougall, is to me worth its weight in gold. At the same time, in my estimation, it stops one step short of where it ought to go. I am, as a teacher and missionary, completing my seventeenth year in Indian work, and in that time I have arrived at certain conclusions, and with every day's experience become more and more settled in my convictions as to the course which should be pursued toward the Indians of many of the more advanced reserves of our Dominion, if not of all. Of course, I will admit that there may yet be tribes in some parts not quite ready for what I feel ought to be done with many of our Indians at the present time.

In the article referred to, Dr. McDougall says: "Give the Indian full liberty in all matters except the disposition of his lands and the trafficking in intoxicants." Now, had I been penning that sentence I would have said, "Give the Indian full liberty in all matters," and I would have stopped there. Not that I would want the

Indian to traffic in intoxicants, but if the unprincipled white man is allowed to do so, why restrict the Indian?

Then I would divide up the land called Indian Reserves amongst the male members of the band residing on said reserve, and give every man his deed in fee simple, and his just share of what capital money he may have claim to, and send him out into the world as a man, and not as a minor and ward of the Government. Then he can hold up his head among his white neighbors and feel that he is somebody for himself. This will also lead to a manly honesty, an uprightness of character. Every Indian knows that he cannot be proceeded against, under our present law, in any court of justice for any debt by him contracted. This is a handicap to the honest Indian, as it prevents him from being trusted by his white neighbor, even in times of his greatest pinch, the dealer knowing that he has no redress in case of the temptation not to pay being too much for the Indian.

Then again, it is a means of sore temptation to the dishonest Indian, said temptation being of a twofold nature: (1) The temptation of falsifying to the man from whom he wishes to procure supplies, or what-

\* We have pleasure in presenting the following contribution to an important subject by one of our experienced and judicious missionaries to the Indians. The corroborative testimony of such men as Dr. McDougall and Mr. Lawrence show that our present method of dealing with the red men is not the best. Any people kept in tutelage for generations as they have been would exhibit the same lack of independence that many of them exhibit. They have acquired, in many instances, the qualities of the white men among whom they have lived. The untutored Indians of the far North-West,

it is well known, are men of scrupulous honesty. The Hudson's Bay Company furnishes them, year after year, a whole year's supply of flour, powder, traps, blankets, everything they need, simply on their pledge to pay for them on their return from their months of absence in the limitless North-West on their far hunting excursions—and almost without exception their pledges have been redeemed. We hope that the considerations presented in these papers will lead our Government to be less paternal in its dealings with the Indians and let them stand upon their own feet.—Ed.

ever it may be, he at the time knowing that if he can induce the man to give him supplies on his note, that is all the creditor gets, viz., the promise to pay and nothing more; (2) the temptation not to pay, even if, at the time of procuring, he honestly meant so to do. Now, by making the Indian a full citizen, all this would be changed. Therefore, I say, take off his swaddling clothes and let him walk alone.

I once advocated this course to one of our Indian Agents who was drawing a fat salary from the Indian Department for his labor as such. His argument was that the Indians were not sufficiently advanced to be treated in that way. I challenged him to go over the names of the Indians on the reserve he had charge of, and I would undertake to place beside each one he would name, a white man of no further advancement in education and intelligence. This he did, I naming my man one for one. At last he came to what he considered the most defective Indian on his reserve, in morals, intelligence, general education, and ability to work his own way in the world. I immediately pointed out to him a poor specimen of a white man, who hung around the village hotel, indulged in all the drinks others paid for, and at times slept in the stable, when too far gone to sleep in the house. I think I got the best of the argument, and so think to this day.

Here, then, is the solution of the Indian problem, from my standpoint. Take off his fetters and make him a man. Give him the deed of his land; put his name on the municipal assess-

ment roll. Let him run for school trustee, township councillor, reeve, warden of the county, member of parliament, Minister of the Interior, and Premier of the Dominion, and let him get there as soon as he can. This will give the boy (the minor Indian) a chance which he has not now. Then he can travel without a permit. He can raise cattle and sell them. He can cultivate the soil and own his own produce. He can sell firewood or hay if he has such to dispose of. He can catch fish and use it in feeding his family therewith, and he will not then be under the necessity of being taken by the hand and led up to such elevation as some who might find it difficult to examine a school class in the second reader could give, the Indian himself being, perhaps, able to teach the white man.

Of course, the argument against this may be that some Indians, given such liberty, would become subjects of poverty and want. I reply, Do not white men do the same? Then give the Indian a chance, the chance of the negroes, the Doukhobors, the Galicians, the Scandinavians, the Japanese, the Chinamen, etc., who all inhabit our country, not as wards, but as free men. Teach them to work their own way and make their own living. Do not coop them up on reserves, but give them, as they first had, the right of all this broad Dominion in which to live, and I will venture to say that at no distant day they will be the equals, if not the superiors, of many of their white neighbors in all the arts and improvements of civilized life.

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We who so tenderly were sought,  
Shall we not joyful seekers be,  
And to Thy feet divinely brought  
Help weaker souls, O Lord, to Thee?

Celestial Seeker, send us forth,  
Almighty Love, teach us to love,  
When shall we yearn to help on earth  
As yearned the Holy One above?

## SHOEMAKER AND NATURALIST.

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



Work at the shoemaker's bench for the greater part of a lifetime, yet be a member of learned societies and have his life story told by such eminent writers as Charles Reade and Samuel Smiles, was the remarkable fate of an obscure Scotchman. Thomas Edward was his name, and he was a born naturalist. Truly has he been called "a hero and a martyr." Wholly uneducated, he was an extraordinary man. "With half the advantages enjoyed by college men, he would have won renown." His life was one long struggle with poverty, and in old age and infirmity he still toiled as a cobbler, cheerful and uncomplaining, "having done more for science than two-thirds of the men who tack a whole alphabet of society initials on to their names."

Thomas Edward was born of very poor parents at Gosport, Portsmouth, Scotland, on Christmas Day, 1814, his father being a private in the militia, and a linen weaver by trade.

Never was the adage that the boy is father of the man truer than in the case of young Edward. He early began to show his love for animals, and from birth he was hard to manage. His mother declared him the worst child she had ever nursed. His feet and legs seemed to be "set on springs," and he began to walk when hardly ten months old. He soon was upon intimate terms with all the chickens, hens, ducks, and pigs in the neighborhood. Often, when asked where he was, his mother would reply, "Oh, he's awa' wi' the pigs."

When Tom was but a little fellow

the family removed to Aberdeen, and there Tom was in his glory. The place abounded in animal life. Being near the sea-shore, there was no end of bandies, eels, crabs, and worms. In the town's heap of refuse the boy naturalist found beetles, rats, and numerous kinds of flies. In the fresh and muddy waters in another part of Aberdeen, there were horse-leeches, tadpoles and frogs. Many of these things he would bring home in his pockets, to the dismay of the family and neighbors. There was no little complaint, but Tom's mother scolded and begged in vain. She threw away his pets, and he brought in more. Whipping did no good. His clothes were taken away, and, almost naked, he escaped from the house and was soon at his old pursuit, hunting for leeches, crabs, paddocks, and sticklebacks.

Thomas Edward was born with a genius for the study of nature, as some are with a genius for music or art; but his peasant parents did not understand him, and he was constantly getting whipped. School was tried, but with no better results. Tom hated confinement, and often played truant. From the first school, taught by an old dame, he was thrust out and the key turned on him. From the second he was told to go home as fast as he could and never come back. It was little wonder, for Tom was ever bringing various creatures, as crows, centipedes, and horse-leeches, into the schoolroom.

A third effort was made to give Tom some schooling, but with no better success, and, although only six years of age, he was allowed to go to work. He was employed at fourteen pence a week in a tobacco fac-

tory, and the master being a bird-fancier, Tom got on very well.

After remaining in this factory for two years, he went to work in another about two miles from Aberdeen. Here the wages were higher, but the hours were from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. It will give some idea of child labor in those days, to know that the boys, Tom and his brother, had to rise at four, get their breakfast, and walk to the factory. After two years at this place, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, named Charles Begg, a dissipated, quarrelsome and cruel man. Tom's fondness for birds, butterflies, moths, and other living creatures brought him into constant trouble with this wretch, who sometimes knocked him down, and often beat him cruelly. One day, in a fit of furious anger, he threw the poor lad into the street, and Tom wisely resolved that he would serve the brute no longer.

After a few years' service in the militia, Edward, as we must now call him, a young man of twenty, settled down to work at his trade. In course of time he fell in love with "a comely, bright, and cheerful lass," and after a brief courtship, they were married, and began house-keeping upon two and a half dollars a week. But married life did not cure our hero of his trappings in search of bugs, shells, insects, in fact, of all forms of life. He had somehow acquired the art of preserving insects and birds, but knew almost nothing of books, and was unable to write. He did not own a single work upon natural history, and often did not know the names of the animals and birds he studied. An old rickety gun, a few bottles, some boxes, and a botanical book for plants, constituted his scientific outfit.

After doing a full day's work, his nights were spent in scouring the country, looking for any living creature that came in his way, even sleep-

ing out of doors, waiting for the dawn, that he might renew the search. In four years Edward secured a collection of nearly a thousand insects, but, alas! one day he found that rats and mice had destroyed it all. A second and larger collection, that it took another four years to get together, went in payment of a debt.

After this long period, in which he toiled on alone and unknown, it began to dawn upon a few men in the scientific world that in the humble Scotch shoemaker there was a naturalist of no mean order. The clergyman in the town lent him books, and he, having by this time learned to write, published some of the results of his observations in a local paper. Occasionally his name was mentioned in scientific journals. But little material good came to him from these things. Sickness compelled him to give up his night rambles, and he was forced to sell his third, and best, collection. In spite of all these difficulties, he made many valuable discoveries. Twenty-six species of crustacea and a large number of new fishes were discovered by this poor shoemaker.

Old age came prematurely upon him, and unable to prosecute his researches, he went back to the shoemaker's bench, happy and cheerful. In a worldly sense his life was a failure. He himself said, "I dinna think there will be sic a feel (fool) as me for many a lang year to come."

From a higher standpoint, was not his life a noble lesson? It shows how much can be done in spite of every obstacle.

Such a life also throws a side-light upon the question of immortality. Must there not be a life beyond, in which the faculties and possibilities that were dwarfed upon earth, can have a fuller and larger development? Earthly life is a delusion and a farce if "death ends all." Surely God hath provided some "better thing for us."

## A CANADIAN SCULPTOR.

BY ROBERT BARR.



FOR years I have watched the career of Dr. McKenzie with interest and admiration. He is the sort of young man I like to know or to read about. Temperate, industrious, capable, of unflinching good nature and geniality, he has overcome obstacles with a grim determination and unflinching will which probably came to him through his Highland Scottish ancestry, and which have been admirably directed by the somewhat Spartan training a boy without money gets in Canada. He came over to Europe on a Canadian steamship, a professor in McGill University, Montreal; he returned on a United States liner, a professor belonging to the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

McKenzie's father was a clergyman in what was then one of the poorest districts in Canada, and he died leaving a widow and young family totally unprovided for. Poverty-stricken as was the locality, it nevertheless raised a fund for the minister's widow which enabled her to tide over the first hard year or two and keep the lads in school, which, to a Scottish mother, is ever the main thing. It is the Scottish mother who instils ambition into the heart of the young Scot.

On the shoulders of Robert, as the eldest, there fell early the duty of providing for the family, which duty was faithfully performed, the boy shirking no work offered to him so long as it was honorable and brought in the cash; but never for a moment did he relinquish the desire to get the best education his country could provide;

so whatever spare time he had was used in study preparatory to an attack upon some university. In due time he made the assault upon McGill College, and passed the preliminary examinations with credit to himself. There were no vacations for young McKenzie, because he had not only to pay his own way through college—a sufficiently difficult task, one might think—but he had to keep the pot boiling at home as well. As before, he did not pick and choose his occupations outside the university course, but took whatever was the most lucrative, no matter what physical output was required.

The Lord does not intend a man to work both night and day, but during part of his first year in college McKenzie accomplished this feat, so anxious was he that his educational campaign should not be interrupted. He took a job as night watchman in one important section of the wharfs of Montreal, tramping all night and keeping up with his classes during the day. And, singularly enough, during this period of strain he was at the head of his class, for he kept a book or two in his pockets through the night, read for a few minutes under each lamp on his beat, and thought over the paragraph as he plodded to the next resting-point of his round.

However, even a man of iron could not stand this sort of thing, and our young student realized that he would either have to business-manage the situation or give up the job, which he did not wish to do, for night work is always well paid. He therefore business-managed it. He had two collaborators in the science of watching. He was engaged by the Dock Company,

and the other two were in the employ of the shipping interests and the insurance associations respectively. The three men covered the same territory.

McKenzie, always genial and extremely persuasive, convinced the dock, shipping, and insurance companies that the work would be more efficiently done if the night were divided into three watches, when each man could sleep two-thirds of the night and remain very wide awake during the remaining third. His argument was that one man thoroughly alert was preferable to three men walking in their sleep. From that time forward he received the same money and also got two-thirds of a night's rest, besides earning the thanks of the companies and the gratitude of his two fellow employees. Thus may a man's brains save his eyes and his heels; and during the time he was on guard neither theft nor fire visited his bailiwick. I think that when the future Dr. Smiles writes the future "Self-Help" he should include this story in the volume.

This strenuous life turned McKenzie's attention very early to the absolutely absolute need of physical culture. If he were to succeed in his four years' contest with Necessity, he should have to take the utmost care of himself. There is little use in possessing the mind of a Milton if you haven't a body to carry it. In addition to his regular course at the schools, he made a special study of the human frame and its requirements, and here, although he did not know it at the time, were the lines upon which his future activity was to run; for he goes to the University of Pennsylvania in charge of what is probably the finest gymnasium in the world, where he will exert a beneficial influence on the health of the thousands of students who seek an education in that centre of learning.

It is encouraging to know that the authorities of McGill College speedily recognized the abilities of this young man, who was so persistently and good-naturedly pressing himself through their mill. He was soon enabled to give up all such occupations as that of night watchman, and he got opportunities of earning money by methods more in keeping with the knowledge he was acquiring. From then on the way became easy. There is no greater coward than Opposing Circumstance. If it sees you are determined on a fight, it will retreat; and if you advance, Opposing Circumstance will knuckle under altogether.

McKenzie did some tutoring and some lecturing. He became an assistant in the College, and finally, on achieving his degree, was installed full-fledged professor, which position he held until September, 1904. During the years that have elapsed since he took his degree he has acquired an enviable reputation and has built up an important practice as consulting medical specialist. This summer he lectured before the students of Cambridge University in England, and I believe it was in that educational town that he resolved to accept the offer from Pennsylvania of which I have spoken.

