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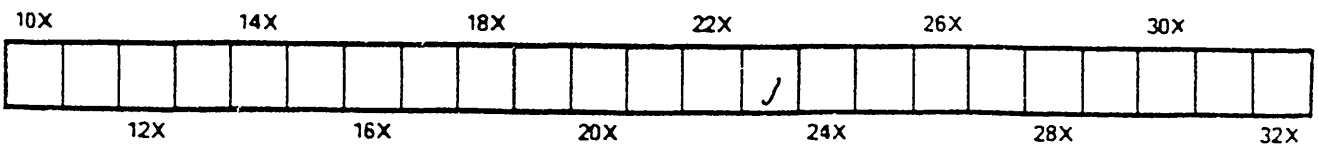
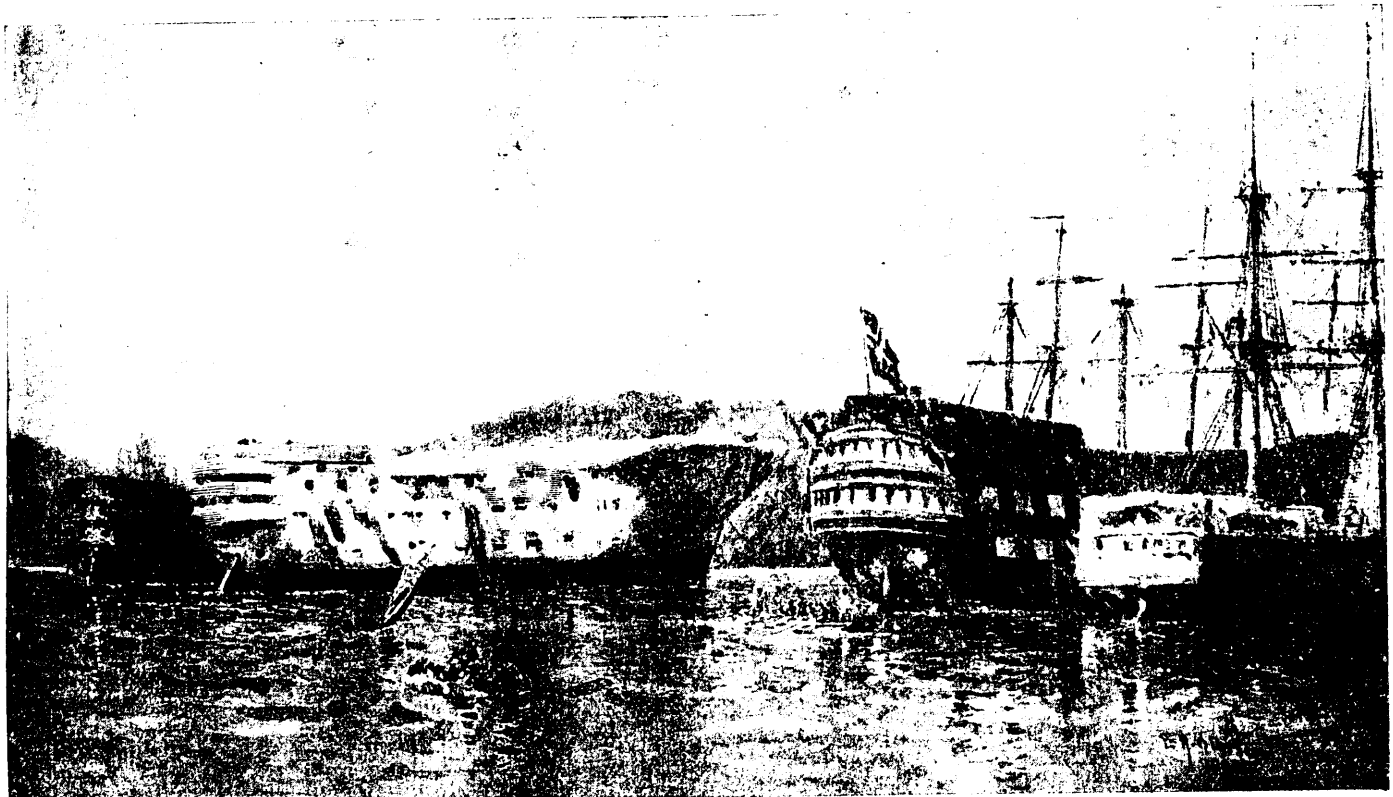


A GROUP OF ACADEMICIANS.

Standing—From left to right:—Taylor. ell-Smith. Watts. Harris. Day. Forster. McCarthy Forbes.
Sitting—From left to right:—Brymner. Jacobi. O'Brien. Hutchison. Smith.



By L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A.

A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S NAVY OF THE PAST.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1904.

SOME CANADIAN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

Drawn from life by F. S. Challoner.

WE cannot claim to have established in Canada a school of art like that of Tuscany or Umbria. We have been too busy a people for that, and this is too utilitarian an age. We have exchanged the patronage of the Popes and Grand Dukes and the adornment of churches and palaces for the patronage of the people, and the modest adornment of their homes. Civic decoration is almost unknown. With the exception of Mr. Reid's mural paintings in the City Hall, Toronto, and

By G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

"MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD."

some portraits and landscapes in this city and at Ottawa, public patronage has been conspicuous by its absence, if it be not an Hibernicism to so speak.

But we have made a beginning, and a very good beginning, too. The group of academicians in our frontispiece and the work upon the walls at the annual exhibitions at Toronto and Montreal indicate that Canadian art is not without its

"THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE."

By G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

earnest students and its notable achievements.

The distinguished artist, Lucius Richard O'Brien, R.C.A., whose lamented death we all deplore, who occupies the centre place in this group, will be remembered as a gentleman of rare culture and courtesy, an artist of exquisite taste and fine poetic feeling. Mr. O'Brien was Canadian "born and bred," being the second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. O'Brien, merit. The impressive canvas presenting some of England's war-worn hulks suggests Turner's "Fighting Temeraire."

The other gentlemen in the group have all made very important contributions to our Canadian art, as have also others whose portraits do not appear in that group. One of the most popular of these is George Agnew Reid, R.C.A., whose sketch-portrait by F. S. Challoner we present. Mr. Reid was born of

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

"PERE LE JEUNE IN THE FOREST."

He was educated at Upper Canada College, and for years spent his leisure in the open air with sketch-book in hand, observing those aspects of Canadian scenery which he so well learned to interpret and preserve. He studied and exhibited in both England and France, and executed commissions of Canadian scenery for Queen Victoria and Princess Louise. His studies of the Canadian Rockies and Canadian marine pieces are of surpassing Scottish-Irish parentage at Wingham, Ontario. He received his education in Toronto, and early gave himself to the pursuit of art. He studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, afterwards in France, Spain, and Italy. He took the Julian prize at Paris in 1889, and was awarded a medal at the Colonial Exhibition, London, and the Columbian Exhibition, Chicago. His work is thus described by a competent critic: "It is always

By Robert Harris, P.R.C.A.

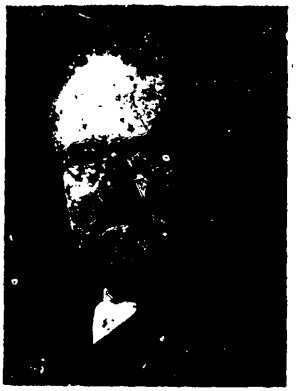
A PORTRAIT.

realistic, individual, with the true feeling for colour, while his drawing is strong and correct."

Mr. G. A. Reid's admirable companion pictures, entitled "Mortgaging the Homestead," and "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," have justly attracted much attention. They represent a domestic tragedy which occurs only too often. The causes may be many—ill-health, bad crops, bad management, sometimes the drink habit; or perhaps a man is foolish enough to place a mortgage to meet an emergency or to raise money for speculative purposes. No man ever mortgages his property without the hope of redeeming it, but at the best it is a depressing affair. The pathos of it is shown in Mr. Reid's picture, "Mortgaging the Homestead." The

lawyer at the table is showing the honest farmer where to place his signature, his wife is rocking a babe to sleep with a face full of disquiet, a little girl on the floor is wondering at the strange proceedings, the old father and mother, who perhaps have toiled for years to procure the homestead, sit in dumb resignation as the shelter of its roof-tree over their heads in old age is menaced.

The companion picture, which hangs in the hall of the Toronto Public Library, shows "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage." Sickness has overtaken the unhappy mortgagor, who lies pillowed in an



ROBERT HARRIS.

arm-chair. The mortgagee, or his man of law, has come to serve the legal documents. The wife, with bowed head, is weeping at the table, while the innocent children look timidly on with a sense of uncomprehending awe, the unconscious infant sleeping in the cradle, while the old grandmother with bowed and broken form is yielding to the inevitable.

Mr. Reid thus describes the evolution of these striking pictures, one of which we have pleasure in printing:

"In painting the two pictures, 'Mortgaging the Homestead' and 'The Foreclosure of the Mortgage,' my intention was to represent possible events in life as realistically as I was able, by means of the best technique at my command. They were not intended to suggest any theory of social reform, though it was my wish to direct attention to mortgages, which are engulfing millions of homes intended to be the joy and hope of their founders.

"The former picture was painted in the winter of 1890, immediately after the heartrending stories of the sufferings of the Dakota farmers reached us; in view of how generally the New World, with its pretensions to freehold homes, was being mortgaged, the subject pressed itself upon me as suited to a New-World painter.

"But it may be necessary to mention that my earliest acquaintance with mortgages was in my youth, when the burden of one limited my life. When I learned of its existence, some cherished hopes seemed to have gone for ever, and the homestead changed its character. At that time, in my mind, shame as well as misfortune was connected with mortgages, but when I became better acquainted with conditions, I saw that the worthy as well as the shiftless and profligate were being swept into the vortex of debt.

"Then it was that I became interested in the various movements intended to relieve the inequalities which our civilization is slow to throw off.

"'The Foreclosure of the Mortgage' was painted in 1892 and 1893, and was not a sequel to 'Mortgaging the Homestead,' except in the sense that one event may foretell another. I intended each picture to be complete in itself, though dealing with the same subject.