I now come to a very astonishing phase of Dr. McKenzie's genius. A short time ago I left London for Paris in order to see for myself how the Doctor's latest work was coming on, and I stayed by him until it was completed. He is well known in the capital of France, not as a medical man nor as a college professor, but as an artist; and here I found him in a large studio in the Mont Parnasse quarter, arrayed in the clay-smear'd blouse of a sculptor, putting the finishing touches on his statue of "The Boxer," a wonderful figure in every sense of the word.

Three years ago Dr. McKenzie resolved to construct a mathematical man, as it might be termed; so he set about the making of him out of clay, the original material from which man was first fashioned. He secured the bodily measurements of one hundred representative American runners, which measurements were accurately taken by Dr. Paul C. Phillips, of Amherst College, and included nearly all the great sprinters of recent years. With these data McKenzie proceeded to build up his man by mathematics, and the result was "The Sprinter"—the stooping figure of a runner, with toes and fingers on the ground, tersely waiting for the pistol-shot. It is of such vivid actuality that on looking at it one feels like believing that at a sudden clap of the hands it would disappear down the track.

This effort was much praised by anatomists, but McKenzie was anxious to know what artists thought about it; and as it was accepted for exhibition in 1902 by the Society of American Artists and by the Copley Society of Boston, he scored a favorable verdict. Later, he finished, on the same plan, "The Athlete," a gracefully posed standing figure, corresponding to the average of the fifty strongest men in Harvard that year. Observations of four hundred men were taken by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent to furnish the mathematics out of which "The Athlete" was formed.

Last year he boxed up "The Sprinter" and sent it to the Committee of the Royal Academy in England. There was nothing to show that the sender was a doctor or anything else, but simply an unknown artist who sent his work in the usual way

for the annual exhibition. "The Sprinter" was given a prominent place in the sculpture rotunda of Burlington House, the palace on Piccadilly where the Royal Academy holds its exhibition.

At the same time he invited criticism from a body known to be much more severe than even the authorities of the Royal Academy. He forwarded "The Athlete" to the judges for the Salon in France. It was accepted and exhibited. This year he had one statue in the Royal Academy and three in the Paris Salon.

Such a thing has probably never happened in this world before. That a man who has received no artistic training should produce work which not once, but on four occasions, has received the seal of commendation from the artistic experts of two European countries seems incredible to people over here. I have quit telling French artists about it, because they so evidently don't believe me, and, being too polite to say so, I feel that I am taking an unfair advantage of them. It is such a consolation to tell a man he lies if you are sure he is not telling the truth, and you cannot persuade a Frenchman that any untrained artistic amateur from the west ever got into the Salon except by paying his franc and going in with the general public.

When I was searching the Rue Fulgurie for his studio, I asked an artist who was coming out of the courtyard if he knew where Dr. Tait McKenzie was to be found. He said:

"There is no doctor of that name in this neighborhood, but there is a young sculptor named McKenzie at No. 9."—*The Outlook.*

O, not in circling depth nor height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith though veiled from sight,

There doth his spirit rest.  
O, come, Thou Presence infinite,  
And make Thy creature blest.

## OMAR REPENTANT.\*

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

NIGHT falls, the stars are rising, and full soon  
Over New York shall float the simple moon ;

How bright the streets are with the women's eyes,  
And the false friendship of the smart saloon !

Lo ! Broadway like a lane of fallen stars ;  
Hearken the roaring cataract of bars,  
The scented rustle of the prowling face,  
The cling-clang and the moaning of the cars.

See the bartender with his subtle face !  
He smiles at me—ah, yes, I know the place,  
And me the place knows well—Sir Pandarus  
Of Troy is he—of far-descended race.

He is a minor devil of this hell  
We call the world—his part here is to sell  
Death and damnation—and if you *will* buy,  
Why in the devil's name should he not sell ?

Say, what is yours?—no ! no ! the drinks are mine :

Shall it be whiskey, or shall it be wine ?  
How young you look—whiskey for you, you say ?

So be it, stripling, whiskey too for mine.

What is the book I saw you with but now?—  
“ The book of verses underneath the bough” †  
So that old poison-pot still catches flies !  
“ The jug of wine, the loaf of bread, and Thou ” !

Boy, do you know that since the world began  
No man hath writ a deadlier book for man ?  
You smile—O yes, I know—how old are you ?  
Twenty—well, I just measure twice your span.

How musical it sounds in Omar here,  
Roses and viols, and the sacred sphere  
Of the clean moon above the silent trees,  
And in the hush the river talking near.

\* It is significant of the new place which temperance sentiment has in the community that one of the leading American magazines, *The Cosmopolitan*, should devote eight pages to the accompanying striking poem, with illustrations.

† The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

How sweet it sounds—O what a pretty lie !  
Wine and the Well-Belovèd—Thou and I,  
And lo ! the nightingale—as though the moon  
Dropt silver tears adown the listening sky.

The Grape ! the Vine !—O what an evil wit  
Have words to gild the blackness of the pit !  
Said thus, how fair it sounds—the Vine ! the Grape !

O call it whiskey and be done with it.

Here is the lie—now listen while I tell  
The truth of this vine-trellised path to hell.  
Would I could harrow up your soul with it—  
You want another whiskey?—ring the bell.

“ Your health ”—great God ! your health ! and  
straight you drink  
Disease and Death—upon the cesspool's brink  
I cry “ Your health ”—and with a laugh you drain

The poison that makes soul and body stink.

Listen ! your eyes are clear, your skin is fine—  
Compare your eyes, compare your skin, with mine ;

'Tis not the years between us—no ; it is  
What you grandiloquently call the Vine.

You laugh—your treasure-chest of youth o'erflows ;

You, with your boy's complexion like a rose,  
You know so well this danger is not yours.  
You know—as only twenty ever knows !

I know that you know not—but can I save  
Your soul and body from a certain grave,  
Filled full of bottles and of dead men's bones,  
Where savage grass and the coarse nettle wave ?

Twenty, you say—and as an apple sound,  
Your shoulders straight, your feet firm on the ground,

As though you trampled this terrestrial globe,  
A king, with youth magnificently crowned.

The women love you for your manhood's sake ;  
There are a thousand hearts for you to break.

Like a young lion eager to devour,  
You look around and wonder which to take.



Now let me tell you what may come to pass  
If you continue draining yonder glass—

The Vine—I beg your pardon—yea! the  
Grape ;

Something like this will surely come to pass :

This glorious garment of your youth shall rot  
Little by little ; you will know it not—

For the moth hides that feeds upon the silk—  
And so the garment of your youth shall rot

Unnoted, till there comes a day you call  
Out on your youth to help you—and lo! the  
small

Trickle and trickle out of yonder glass  
Upon the rock of youth has wasted all.

Hearken to one who hath the winepress trod :

Nights shall you cry to your forgotten God,  
And wring your hands and weep hysteric  
tears,

Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

Day shall be made of danger, night of dread ;  
Faces and fears shall gibber round your bed,

And tears and sweat alike shall sourly stain  
The fevered pillow of your furnacc head.

Awake at morn—awake, and so athirst,  
Awake as though this last drink were your  
first—

A fire only to be quenched by fire—  
Athirst with the fierce drought of the accurst.

To your own self your body a burning shame,  
No lustral water long shall cool its flame.

A moment in the bath you say, "To-day . . ."  
At night—this day as yesterday the same.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall break  
The woman's heart that loves you, it shall take

Away from you your friends—sad, one by one,  
And of your own kind heart an agate make.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall steal  
Subtly the kind capacity to feel.

As it to brittle stone your arteries,  
So sense by sense in turn it shall congeal.

This shall the Vine do for you—this good brain,  
By usury of chance favors, it shall drain

Of all its proper powers to think or dream,  
And hold it captive by a vinous chain.

By smaller robbers of power and peace,  
The Usurer Vine doth make him much increase  
Of mortal souls, ripens and purples him,  
And takes on bloom ; such robberies as these :

Straight limbs he makes falter and fills with  
aches,  
Proud backs he bends, and the strong frame-  
work shakes

Even of doughty captains of the war ;  
No strength beneath the moon but what he  
breaks.

"Night's candles are burnt out"—O cleansing  
words !

I quote you here in town instead of birds ;  
The soul of Shakespeare lives in yonder dawn  
After a night of pigsties and of sherds.

Night, with her moths and nightmares and the  
moon,

Is almost gone—the sun is coming soon ;  
Night-watchmen and night-women and the  
stars

Are slinking home to sleep till afternoon.

And you and I that talked the short night  
through,

What in this coming day are we to do ?

I, being old, shall go on as before,  
But you, dear lad, O tell me, what of you ?

You are so young, you know so little yet,  
You are the sunrise, I am the sunset ;

It matters little what my end shall be,  
But you—but you—you can escape it yet !

Listen—and swear by yonder morning star  
To fight, and fight, and fight for what you are,  
Straight, trim and true, and pure as men are  
pure—

Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star !

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.

—*Timon of Athens.*

## O N O S H I S A N .

A TALE OF JAPAN IN WAR TIME.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



I stood in the suburbs of Matsuyama, on the Inland Sea, a large house with its wide, overhanging roof of tiles, its balcony of polished wood, and walls of sliding paper screens. These walls were open in the long, front parlor, and the two women sitting there, on thick, soft, white mats, which covered the floor, looked out across the quaint, dainty garden.

There was a tiny, artificial lake of very clear water, with its splashing waterfall, and cluster of little islands, the centre one shaped like a tortoise, and each island had its stone pagoda, or daimio lantern, or toy shrine, and all were joined together by impossibly quaint tiny bridges.

Round the lake, on artificial promontories, were graceful maples, and firs cut to grow in fantastic shapes—one near the house was an easily recognizable representation of a junk under full sail—and beyond the garden was the highway, with beyond it the gilded curves of a temple roof, showing above a grove of plum-trees—brave old trees they were, bowed and gnarled with age, yet still blossoming out white and pink in the warm March sunshine.

On the road between the sacred grove and garden, a company of little soldiers—reservists on the way to join their colors—had halted, and were calmly cooking their noontide meal in the road. Helen Gordan, who was sitting on the floor of the house in the garden, with Madame Hayashi, watched them interestedly. They looked so small and gentle to be soldiers, sitting there smiling and talking softly as they ate their rice, evidently under no restraint, yet indulging in no horse-play or boisterous shouting.

The little peasants returning from market bowed to the soldiers as they passed, and the soldiers bowed very low in return; and the children just released from school flocked round them like flies to sugar. One enterprising baby,

travelling on all fours, wriggled himself into a pile of knapsacks, and a little soldier carefully removed, not the baby, but his equipments, out of the way. Then three or four deer came out of the grove—they and their ancestors for centuries had known men only as beings out of whose hands good things might be eaten; and so they strolled among the soldiers, mildly curious as to whether these oddly dressed things were men; while a bevy of white doves, also from the temple, fluttered overhead, one dropping down softly, and resting for a moment on the stacked rifles.

"War and peace," sighed Helen; "is there anything as unnatural and out of place in this world of God's as war?"

Madame did not answer, and a band of little girls, most of them with a baby tied to their backs, began to sing as they skipped together; singing as children sing, shrill and carelessly, with no thought of the meaning of the words they sang. But Helen shuddered a little, for she knew their language enough to know they sang "Russia Seibatsu" ("Russia Chastised"), the new war song, which the government of Nippon had ordered to be taught in all the public schools; and it was no wonder that soldiers can neither retreat nor surrender, when in the land they are defending, the very babes are singing:

"Murdered babes, and shame of women,  
Burning homes that rise no more.  
Such the acts of Slavic victor,  
Acts which gods and men abhor."

Gaily the children sang, the babies' heads bobbing up and down violently as their energetic elder sisters danced faster in the excitement of the last verse—

"Break the ramparts of Port Arthur,  
Tear the walls of Harbin down,  
Plant upon the Ural mountains  
Nippon's banner of the Dawn."

"I think," said Madame, in her soft, very precise English, "that in some cases war seems unavoidable and necessary."

Helen looked at her; she was a very

little person, dressed in the pale gray affected by the older women of the upper classes. A dainty, charming little creature she looked in her silken kimona, too delicately pretty, and too young and untroubled, to be the mother of one son just appointed to the command of the gunboat "Maya," and of another who had gone down with his fireship in the narrows of Port Arthur. Madame had smiled when they told her, "for it is so good to die for Nippon."

Now, still smiling, she looked at Helen. "No natural function is improper," she said, quaintly; "and I think it is only natural that we should fight now; yet war always seems to me such an insignificant thing in God's sight, that it is not necessary to talk much about it, especially when I, like you, am a Christian."

"And what things do you think, Madame, are significant in God's eyes?" said Helen.

"Those blossoms for one thing," said Madame, looking toward the plum-trees. "We talk as if our work of destroying the lives of men and beasts and trees was the most important thing in the world, yet God makes no sign that He even knows we are at war. All His almighty power is given to work this yearly miracle of spring blossoms." Madame paused, then with her eyes shining with the gentle enthusiasm of her flower worshipping people, she said:

"Is there anything more wonderfully beautiful than those blossoms? Or anything more soothing than to fill eyes and mind with the sight of them? Some of our poets compare an aged plum-tree, covered with bloom, to the character of a woman, made more beautiful because of her sorrow and care."

"Madame," said Helen, "if my question is not impertinent, What is the position of women in Nippon?"

"I am honored by your asking anything of me. But this matter is rather big to be put into little words. I would say that women are not treated brutally among us. Oh, no, but with great indifference."

"But entire indifference is brutality," objected Helen; "and I can't believe that even in Nippon men and women are generally indifferent to each other."

Madame smiled. "I meant," she said, "that as regards brutal crimes and abuse of women, our national record is good. But we are of the East, and marriage to us is a necessary, and, therefore very

proper thing, only we do not, as a rule, idealize it as you do, nor speak as if love must always be the prompter of it."

"Yet," said Helen, gravely, "how can a woman keep her purity, and give herself to a man, unless she believes that her love for him makes her marriage holy?"

"Because, I think, we are trained from babyhood to self-control and submission; and because boys, as well as girls, are taught to distrust and subdue any feelings of passion of any kind. And, pardon me, but are not many of your marriages really the result of natural passion, which you have mistaken for, and misnamed, love?"

"I grant it, but we can never raise ourselves by lowering our ideals. And it is this idealizing of marriage, and subsequent dignity of women, that is, I believe, the corner-stone of our civilization."

"I have no doubt it is, but here we are taught that a woman's ideals are the three obediences: when a maiden, to her father; when a wife, to her husband; and when a widow, to her eldest son, or nearest male relative."

"Will you pardon me, Madame, for saying that that makes your women virtually slaves—kindly treated, no doubt, for their masters are the gentlest of men, but having no rights nor claim to respect whatever?"

Helen's blue eyes flashed, but Madame laughed softly. "Your Kipling's words are true of English women as well as men," she said. "You are 'slower to bless than to ban, and little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.' I think the position of women among us is not sufficient high. But no man, nor woman, nor nation, was ever yet enslaved unless they did it themselves. No position, however exalted, can make a woman free, when she is helpless to control her own passions. And no one can be a slave, who has found soul-freedom. I know men can hurt the body of another, and if that goes so far that it may degrade the soul, we are taught that we should die. I have followed the three obediences always, yet I do not feel myself a slave, because I know the Truth, and it has made me free."

While Madame spoke, a part of the wall slid open, and walking softly on her stocking feet, O Noshi San entered, and stood bowing very low before her father's guests. She was young, and as delicately beautiful as the flower she was

named for—Noshi being Nippon's name for our morning-glory—and her small, perfectly proportioned, splendidly trained body was as hardy as the graceful vine, which seems able to bloom and be beautiful under almost any circumstances.

She made a pretty picture bowing there, in her robes of turquoise blue, with peeps of orange lining showing at neck and sleeves. And her magnificent black hair piled up on her head, with its pearl and ivory combs. Yellow was certainly a misnomer for the clear olive of her skin, with the rich blood damasking in her cheeks. And her dark, soft eyes looked at all men with the gentle fearlessness of a fawn used to eat out of its keeper's hand. She was Dr. Toshio's daughter, and the promised wife of Yamato, Madame Hayashi's eldest son.

With Noshi was another little woman, also young and dressed in blue, but all manner of gay colors showed in her linings and underskirts, and the baby tied on her back was radiant in imperial purple, with a sprawling pea-green dragon embroidered on the back of his dress.

The mother's round, chubby, pretty face contrasted with Noshi's more delicately featured oval one, but her hands were as clean and well-kept as Noshi's own. And after the proper ceremonial bowings to Madame Hayashi, she said:

"Honorable house mistress, my husband, Yamamoto Gato, was with the soldiers, who passed just now, called out to go wherever it is the will of the Emperor, and for the glory of Dai Nippon; and I have this belt of a 'thousand wishes'—"

She held out a broad strip of coarse linen, covered with black dots, in most of which a stitch of white cotton had been set and tied in a knot.

"For," she continued, "I am asking of each woman I meet, that she set a stitch in it, wishing him safety and success. And when it is finished I will send it to him, hoping that it may help him in the time of danger."

With many protests as to her unworthiness to aid in so honorable a work, Madame Hayashi set her stitch, and then Helen held out her hand.

"My honorable sister," she said slowly, for her knowledge of Nippon's speech was limited, "I also am a wife, and my husband, though of western blood, is serving your emperor. I ask you to let me set a stitch in your belt, and will you wish for my husband what I shall for yours."

Madame Yamamoto's answer was so profuse and flowery that Helen lost the sense of it altogether, and smilingly set her stitch. Then as the little visitor exchanged elaborate farewells with Madame Hayashi, Helen looked up smilingly at a man who came into the garden, resplendent in gold braid and glitter. There had been some naval function in Matsuyama, and Hayashi Yamato had come in all the glory of full dress to the kite party O Noshi San and her sisters were to give that afternoon. He and Helen were very good friends, and she did not like him any the less because, though his dress and manner were a careful copy of western models, all his years of English training had not changed the man himself. Simply and readily he slipped off his shoes before he stepped up into the parlor, and then kneeling, his forehead touched the ground at his mother's feet. Then he stood up and shook hands with Helen, all with the same impassive ease. Then she went down into the garden with him, for the guests were arriving, and a dozen of the daintiest of little maidens were running to and fro on the toy bridges, managing their great bird-shaped kites with such skill that they rose high enough to be hardly distinguishable from the real eagles that soared overhead.

And highest of all the kites rose those flown by Noshi and her sisters—Shawa and Taye—two graceful little creatures of ten and fourteen, wearing the native dress, only with elastic sided boots, and with their hair hanging in a pigtail—the badges of the mission school pupil. Noshi's schooling was finished, and now she waited for Hayashi to claim her, which might be very soon, for certain repairs would keep the "Maya" at Matsuyama long enough for her captain to be married, if he wished.

Madame Hayashi watched the kite fliers, well pleased at the choice she had made for her son's wife; but Helen was not so satisfied; she also had tried to fly a kite, and kept Hayashi busy disentangling it from all the near-by trees with a long bamboo. Then Noshi came to assist her, and neglecting her own kite, it fell down on the verandah roof, and caught in the eaves. With a little laugh at her mishap, Noshi easily climbed upon the low roof, but Helen frowned to herself, for Hayashi stood still, looking at nothing in particular, with his usual conventional smile. She did not doubt that if his betrothed had been in danger, he would have been

ready enough to go to help her, but because she was quite as able as he to climb a low verandah, he did not see why he should do it for her, though, Helen knew, he would not have let her do anything of the sort while he looked on, and with a sudden irritation at his indifference, she laid down her kite, and went in to sit with Madame.

Hayashi looked after her gravely, and Noshi came softly to his side. Her guests had gone with her sisters into the house, and she came to her betrothed, waiting with folded hands for him to speak to her.

Hayashi looked at the plum-trees, and made the regulation remarks on their beauty. Then as a girl crossed the road, and disappeared among them, he added, "Do you know her?" with some curiosity, for she was young and would have been pretty, had not her hair been closely cropped, and her teeth blackened.

"That is O Nume San, your cousin, Yamato," answered Noshi.

"O Nume San," repeated Hayashi; "I heard of her marriage to Asso Hondo, and I saw him in Matsuyama to-day. Why has she cut her hair, as if she was a widow vowed not to marry again, and blackened her teeth as though her husband was jealous?"

"She was married to Asso Hondo," said Noshi, "and they loved each other so much that when this war came, and he was called to join his regiment, it was hard for them to part. Then when at last he left her and reached the station, he found the train was delayed, and at the risk of missing it altogether, he hurried back to see her for a minute again. One of his comrades, fearing for his honor, reported the matter to his father, and he wrote to Nume begging her to examine herself to find what lack in her manners had caused his son to be so bewildered by passion that he had run the risk of doing that which would have compelled every member of his family to commit suicide. Nume at once sought for a divorce, giving as a reason that she feared her husband's desire for her might make him seek to live, when it was for Nippon's glory that he should die. And when it was granted, she returned to her father's house to live as a widow, disfigured lest any man should seek her, until she hears of Asso Hondo's death, when she will follow him."

"She is certainly an honorable and virtuous woman," said Hayashi; "and wise as well, for during war is not the time for men to think of women. It is

not enough for a soldier to be brave, our honorable enemy are as brave as men can be, but he must always be cool and composed, and able to think quicker than the men he hopes to defeat. It is far better for a man to go to battle filled with a calm longing for his country's glory, than nervous because of his passion for a woman—a passion which is liable to agitate and confuse."

Noshi smiled at him gently, for she came of a race that could smile under torture, and she loved this man.

"I came here when I knew Nume would pass to the temple," she said, "and I told you her story, because I fancied it was your wish to discard me also."

"Assuredly not," said Hayashi; "I came here to-day thinking that now would be a suitable time to fulfil the pledges made by our honorable parents for us. And you need not fear to trust me, Noshi, for I give you my word, that from the hour which makes you my wife, till death parts us, I will treat you with kindness and consideration, always looking to your comfort before my own, and putting your interests second only to those of my Emperor."

"Yet if I followed the example of O Nume San, and repudiated you, Yamato, would you not be better able to serve Dai Nippon?"

Noshi spoke in her calm, measured voice, but she felt that the man beside her was glad, though he sighed gently, as he answered:

"I certainly should be no longer torn between my longing to die for Nippon and live for you, Noshi. And if, as I doubt not is the case, you voice the sentiments of your honorable father, I can do nothing but submit to his decision, and endeavor to control the distracted despair I feel."

He sighed again and Noshi smiled.

"Then, Yamato," she said, "I will obey what I think is your unspoken desire, and tell my father of my wish to repudiate you, lest thinking of me you should be less ready to die in the time of battle. Love is an agitating emotion, and, perhaps, it would be better for you to feel that I was for ever beyond your reach."

There was a little gentle irony in the girl's voice, but the last bit of hope she had clung to died, as he answered instantly, in a very sad tone, "Then I have no choice but to submit to your decision."

Noshi looked at the plum-trees. "Are

they not beautiful?" she said. "Pardon my changing the subject of our conversation, but it is difficult to think of indifferent matters, with beauty so divine before one's eyes."

Hayashi agreed with her, and after a few minutes of describing to each other the beauty of the flowers, Noshi said:

"And is it true that Madame Gordan is really a Russian?"

"She was," said Hayashi, emphasizing the past tense. "She was the Princess Helen Gregoryevna, but her mother was Scotch, and Rab Gordan ran away with her after the manner of Lochinvar; also he kidnapped her young brother, Murray, for there was need. It certainly is a satire on Russian Christianity, that these two, one a woman, and the other a blind boy, and both loving Christ as truly and purely as they do, should have to flee from Christian (?) Russia, to seek safety in heathen (?) Nippon."

Noshi did not seem very much interested in Russia's shortcomings, for she only said: "Madame Gordan is considered very beautiful, I understand; I have been trying to think of a flower to compare her too, but they all seem too small and delicately colored. Tell me what blossom you think she is like, Yamato?"

Hayashi looked to where Helen sat by his mother, with the sunshine on her red-gold hair, and answered gravely:

"Earth flowers for earth women; Madame Helen should be named Naniwa—wave blossom. Those who do not know the sea love it best when it is smooth as a sacred mirror, but we who belong to it adore it when the waves break out in blossom, long miles of rollers crowned with flowers, white and glistening. Ah! round the black rocks of Nippon the beloved the seas are always in flower, a white smother of blossom, and so I would call Madame, Naniwa, our lady of the crested wave."

"Does he love her, or does he not?" thought Noshi, as she stood by herself beside the garden lake. "If love is a reality, then I think he does not; but if what we call love is only imagination, then, perhaps, he does, for he has lived so long among foreign people that their glamor is over him, and he sees in Madame Gordan the personification of all he admires in them. Yet, if he could by a wish put away all that now parts her from him, I do not think he would; he would rather have things as they are; when he can look at her, and dream of her, calling her in his heart, Naniwa,

and seeing in her the soul of the sea he loves, until his eyes are bewildered, and he cannot see anything to be desired in me."

Noshi caught her breath with a little gasp, for the dull bitterness in her heart was very hard to bear. When a little child she had been chosen as his wife, and formally betrothed to him before he left Nippon, and all the years that he studied on the foreigner's side of the sea, she was being carefully educated in Nippon for him.

Hayashi Yamato's wife must be altogether of his people, yet she must not be distasteful to a man who probably would think a tincture of foreign manners pleasant. So they had lived and been trained, those two, he for Nippon only, and she for Nippon and him.

And that was the pity of it, she would have as soon thought of feeling reluctance to be his wife as he would have hesitated to obey the summons that called him home, and sent him into that wild night battle in Port Arthur, when through the darkness and snow the Destroyers of Nippon came, and taught Europe that Asia had awoke from her four centuries of sleep. He came back from that battle unscathed, and she loved him with all the intense controlled passion of her soul, and he did not want her. They had both prepared themselves faithfully to serve their country, but while he was accepted by his Emperor, and given high honor and every chance of dying for his flag, she, who had studied as devotedly as he, was rejected, and left in bitter shame, not because she failed to meet any test, but because another woman had golden hair.

"She is not really beautiful," thought poor Noshi, "and she has no manners at all. Why, she makes him, who is noble, and an officer of the Emperor's, wait on her, as if he was a coolie, and he—he likes it."

There was the sound of a slow, careful step on the walk behind her, and a hand touched her very gently, then dropped quickly.

"I beg your pardon," said a tall, fair-haired boy, smiling at her, with blue eyes that had never seen anything but God. "But I am trying to learn the geography of this garden, and will you please speak, that I may know who you are?"

"It is Noshi, Murray," said the girl, with her soft little laugh, "and I beg that you will condescend to hold my hand while you complete your studies.

Our house would be dishonored should you, its guest, walk into the lake."

"I might scare your poor goldfish, eh," laughed Murray, as he took the hand that touched his. "I suppose you are admiring your wonderful plum blossoms. You are very fond of flowers here in Nippon."

"Each month has its flowers," answered Noshi. "Now, the plum blossoms are with us, and in your April is the time when the cherry blooms, and the land is covered with the pink mist of those blossoms, the sakura, our own flower."

"I thought the chrysanthemum was your national flower," remarked Murray.

"It is the Emperor's flower, and he is Nippon," said Noshi; "and its month is September, while August has the morning-glory, my name-flower, which belongs to our poets and æsthetic cult. But the cherry blossom is the flower of the samurai, and we are taught that our honor should be as pure and sensitive as its petals, we should feel ourselves too soiled to live at the least touch of shame, and be as ready to lay down our lives in their prime, for Nippon, as the sakura scatters its petals on the breeze, glad to make way for the fruit to come."

Noshi's voice was never more cheerful, and her face would have told nothing to the keenest eyes, yet the feel of her hand as she spoke told the blind boy's quick sense more than she dreamed, though he only repeated softly—

"Wherever through the ages rise

The altars of self-sacrifice,

Where love its arms hath opened wide,

And man for man hath calmly died,

I see the same white wings outspread

Which hovered o'er my Master's head."

"Your flower-creed is very beautiful, Noshi, only, of course, the cherry blossom can be soiled by any one, and we can only be disgraced by what we do ourselves."

Noshi smiled. "I would not presume to dispute your wisdom," she said, "though you never seem to have known of any one suffering because of another's action."

"Is suffering shame?" said the boy, quickly, "Noshi, legally I am an escaped convict. I was sentenced and sent to prison, and there I would be now, if it were not for three very good reasons, called Helen, and Rab, and Captain Hayashi. Yet, I did not, and I do not, feel that I was ever disgraced by anything men tried to do to me."

"Because you suffered for Christ's sake," said Noshi. "The disgrace of your imprisonment rests on the honorable Russian government, who are so deficient in good manners that they persecute those who live as Christ commanded in His Sermon on the Mount. The only reason why Russia is not a dishonored country, is because shame is ashamed to stay with her."

"Then tell me how a man could be disgraced, except by himself, Noshi?"