"One picture frequently suggests to the artist's mind another in the same vein, and a story told me by one on whom falls the painful duty of executing foreclosures was the

PAUL WICKSON, A.R.C.A.

basis of the scene in the second picture. The local colour of the pictures is, of course, Canadian, but the pledging of property has invariably accompanied modern civilization."

Mr. Robert Harris, the distinguished Canadian artist, was born near Carnarvon, North Wales, on September 17, 1849. He came to Canada in youth, and was educated at Charlottetown, P.E.I. He was self-educated in art, till about 1877, after which he studied in London and Paris. Mr. Harris was elected president of the R. C. A. in 1900, a position which he still holds. He has exhibited pictures in the Salon of Paris and the R. A. of London. He painted, by the order of the Canadian Government, in 1883, the large picture now in the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, of the meeting of delegates in Quebec that resulted in the formation of the Dominion of Canada. Among his other pictures are, "Meeting of School Trustees," exhibited in London in 1886, and an impressive work, entitled "Going Wrong," a family group in which are wrought out with heart-touching vividness the father's seriousness, the mother's intense anxiety, and the sister's anguish over the "going wrong" just disclosed of the boy of the household. His "Portrait of a Lady" is a work of intellectual insight as well as of technical skill. His "Pere Le Jeune" recalls the patient heroism, the self-sacrifice, the consecration of the fathers of the wilderness missions of Canada. Mr. Harris resides in Montreal.

Mr. Paul Wickson, A.R.C.A., is a typical Canadian and Toronto boy. We quote the following tribute to his artistic skill: "Paul Wickson is a son of the Rev. A. Wickson, LL.D., formerly tutor of Toronto University. Mr. Wickson was born in that city some forty years ago. He went to England when quite young, and soon entered South Kensington, where he studied under Sir W. J. Payner and M. Legros. He exhibited in various art galleries, travelled and visited the different European art galleries." The quiet humour of the accompanying bit will be appreciated.

Mr. E. Dyonnet, of Montreal, was born in France, but came to Canada when quite young. He studied art four years in Italy, principally in Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Before returning to Canada, he exhibited a few pictures at the International Exposition, Rome, where he has exhibited annually ever since. In 1892 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, and was recently raised to full membership.

WAITING FOR THE DINNER BELL.

OWEN STAPLES.

Owen Staples (born at Stoke, near Humister, Somersetshire, Eng.), among the younger element in Toronto art circles, gives much promise for future development from the success he has already achieved. Since early boyhood he indulged his taste for all forms of animal life, and he has produced some works of high merit. His paintings of the creatures of dumb life are usually made out of doors when practicable, and hence are characterized with much boldness and freedom of execution. Mr. Staples' association with Mr. G. A. Reid in his study during the past few years has had beneficial results. His most ambitious works have all been of animal life. Mr. Staples' picture of the "Last Load" was chosen to represent Canadian art at the Chicago World's Fair.

We return now to the portrait group in our frontispiece.

Frederick M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., inherits his artistic instincts from his father, the late John Bell-Smith, an English artist of repute, who, coming to Canada in 1866, founded the Society of Canadian Artists, Montreal, the first ever formed in Canada. His son was born in London, and has won distinction as a portrait and figure painter. In his treatment of the cloud-girt and mist-enshrouded mountains he has achieved a distinguished success. His "Lights of a City Street," a scene on King Street, Toronto, will be remembered as one of his most brilliant canvases. In depicting the incidents connected with the death of Sir John Thompson, he obtained a personal sitting from Queen Victoria, an honour accorded to but three or four living artists in the world.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster is another artist, Canadian to the core. He was born at Norval, Ontario, and studied in Paris under Boulanger, Fleury, and Bouguereau. Mr. Forster's specialty is portraiture, which he makes a psychological study, presenting the character and prevalent moods of the subject. His portraits of Canadian men of mark would make a very long list. He has won wide fame by his recent portraits of John, Charles, and Susanna Wesley, for which he made special studies in Great Britain. These are considered among the most interpretative portraits of the founders and of the mother of Methodism yet painted, and have been widely reproduced on both sides of the Atlantic.

J. McGillivray Knowles is one of the younger of the Canadian artists. He has won distinction by his

E. DYONNET, R.C.A.

By Bell-Smith.

CORNER OF YONGE AND KING STREETS, TORONTO.

splendid marines, in which he has reproduced the fisher life of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the magnificent scenery of Perce Rock and other bold bits. He has made many studies of Cornish and Devonshire scenery, and some striking land and waterscapes.

Charles M. Manly is another son of the manse, his father being the late Rev. John Manly, for years missionary in Jamaica, but long resident in Canada. Mr. Manly's water-colours of mountains and moor, of gorse and heather, and his animal studies exhibit much poetic feeling as well as artistic skill.

John Colin Forbes, R.C.A., was born in Toronto, where he spent his early years. He studied at the South Kensington Museum and the Royal Academy, and painted many admirable portraits, among them those of Lord Dufferin, Sir John A. Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Oliver Mowat, and notably, one of Mr. Gladstone, which was highly commended by the London Times. His "Syndicate Peak in the Rockies," "Royal Gorge," and his Rocky Mountain and Colorado sketches are full of strength of form and colour. The wealthy patronage of New York City has lured him away from his native land.

Marmaduke Matthews, R.C.A., is Warwickshire born, of Welsh descent. His Old Country training gave him perhaps his penchant for architectural drawing and detail, in which he exhibits great skill. His pictures of the "Canadian Wonderland" and the "Conquered Portal" scenes in the Rockies are of conspicuous merit.

Mr. Hamilton Wright McCarthy, one of our few Canadian sculptors, was born in London, England. His father was a sculptor of ability, who attained celebrity by his equestrian

THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE AT WORK.

and animal subjects, some of which are in the possession of the Earl of Derby, Prince Demidoff, and other eminent art patrons. The fine statue of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams at Port Hope, the monument of Sir John A. Macdonald in Queen's Park, Toronto, busts of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen, Professor Goldwin Smith, and other distinguished Canadians, are the work of Mr. McCarthy. His son is the third in this generation of sculptors who exhibits much talent in the art which seems hereditary in the family.

Otto R. Jacobi, R.C.A., was born at Konigsberg, Prussia, as long ago, says Morgan, as 1812. When only twenty he won a prize of one thousand dollars, with the privilege of studying for three years at Dusseldorf, where he executed some important commissions. His strongly painted pictures have adorned the walls of many Academy exhibitions.

Mr. Allward, R.C.A., is a rising young sculptor. He was born in Toronto twenty-nine years ago, but his parents and grandparents were both from the island of Newfoundland. He early exhibited talent in sculpture, and has already achieved distinction in this art. Among his works are a statue of Governor Simcoe, in Queen's Park, Toronto, and the fine figure of Peace on the soldiers' monument commemorating the heroes of the North-West Rebellion, the statue of Nicholas Flood Davin, at Ottawa, and the heroic sized statue of Dr. Oronhyatekha, Temple Buildings, Toronto. He is at present engaged on a statue of Sir Oliver Mowat, for the base of which he is also modelling sym-

bolical figures. He has modelled from life, for the Dominion and Ontario Governments, busts of almost all our leading men, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Mr. Hardy, and several others.

Edmund Wyly Grier, R.C.A., illustrates in his own person the wide extent of the Empire. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1862, and came to Canada in his fourteenth year. He studied in London, Paris, and Rome, exhibited in the British Royal Academy, and has won special distinction by his masterly portraits, among others those of Professor Goldwin Smith for the Bodleian library, Oxford; Hon. Edward Blake, Chief Justice Meredith, Sir Allan McNab, and many others.

William Brymner, another Canadian of distinction, studied under the best masters in Paris, and exhibited both at the Salon and at the London Academy. He was commissioned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to paint a series of large pictures of mountain scenery in the Rockies, which he accomplished with distinguisned success.

Paul Peel, R.C.A., was the first native of the American continent to receive the gold medal of the Salon. His paintings of Indian subjects have won him name and fame at home and abroad. His sister, Miss Mildred Peel, has also achieved success both as a painter and in the more difficult art of sculpture.

But time and space would fail to include the many artists who have reflected distinction on their native or adopted country: The veteran Verner, who painted the buffalo of the Canadian plains as never man has done; Messrs. Watts, Smith, Hutchinson, Challoner, and many others, make too long a list for special reference. It does not fall within our scope in this paper to refer to the women artists of Canada, many of whom, as Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mrs. M. E. Dignam, Miss Laura Muntz, have achieved marked success. To this pleasant aspect of Canadian art we may return at another time.

THE MASTER'S COMING.

In a desolate night and lonely, afar in a desolate land,
I awaited the Master's coming—the touch of His healing hand,
The gates of His house were guarded and sealed with a seal of stone,
Yet still for his steps I waited and wept in the dark alone.

And I said: "When the guards are dreaming I will steal to His couch of rest:
He will think of my weary vigils and welcome me to His breast."
But lo! when the seal was broken, the couch where my Master lay
Held only His shining raiment—they had taken my Lord away!

Then my soul in its grief and anguish lay down in the dark to die
Under a hopeless heaven, under a sunless sky;
But my dreams were all of the Master—dear as my soul was dear,
And waking I saw the glory of His beautiful presence there.

And He said as I fell and worshipped: "Arise, and the Master see;
Behold the thorns that have crowned Him—the wounds that were made for thee!"

. . . . . .

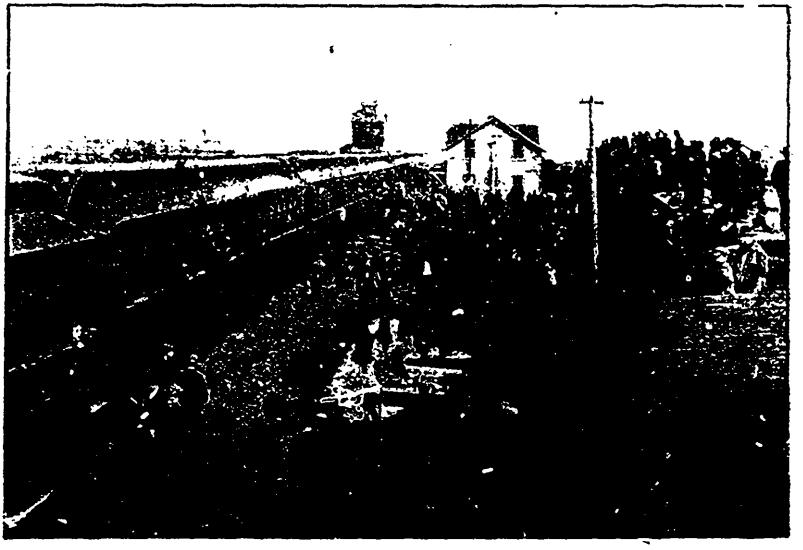
I wait for the Master's coming, now as in days gone by,
Under a hopeful heaven, under a cloudless sky;
And still when the guards are dreaming I steal to His couch of rest;
His smile through the darkness lightens, and welcomes me to His breast!