"I knew a man well, Murray, he was a soldier of the Third Division of the Imperial Bodyguard, and when his company were sent to the front, he was ordered to stay at home, because of a physical defect. He begged that he might be beheaded, and when that was refused, he took his own life. In his place could you have lived?"

Privately, Murray thought he could, but he only said, "I know it would be awfully hard on a fellow, and being blind I know a little how it feels to be outside most everything a man naturally wants to be in. But about suicide, you are a Christian, Noshi, and so am I. We are Christ's soldiers, and like most soldiers we've got to take some pretty hard knocks sometimes. Our lives are all ordered by Him, and to sneak out of the world without orders, looks to me rather like deserting your colors, because your commander has not taken you into his confidence."

"Murray," said the girl, in her soft, untroubled voice, "I have lost my honor, and if you were my brother, would you want me to live, a shame?"

"I don't know," stammered the perplexed Murray. "Please won't you ask somebody else? I'm only fifteen, and there are lots of things about girls that boys don't know. But I couldn't bear the idea of your killing yourself; why, your the dearest, jolliest girl I know, except Helen, and you mustn't think of doing such a thing. And, I say, Noshi, excuse me asking questions, but is it anything to do with your blessed country? Have you been studying for a nurse, or something, and they don't want you?"

"All my life I have given to prepare myself for one thing, Murray, and now—I am not wanted."

Murray squeezed her hand sympathetically. "Well, that is rough on you, little girl," he said; "but I wouldn't commit suicide. I remember yesterday, just before Rab went, he was saying it was giving your government lots of trouble, this feeling people had of being

dishonored if their services or money were not accepted. And Mr. Kani, your poet neighbor, was telling Rab that he had been commissioned to write a poem, showing how in such cases a man could keep his honor without taking his life."

"Did you hear the poem?" inquired Noshi, with some interest.

"No; but I heard what it was to be about; and fancy, Noshi, of having the job of putting all this into beautiful soul-stirring verse. Russia's population is two and a half times as large as Nippon's; and her revenue and army are eight times as large. Nippon requires, roughly speaking, a million and a quarter dollars a week to carry on this war, and if she is to win, every citizen, man, woman, and child must place themselves on a war footing, giving up every luxury, and prepared to suffer any privation cheerfully, for whether they work in farm or factory, home or school, they are as truly toiling and suffering for the honor of Dai Nippon as though they were her soldiers on the battlefield. Say, but that last is grand, and I believe Rab, when he said that no power on earth could stand against an army with the dynamic force of such a national feeling behind it."

Noshi looked across the garden thoughtfully. Like almost every home in Nippon, they had felt the pressure of the war there. There were strange, empty spaces, where heirlooms, which no poverty could have forced their owners to part with, had gone to the eager foreign collectors, that their price might swell the war fund of Nippon. And, then, Toshio Fujiwara, the doctor's eldest child and only son, with the honors of his college graduation fresh upon him, had joined the great army of spies, which, in 1903, covered Korea and Manchuria with a network of espionage, and made the possibility of victory possible to Nippon. And as a detected spy he died.

They did not mourn for him in his home, because he died for the glory of Dai Nippon, and even as he had died, very gladly, Noshi knew now that she must live, if she would truly keep faith with Christ and her country, so very gravely she said:

"I think I understand, Murray; I am to live and be cheerful always; being glad that others have their heart's desire instead of mourning that I have not mine; this, I think, is following Christ. And, indeed, it would not be honorable

to die, when it is plainly the will of the Emperor that I should live."

And with this brave resolve in her heart Noshi went into their neighbor's garden that evening to find her friend, O Nume San.

Nume looked up, startled at her visitor's face, which looked strange and boyish under its crop of short, dark hair, but her surprise did not prevent her making the proper ceremonial bows, before she exclaimed, sadly:

"And is my cousin, Yamato, no more than other men, that you have cut your hair, vowing yourself to celibacy, because you feared his passion for you might make him shrink from death?"

"No," said Noshi, smiling, "but his life was of value to Nippon, and I feared he might throw it away when there was no need, if he felt himself bound to a woman he did not want. For, Nume,"—Noshi's voice shook with the passion which broke at last from her control—"he does not want me; he does not like me to come too near him; I could not let him go to battle with the thought of marriage to me galling his spirit, as a fetter would his flesh. It would have been treason to the Emperor, who needs that he should be as calm as he is brave. So, in obedience to his unspoken wish, I have repudiated him. And now I am desolate indeed. You, Nume, at least, were once loved, and loved again, while my life is like a plant, which is torn up by its roots, before it comes to flower."

"I understand," said Nume, gently, "and we will die together this night, for I am too weary of being alone to stay longer in this prison called life."

Noshi drew back. "I may not take my life," she said, regretfully.

Nume looked at her in startled horror for a moment; surely it was not possible that her friend's conversion to Christianity had made her afraid to die. Then, because she loved Noshi, she put the evil thought away from her, saying, as she bowed, apologetically, "I am a woman of most inferior intellect, and would you condescend to tell me what is in your heart, for I do not understand you."

"I do not understand myself," sighed Noshi. "I should like to die; but I know that day and night we are sending our soldiers to the front, and when they have bridged with their bodies the gulf which separates us from victory, and when we have sent others to take what they have died to win, who will be left to work at home, unless the



women, who are strong, consider it dishonor not to keep their lives and health for Nippon."

"Then you think it is wrong for me to die also, Noshi?" said Nume. "It was only to-day that I was looking at the plum blossoms for which I am named, and thinking that when they passed I would go also, for I am too weary to live, and sleep is best; that sleep which no dreams come near unto."

"Yet you are not alone in your sorrow, Nume," said Noshi, very gently. "Of the soldiers who passed to-day most of those who were married carried with them a lock of their wife's hair, which she had given to her husband when she cut her hair, in token that she was a wife no longer, but a woman vowed to celibacy until Nippon was victorious. Thousands of our women, honorable and virtuous, like thee, have repudiated their husbands, lest a longing for their caresses should make our men wish to return home before Port Arthur lowers her flag, and General Kuropatkin gives up his sword. Dearest, would it be good manners if all these were to die, because their own sorrow was more to them than the honor of Nippon?"

"No," said Nume, thoughtfully. "I understand you now, my Noshi, and truly Christianity must be very honorable, when it can make any one able to forget themselves, and think only of the glory of their country and Emperor. But most of these women have work to do now, besides the hope of more, and there seems nothing that I can do except think."

"Nume," said Noshi, her eyes shining with sudden gladness. "I heard it to-day, but I had forgotten till this moment that it might mean thee. Oh, but I am jealous of thee. Do you remember how you went to study in the hospitals, and I wanted to go too, but Madame, my mother-in-law that was to be, sent me to the foreign school instead. And now all who signed their names on the hospital roll are to be called out by the Red Cross—women as well as men. And all who are physically fit, and have no

one dependent on them, will be drafted for service, the women to the reserve and stationary hospitals and the men to the front."

"I have no weakness," cried Nume, stretching out her strong young arms; "and if, indeed, I am accepted, I will be a servant to women who are coolies, if it is desired. You will be calling me a Christian, Noshi, for I shall be under the sign of the Cross, and like your Master, Christ, I shall have no enemies, for under His sign I shall have to be as ready to nurse, gently and skillfully, our Russian foes, as our own men."

The people in the streets of Tokio turned and stopped to look at a company of women, Red Cross nurses, passing on their way to the station, en route for active service. Looking straight before them, they marched just like soldiers, in perfect step, and with swinging arms.

Nume was among them, her short hair under the high, white calico cap, with the Red Cross in front, and looking very trim and military, yet very womanly, too, in her black dress, with its short pleated skirt, and her rolled-up cloak over her left shoulder, and her neat black western boots and white gloves. For Nippon had taken western models for the uniform of her nurses, as well as soldiers, and very workwomanlike they looked, with their impassive faces, and superbly trained bodies, those women marching to war under the sign of the Cross.

So, saved by that sign of the Cross, poor, passionate, stoical Nume was going to preserve her honor by saving the lives of others, instead of taking her own; and under her tight-fitting black bodice was the Bible Noshi had given her as a parting gift.

And in Matsuyama by the inland sea, Noshi stayed in her father's house, for all her gentleness and sweet womanhood, not wanted, it seemed, either by her country or her lover, yet still smiling as if content, even though her only service was to "stand and wait."

Toronto.

#### A THOUGHT FOR THE IMPENITENT.

"What profits it that He is risen,  
If dead in sins thou yet dost lie?  
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,  
What profits that He dwells on high?"

"What profits that He loosed and broke  
All bonds, if ye in league remain  
With earth? Who weareth Satan's yoke,  
Shall call Christ 'Master,' but in vain."

## HOW METHODISM CAME TO SHILO.\*

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.



THE Rev. James Morrow stood irresolute before the village tavern. The railroad had not been completed as far as Shilo, but the stage met the train daily and carried the passengers through ten miles of woodland and stump, and to the new town. Here was one of those centres of water-power that was to make Wisconsin's great wealth, for it is water rather than

beer that floats our ship of state. No steam was needed for the new saw-mill, and the swift current carried great logs down the river and out to the lake. The town that sprang up around the lumber-camp had become a county seat. This was years ago, when the temple of justice was a big, unpainted square box on a rise of ground at the end of the main street. This street was not yet cleared of stumps, but these impediments to fast driving were useful as hitching-posts for the patient oxen, who would browse on the bushes near, straining their necks as far as the rope tied to the yoke would allow. Alas, when one of the pair desired this wayside refreshment and the other had to follow the yoke and see his yoke-fellow get all of the green! It all depended upon which ox could pull the stronger.

The law had entered in a primitive sort of a way, but the gospel had not set up its standard, and the Methodist Conference had decided to pre-empt this promising field. Shilo boasted of other public buildings near the court-house. Most of these were little shacks, used as saloons, the largest with rooms above for the travelling public. There was a doctor's office and a general store that

\* The author of this story vouches for the fact that its main incidents are taken from life. Mrs. Plantz is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Plantz, of Lawrence University, Wisconsin. The college recently received a \$50,000 gift from Mr. Carnegie for a library and \$36,000 on an effort to add \$50,000 more to the endowment. Mrs. Plantz is the author of some well-known books, among others, "A Great Appointment," "Corner Work," "Why Not," etc.—Ed.

had the post-office sign in the window, but no church edifice. James Morrow came to build a church in this wilderness and to gather a congregation from the men working in the "bush" and the mill, or grubbing out their "claims."

As the young man stood under the sign of "The Black Eagle," he selected the corner lot, where he intended to locate his church. Only those who can clearly see the building or enterprise while it is an idea, can be sure of the thing in reality.

"Lookee here, stranger. If ye have taken in the looks of the town sufficient jest step inside an' take somethin' more stayin'. No extra charge fur sightseein', but the boys don't leave much fur the second table, an' as your trunk is dumped here, I reckon ye're goin' to put up with me, an' it's me or a holler tree," said a hearty voice.

Mr. Morrow started from his reverie to see the jolly-looking proprietor of the "Eagle" at his side, and he grasped his outstretched hand and gave it a vigorous Methodist grip.

"Thank you, sir; of course I shall be one of your family until I get settled in a home of my own, and this pure, bracing atmosphere, fragrant with the odor of pines and hemlock, would make a tombstone hungry," answered Mr. Morrow.

"So ye be a preacher. I scented it in yer biled shirt, and now I'm sure. Only grave-diggers an' preachers keep gravestuns in sight. We don't fool with tombstones here. Jest plant folks if they want a warmer an' more settled place, but if ye grip life as ye do a feller's hand, ye'll stand it here. Want somethin' warmin' fore supper?"

"No, thank you, only hot tea or coffee. I've had a tiresome journey, but I feel repaid in seeing the location of your town. This river and this magnificent forest will make this an important town," and the young man followed his host to the dining-room.

"Good-evening, gentlemen. I'll introduce myself. My name is Morrow, and I am to be one of you fellows for a few years."

This was said in a friendly fashion as the young man entered the long room,

where a dozen men were waiting for supper. An Egyptian mummy would have unbent to James Morrow had the preacher's hand been extended with his winning, childlike smile. Man, even in his primitive state, is a social animal, and these rude men took to the genial stranger at once. Mrs. Hanson brought in the pork and beans and rye bread, with coffee that exhaled a grateful odor to the hungry young man. The pine table was clean and white, though guiltless of linen, and the seats were benches drawn up on each side, the host occupying a chair at the head of the board. The supper did not quite suit the refined taste of the young man, but he was so determined to please he ate as if at a banquet.

"I'll set up drinks fur our new boarder," said Bill Hawkins after supper. He was foreman of the lumber-camp, and would take his gang to the woods when snow fell. Now the men were floating logs, to get them down before frost locked the stream. "But fust, stranger, what might yer business be in these diggins? Ye air too white-livered an' spindlin' fur the bush. Ye might be an insurance agent. We give folks a ride by rail when they don't suit us."

"I am something you cannot afford to part with, boys," answered Mr. Morrow, laughing. "I am a Methodist preacher."

At this the men roared and clapped their hands and shouted, "Hear, hear!" and words that would not bear repeating.

"We've had the court-house squatted here, when we could hold the law down with our fists an' powder, but we ain't goin' to have religion put upon us," said Bill. "We'll take our blamed chances in this world and the next," and Bill brought down his fist on the bar with an oath that made the young man shudder and lay his hand upon the rough one of the woodsman.

"Of course, you did not know such words were painful to me or you would not have used them since I am your friend now," answered Mr. Morrow. "Yes, each one of us has a right to spend eternity where he chooses. I decided for myself, and you shall do the same, but I am going to build a church here. The women and children need it, and it will help the growth of the town, and I shall depend upon you to help me."

"I like your blank nerve," cried Bill. "He shall stay, fellows, an' strike his claim if he'll let us take our way, too," and this was the formal acceptance of the new appointment by the people of Shilo,

through their leading citizen, Bill Hawkins. The matter of a place to preach and a visible means of support was left to the discretion of the minister himself.

Mr. Morrow refused the liquor and tobacco in such a friendly way the men made no objections. Rough as they were, they respected him because he was not of their kind. After trying his stuffy room, with its smoky lamp, he went out under the stars for his evening. He had never seen these sentinel lights so bright, gleaming like torches in the pure, cold atmosphere. The northern lights hung above the horizon in a luminous cloud, darting up now and then in faintly colored waves of light, almost to the zenith.

As he came back from the river the minister had to pass the row of saloons from which came sounds of rude merriment and occasionally tones of discord. At one door he saw a pretty child enter, and, without knowing why, he followed her. The child went up timidly to one of the men and said, pleadingly:

"Come home, daddy. Mother is awful sick. She is screaming, she hurts so. Come, daddy."

"Mary, I'll learn you how to pester me when I'm with the men," cried the irate father, aiming a heavy blow at the child. It would have felled her to the earth had not the minister rushed forward and received the blow in his own face. The men sprang to their feet, crying,

"Hit 'im back, stranger. We'll see fair play."

"No, boys, not this time. He is going home with Mary and me," replied the minister coolly, though his face was stinging and his blood boiling for a fight.

"Come, my friend, your wife might die while we are waiting here."

This sobered the drunken man, for he loved his wife when he was not in liquor, and he blubbered an apology as the minister led him away, while Mary clung to her father, as if he had been the best man in the world.

They found the woman in real danger, and Mr. Morrow hastened for the doctor, leaving Mary to help her father, now seemingly himself.

When the minister bade the child good-night, she whispered,

"I like you. It wasn't so much takin' the lickin', but saving mother."

"It's all right, Mary. We must get your father to give up whiskey. If you want to repay me, get all your little

friends to come to Sunday-school next Sunday."

"I will, sir," she answered, not having the faintest idea what the minister meant, but willing to go any place her deliverer would suggest.

For weeks Mr. Morrow worked in one way and another, getting into the good graces of the people of Shilo. There was something about the man that checked the oaths on the lips of the rough men at the "Eagle." The children flocked to him to hear his Bible stories on Sunday afternoon. At first the Sunday-school was out under the trees, but soon in the living-room in Mary's home.

Mr. Morrow tried in various ways to get the large room in the court-house for his services, but was unable to obtain this favor until he was called upon to preach a funeral sermon there. After that the place was at his disposal, for he preached to his large audience with such earnestness and power many wanted to hear him speak again.

But, alas! no one offered to pay for the services of a pastor, and the young man's money was almost gone. This was known when the minister appealed to Bill Hawkins for a job with the axe. That evening Hawkins held counsel with his friends.

"He can't chop with 'em thin, white hands. Don't want to fool away a good axe on 'im, but he's a good chap to have around. It sort o' gives a fellow a good send-off to have a sermon or a prayer at his funeral. Seems like buryin' a dog our old way," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

"The women like his meetin's, an' the Lord knows they 'ave little enough up in the woods. Some of 'em 'ave had better things. He cheered up Sallie when her husband died, an' he keeps little Mary's father sober, the devil only knows how," said one.

"Oh, he's got stuff in 'im. It don't matter what trade a man follers, if there's stuff in 'im he'll succeed. Says I to 'im, 'It's none of your business whether I cuss or not.' Says he, 'It is jest my business to keep men from dishonorin' my Master, jest as it's yours to see your logs 'ave your master's mark an' git down to 'im.' But he ain't one of your whinin', graveyard kind. He can laugh with the rest. Now, he hasn't a blamed cent to winter on. We've got to git up a blow-out an' do the handsome by him. I'll see that plucky boy through, or I'll go

to ——." No matter what Bill named as the terminus of the route, he appointed himself first steward of the new church and set about raising the preacher's salary according to the light he had.

The next excitement was a big dance in the court-house. Great preparations were made. The bare walls were decorated with branches of flaming autumn leaves. No city decorator could have excelled in the color effects made by the mingling of scarlet, purple, and gold, and varied shades of green furnished with lavish hand from the vines and trees of the surrounding forest. A new supply of beer was brought from more civilized regions in ox-carts, and every fiddle in miles around was pressed into service. Settlers came in from their claims, and business was practically suspended for the dance. There were a few pretty girls from the new clearings to vie with the village belles, and the young woodsmen almost drew pistols over these fair partners.

The preacher was dragged to the scene of festivities, but did not stay long. He knew it was useless to rail against these rude ideas of social enjoyment. He watched their heavy footfalls and noisy merriment with the same thoughts that later he viewed the wild Indian dance around the camp-fire. He knew the time would come when these people would be educated to a more refined and uplifting way of recreation, so said nothing. Bill Hawkins assured the minister there would be no drunkenness or fighting, and the young man went to his room.

The next day, after Mr. Morrow had paid his week's board and incidentally given his last penny, he was surrounded by a crowd on the tavern porch. The men stood near him, but there were women and children in the rear, and all were looking with eager expectation towards Bill Hawkins, who stood before the minister with something in his extended hand.

"I ain't much on a speech, Elder, but I'm elec' to make one. The upshot of it all is, us folks want a preacher. The kind that showed up here afore was easy scairt, or starved out, an' not wuth usin' good powder on, but you air too blamed plucky to git scaired at the Old Fellow hissself, an' not lazy enough to starve, an', anyway, we like the samples you carry. Men ain't so anxious to go to a worse world as they let on. We'll hear what you have to say 'bout the path that has been blazed towards the sky, an'

when we git our timber out we'll cut fur the new church, but we ain't goin' to have our preacher dullin' our axes an' gittin' in the way of fallin' trees in the bush. He's to stay home to see that folks be'ave. We just got up a dance to raise money to winter you, an' I'll be shot if the folks ain't done the handsome thing. Here is three hundred dollars from the blow-out. We want you to know we know a man when he comes our way."

There was a choke in the rough woodman's voice. Oh, believe me, he was a true man, for all his rough ways. Back of him were pleased, eager faces. Farther back a woman with a baby in her arms sobbed aloud, and there were tears in other eyes. Many had not heard a prayer for years before this young evangelist came, and the human heart is always yearning for something beyond its vague unrest.

This was the most trying moment of the young man's life. This eager, waiting people had done a noble, generous thing in the way that seemed right to them; but the way! James Morrow

had been reared to think the very rhythm of the waltz was a temptation from the Evil One.

What would his presiding elder say? Possibly the case might be brought up at Conference. These thoughts passed in the flash of a moment. The sobs of the woman whose husband he had saved decided him. He must not turn away from this needy people. The minister's eyes filled with tears as he grasped the woodman's hand in his.

"My brother, my dear friends, I thank you for this expression of sympathy. I could have earned my bread with my hands. I'll get even with you yet, Hawkins, for thinking I cannot swing an axe, but I want my time on the new church, and for teaching your children and helping your families in many ways. I will stay as long as the Conference will let me, and we will be like one big family, and we will remember God is our Father. I always thank Him for His gifts, so we will bow our heads in prayer."

There was a solemn hush and then the clear air rang with "Three cheers for our new preacher."

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### "THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a far-off land, a land of joy,  
Where soft winds lightly blow, 'neath cloudless  
skies;

And where, o'er verdant hill and fertile plain,  
The daylight never dies.

There is a calm, clear sea in that bright land,  
And ransomed saints, upon its peaceful shore,  
Wake notes of grateful joy from golden harps,  
For days of trial o'er.

There is a song blends with the harp-tones glad,  
Ringing rich praises through the ambient air;  
And they who sing are robed in stainless white,  
And palms of victory bear.

There is a radiant city gleams and glows  
Beneath those skies from which no shadows fall,  
A city of pure gold, with gates of pearl  
Set in a jasper wall.

There is a river whose unceasing flow  
Makes endless music through the golden street;  
Toronto.

And there is rest beside the living stream  
For travel-wearied feet.

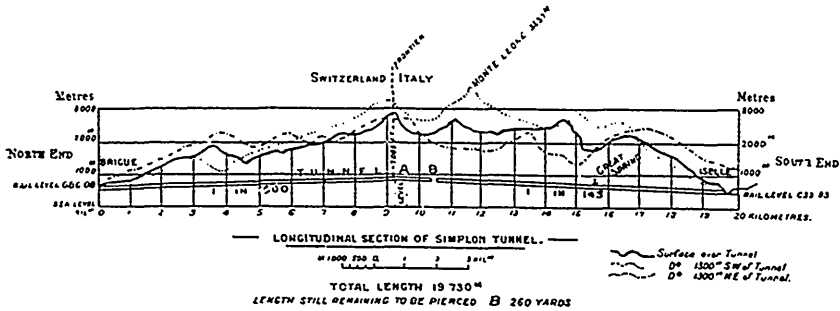
There is a tree here spreads its healing boughs,  
And fruit unknown to earth doth always bear;  
And they who enter through the gates of pearl  
May pluck its fruitage rare.

There is a Form, of more than kingly mien,  
Treads with His saints the shining city street,  
And gently leads them to their quiet rest  
Beside the waters sweet.

His are the praises which through heaven ring!  
He is the glory of that glorious land!  
And only they who bear His Holy Name  
Can join the white-robed band.

Oh, to be welcomed in that realm of day!  
Oh, for a home within the City fair!  
Lord, write on me, even me, Thy Wondrous  
Name—  
And grant me entrance there.

## THE LONGEST MOUNTAIN TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.



That work in the recently completed Simplon Tunnel, in the mountains dividing Switzerland and Italy, says *The Literary Digest*, was stopped by a flood of water, so violent as to constitute a serious obstacle to the prosecution of the work, has been announced in the news columns of the daily papers. According to a writer in *The Scientific American Supplement* this tunnel has tapped an unusual number of underground springs. He says:

"At various times during the construction of the Simplon Tunnel work has been retarded by the influx of water from underground springs. In the autumn of 1901 a stream of water burst into the Italian workings, and, attaining a discharge of nearly eight thousand gallons per minute, speedily converted the two headings into canals. Several months elapsed before the flow could be overcome, and no sooner had this been effected than a tremendous fall of rock took place. Timber struts and shores of twenty inches diameter, were repeatedly broken like tinder, and the boring machinery had to be dismantled on three successive occasions. Finally the unstable rock was held up by means of heavy steel frames, placed at intervals of from one to three feet apart. The experience of the Italians has been unfortunate throughout, for they have had to deal with floodings, rock slips, high temperatures, and exceedingly hard strata.

"It now appears that the turn of the Swiss engineers came when a spring of boiling water was tapped, with a discharge estimated at 18,000 gallons per minute. This new influx resulted, unhappily, in serious loss of life, and

in the opinion of a Swiss engineer who had investigated the condition of the workings, it was open to question whether the tunnel would ever be completed. It was most difficult to deal with a formidable spring of hot water in space so confined as that offered by the headings of the tunnel. The indomitable energy and great resources of the engineers, which have served to overcome so many difficulties in the past, have once more triumphed over adverse circumstances."

Writing in *Nature* (London, October 27), Francis Fox gave a much more optimistic view of the situation, believing that the difficulties that were met would delay but not prevent the completion of the work. He writes:

"As our readers know already, the length of the tunnel will be twelve and one-quarter miles, all of which has been penetrated with the exception of a short distance of about two hundred and sixty yards near the middle. The work consists of two single-line tunnels fifty feet apart, axis to axis. . . . When it is remembered that the overlying rocks extend to a height of 7,005 feet, and that the workmen are at the enormous distance of nearly one and one-half miles below the surface, or fifty per cent. more than man has ever been heretofore, it will be realized that not only is the pressure enormous, but the heat is also great; in fact, the pressure which has been encountered is so great that in one place the arching, consisting of granite blocks, is two metres in thickness.

"In order that the present condition of the work may be better understood, a longitudinal section along the line of the tunnel is given, drawn to a small scale: and, with a view to illustrate the

facts better, the gradient is very considerably exaggerated.

"It will be noticed that the gradient rises from each end of the tunnel toward the middle, the object of which has been to provide efficient drainage from the face, and it is an instance of the prudence which has been exemplified throughout the entire work that this system was adopted from the commencement. In driving a heading forward under a mountain, it is a matter of very common occurrence that springs of water are encountered; consequently, on the ascending gradient, the water flows away by gravity from the workmen; but should the work be carried out on a descending gradient, then the water accumulates where the men are working, not only causing them inconvenience and delay, but requiring to be pumped out over the highest point of the rails. In order to prevent delay, this was done for some considerable distance; but in consequence of a hot spring being encountered at the 'face' on the Swiss side it was deemed necessary to withdraw the workmen, and the tunnel between points A and B became filled with hot water.

"Meanwhile the work on the Italian side has been pushed forward until the distance remaining to be pierced, as already mentioned, is only some two hundred and sixty yards; but a serious difficulty has arisen, as again a hot spring has been encountered, and the tempera-

ture of the rock in the advance gallery is 108 degrees F.

"The system adopted for dealing with hot springs is very ingenious, and at the same time very simple. It was at first proposed to conduct the hot water out of the tunnel through pipes, but the simpler and more efficient method, which was adopted, is to play a jet of cold water into the fissure from which the hot water is escaping, and thus to cool it down to such a degree that the workmen are not seriously incommoded; they are then able to continue the drilling and blasting.

"A channel or canal is being excavated at one side of the tunnel to carry the hot water from the spring to the outside, and this will be covered over with non-conducting material to prevent the heat rising into the tunnel.

"The question arises from whence this great heat comes, for although observations made in various wells and borings in all parts of the world give an approximate figure of one degree F. rise in temperature for each seventy feet of vertical depth, this is insufficient to account for what has been encountered, and one is driven to the conclusion that some portion of the thermal result is due to the internal heat of the earth arising from volcanic agency."

(Since this was written the great tunnel has been successfully completed.)

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"A Dreamer and a Doer."

BY ELA GILBERT IVES.

"Behold, a dreamer cometh?" Yes, a Seer!—  
 One who in vision rapt foresaw this wide,  
 God-smitten earth borne on resistless tide  
 Of spirit forces to the golden year;  
 A world transfigured to a luminous sphere,  
 By sun-bright deeds and natures glorified;  
 A home-like world, so fair it may abide  
 His coming—the heart-searcher's—without fear.

A dreamer? Yes, but ah! a doer, too—  
 Jeanne d'Arc of later time and fairer fame,  
 In moral realms she conquered; to the Blue  
 Her soul unfettered rose, 'mid loud acclaim:  
 "To lead a mighty host to see and do,"  
 Sang angel choirs, "behold, this dreamer came!"

THE LATE JAMES ALEXANDER TUCKER, B.A.\*



JAMES ALEXANDER TUCKER, B.A.

One is saddened in reading these poems in the thought that so gifted a poet should be lost to Canada so young. There are marks of striking merit in many of these poems. Best of all you feel that there is a man behind the pen. His work is not a string of pessimistic sentiments, but is full of the note of faith in God, faith in Canada and faith in men. His poems ring with loyalty to the "mapled land." Something of his spirit may be seen in the lines :

" O Canada, think not thy creed  
Must rest on cities, factories, gold ;  
If rich in men of liberal mould  
Thou hast no further need.

" Pray, therefore, for true men and strong—  
Men who would dare to die for right,  
Who love and court God's searching light  
Because they shield no wrong."