—*Christian Herald.*

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW WEST.

BY THE REV. OLIVER DARWIN,

Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and Assiniboia.



ARRIVAL OF AN IMMIGRATION TRAIN AT SASKATOON.

THE Editor of this Magazine, journeying through the West some years ago, wrote: "The tamest imagination cannot but kindle at the thought of the grand inheritance God has given to us, and to our children, in this vast domain of empire." Such is always the sentiment of those who *see*. Few, very few, have any adequate conception of the extent and worth of this magnificent inheritance. Many writers have written, and many speakers have spoken, concerning the glorious prospects of the west, and yet we are of the opinion that its fabulous possibilities have not been exaggerated; there remains yet more to be said. People are only just beginning to wake up to the wondrous possibilities of this great land, and to realize that it is fitted for something more than wild animals and fur hunters. A land, great in area; magnificent in its distances; unlimited in its resources, and promising in the near future a development such as the most optimistic prophets of other days never dreamt or foretold.

A poet sang about "Our Lady of the Snows," artists sent pictures of dog-trains, blizzards, and snow-storms; some missionaries and other people told awful stories about living with the thermometer registering fifty degrees below zero; and these things were emphasized until people really thought that all we had was "a few acres of snow."

The rebellion of 1870 helped in

IMMIGRANTS PITCHING TENTS AT SASKATOON.

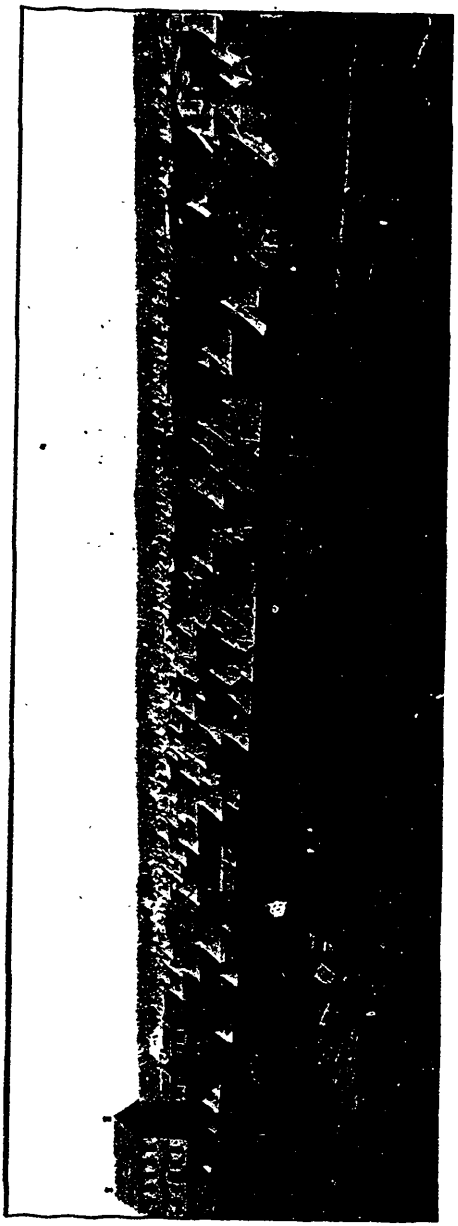
the changing of this idea. The sturdy Ontario volunteers who plodded through rain and mud from Kildonan to Fort Garry, under command of Colonel Wolseley, to avenge the murder of Thomas Scott, carried back to their homes, friends, and neighbours glowing reports of the goodly land they had seen, that by eastern Canadians had long been considered an illimitable wilderness.

From this time settlers began to come in, and we began to hear something about "Our Lady of the Sunshine," of wheat and potatoes, of a land in which white men could live, and where "life was grand." Wheat blockades, and the inability of the railroads to cope successfully with the requirements of the traffic, have furnished the strongest possible demonstration of the richness of the west's resources, and the fertility of its soil. "Wheat blockades do not occur in poor farming countries ; nor do settlers go fifty or a hundred miles ahead of railroad construction, unless the inducements, in the shape of fertile farms, are sufficient."

Since these things were noised abroad, a stream of immigration unprecedented in volume has been flowing into the great west. In 1891 the population of Manitoba was 152,206. In 1901 it was 254,947. In 1881 the population of the North-West Territories was 56,446 ; in 1891 it was 98,967. In 1901 it was 160,000, and now we have over 300,000, and still the tide flows on.

During the past three years more people have come to us than came in the ten years preceding. In 1901 there came 56,076 ; in 1902, 84,035 ; and in 1903, 128,980. And this is only yet "the first low wash of waves, where soon shall roll a human sea." Nearly 35,000 homestead entries were made for the year 1902-1903 ; these, taken along with the millions of acres of land sold by various companies indicate that for some time to come a steady stream of immigration will flow into this great domain.

This great influx of population has resulted in great problems; problems of government, commerce,



TWO THOUSAND IMMIGRANTS UNDER CANVAS AT SASKATOON.

finance, education, and religion; and one asks, How are they being solved? The Government is increasing its grants to public works; constructing roads, building bridges, increasing postal and railway facilities. Business men are adding story to story, in order to make room for goods to do business with the incoming population. Bankers are opening branches of their respective institutions all over the country. Railway companies are adding to their rolling stock, improving their road-beds, and increasing their terminal facilities. And the Church of Jesus Christ, what is she doing? Would she not be traitor to her great commission were she not to rise at this juncture in her might, and do her very utmost to win those incoming settlers for Christ and righteousness?

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that we may have boundless plains of fertile lands, unlimited possibilities of agricultural and commercial success, large business blocks, banks, elevators, and such-like; but if we have not character we have failed in that which makes for true greatness, or highest happiness of our people. "It is not the capacity for earning money, but the power to live noble lives and do noble needs, that makes men worthy to be accounted the sons of God, and fits them to dwell on the land that God has made." To lead men to live with a holy and noble purpose is surely the work of the Church of Jesus Christ. The possibilities of influencing for good these thousands of people from all nations and kindreds and tongues, and of helping to lay the foundations of empire in righteousness, appeal to the ambition of our citizenship, and to the zeal and principle of our Christianity.

There are opposing forces, and hindrances to the accomplishment of this good work, and these constitute the chief problems of the Church to-day. Amongst such dif-

ficulties and hindrances are: Sparse settlement over wide areas, difficulties in beginning ; lack of suitable accommodation, and diversity of beliefs among the people ; the licensing of houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, gambling, sport, Sabbath desecration, and then I would say last, but by no means least, worldliness.

Dr. Sutherland, in his article on "Methodism in the West," says : "Throughout the whole North-West the chief danger, from a Christian standpoint, is the growth of worldliness, owing to the rapid increase of wealth—an oncoming tide of materialism threatens to submerge and sweep away the spiritual life of the Church." This is a fact patent to all observant minds. Men who were active members of the Church in the east will not hesitate to tell you that "they are not here for their souls, but to make money," whilst men who were reared in poverty, without any restraints of Christian character, are completely carried away by the prospect of rapidly acquiring wealth, and bend all their energies to this object. Can anything be done to arrest and drive back these tendencies which make for unrighteousness ? It is said, "the brave Scots in their wars with Spain carried with them the heart of Bruce in a casket, and in the crises of battle would hurl it into the thickest of the fight. Then the cry would go up, 'The Heart of Bruce!' and the impetuosity of the attack to regain the heart of their valorous chieftain swept their foes before them like leaves before the wind." As a Church we have some stake in the great moral conflict now going on, and into it we may hurl the life, the character, the honour, the word, the doctrine of Christ. Now is the time to leap fearlessly into the breach and trust the fortunes of the holy war."

We need for this conflict *men,* the very best ; and the best are not too good for the work. There is a mistaken notion amongst many of our brethren in the east, both ministerial and lay, in this regard. If they have a man who has been unsuccessful in the east from any cause, they think the west is the place for him, and do not hesitate to recommend him for that work. If he has failed in the east he is more likely to fail in the west; if he is not acceptable in the east he will not be acceptable in the west.

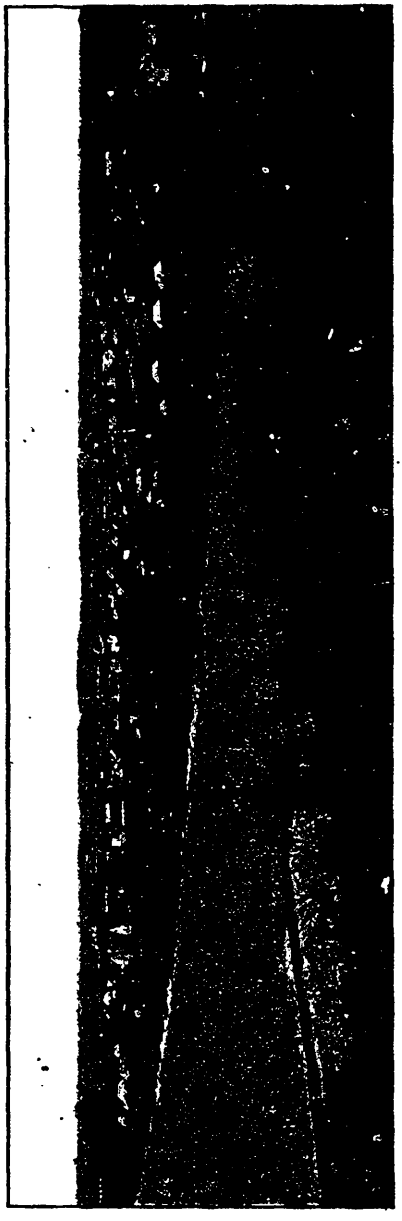
> The rudiments of empire here
> Are plastic yet, and warm ;
> The chaos of a mighty world
> Is rounding into form.