\* "Poems." By James Alexander Tucker, B.A.  
Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

There is a unique thought in his little poem " To Canada :"

" Unlike all leaves or stout or slender,  
All flowers kiss'd by summer's breath—  
Which die in shame—the Maple's splendor  
Is greatest in her hour of death.

" Dear country, should occasion call  
Thy sons to die in Freedom's strife,  
Like thine own maple emblem fall  
More glorious ev'n in death than life."

Other poems are of a more sentimental nature, as :

" I knew, I knew at last  
She would come from the land of dreams—  
Out into my world from the yearning past,  
Out into the day's bright beams.  
O heart, was it flesh and blood  
That fled so ghost-like past ?  
(Upon her bosom the damask bud !)  
Was it she, at last, at last ?"

There is an echo of Browning in his poem, " To a Discouraged Artist :"

" This life here is all incomplete - we see but  
an arc of the ring.  
Some day you will paint me great pictures,  
some day you'll be able to sing  
Songs that will shame Petrarca's, or carve  
from the hard, white stone  
The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as  
Praxiteles' own.

Why ?

" Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel  
always at home with the best ;  
As the best rises, we rise with it—like bub-  
bles that climb the wave's crest :  
We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat  
of the high priest's food—  
No temple so glorious, so holy, we are con-  
scious that we intrude !

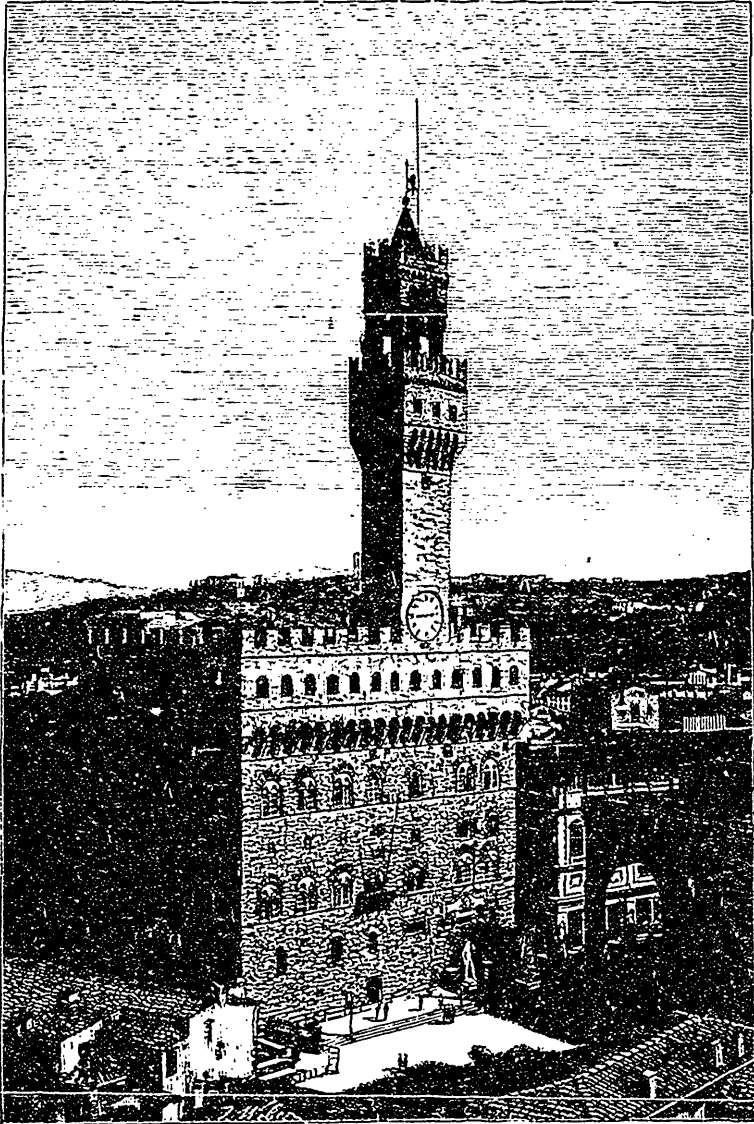
" Think you such heavenward impulse will not  
work its ultimate will ?  
This life's but the upward slope the next,  
or the next, is the hill !  
The hill from which Raffael and Shakespeare  
looked out with calm sweep o'er the  
plain,  
The hill they have left for a higher and the  
one it is yours yet to gain."

There are, too, lines with a premoni-  
tion of and a shrinking from early  
death that are doubly pathetic now. A  
prefatory memoir has been written by  
that gifted young Canadian, Arthur  
Stringer, a former college mate of the  
deceased writer.



IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE.

BY KATHERINE HALE.



PALAZZO VECCHIO, IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE.

Loggia dei Lanzi to the right. In the front of this building Savonarola was burned.

To-day the winter sun on this old Square  
Turns Ammanati's nymphs and satyrs gold ;  
It slants across the steep of Vecchio's walls,  
And gleams upon the Loggia pure and cold.

Savonarola's death place! Dante's haunt!

Oh, brooding Past, more near than is To-day,  
You draw the cold sun from these palace walls,  
And all about me is the warmth of May!

And all about me there are dancing feet,  
And through this space, as in the sweet, wild Past,  
Bay-crowned Lorenzo and the spring-clad girls  
Run through the shadowy moonlight singing fast.

I see the torches burning, smell the May,  
And look to find my Painter in the throng,  
And see him turn to lift an eager face  
To the monk's cell, high o'er the art-tuned song. . . .

And then the winter's sun dulls down again,  
And here I stand, at Florence' heart to-day:  
A Florence stilled through all her palace walls,  
Bereft by wars, and tamed by Time—and grey.

No more Medician fêtes, or fires of death for Love;  
Only the naked heights of crumbling stone.  
Yet, Dear, we turn to where the Loggia smiles,  
And know that Art blooms on—blooms on.

## A BUDDHIST PRIEST ON THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.\*

Why was it necessary that the many horrors of this present war have come to pass? Why had those poor soldiers to sacrifice their lives? In every one of them a warm heart has been beating, and now they are all lying on the ground in piles, stiff and stark like logs.

O Mother Earth! All these my fellow-creatures, it is true, are made of the same stuff of which thou art made. But do not their lives partake of something not of the earth earthy, altogether unlike thyself, and, indeed, more than mere gross matter? Are theirs not precious human souls which can be engaged in the work of peace and enlightenment? Why art thou so gravely dumb, when thou art covered with things priceless that are being dissolved into their primitive elements?

War is an evil and a great one, indeed. But war against evils must be unflinch-

ingly prosecuted till we attain the final aim. In the present hostilities in which Japan has entered with great reluctance, she pursues no egotistic purpose, but seeks the subjugation of evils hostile to civilization, peace and enlightenment. But the firm conviction of the justice of her cause has endowed her with an indomitable courage, and she is determined to carry the struggle to the bitter end.

Here is the price we must pay for our ideals—a price paid in streams of blood and by the sacrifice of many thousands of living bodies. However determined may be our resolution to crush evils, our hearts tremble at the sight of this appalling scene.

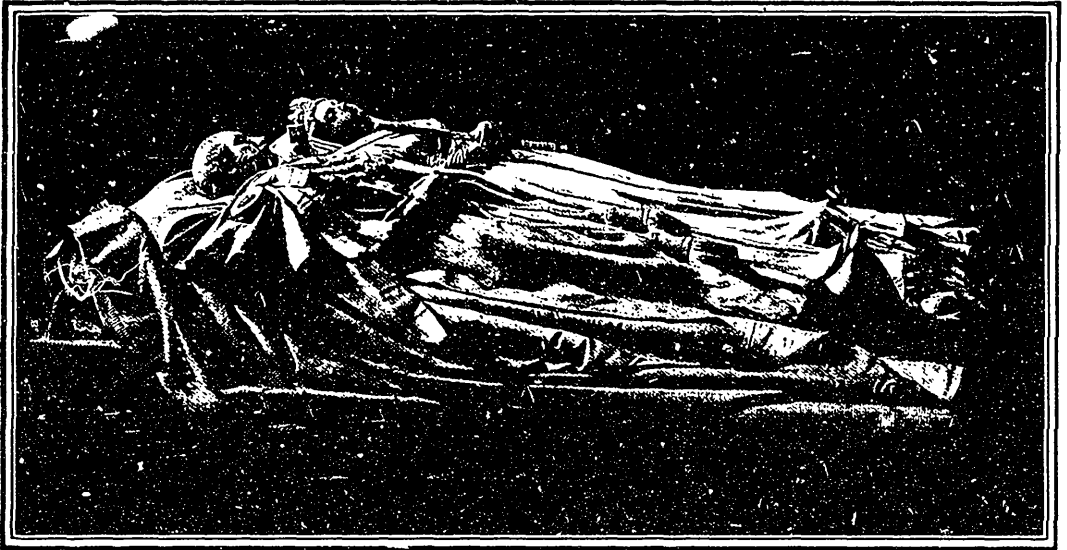
Alas! How much dearer is the price still going to be? What enormous losses are we going to suffer through the evil thoughts of our enemy, not to speak of the many injuries which our poor enemy himself will have to endure?

Were it not for the consolation that these sacrifices are not brought for an egotistic purpose, but are an inevitable step toward the final realization of enlightenment, how could I, poor mortal, bear these experiences of a hell let loose on earth?

The body is but a vessel for something greater than itself. Individuality is but a husk containing something more permanent. Let us, then, though not without losing tenderness of heart, bravely confront our ordeal.

\* The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, the Lord Abbot of Kamakura, is one of the most prominent Buddhist prelates of Japan. He visited Chicago during the World's Fair and was a conspicuous member among the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions. During the last summer he accompanied the army stationed before Port Arthur, Manchuria, where he was attached to the staff of H. R. H. Prince Fushimi. It will be interesting to our readers to become acquainted with the attitude of a representative Buddhist priest as to his opinions concerning war, especially the present war with Russia.

## NOT FORGOTTEN.



THE ROYAL TOMB, FROGMORE.

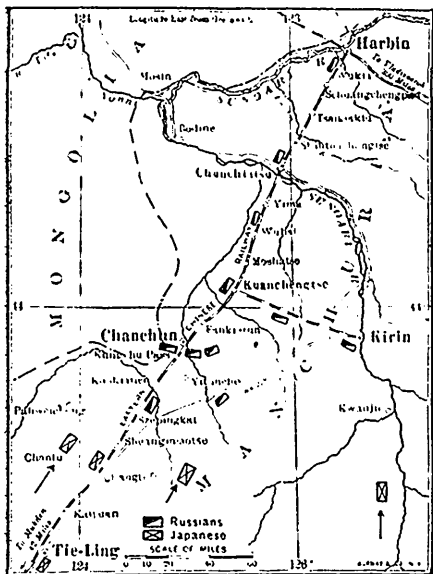
"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—2 Sam. i. 22.

It was a beautiful and kindly, thoughtful request of King Edward VII. that the birthday anniversary of Victoria the Good should continue to be observed as a memorial day of that beloved sovereign. Throughout Canada this is known as Empire Day, and we hope will so be recognized throughout the wide realm of Britain's sovereignty. In harmony with this thought we present the accompanying memorial of our beloved sovereign. We present also a special article on the home life of King Edward VII., who is proving himself indeed a king of hearts, who is not only the best loved man in Britain, but the most popular king in Europe, a man who, by his tactful diplomacy, is accomplishing more for peace than all the pomp and pageantry of arms.

Exquisitely beautiful is the effigy of Queen Victoria, now placed beside that of her husband on the royal tomb in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, England. It is the work of Baron Marochetti, who was the Queen's favorite sculptor, and the designer of all the statues executed by her orders. It is remarkable, as are his other works for its simplicity and fidelity to nature. It represents Her Majesty in her earlier years, and was modelled before the death of the Prince Consort. The figure shows her in her

royal robes, wearing a jewelled crown, and with the sceptre in her left hand. The expression of the face is that of peaceful sleep, the features lulled in calm repose. The place for it has been empty until now, since the effigy of Prince Albert was put there. The erection of the mausoleum was begun soon after his death, in 1861, and his body was deposited there as soon as the building was completed. The sarcophagus occupies the entire width of the marble floor, and after the Queen's death, in 1901, her casket was laid in it beside his, as she had desired. It is covered by the massive marble slab on which the effigies now lie side by side. For nearly forty years the white figure of the Prince had been there, waiting its companion. It is now completed by the addition of her own effigy, according to the Queen's wishes. On the walls of the building is the touching inscription placed there by her orders: "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee, in Christ, will I rise again." Her pathetic resolve is now fulfilled. The effigies of the illustrious couple, so ardently attached to one another in life, lie side by side, as do their bodies under the slab.

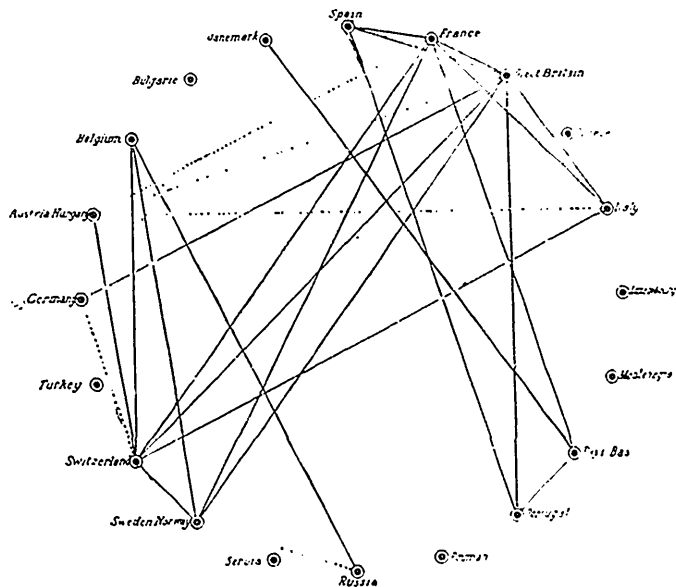
# Current Topics and Events.



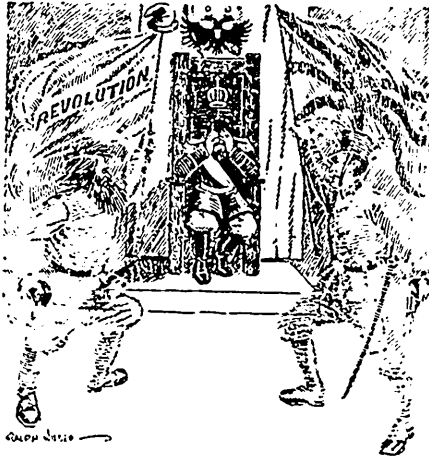
Map showing the Russian retreat from Tie-Ling toward Harbin and Kirin.

## “EAT GRASS.”

A lull in the storm has followed the disasters at Mukden, but Oyama seems planning another flanking movement which may turn the Russians out of Kirin and Harbin and isolate Vladivostok preparatory to its siege and capture. At home things have gone from bad to worse. In every part of the empire anarchy, confusion and unrest are manifest. In the Caucasus the condition is that of civil war, and in Poland the rigors of martial law only partially prevent the outburst of the seething volcano. The economic condition of the people is desperate. Famine stares multitudes in the face. The widows, wives and families of the soldiers at the front are starving and begging in the street. At Nizhni Novgorod the palace of the governor was besieged by a crowd of hungry women, with babes in their arms, asking for bread. The governor informed the women he would appoint a commission to investigate the situation. His reply aroused the bitter anger of the people. Instead of bread they got a stone. It recalls the situation when the hungry



ARBITRATION TREATIES CONCLUDED SINCE 1899.



THE FOUNDER OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.  
—From Chicago Record-Herald.

women of Paris sought succor from the gaily junketing court at Versailles, "What shall we eat?" they asked. "Eat grass," was the cynical reply; but in a few weeks the head of the heartless courtier who uttered it was carried on a pike with its mouth filled with grass; a grim portent and a menace this of the outbreak which may be in store for the callous court of St. Petersburg.

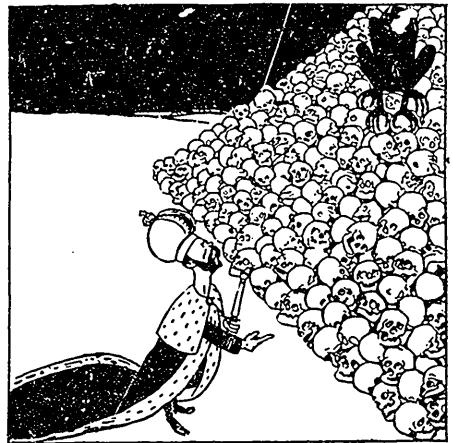
A gleam of sunshine has penetrated the cloud that has hung over Russian strategy and strife by the successful passage of part of the Russian fleet through the straits of Malacca, and the war journals are making their loud boast of an anticipated victory. Before these words reach our readers that boast may be fulfilled or disappointed. The Russians have the great preponderance of force, of ships and guns and men. But we shall be surprised if in the tremendous sea fight which seems inevitable they are not as badly beaten as they were at Port Arthur, at Shakhe River and at Mukden. What a travesty on twentieth-century civilization it is that all the highest resources of the arts and sciences are employed in a colossal attempt to sink or shatter or maim these great sea-krakens, these floating castles of the deep. The aggressiveness and bad faith of Russia lost her the sympathy of the world. The war on the part of Japan is a struggle for her very existence, on the part of Russia it is a mere caprice. The Independent has the following re-

marks to make upon the Anglo-Japanese alliance:

"Although Great Britain has not sent a soldier or a torpedo boat to aid Japan in the present war, her alliance has been an immense advantage to the Eastern island empire. It has made it possible for Japan to fight one enemy instead of two. But for England it is certain that Germany or France would have gone to the aid of Russia, and this would have turned the scale. Then Japan could not have held full command of the sea, for it is on the command of the sea that Japan has depended for success. As it is, with Great Britain holding off Germany and France, Japan has been able to pour in soldiers and supply them with all the munitions of war, and gain an overwhelming victory."

#### FIRST IN PEACE.

It is to the credit of Great Britain that, of the many arbitration treaties concluded since 1899, she has formed more with foreign countries than any other nation. The accompanying diagram, from Mr. Stead's Review of Reviews, makes this apparent. From this it will be seen that Great Britain has in five years made arbitration treaties with France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, Germany and Austria-Hungary—eight in all. Next comes France and Switzerland with seven each, Norway and Sweden with five each,



DAHOMEY IN RUSSIA.

The Czar:—"A fine pyramid—all made of the skulls of my faithful subjects. Now I am as good as the King of Dahomey."

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).



FIRST ADVANCES.

Russian Bear (tentatively)—“Ahem!”  
—Punch, London.

Austria-Hungary and Italy with four each, Belgium, Portugal, the Netherlands and Spain with three each, Germany and Russia with two each, Denmark with one, Turkey and the United States with none. By a single act of its irresponsible Senate, the United States has at once snubbed its President and defeated seven arbitration treaties which he had tentatively formed. We forbear further comment.

One of our cartoons shows the irony of the situation when the founder of the Hague tribunal obstinately promotes one of the greatest wars in history undeterred by the victorious Japs abroad, or the revolutionists at home. A German cartoon depicts him as a more truculent tyrant than Genghis Khan, or the cannibal king of Dahomey. Another cartoon shows the difficulties of spring ploughing in Manchuria, where the buried cannon and unburied skulls frustrate the labor of the husbandman. It reminds us of Southey's ballad of little Peterkin asking the peasant as he turns up a skull with his plough on the field of Blenheim, what the battle was all about.

“I cannot tell,” the peasant replies, “but 'twas a famous victory.”

Punch's cartoon shows how the crippled bear is making tentative overtures towards the disappointed angel of peace. Better accept the present loss of prestige than incur the still greater one depicted in the striking cartoon in Harper's Weekly, in which the great powers sorrowfully look on the defeated and despairing Russia which still refuses to sign the treaty of peace. It does not need an X-ray demonstration to show the internal disturbances in the Russian empire. They are only too apparent.

MEDDLESOME WILLIAM.

The German Emperor has been seeking again the centre of the stage. He was only two hours in Tangiers, and then only in the German consulate, but he managed to create almost as much international ill-will as when he sent his memorable telegram to President Kruger. It is all very well to stand by the “open door,” which was in no wise menaced, but to affirm that he stood “irrevocably pledged to maintain the sovereignty and integrity of Morocco” is a different thing. Already, apparently as the direct result of this pledge, the desert tribes, under the bandit who captured M. Perdicaris, have attacked



AN X-RAY VIEW.

If the Czar would but take a good look at Russia's little inside.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

the troops of Morocco, who were only rescued from defeat by French guns. It is rather curious that Kaiser Wilhelm should place himself on record with the most reactionary and corrupt powers in Europe. First he supports the unspeakable Turk, egging him on to the persecution of Armenians and Greeks, or at least, like Saul, holding his clothes while he causes the martyrdom of the saints. Then Russia claims that he has given pledges to keep the Poles of the pale in subjection, that she might launch her legions against the Japanese. But his self-assertive methods have helped neither himself nor those he sought to patronize. It has indeed thrown back the movement of timely rapprochement which was in progress between France and Germany and has provoked an attitude of adverse criticism in the United States, in Italy, and in England.

Edward the Peacemaker, on the contrary, is the most popular man in Europe. Wherever he goes he pours oil upon troubled water, and by his skilful diplomacy he sweetens the acerbities and smooths the asperities of political life. By his wisdom, tact and courtesy he has converted France from the bitter enemy of a very few years ago into the cordial friend.



Uncle Sam to Newfoundland—Say, neighbor, you give everything, I'll give nothing, and we'll call it "A Square Deal."

#### THE ITALIAN PRIEST.

The autonomy question at Ottawa had considerably improved by the amendment to the original bill which was promised by the Premier. It was felt that, while the best solution of the problem would

be to leave it to the new provinces, the so-called separate schools differed little from the national schools, and that a slight concession toward our Roman Catholic friends might be made in the interest of interracial and interdenominational good will. But the evidence of the meddling and muddling of Monsignore Sbarretti, the Italian representative of the Pope, threw a new element of "double, double toil and trouble" into the seething cauldron. If there is anything which Canadian Protestants resent it is the intermeddling of the Italian priest in the domestic politics of the Dominion or of any of its provinces. Such intermeddling would not be tolerated in the city of Rome itself, nor in France, nor even in Mexico or the Philippines.

Protestants stand for the broadest personal and religious liberty, for equal rights, equal privileges, for all classes and all conditions. They strongly oppose special privileges or assumption of rights by any church, Protestant or Catholic. Not they who stand by these ancient landmarks are the disturbers of the peace of the body politic, but those who raised anew the question which we hoped had been laid for all time with the Manitoba school settlement.

The flamboyant eulogy and defence by Sir Wilfrid Laurier of the separate-school system which he sought to fasten upon the new territories for ever, and his attack upon the national school system of the United States, and by inference on the public schools of Canada, are responsible for this unhappy racial and religious question which is now the football of discussion in the public arena, and whose echoes are felt in every hamlet and in every newspaper in Canada.

The Government, by its great majority, won on an altogether different issue, may force this obnoxious legislation through the Parliament. If it do, it may prepare the way for its own overthrow at the first opportunity by a people indignant at being tricked into giving a majority which would never have been given if the school question had not been skilfully concealed throughout the election campaign.

#### TIT FOR TAT.

The action of the United States Senate in so loading the proposed reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland with conditions which make it absolutely useless, has provoked very hostile feeling in

Britain's oldest colony. We hope that the island, so rich in resources of forests and fisheries and mines, will find that its truest interests lie by union with Canada rather than looking for any favors from Uncle Sam, whose attitude in all commercial dealings is well illustrated in the accompanying cartoon.

The recent action of the Senate, says that leading American magazine, *The Outlook*, in "amending to death" the Hay Bond reciprocity treaty, promises to have a disastrous effect on the fisheries of Gloucester. The amendments adopted by the Senate and insisted on, it is said, by Senator Lodge, on behalf of the fishing interests of Gloucester, cut out practically all the provisions which were of advantage to Newfoundland. Quite naturally, the Newfoundland Government has promptly retaliated. As a consequence of the conditions existing in the fishing industry, it is possible to strike directly at the interests which are responsible for the defeat of the treaty. Newfoundland has practically a monopoly of the supply of bait used in the fisheries on the Banks, as the fish which are used for this purpose are to be caught only on the shores of the island. These privileges are absolutely necessary to the continuance of the fishing industry, for when they were denied to the French in 1886 the fishing interests of St. Pierre-Miquelon were utterly ruined. The Newfoundland Government has ordered its customs collectors to refuse bait licenses to American fishermen, and legislative action is to be taken at once debarring American fishermen from the bait-purchasing privilege. There seems to be no doubt that this action cannot fail to bring serious, if not fatal, consequences to the fishing industries of Massachusetts. Little sympathy can be extended to the sufferers, however, in a condition of affairs which has been brought about by their own short-sighted and selfish policy. Aside from its immediate effect upon a single industry, the defeat of this treaty and the retaliatory measures adopted by Newfoundland will have results more far-reaching and deplorable. There have already been too many such causes of friction between this country and our northern neighbors, and each one is an added obstacle in the way of the close relations and friendly feeling which should exist between Canada and Newfoundland and the United States.



The menace of the yellow peril with which Russia and the German Emperor have been trying to terrify Europe has lost its power to scare. The world would doubtless prefer the domination of Eastern Asia by the intelligent, constitutional and liberty-loving Japs rather than by the selfish and despotic Russian power. The Orientals have far better reason to complain of a "white peril" in the invasion of China by the French, Germans and Russians.

#### A RECENT DISCOVERY.

The famous American explorer, Theodore M. Davis, has recently made a most interesting discovery in Egypt. Concealed in a rough heap of stones he found a door cut in the solid rock, which gave entrance to a tomb, a room thirty feet long and fifteen wide, in which were the mummies of a man and a woman. An inscription showed that they were the parents of the wife of Amenhotep III., the most famous king of the eighteenth dynasty. This was the dynasty which preceded the oppressors of Israel. It was consequently one of the earliest tombs yet opened.

The French Governor of Cochin China, says *The Independent*, has been impressed by the progress made in the Philippines under American rule. At the direction of his Government he spent four months in an investigation. Progress during the last four years, he says, has been greater than during the 350 years preceding American occupation.



## Religious Intelligence.

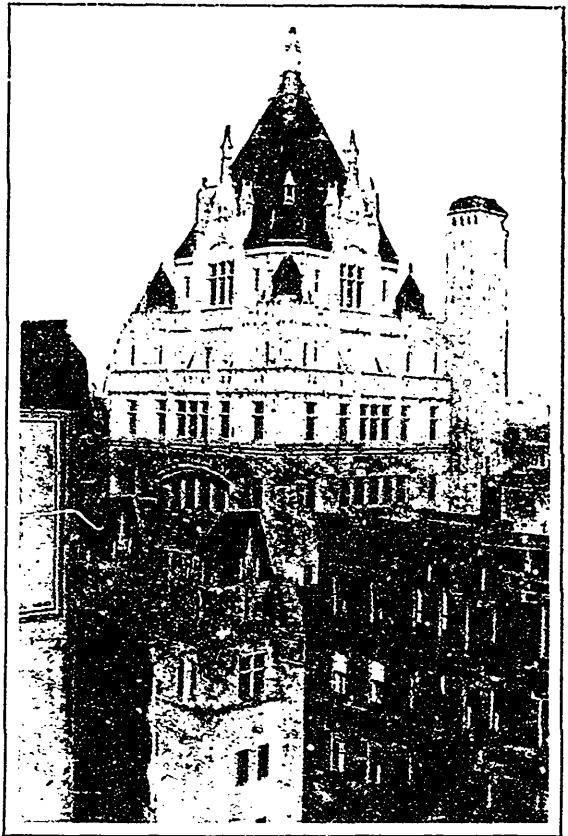
### A TEN-STORY CHURCH.

A decided novelty as a church building, says The Christian Herald, is rapidly nearing completion in New York City. It is the new home of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, whose former place of worship was so long a famous centre of Christian work and influence, at the intersection of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Streets. The building is a cathedral-like edifice, constructed on the principles of a modern skyscraper, combining beauty and utility in a high degree.

The church proper is the auditorium in the west end of the building. The ten-story part of the edifice is an interesting and imposing structure. Here is a "magnificent nine-story parish house, comprised in a tower, rising majestically with its red-tiled roof 190 feet above the pavement, the lower part measuring 80 by 50 feet.

The third and fourth floors are built as a model Bible-school, the lower floor being a square auditorium, and the two floors containing thirteen large class-rooms, with folding partitions, so arranged that the whole can be thrown into one galleried room, which seats 800 persons. The fifth floor is divided into parlors for the Women's Missionary Societies and the Young Women's Club. The sixth is devoted to the Men's League and the library. On each floor all the rooms can be thrown into one.