The preacher of the Gospel here has much to do with the "rounding" process ; and for this purpose men with strong bodies and sturdy brains are needed ; picked men, trained men, men who can preach with power ; men of spirituality ; of tact, of energy, with a knowledge of men—men who have graduated in the school of commonsense, and are in possession of the degree of three G's., viz., Grace, Grit, and Gumption.

Let the young men of Methodism, and the older ones, too, ponder the words of the Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), contained in an article written for this Magazine, on the "Romance and Reality of North-West Missions" :

"I received a letter from our Superintendent of Missions, Dr. Robertson, asking me to go west. At first I thought it really hardly worth while for a man of my ability and education to throw myself away upon home missions, and especially in the west. If it had being going to a great field like China or India, or taking a big congregation in Toronto, that would have been more up to what I

thought I was fitted for. But to go west and throw myself away was



A WESTERN TOWN TWO YEARS OLD.

not to my liking ; nevertheless I went.

"It is wonderful how things change when you come near. I remember my first look at the mountains. They seemed very small, but every mile I travelled toward them they went up into the sky until they became great and majestic. So when I reached the home mission field and got some vague suspicion of its possibilities, of the opportunities of a man 'to waste his life' there ; when I came to know the men—there were not many women, six women in my congregation—I began to feel, not that I was too big to throw myself away on the work, but I began to wish that I had been a great many big men rolled up into one, so that I could command a great many lives to spend in that work."

The great west calls for the consecrated manhood of the church ; the best who will answer, willingly saying, "Here am I, send me !"

We need churches—buildings in which to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Wherever you erect a church in a new community in this great west, you have that which becomes a constant rebuke to sin and wrongdoing amongst the people. It is different from a hall or a schoolroom ; it stands there speaking to men of God and Christ and spiritual things. While souls have been saved, and men inspired to noble living through the preaching of the Gospel in sod shanties and log schoolhouses, yet the results are meagre compared to the work that might be accomplished had a church been erected.

In this land we need buildings that can be used not only for Sunday services, but for every day in the week. We have a young man problem in this country, and to the mind of the writer, in order to solve it, a church with a parlour is just as necessary as a church with a pulpit.

Our duty to-day is to centre the young life of our growing communities around the church, instead of

leaving it to centre around the saloon. Some churches have organized young men's clubs, and a long-felt want is thus being met. Nowhere is such an organization so much needed as in the little town or village just springing up.

It would greatly aid us in the west if the Church and Parsonage Aid Fund could be very materially strengthened; loans more easily obtained, and larger amounts granted, so that we might have proper appliances with which to do our work.

Some Encouragements.

Growth.—When one looks over the work and compares places with what they were ten years ago, the expression is forced from the lips: "What hath God wrought!" Then we had 14,271 members, now we have 24,495. Then we had 564 preaching appointments; now we have 806. Then we raised for missions $9,213; now we raise $28,603. Then we raised for all purposes $141,850; now we raise $363,500. Again, hundreds have been converted to God, and thousands of God's people have been edified and encouraged while listening to the proclamation of the glorious Gospel of Christ. Homes have been kept pure and sweet in consequence of the work done; families have been reared in godliness. Respect for law and order has been created and maintained; public opinion corrected, moulded, and elevated.

It is impossible to bring the great truths concerning Christ and godliness to bear upon men without arousing and developing their moral and intellectual natures; and you cannot affect men to any great degree by these truths without affecting all the conditions external to themselves. "Plant the life of God in a man's soul and make him feel that he is the child of a King, and the feeling will reappear in homes and enterprising business, in righteous laws, in benevolent institutions, and in improved industries." The seeing of such results are amongst the encouragements of the missionary workers.

I cannot express our present needs better than by quoting the words of our esteemed Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Woodsworth, as contained in his report as Superintendent of Missions, presented to the last General Conference:

"We need such a possession of the Holy Ghost as shall render our Church jealously conservative of the truth, and yet mighty in aggressive movement. If we fail to reach men's consciences—lead to regeneration of heart and holiness of life—we shall miserably fail of the greatest object for which we are here. Only by the possession of the life of God to the degree that it will give power with men can we justify our existence, vindicate our divine call to this great service, or look for great triumphs.

"We need better and more thorough equipment on the human side. The great and growing need for more men and for more experienced men in our ministerial ranks furnishes a very serious and a very difficult problem. The harvest truly is great, the labourers are few. The very meagre support afforded our missionaries has militated seriously against our prosperity. All honour to the men and women who have loyally served the Church, and made such a report possible as that just read, which records gratifying results at a small financial cost.

"Does the attainment of these gratifying results at so great a sacrifice involve the principles of true economy and simple justice? We think not. We have the best of reasons for believing that if a more liberal support could have been allowed our missionaries and their families, very much greater results,

both financial and otherwise, would have been attained.

"Even ministers cannot do their best when pressed down by financial burdens. If we expect to share in the general prosperity which is sure to come to this country in the not distant future, we must do what other churches are doing, and what all business institutions are doing; we must expend liberally in seed sowing, and general cultivation in this, the springtime of our country's life. This is only reasonable. It is only just to ourselves. It is in line with business principles, which ought not to be ignored in the conduct of the business of the Church, which has been committed to us."

Moose Jaw, Assa.

EMMAUS.

O happy those who with Thee walked
On that far April afternoon,
And with Thee in the twilight talked
Ere yet arose the Paschal moon!
The shadows of the evening fell;
But from their heart the shadows went,
As from the unsuspected Well
Of Truth itself they drank content.

To win such clearance from Thy lips
That faith, complete, stood still at noon,
Nor failing after, knew eclipse,
But stayed full-orbed—was this their boon?
O blest, if in Thy light they lost
Grim doubt, our life's attendant shade!
Henceforth by error never tost,
Nor ever by the truth dismayed!

Now April comes again, with showers,
And winds, and many an afternoon
Like *that*, with sunlight, and the flowers
Which Thou didst praise: yet late, or soon,
To us will never come the time
When the whole mind shall dwell content;
Until in some far other clime,
And on some final continent—

Couched at Thy feet on heaven's high hill,
All in that great unclouded noon,—
Not in "a glass" that shadows fill,
Nor guessed from hieroglyph or rune;—
But from *Thyself* we learn our lore;
And, ev'n as bays the tidal sea
Possesses—brims from shore to shore—
Our souls are filled with Truth and Thee.

—*Alfred H. Vine.*

AMONG THE COAL MINERS.*

BY MARGARET BLAKE ROBINSON.

MRS. PALMER AND A GROUP OF "HER BOYS."

ONE summer day, when the temperature was so many degrees above zero that I was becoming sceptical as to whether there really ever was a zero, I stopped and rang the bell at a little house in a mining town in Illinois. A man came to the door smoking a comfortable-looking old cob pipe, and holding a well-thumbed Bible in his hand. He was small of stature, with coal-black hair, well-tanned skin, intelligent features, and a pronounced English accent. I announced that I was holding evangelistic services in the little Methodist Church a few blocks away, and that I would like to have him come to some of them.

"It's rather hot to preach and visit," he said; "but, then, I like the visiting preacher. I tell you if it was not for a preacher who visited me, I would be still a drunken miner —as bad as the rest of them."

Then he told me his story. It was not strikingly novel, but it gave me a new light into the hearts and lives of a class of people that I had almost come to believe were as incapable of being made spiritually white as was the coal they mined. His father had

*Abridged from The Missionary Review of the World.

been a Methodist minister in England, and his grandfather a local preacher ("a loaferin' preacher," as his little boy phrased it), and he himself had had a good education and religious training. He came to New York City when he was twenty-one, and after vainly seeking employment in the more "genteel" occupations, he turned his face to the west and soon became a coal miner."

"Talk about the man with the hoe and the brother to the ox," he he said, "well, the poor ox can't always choose his relations, but if he could, I believe he'd have cut me dead. I made good wages, but the bad influences of the mine and the saloon, which is as much to the average miner as his dinner, soon set their mark upon me. I married a good wife, but neither she nor our children could save me from my evil habits. One day a preacher called. He was not good-looking (say, wife, do you remember the red carrot head and the pug nose on that fellow ?) he looked like a small edition of John L. Sullivan—but I tell you he knew his Bible, and he was a friendly sort of a chap that you couldn't get mad at. I told him that it was none of his business whether I was a Christian or no, and said a lot of other things of the same kind, but he hooked me all the same. I gave up drink, and then I joined the Church. Now I help to pay the preacher, and I bought this house, and am paying for it, little by little, so that my wife and children will have a home if anything should happen to me."

With great pride he showed me the little English garden in the rear of the house, and his wife, who was a Swede, said in broken English, but with such feeling in her voice that it was positively musical : "He's good von year now, an' 'tish like Hefen ; but, oh, de udder poor miner's wifes. Oh" (going over and putting her arm on his shoulder), "my Art'ur is chanshed so—he is so goot, so very goot !"

Arthur seemed to like that sort of treatment, and lit his pipe afresh.

Within a radius of ten miles of Danville there are several mining towns, Westville and Kellyville being the most prominent. The men who live at a distance from the mines go to work every morning in a railroad-car especially run for them by the mining company. It is a dirty, grimy car, inhabited temporarily by as dirty-looking a lot of men as can be found outside the realm of "Dusty Rhodes" and "Weary Walker." Every man of them carries his pipe —a dude with a cigarette would be ridiculed in Polish, Swedish, Russian, and murdered English, and would probably be compelled (like chimneys in the East) to consume his own smoke. It seems as if every man's ambition is to have a pipe more disreputable looking than those of his neighbours, and when all are smoking in concert it is difficult to tell on which end of the train is the engine. The same scene is repeated in the evening, and a rush is made for the saloon the moment the railway-car door is opened, and its coal-smeared passengers are back from their day's toil in the bowels of the earth.

"'Tis mighty easy to preach temperance," said a Westville miner, discussing the saloon question and the miner one day, "but it's the only decent place we fellows have to go. We have a newspaper to read, another fellow to argue with, and we can put our feet on the table and eat all the free lunch we want. We have a blooming fine fiddler who plays for us—say, wot's a fellow livin' for —all work ? Some of us ain't got no wives, and them that has—oh, say ! story-books is all right for love stories, but I've seen enough of that sort o' business among the miners, an' I know better'n blamin' the fellows wot don't go home."