The seventh floor contains the pastor's study, church offices and reception parlors, and will be known as the administration floor. Above these is the residence of the sexton, who is practically business manager of the great building. A safety vault has been constructed in the basement. Pilgrim Hall takes up one-half of the basement, being reached from Broadway by two flights of stairs. It seats 600 people.



THE NEW BROADWAY TABERNALE, NEW YORK.

The entire Tabernacle has about 100 rooms, and can house 5,000 people in ten simultaneous meetings, none of which can interfere with the others. The building which is fireproof throughout, will, when completely furnished, have cost a million dollars, including \$450,000 for the land.

### BISHOP VINCENT ON CHURCH LIFE.

The Seven Days' Bible Study, conducted by Bishop Vincent, in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, has been a revelation in many ways, a revelation of the great fields of biblical knowledge yet be-

fore even those of us who have been studying the Bible all our lives. Peak upon peak, height upon height, vista beyond vista, it spread before us. It was a revelation, too, of the living greatness of the Church of God and of her relation to every-day life in an every-day world—a revelation, too, of a great mind, tolerant, cultured, broad, in the Christ-like sense of the word. It was a revelation in human nature to see the great church filled every evening with people who came early to make sure of a seat in the place where the Word of God was being expounded. There were no sensational topics announced, no glaring posters displayed; but for the simple study of the Scriptures people came together, not only from Methodist churches, but from other denominations as well.

The founder of the Chautauquan movement needs no introduction to our readers, and his expositions were what might be expected from so deep a scholar and so devout a Christian.

Bishop Vincent was assisted throughout the meetings by the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Schenectady, N.Y., and the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Baltimore. We were much inspired by the earnest spirituality of these men. The meetings throughout were characterized by a deeply spiritual tone. The Bible was not studied merely for culture or mental enlightenment, but as the guide-book of every-day life and the pathway into the presence of the living God.

Afternoon meetings were held throughout the week, during which opportunities were given the audience to ask questions and take part in the discussions. Such topics were taken up as "Chief Hindrances to Church Work," "What is Worldliness?" "Family Religion," etc. The evening addresses embraced such subjects as "The Church and the Book," "The Believer at Home," "The Church and the School," "The Church and the Neighbor," "The Church of To-morrow."

Throughout the meetings great stress was laid on the importance of the home, the place of the home in the church, and the church in the home. Bishop Vincent has not got away from the sacredness of the hearthstone. We rejoiced, too, in the splendid emphasis of the sacredness of secular callings. All work for humanity is sacred and worthy of honor when done "as unto the Lord." The world is growing into broader conceptions of service.

The evening services were preceded by impressive organ recitals by Dr. Torrington. We never heard the Magnificat

so grandly given as on Sunday night. At the closing meeting the beautiful Chautauqua vesper service was given.

At this meeting there was passed around a printed service of surrender containing test questions, a promise of life-long surrender to God, and a pledge to form the habit of reading the Bible daily. We have no doubt that hundreds have been interested sufficiently in the Bible to take up these daily readings after the inspiration of these meetings. We who had the privilege of hearing Bishop Vincent will always feel a sense of personal obligation for the uplift received. The entire Church will be keyed up to a higher tone of personal, domestic, civic, and "neighborly" righteousness.

#### THE DEATH OF DR. STONE.

The many friends of the late Dr. Stone, and few men had more, will have heard with great regret of his sudden and lamented death. He was on a visit to the residence of his son, Mr. H. E. Stone, barrister, of Parry Sound, when he was suddenly called from the activities of earth to the blessings of heaven. The genial face of Dr. Stone, as presented in the accompanying portrait, was a revelation of the man—genial, cordial, vivacious, a man full of the milk of human kindness. "To know him was to love him, to name him was to praise." Dr. Stone was one of the most distinguished members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and occupied some of the most important positions in its gift. He was presiding elder of the Ottawa District and subsequently book steward and editor of *The Christian Advocate*. In its vigorous pages he strongly helped the cause of Methodist Union, and his ability in debate, his suavity of manner, his strong convictions of duty, contributed in large degree to the achievement of that union. In his position as associate editor of *The Christian Guardian* he helped to make that union a success. In how large degree he enjoyed the confidence of his brethren is shown in his being successively chairman of the Toronto West and Collingwood and Algoma Districts, and in 1889 Secretary, and 1897 President of the Toronto Conference. He was also delegate to four of our General Conferences, fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a representative to the first Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881. He served his generation by the will of God and fell on sleep.

## Book Notices.

"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. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. IX. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Special price in advance of completion, \$6.00, in cloth.

Three-fourths of this great work has now been issued. It grows in interest with each successive volume. When, in the near future, the whole will be issued, it will present the most complete and comprehensive record of everything connected with the people of Israel, in ancient and modern times, that has ever been published. And their record presents a thousand points of contact with our Christian faith and our Christian civilization. The historical aspect of the Jews is one of tragic interest. The story of their race is one dark record of restriction, oppression, persecution. Even to-day seven millions of Jews are the subject of civil and religious disability, if not, indeed, of political, economic, and social slavery. An age-long prejudice, bitter and intense, is only giving way in the more enlightened nations to justice, appreciation, and kindness.

It is little to the credit of the Holy and Orthodox Russia that nowhere are the Jews so bitterly persecuted and massacred as by the officials of the Czar. The articles on Moscow, Novgorod, and Odessa in this volume give striking illustrations of this. To the last place, for instance, eight two-column pages are devoted. In this city of half a million the Jews number one hundred and sixty thousand. The superior vitality and morality of this despised people is shown in the fact that the death rate in 1902 of Jewish children was 28.5 per cent.; among the Greek Orthodox it was 34.5. The natural increase in that year among the Jews was 14.7 per thousand; among the Orthodox, 7.6, or scarcely one-half. The Jewish children born out of wedlock amounted to only 0.1 per cent., as compared with 11.9 per cent. among the Greek Orthodox, or 120 times as many. Yet these are the people whom the Orthodox bitterly denounce, and make

their struggles for life an almost continuous martyrdom.

The progress of the Jews in England and America has been more marked than in any other countries. An interesting article recites their history at Newport, R.I. Under the "soul-freedom" inaugurated by Roger Williams they had perfect liberty, and won great wealth, Newport at that time exceeding even New York in commerce.

Many biblical names come under review in this volume, as Mordecai, Moses, Nehemiah, Nimrod, Noah, Nineveh, etc. To the life of Moses fifteen pages are devoted. Many legends of Moses are told. He was able to walk the day of his birth. At three years of age, sitting at the table of Pharaoh he took the crown from the king's head and placed it on his own. Horrified at his act, the soothsayers declared that he had come to destroy the kingdom of Pharaoh and liberate Israel. The king's counsellors decided to try whether the act was intentional, and placed a piece of gold and a live coal on a plate before Moses to see which he would choose. He took up the coal and put it in his mouth, it burned his tongue, and caused him to be ever after "slow of speech." Moses and Aaron are said to have been the angels whom Jacob saw in his dream ascending and descending the ladder into heaven.

It is to the credit of Napoleon Bonaparte that by unloosing the feudal trammels under which mid-Europe was suffering, by promoting the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, inculcated by the French revolution, he did more to emancipate the Jews than had been done during the three preceding centuries.

Among the theological topics treated are the names of God, Nazareth, New Moon, New Year, Origin, Passover, and many others of much interest. An important article is that on the New Testament by Dr. Kohler, giving the Jewish views of the life and character of Jesus, of His miracles, parables, of the Gospels, and the crucifixion of our Lord. The book is full of interest as giving us the point of view of the orthodox Jew.

On the question of mortality and morbidity it is shown that the death-rate among the Jews is much lower than that

of the races and peoples among whom they dwell. Infant mortality especially is often only one-half that among the Catholic peoples. The causes of this are their abstention from improper diet, their rigid observance of the Lord's Day with its rest, and their moral and upright lives.

The Jew in art receives ample treatment. In music they have accomplished remarkable achievements. Under journalism are tabulated the titles of no less than twelve hundred newspapers and magazines in seventeen languages established by the Jews during the last century. They form a special library throbbing with the life-blood of Israel, and are only an invaluable contribution to the history of civilization, but also a precious source of information showing the modern Jew struggling for his religious and political freedom.

"The Jews in New York" occupies thirty-three pages with twenty-seven illustrations. That city has the largest Jewish population of any city in the world. Of Noah we are told that he was aided by Satan in planting the vineyard, and that the arch-enemy successively slaughtered a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a hog, fertilizing the ground with their blood, thereby indicating the effects of wine-drinking to make men successively like these beasts.

The book applies the scientific method in detail, even in the study of Jewish noses. It shows that the hooked noses are less than twenty-five per cent., straight noses sixty and over per cent., so the caricatures of the Jews are often inaccurate and misleading.

Twenty-five pages are devoted to Palestine, a subject of great interest. It is a surprise to find how many authors of distinction were Jews. Palgrave, the English historian, and his son, editor of the "Golden Treasury," were of this long-despised sect. To the Jews of Paris are devoted thirteen pages of much curious information.

This book embraces over two hundred and fifteen illustrations, many of which are of much artistic merit. No reference or theological library is complete without this important work.

"The Eternal Saviour-Judge." By James Langton Clarke, M.A., late Fellow of the University of Durham. London: John Murray. 1904.

This volume takes us back once more to the quest of the Christian centuries, the attempt to penetrate the mystery of

the life beyond the grave. Can the twentieth century afford us any clearer light than the third? We fear that notwithstanding the learning and ingenuity of our author our answer must still be a negative. He has, however, boldly taken up the most difficult question presented in all this obscure field, the ultimate result of probation and of Christ's work for the salvation of the race, and has presented us with a somewhat novel view, and in support of it an equally novel line of interpretation.

Hitherto three views have been proposed by Christian writers: (1) Eternal blessedness of the righteous and eternal punishment of the finally impenitent; (2) conditional immortality resulting in annihilation of the finally impenitent; (3) universal restoration. The theory proposed in the present work may be regarded as belonging to the third class; but is in many points novel, and is supported by a new line of argument.

The theory and its support are so closely connected that they can most conveniently be taken together. From Old Testament types and from analogy of type interpretation in the Epistle to the Hebrews is deduced the doctrine of Christ as the Eternal Saviour-Judge. This doctrine displaces the usual view of a final judgment, and is projected into the future until the final end of the process of judgment and salvation is the extinction of sin, and the redemption of the whole race.

It is impossible in a brief review to follow the author's novel and sometimes intricate line of argument through its details. We can only point out one or two obvious, and, to our mind, fatal objections:

1. It is a very dangerous proceeding to lay the foundations of a Christian doctrine in a new mode of interpreting a type, especially when the type itself is as novel as the mode of interpretation, and is furnished not by apostolic authority, but it assumed by the author after the analogy of another type. Because the Old Testament priest is presented by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews as a type of Christ, it by no means follows that we are justified in making the Old Testament judge a further type; and because Christ is spoken of as a priest for ever it by no means follows that He is to be a judge for ever. Such license as this in dealing with Scripture would involve us in utter confusion of thought.

2. Our Lord himself and the Apostle Paul both repeatedly refer to a process of moral judgment, which goes on, under the preaching of the Gospel. "He that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God." "For judgment came I into this world that they which see not may see, and that they which see may become blind." But neither in the teaching of our Lord, nor in that of St. Paul, does this process of moral judgment going on in the consciences of men under the light of the Gospel displace the doctrine of a final and universal judgment as taught by the Church.

3. As to the passage in Heb. vi. 2, which seems to have suggested to our author his entire line of thought, it appears most reasonable to take it with our best expositors, as a "judgment the consequences of which are eternal" (Moses Stuart). N. B.

"The Marriage of William Ashe." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Author of "Lady Rose's Daughter," etc., etc. Pp. 563. Price, \$1.50.

This is, we judge, the most noteworthy work of fiction of the season. It exhibits all Mrs. Humphry Ward's subtle analysis of character and mental and moral vivisection of the faults and foibles of humanity. It is a tragic story illustrating the eternal truth, "To be weak is to be wicked." The influence of heredity and environment in the fascinating and foolish Lady Kitty Bristol conspire to wreck her brilliant opportunities and bring disaster on all whom she loved, even more than on herself. She was the daughter of a perverse and foolish mother; she was badly trained in a French convent and was a creature of impetuous caprices and reckless selfishness. Like some beautiful butterfly she flits from one scene of pleasure to another, only at last to singe her wings and perish miserably.

Mrs. Humphry Ward exhibits her familiarity with what Thackeray's Jeames would call "the Upper Ten." In her pages noble lords and ladies, ministers and prime ministers play their brilliant parts. It is alleged that William Ashe, the hero of the story, is a life-size portrait of William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, prime minister at the accession of Queen Victoria, and that Lady Kitty is the Lady Caroline Lamb, who fascinated and exasperated the circles of English nobility, and figured in both Disraeli's and Bulwer's

novels. The malign spell of Geoffrey Cliffe, the poet adventurer, who seeks to succor the Greeks in the Balkans, is a not untrue portraiture of the character of Lord Byron, "the mad, bad man, whom it was dangerous to know."

Lady Kitty continually managed to thwart, and at last with a high wreck, her husband's political ambitions by her caprices and extravagances, most of all by writing a book in which she bitterly satirized and caricatured his political chief, Lord Parham, who was her own and her husband's guest at their country house. The tragedy darkens towards its close, but a gleam of light comes into it, as William Ashe takes his last leave of his fond and foolish wife in a mountain inn of the Alps, where she dies in her husband's arms, with his kiss of forgiveness on her lips. The pathos of its last scene softens the tragedy of the story. The book abounds in Mrs. Humphry Ward's felicitous phrasing and vivid character study. The scene passes chiefly in town and country life in England, and in the wan and faded palaces and galleries of Venice. The moral of the story, as Ashe discovered it, is thus expressed:

"The Christian, no doubt, would say that his married life had failed, because God has been absent from it, because there had been in it no consciousness of higher law, of compelling grace.

"Humanity and God." By Samuel Chadwick. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-356. Price, \$1.50.

Readers of The Methodist Times will know what a vigorous and vivacious writer is the Rev. S. Chadwick. These sermons were preached in the regular course of the author's ministry, and afterwards at the Southport Convention and the Northfield Conference. As a justification for their appearance, if any were needed, the author cites the fact that every one of them has been blessed of God to many souls. With the prayer that they may be blessed in print as they have been blessed in speech, and that Christ's name may be glorified, they have been given to the public. They have a virile strength, a spiritual insight, an intense moral earnestness and fervor that cannot fail to make them profitable to all who read. They treat such subjects as "Humanity and God," "Sin and Grace," "The Incarnation and Its Glorious Purpose," "The Omnipotence of Faith," "The Spirit Filled Life," "Christian Perfection."