I might moralize with that man, but he had hard, sad facts for my theories. I could only think : "God knows it all, but the wealthy city churches do not want to know it." If they did they would reduce the salaries of their pastors, and the amount of their own luxuries, and send some strong-limbed, earnest young fellows out here to do for the miners what the Y. M. C. A. has done for the railroad men, only to do it better by making the atmosphere more free and easy, and to pay more real attention to the spiritual work. It will take years of lectures and paintings and classical music to educate a man up to the point where he winces at his beloved scratchy fiddle and objects to have paint-stores that are prodigal of their colours supply his artistic needs ; but get that man truly "in tune with the Infinite," and he will reach out after the noblest and best as naturally and instinctively as a child seeks for its milk bottle.

"*I never saw a converted tramp* who did not take to washing himself and buying decent clothes, and patronizing the bookstores," said a Christian worker to me recently. A man has to be convinced that what you have is better and more to be enjoyed and coveted than what he has before he will want an exchange.

Westville is a small village of less than a thousand inhabitants, but it has sixteen saloons—there is an awfully dead sameness about the place ; dirt, squalor, and the houses all shaped alike, of the same size, fashioned according to the same utilitarian and unartistic principles, and all owned by the mine owners. Since the formation of a Miners' Union the men only work eight hours a day, and receive fair wages. The miners (those who dig for the coal) average about $2.50 a day, while the rockmen, timbermen, cagers, and trackmen get about $2.10. Accidents are so frequent that a miner's wife said to me : "A natural death is such a strange thing here that when one hears that So-and-So is dead, they ask at once, 'When was he killed ?'"

This being true, it would seem that there would be a leaning to religious things among the men, but, on the contrary, they become so inured to danger that the fear of death *has no terrors for them*—they live in the midst of it ; it is a common visitor, almost as well known as the timekeeper and cashier who appear with their accounts every week. Added terrors and added proofs of a final reckoning do not save men. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rose from the dead," is as good an argument as it ever was.

Womanhood is degraded in the mining communities. A large proportion drink, and the worst examples of absolute human depravity ever forcibly or otherwise *brought to my notice* were two women and a man who rode on the train, near me, from Danville to Westville. Their language and actions bespoke unspeakable degradation, and I never realized until then how a woman could become so besmirched within and without, and so befouled that onlookers would long for a spiritual Board of Health to remove the filth.

"The city has nothing as bad as this," said a young woman who was travelling with me, and who had worked in the slums of Chicago. The city civilization and refinement modifies its sin, but in a country *mining town these elements are lacking*, and the sin speaks its native language and uncovers its face in the midst of its fellows. A public school, an occasional local preacher, and a formal church service offer what spiritual aid they can for the miners, but little permanent good seems to be done. Some of the

women and a smaller number of the men are truly desirous of better things, and only a changed personal environment will bring them. A few strong Christian men and their wives who would do personal work among the men, live among them, and open places to which they could resort, so as to break the dull monotony of work, would do more good than by any other agency and method. The true reformer must be an individual seeker, and his "personal work" must not consist merely in teaching, but must also be full of brotherly sympathy, free from bigotry, and cant, ready to concede a point often, willing to be patient, ready to look at things from the other man's point of view, and full of the love such as Jesus had when He had compassion on the multitudes. Nor is it only the coal miners that need the light of the Gospel. The spirit of recklessness and the lack of moral character that pervades the coal-pit finds its way into the iron, copper, gold, and silver mines, too. A Colorado woman, speaking of the mines, told me that most miners who lived in and around El Dora "knew religion mostly as a help to express themselves when they got mad." This terse remark contains a sad and universally acknowledged truth for those who have visited the average mining-camp.

However the coal strikes are settled, I know that I will in future see more in the flame of the winter coal-fire than science or the newspapers say is there. May you, too, see there the crying need of these workers in the heart of the earth for the riches of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. Work and pray that the Lord of Harvest send forth sowers and reapers into His harvest.

Twelve years ago, Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer, of Wilkesbarre, started a movement to improve the mental and moral conditions of the breaker boys of the Pennsylvania coal mines. Her work has culminated in the Boys' Industrial Association Home recently established in Wilkesbarre. The great difficulty in the launching of the movement was to secure the confidence of the boys, who strongly resented anything that smacked of charity or patronage. However, one evening in the spring of 1891 Mrs. Palmer succeeded in getting nearly a hundred of the boys together in a vacant storeroom, and soon a series of Saturday evening entertainments was inaugurated. Their character was so different from what the boys had been in the habit of enjoying that they were impressed, and soon attendance became so great that it was necessary to secure larger quarters. In the meantime study classes had been organized and the little fellows, urged on by their kindly-faced teacher, plunged into their reading, writing, and arithmetic with real earnestness. The first year 150 names were placed on the roll: the second, 300; the third, 450; the fourth, about 600; and at the present time there are nearly 750.

Meanwhile the Wilkesbarre city councilmen, after closely observing the progress made by the association, secured a piece of ground on which they gave Mrs. Palmer permission to erect a building calculated to serve as a home for her boys for all time to come.

Since the industrial association was started many of its original members have left the mines and breakers and entered professions, and others are learning trades. On the day the corner-stone was laid for the building, the principal oration was delivered by a young man who was one of the first to place his name on the roll, but is now studying for the ministry in a leading Pennsylvania college.

HOURS WITH OUR HYMN-BOOK.

BY THE REV. JAMES LUMSDEN.

II.

Hymns with a History.

"JESUS, *Lover of My Soul*" is certainly one of the most widely known and best loved hymns in our language. Of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Henry Ward Beecher said: "I would rather have written this hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. That hymn will go singing on until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God." The origin of this great hymn is thus described: "Charles Wesley was sitting at his desk when a bird, pursued by a hawk, flew into the open window. The baffled hawk did not dare to follow, and the poet took pen and wrote this immortal song."

The stories told touching the usefulness of this hymn would fill a volume. One of the most pathetic and interesting concerns two Christian soldiers in the American Civil War, the one a lonely sentry, the other a sharpshooter in the opposite camp. The sharpshooter covered the sentinel with his rifle and was about to pull the trigger, when the man, all unconscious of his danger, began singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." The marksman dropped his rifle to listen. The clear tenor voice on the still night air had a charm for a musical ear. Besides, being a Christian himself, the sweetly familiar words touched a chord in his heart. As the voice died away, the listener raised his rifle again to do his duty as a soldier, when, instantly, the singer began once more, paralyzing, though without knowledge or design, the arm of the enemy. He sang with solemn emphasis, as if invoking divine protection in some possible, perhaps present danger—"Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing"—so it seemed to the deeply affected marksman, who turned away, feeling he could not take the life of one trusting in, and praying to, his own Saviour and God.

"*Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.*"—The author of this stirring and well-known hymn was the Rev. Geo. Duffield, a Presbyterian minister. It was written under affecting circumstances. In 1858, the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng had been engaged in a remarkable mission in Philadelphia, and on the Sunday before his death preached one of the most powerful sermons of modern times, so that out of five thousand present at the delivery, at least one thousand are believed to have been converted. On the following Wednesday, Mr. Tyng left his study for a moment, and went to a barn where a mule was at work in connection with some machinery. Patting him on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study gown caught in the cogs of the wheels, his arm was torn out by the roots and in a few hours he died. Just before he died, Mr. Tyng sent to his friends assembled at the Young Men's Christian Association, his last message, "Stand up for Jesus" The idea was caught by the Rev. George Duffield, and embodied in the thrilling verses of one of the best known hymns of the day. It was first printed as a fly-leaf for the Sunday-school

scholars; thence it found its way into a Baptist newspaper, and afterwards passed, either in its English or translated forms, all over the world.

"*My Faith Looks up to Thee.*"—Thus far nothing has been said of the musical composers whose great works have helped to immortalize the hymns to which they are sung. It is only when a great hymn is wedded to a great tune that it really becomes useful in the highest degree, securing a permanent place in the hearts of the Christian public and in the service of praise in God's house. How vast, then, is our debt to the great musical composers whose works we appropriate, often without a thought of the writer—to such men as Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Dr. Gauntlet, Dr. Dykes, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The beautiful and deeply spiritual hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," was written by Dr. Ray Palmer, a Congregational minister in the United States. It was written in 1830, but not published till 1832. Its author says: "I wrote the stanzas with tender emotions, and ended the last line with tears." The MS. was then placed in a pocket-book, where it remained some time. Its true discoverer was Lowell Mason, the musician, who asked young Palmer if he had any hymns to contribute to his new book. The pocket-book was produced, and the little hymn was brought to light. Dr. Mason liked it, and asked for a copy. On carefully reading the hymn at home, Dr. Mason was so interested in it that he wrote for it the tune, "Olivet." Two or three days later he again met Dr. Palmer in the street, and accosted him with these words: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will best be known to posterity as the author of 'My Faith Looks up to Thee.'" Dr. Mason modestly said nothing about his own work, but posterity will remember him as the composer of the beautiful and appropriate tune, "Olivet," which, from the beginning, helped to make "My Faith Looks up to Thee" the popular favourite that it is now.

"*Rock of Ages.*"—I cannot do better than quote W. T. Stead's words in "Hymns That Have Helped": "When the Sunday at Home took a plebiscite of 3,500 of its readers as to which were the best hymns in the language, "Rock of Ages" stood at the top of the tree, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes. They were 'Abide with Me,' 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'Just as I Am.' Toplady, vicar of a Devonshire parish, little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language, when he wrote 'A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world.'

"Toplady put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon those works, nor is it likely to be disturbed. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, Augustus Montague Toplady thought he saw his way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armour, on the subject of sanctification. So, without much ado, and without any knowledge that it was by this alone that he was to render permanent service to mankind, he sent off to The Gospel Magazine, of 1776, the hymn, 'Rock of Ages.' It is probable that before he died—for he only survived his publication two years, dying when but thirty-eight—he had still no conception of the relative importance of his own work. But to-day the world knows Toplady only as the writer of these

four verses. All else that he laboured over it has forgotten, and, indeed, does well to forget. It was this hymn that the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death. Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be 'the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favourite.'

"The unfortunate Armenians, who were butchered in Constantinople, sang a translation of 'Rock of Ages.' When the 'London' went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard, as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel, was the voices of the passengers singing, 'Rock of Ages.' No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world."

"Just as I Am."—The author of this hymn was Charlotte Elliott. The writing of it is for ever linked with her own conversion. The turning-point of her life was reached when the Rev. Dr. Malan, a distinguished pastor of Geneva, and a skilful physician of souls, was a guest of the family. In the course of a conversation, Dr. Malan asked Miss Elliott if she were a Christian. She replied somewhat sharply: "That is a question that I do not care to have discussed here this evening." "Well," said Dr. Malan, in kindly tones, "I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ, and become a successful worker for Him."

A fortnight afterwards they met again, and, in the meantime, Miss Elliott's feelings had so changed that she said: "The question you put to me the other evening has remained with me ever since, and given me much trouble. I have been trying in every way to find Christ, and I cannot, and I came to you to ask you to help me, and I am sorry for the way in which I previously spoke to you." Dr. Malan, in reply, said: "Come to Him just as you are," quoting several texts of Scripture in support of his words. They knelt in prayer. "Come to Him, just as you are," a word fitly spoken, was the message God inspired and blessed, leading the inquiring and despondent one to Christ, in whom she now rejoiced as Saviour and Lord. Charlotte Elliott embodied this God-blessed message to her in that deservedly popular hymn, sung by Christians everywhere—

> Just as I am, without one plea
> But that Thy blood was shed for me.

This hymn, with its predominating thought—"Just as I am"—has, in turn, led multitudes to Christ. The Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of the author, said, with reference to this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry, I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labours, but I feel far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."—The author of this great hymn was Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, the daughter of Benjamin Flower, an English writer and editor. In 1834 she married William Bridge Adams, an eminent engineer. She inherited from her mother poetic tastes, which she diligently cultivated. The hymn that has made her famous was furnished, with thirteen others, to Charles Foxe's collection of hymns and anthems, published in London in 1841. Mrs. Adams was a Unitarian, but her hymn is wonderfully popular in all Churches. This is not surprising, for she struck a true chord when she wrote, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—a chord that will never cease to vibrate in human hearts.

This hymn was written as a re-

cord of the poet's own religious experience—a memorial of answered prayer. That charming Bible scene, Jacob's vision at Luz, has been a mine of wealth for poets and preachers, but none ever utilized it to better advantage than Mrs. Adams in this hymn. "And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it."

This delightful passage has created heavenward longings in numberless hearts, and it is because those aspirations are so faithfully voiced in "Nearer, my God, to Thee" that this hymn is so dear to us all.

Note how truly suffering, discipline, gratitude, encouragement, worship, and triumph are blended in this song as in experience. "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," is the glad acceptance of "the fellowship of His sufferings"; "My rest a stone," acquiescence in needed discipline; "All that Thou sendest me in mercy given," the opening of the eye of the mind to a loving and gracious Providence ordering all the events of life; "Angels to beckon me," angels, "as ministering spirits," fanning in the pilgrim's heart the fires of aspiration; "Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise," worship in which sorrow is forgotten, and the soul rests in God; but all this is only in anticipation of the last glad scene, when the spirit, loosed from the flesh, like a once-caged bird now free, soars on high to be "for ever with the Lord"—

> And when on joyful wing
> Cleaving the sky,
> Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
> Upward I fly;
> Still all my song shall be,
> Nearer, my God, to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," is our King Edward's favourite hymn, and of it he has written that of serious hymns he thinks "there is none more touching, nor one that goes more truly to the heart." It was this hymn that the martyred President McKinley repeated in his dying hours. But the hymn is as dear to the humblest citizen as to king or president. Bishop Marvin, wandering homeless in Arkansas during the war, and almost inclined to despair, found himself marvellously cheered and reproved when, in the midst of the wilderness, he overheard an widowed old woman, in a dilapidated log cabin, singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Her wretched poverty was forgotten as she sang. Another story of the American Civil War tells how a little drummer boy whose arm had been shot off, died on the battlefield, singing with his latest breath, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Space fails, or equally interesting accounts might be given of many more hymns dear to God's people—hymns the very mention of which touches a tender chord in the heart, associated as they are with our most sacred experiences. To name only a few, who has not felt the inspiration of a congregation singing Perronet's triumphant hymn—

> All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Who, when bowed down with sorrow or torn with perplexity, has not found consolation in the words of Cowper—words in which the poet comforted his own soul in an hour of dark despondency—

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps on the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

How many souls have found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," while singing another of Cowper's, a hymn much criticised, but wonderfully owned of God—

There is a fountain filled with with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains!

And how many more have braced themselves, morning by morning, at the family altar, for "the trivial round, the common task," by Charles Wesley's hymn of daily consecration—

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all, I think, or speak, or do—

or by Bishop Ken's morning hymn—

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!

or have calmed and comforted themselves, in their evening devotions, in the sublime words of Bishop Ken's evening hymn—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.

Wesley wrote, "Our people die well." The Christian's death is ever peaceful, if not triumphant and joyful. The mother of the Wesleys requested that when she had departed, her children should gather around her bed and sing "a psalm of praise." It is not surprising, therefore, that Charles Wesley wrote many funeral hymns, quivering with victorious hope and triumphant joy, hymns that have been lisped by lips of the dying saint, and have been sung as the pæans of praise by death-bed and open grave. Perhaps the noblest of them all is the hymn beginning "Come, let us join our friends above that have obtained the prize." This was the favourite hymn of the late Earl of Shaftesbury. The Bishop of Hereford says that he thinks the fourth stanza is one of the finest in the whole range of hymnology—

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Theology of Our Hymns.—John Wesley said: "Our chief doctrines, which include all others, are Repentance, Faith, and Holiness. The first of these we consider as the way of religion, the second as the gate, and third, religion itself." Paul exhorted Timothy to "Hold fast the form of sound words." Our hymns have done much to preserve the purity of our theology. If asked for an account of perfect love or purity of heart, where shall we find a better than in the words—

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thus all the leading doctrines of Christianity, especially those relating to personal religion, are crystallized in imperishable words.

Repentance—

Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Faith—

Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Witness of the Spirit—

His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

The Cleansing Spirit—

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

The Universality of the Atonement—

Help me Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

The popularity of Wesley's

hymns is attested by the fact that they have supplied us with so many sayings that the people cherish and repeat as highest Christian proverbial lore. For instance, "My Father's hand prepares the cup, and what he wills is best"; faith "laughs at impossibilities and cries 'It shall be done'"; "Thy presence makes my paradise, and where Thou art is heaven." And so we might go on indefinitely.

Congregational Singing.—Wesley's views on this vital subject are stated in the words of the historian: "While giving to the masses divine songs, Wesley also endeavoured to make them sing. He was continually urging his preachers to set the example, and not only to exhort the people to follow it, but to induce them to learn the science of music." He urged in sundry exhortations: "Preach frequently on singing, suit the time to the words; do not suffer the people to sing too slowly; let the women sing their parts alone; let no man sing with them, unless he understands the notes and sings the bass; exhort every one in the congregation to sing; in every large society let them learn to sing; recommend our tune book everywhere." With the admirable hymn and tune book we now possess, we are in a better position than at any time in our history to adopt the counsel of the sagacious Wesley. Dr. Cuyler truly says: "We do not sing enough, either in our homes or in the house of God. The tongue that is singing will not be scolding, or slandering, or complaining, or uttering nonsense. And in the house of God it is sheer robbery to seal the mouths of Christ's redeemed followers, and to relegate the sacred joy of praise to the voice of half a dozen hired performers." When the hymn and tune book has found a place in every pew, and is freely used by the congregation as well as by the choir, our worship will become more generally edifying and attractive.

"Sing Ye Praises with Understanding."—Worshippers sometimes forget this injunction of the psalmist. Strange as it may seem, there is worship, falsely so-called, when everything is thought of but the sense and meaning of the solemn words taken upon the lips—"When men display to congregations wide devotion's every grace, except the heart." When men's thoughts are absent in worship, mistakes occur, bordering on the ludicrous. The writer, in conducting divine worship one Sunday morning, was greatly surprised when, immediately after the opening prayer, the choir rose and sang:

> Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

"The Sun Goeth Down."—Charles Wesley, feeling that the end was near, called his wife to his bedside and dictated the following beautiful words as his last wish:

> In age and feebleness extreme,
> Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
> Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
> Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
> O could I catch one smile from Thee,
> And drop into eternity.

He passed away in the eightieth year of his age, on March 29th, 1788.

John Wesley, now by a grateful nation recognized as one of God's greatest Englishmen, by the Church universal as one of her holiest and most devoted sons, died triumphantly on March 2nd, 1791, aged eighty-eight. Notwithstanding his extreme age, he continued his apostolic labours to the end. He preached his last sermon eight days before he died, on the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near." His hope in death was embodied in the words he repeated:

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

His joy in God was great. He surprised his mourning friends by singing rapturously—

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Ere the powers of language quite forsook him he summoned all his remaining strength, and exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us." During the night he attempted frequently to repeat the hymn which he had sung the preceding day, but could only utter, "I'll praise—I'll praise." "Farewell," was the last word and benediction of the dying apostle.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

BY MRS. H. A. EATON.

It was only a pound of spikenard,
Fragrant and pure and sweet,
Poured by a loving woman
On the Master's weary feet.

But the odour of the ointment
Filled all the house that day.
And the richly-laden zephyrs
Bore their precious freight away.

Till over land and ocean,
Wherever breezes blow,
Where goes the Gospel story
This sweet perfume shall go.

For the Master's kind approval
Of Mary's lavish store,
A true memorial of her
Shall be for evermore.

And as the old, old story
Doth win its widening way
The perfume of the ointment
Shall fill the earth one day.

Lowly may be the service
Our willing hands can yield,—
Only a few sheaves gathered
From the world's great harvest field.

In Mary's loving spirit
That story we repeat;
Again the box is broken
On the Master's sacred feet,

And the odour of the ointment
For evermore shall fill
The house of many mansions
Where He abideth still;

And His word of kind approval
Our sweet reward shall be
"Ye have done it to my brethren,
Ye have done it unto Me."

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BROWNINGS.

BY MRS. LIFFITON.

THE sweet September afternoon was on the wane when I arrived at Airlie Lodge after my long walk in the warm and gentle rain. Waterproof and galoshes aside, my hostess assigned me a place at the table, where tea was already steaming under the cosy. Ku-tu-boo-deen, who cannot endure being left out, complained that he had no bread and jam, but this supplied his shrill voice was heard no more.

Though his conversational powers are reputable, Ku-tu-boo-deen refuses to display in company, and but for the gentle steppings of his gymnastics one would not know there was a parrot in the house.

My hostess regretted the ever-increasing rain that spoiled our enjoyment of the lawn, and gave me a pretty word picture of the ancient outlook, the home of the Bonapartes. The stately trees, the smooth lawn, the picturesque ruin with its clinging ivy—all destroyed for the uninteresting but mammon conducive modern mansions.

When the tea things were cleared away and we were well on in happy converse, an old servant arrived in the pouring rain, bedraggled and weary. The interruption was, however, soon merged in keen interest, for the daughter of my hostess announced, *sotto voce*, that the newcomer had been ten years a domestic in the Browning family. And so it came to pass that, while she was being regaled with cold roast, bread and butter, scones, and cheese, and later with a convivial cup of tea, she was beguiled into reminiscence concerning this most excellent and renowned family.

"No, Mrs. Browning were not alive then. You see she died in Italy, and Mr. Browning came to live in England, and took a house to be near the Barretts, on Warwick Road, near Marylebone.

"Miss Barrett were Mrs. Browning's sister. O, she were a good woman! Just like a mother; but she died.

"Something went wrong; I don't know what; but we was dreatful up-

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* On a blue and golden day last summer the present writer, in the company of Canadian friends, had the pleasure of visiting the Palazzo Rezonico in Venice, for many years the home of Robert Browning. We were courteously shown over the large and stately structure, more like a royal palace than the proverbial modest home of the poet, whose *res angustae domi* seldom permit such sumptuous surroundings We were shown the great reception rooms and banquet chambers, which in the olden time were often gay with grand-ducal assemblies.

Of more interest were private rooms, which abounded with memorials of the great poet and the noble twin soul to whom he maintained such an unbroken allegiance throughout long years, and of their accomplished painter and sculptor son, Barrett Browning. There were the tables at which the poets wrote, their portraits and books and cabinets and numerous paintings and works in sculpture of the artist son.

But more pleasing than aught else was the genial gossiping of the quaint old servitor who was custodian of the house. He proudly showed us the precious treasures, in which he took a keen personal interest, and kept up a running commentary of loyal and loving praise of his dead master.

The great house, save for his occupancy and that of a few servants, was empty and desolate, but the spell of the mighty master brooded over all, and the garrulous chatter of the faithful servant seemed to make the august persons almost visible. The same feeling lends charming interest to the clever sketch by Mrs. Liffiton of her interview with another member of the great poet's household.—ED.

set when she died. She were living with Mr. Browning then.

"There were a Miss Browning, too, and I think she is living yet. She came from France to be near her brother and the boy.

"There were a good joke about Miss Browning. Cook and me went in together at night, and I told Cook Miss Browning liked her coffee black. Now Miss Browning couldn't pronounce her r's. Cook's name were Brooks, and Miss Browning always called her Bwooks, and she called Mr. Browning Wobbut; so when she tasted her coffee she said it was quite wight, meaning it was right, and Cook thought she called it white, when she had made it as black as she could. O, but Cook were mad!

"Yes, she were nice, Miss Browning were, but Master Barrett liked his Auntie Barrett better. But she were nice to get on with, and she were a good woman. She founded a girls' refuge school. O, but the girls used to tease her dreadful. They set the place on fire just for mischief; lighted the things on the clothes-horse and then called for help. They had to go before a magistrate for it. Young, nice-looking girls, but full of mischief.

"O, yes, I liked the little boy. Him and me was great friends. When I left he called me a fool to be married. He said, 'Old girl, you'll suffer for it.' Then he said, 'I won't have a very good time when you're gone.' And Miss Browning were a dear; she wanted me to stay. Mr. Browning said, 'Why, what's the matter? Has anybody been ill-treating you?' I said, 'No, sir, but I'm going to be married!' 'O, that alters the case,' says he.

"Afterwards he said, 'Which shall it be, a carpet or a mirror?' I said, 'Thank you, I would rather have the mirror.' I have it yet, but it has got broke moving about, and some of the ornaments is off. It is near as big as this table. And they give me their portraits, too, and other things.

"How old was Barrett? About twelve when I first went there, and he were at college when I left. I never saw him but once since. I heerd he were in London, and I went to see him. It were fourteen year after, and I asked to see Mr. Barrett Browning. I soon heerd his little light footstep coming into the room, and he said, 'Oh! Jane, how have you been all these long years?' He were married then, to an American young lady. Her name? Really, I have forgot her name.

"No, Mr. Barrett Browning were not a poet, but he could be. He wrote some. He were clever at it. But he painted pictures. A lady gave him three hundred pounds for a picture he painted.

"No, the boy were not like the Brownings; he were like the Barretts. O, yes, he were fond of his mother, but he couldn't speak about her, it made his father feel so bad. O, that man just worshipped his wife; he were always mournin' for her.

"How did I find the place? Through a registry-office. 'Yes,' the man said, 'There's a place on Warwick Road. They want a housemaid. You are sure to get it if you go at once. They want some one that has seen long service.' So I went, for I had seen long service all my life, and I got it. The man said, 'Now, I got you that good place, you ought to give me five shillings.' So I said, 'We won't quarrel about that,' and I gave him the five shillings.

"Did I ever see Mr. Barrett? O, no, he were dead. He were an essentric gentleman; he didn't want no one to marry. He wouldn't let his daughter marry, and Mr. Browning had to run away with her, and they lived down there in Italy.

"My husband come home one day and he said, 'Whose grave do you think I saw in Westminster Abbey?' I said, 'I didn't know,' and, says he, 'Mr. Browning's.' I said 'Mr. Browning's?'

"O, wasn't it strange that when Mr. Browning had just bought his son a house in Venice, and had gone down to visit him in it, he should die down there. And when they brought him home there were a whole van of flowers. Wreaths with white satin ribbons and all kinds of white flowers. They couldn't bury him down there in Florence with Mrs. Browning, because they couldn't open the muselum without a act of parliament.

"The Barretts was essentric folks about death. They wouldn't look at a corpse after it were dead. I don't think young Browning saw his mother after she were dead, and Miss Barrett wouldn't look at dead folks.

"Yes, Mr. Browning were always pleasant, but he didn't like no one to speak to him if they met him anywhere about the house. He were always a-thinking, and it interrupted him to be spoke to.

"Once Mr. Browning brought Master Barrett a pony from Italy. He looked very smart riding on it, with his long curls, velvet suit, and wide hat with a feather in it. I have a picture of him that way. But he tormented the pony so that his father wouldn't let him keep it. He just give it away."

Whether these reminiscences would have been further fruitful I cannot conjecture. But time had been passing meanwhile, the rain had slackened and I thought it opportune to depart. The venerable servant, however, slipped away before me, kindly promising the loan of the Browning portraits which they had given her.

Adieus were said to all but Ku-tu-boo-deen, who slept peacefully in his cage; the dripping rain had ceased and I passed out into the sweet, misty London night to find my omnibus at the bottom of the street.

THE EASTER QUEST.

BY JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON.

"Why went you, Magdalené,
So early to the tomb?
Was there in all Jerusalem
No little restful room
Where you might sleep your tears away?"
"I loved Him so, I could not stay."

"O Mary Magdalené,
What found you at the tomb,
So early in the dawning day?"
"A silent, empty room,
All fragrant with our spices rare,
And linen clothes laid by with care."

"But He whom you were seeking—
O Mary, where was He?"
"All blind with tears and flashing light
Of wings, I could not see.
One called my name—so wondrous sweet,
I heard, and fainted at His feet."

"Ah, then in rapture lowly,
I pray you tell me true,
Knelt you through long and golden hours?"
"So think you? Nay, we flew
To cry, 'He lives! Lo, blessed day!
He waited for us by the way.'"

O women, sorely weeping
Beside a precious tomb,
Hail! Death is Life for evermore.
'Tis Easter morn; the gloom
Is flashing white with wings. Go, go;
Christ lives; a sad world waits to know.

"Yet time awaits us surely—
One little hour or so?
No more, no more? Dear Christ, forgive!"
One hour; arise and go.
And ye who run this latter day
Will find Him waiting by the way.

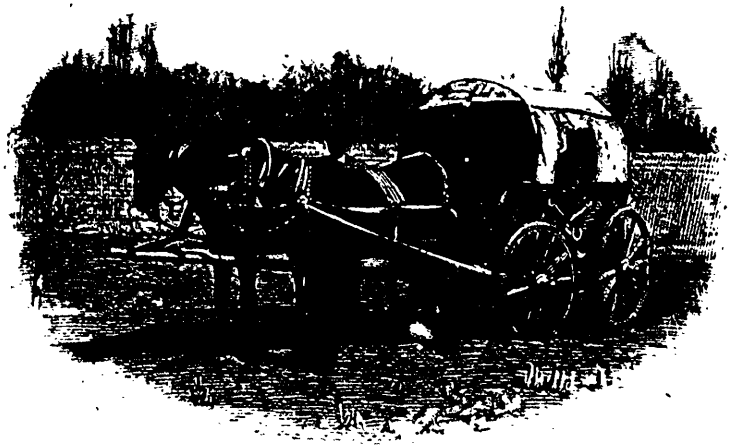
TURKEY FROM WITHIN.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

FOUNTAIN OF AHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THOUGH my first experience on Turkish soil was not of a nature to be comforting, it was at least highly illuminative; a glimpse through the doorway gave a pretty clear idea of the disorder of the house. The boundary station at the Servian frontier was a substantial stone building set in the midst of a wide, rolling plain. The moment the train stopped, a strapping fellow in wide trousers and a sash filled with knives came and carried off my luggage, and I soon found myself entangled in a perfect maze of officials, all in fezes, but wearing many sorts of uniforms. I had been somewhat prepared for a customs ideal—the familiar bugaboo of every frontier—but here were new experiences, typical of the strange country into which we were now being initiated—and initiated is the word that applies most approximately to our adventures.

First, an officer in a gorgeous though tarnished uniform (all uniforms in Turkey are both gorgeous and tarnished) came and demanded my passport, the strong armour of the stranger in Turkey. Two or three others went into my luggage, and though they seemed to be intent on confiscating a good deal of it, they did their duty with unexpected politeness. I had a dozen or more



TURKISH COUNTRY WAGGON.

books, which they unceremoniously gathered up and carried off, including several note-books which could not be replaced. My camera they carried into an adjoining room, and by the condition of some of the films when I had them developed the officials must have opened it to make sure that it contained no dynamite. Every scrap of printed matter, even to the old newspapers in which I had wrapped my shoes, was confiscated. When they had ransacked my bags and made sure I had no more printed matter which might be seditious, no revolvers or bombs, no tobacco or spirits, and so on, I was allowed to pack up again. Then I made a plea for my camera, and a very polite little man in a fez led me into an adjoining room where an old gray Turk, also politeness itself, was sitting, legs drawn up under him tailor-fashion, in a low armchair. He was surrounded by five or six clerks. With my camera before him on the table he filled out a blank and pasted several stamps upon it. I held out a handful of Austrian money, and when he had picked out what he wanted he returned the camera with a low bow. He had charged me about a dollar duty.

Then I tried for my books in the other office. Here I found another half-score of officials arranged around a small, close room. A few were smoking cigarettes, and several had the inevitable Turkish coffee-cups on the table before them. My books were distributed about among a number of the inspectors. I explained that they were perfectly inoffensive books, that they contained nothing derogatory to the Osmanli Government or the Mohammedan religion ; but they seemed in no hurry to return them to me. Indeed, they appeared to be wholly unable to understand what I wanted ; and as the train was now ready to start, I resorted to the universal language—the usual method by which the stranger in Turkey gets what he wants : my hand went into my pocket. It was amusing to see with what alacrity my books were now gathered up—all but three, selected apparently at random—and returned to me. Several weeks later I succeeded, by applying through

an American consul, in getting back even these confiscated volumes. I now applied for my passport, upon which the officers had written an endorsement in Turkish, and I was finally privileged to enter the Sultan's domain.

I have spoken of this common experience somewhat at length owing to its significance, for the methods here pursued were typical of all Turkey. Here in this little outlying station were four departments of the public service, each represented by a considerable force of men: first, the customs; second, the censor; third, the police; and, fourth, the soldiery. Excluding the military guards, of whom there were perhaps a score in immediate view, all armed and in marching order, there were twenty-five civil officials, perhaps more, employed to do work which in Germany or in America would easily be done by three men. The train on which I came contained not to exceed half a dozen passengers, and only two, so far as I could make out, had any luggage to be examined. Indeed, there were only two passenger trains every twenty-four hours, and perhaps a freight train in the same time, and yet here was a force of twenty-five officials to examine luggage, passports, and freight (or such of it as was examined before reaching its destination).

A little later, as I became more familiar with Turkish affairs, I began to read other meanings in all this officialdom. It is perhaps a common idea that Turkey is inhabitated by Turks as England is inhabitated by the English, and it comes as a surprise to find how few real Turks there are in Turkey, especially in European Turkey, in comparison with other nationalities; and that, of course, is one of the great sources of discord and disorder. In Macedonia, for instance, the real Turks—the Mohammedan

TURKISH POLICE OFFICER.

Turks—are very much in the minority. Here dwell the remnants of half a dozen ancient and tenacious peoples, not only of differing nationalities, but even of diverse race and religion. Bulgarians in great numbers live side by side with Greeks, Servians, Albanians, Wallachians, Spanish Jews, Armenians, and scattered representatives of other peoples—all jealous, all now awakening, under the spreading influences of education, to national pride and hope, and all subject to the ineffective and often cruel domination of the military Turk.

All the officials of the frontier post of which I have spoken, therefore, were real Turks, and their great surplusage in numbers was due to the fact that only two occupations are open to the young

A NEIBECK, OR TURKISH IRREGULAR SOLDIER.

Turk of good family—the army or the civil government. The Turk has no business or professional ability or ambition. He is just what he was when he conquered the country centuries ago—a rude and successful soldier ; though representatives of a better class of Turks are sometimes thinly veneered with French culture. The warrior blood of the Osmanli keeps them still in the ascendency, though they have never acquired the art of civilized government.

Flocks of young Turks crowd into the civil service every year and begin plotting for advancement. Many of them serve without even a nominal salary, and in cases where there is a salary attached to the more important offices, it is rarely paid by the bankrupt government. Consequently the only way in which this vast number of officials can get a living is to steal right and left, directly and indirectly. The average Turk regards it no sin to take what he can from the Christian, who is ever a dog. But not only does he accept bribes from outsiders, but he steals with equal facility from the Government which he serves ; not without excuse, it is true, for the Government always owes him.

Every Turk of high rank maintains an expensive establishment, a harem, and an endless number of servants, and he must have money from some source and have it regularly. Therefore, if he is buying supplies for his regiment, for instance, half the money sometimes goes into his own pocket, besides the bribe, which he gets from the German or the English or the Austrian merchant who sells him undergrade goods. If he is building a road, he skimps on the bridges so that they soon fall to pieces, he saves on the grades, pares away wages, and all the surplus goes to swell his own income.

Naturally, this system cannot exist except in an atmosphere foul with suspicion : every official watching every other, trying to make his way into the favour of the Court so that he may obtain better places and steal more money. And the Sultan in his palace suspects and fears all. Of the twenty-five officials at the frontier post, several, at least, must have been spies. I might, indeed, have enumerated the spies as a fifth class.

There are two sorts of real Turks, or Osmanli, for the Turk never calls himself Turk. The first is the official or governing class mentioned —corrupt, proud, ignorant, hospitable, polite, cruel. The second are the Mohammedan peasants, mostly herders and primitive farmers, in many respects an admirable people —indeed, the rock on which the Turkish Government really rests. To their deep and usually fanatical religious belief, to their loyalty to

GROUP OF TURKISH IRREGULARS.

These are not as fierce, although fully as brave, as the Xeibecks. They form a considerable element in what are known as the Bashi-Bazouks, or irregular troops of the Turkish Army. They are pure-blooded Turks, stalwart, powerful men.

the Sultan as the head of the church, and to their fatalistic intrepidity as warriors the Osmanli in a large degree owe their survival as a power. They are a patient, honest, frugal, temperate, hospitable, even merry people, though ignorant and often fanatically cruel.

Between these two extremes of the Mohammedan Turks are the great masses of the other peoples, from Armenians to Bulgarians, largely Christian or Jew, who conduct the business and fill the professions of the Empire, and from whom the parasitic official Turk takes his liv-

ing. The Turk is no match in business or in wit for the Armenian or the Greek, and he knows it. Even in the government offices Armenian or Greek clerks often do all the real business, and in cases where a Turk appears as the nominal owner of a business house it is practically certain that the manager and all the clerks will be Christians, or Jews. Even the large Turkish landowners employ Christian managers and borrow money of Jewish bankers.

FOUNT OF SWEET WATERS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

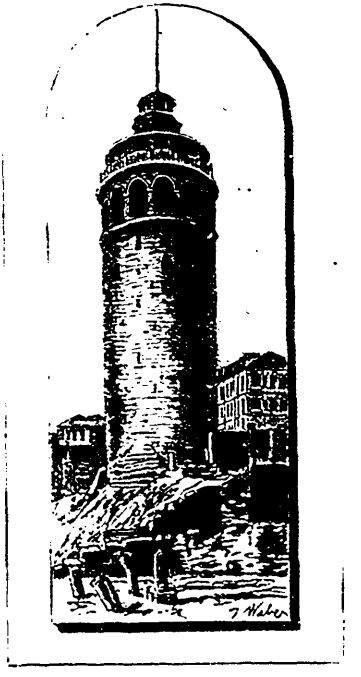
It is a mistake to infer that the Turk hates the Christian or wishes he were out of the country. By no means. The attitude of the Turk is one of supreme contempt ; to the followers of the Prophet the Christian is a dog, but a very useful dog, one who earns the money which the Turk makes it his pleasure to get as best he may. He is so contemptuous that he does not even persecute the Christian for his religious beliefs ; he simply does not care what the Christian believes. I have sometimes heard it said in the Turk's favour that he tolerates the missionaries, but (I confess my ignorance) I was surprised to find that the missionaries in Turkey do not attempt in any way to reach or to convert the real Turks (Mohammedans). That would not be permitted for an instant ; their sole work lies in raising the standard and converting to Protestantism the subject races of the Empire. But while the Turks do not object to the missionaries because of their religious teachings, they do fear their edu-

TURKISH TYPE.

cational work, for education always means a revival of independence, a hope of political liberty. Bulgaria is said to have won its independence from Turkey as the result of the educational work of Robert College.

The Turkish army is made up wholly of Mohammedans; none of the great Christian population is armed or permitted to carry arms, for the Turks recognize the fact that what they have won by force must be held by force. And this Mohammedan army is constantly employed in putting down Christian uprisings. It is a mistake to say that the massacres in Turkey are the result of religious hatred, though the calculating Turkish official sometimes stirs to blood the deep-seated fanaticism of the peasant Turk, and accomplishes his purposes by inciting a "holy war." When ten thousand Armenians perish in a day or two in Constantinople, it is because the Armenian is beginning to feel his education, is growing too rich. The Turk uses the only argument known to the dull master of a clever servant—that of brute force.

Over all the diverse mass of Christians, the nationalities hating one another only less than they hate the Turks, and over the patient Mohammedan peasant, rules the small, corrupt official class of Turkey, living in shabby luxury and caring not the least what becomes of their country or their cities or anything else so long as they can get money to spend. As a result, the stranger in Turkey is impressed at once and everywhere with a profound sense of disorder, disorganization, decay, and the Turk reposing among his ruins with a serenity so monumental as to be almost admirable—the serenity of perfect self-assurance, religious infallibility, and fatalism. Indeed, serenity is to the Turk what stolidity is to the German, sprightliness to the Frenchman—a sort of keynote to his character. Does his coffee come in cold, is his tobacco wet, has his brother



GENOESE TOWER, GALATA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

been thrown into jail, is his country threatened with dismemberment; never mind, he rolls his cigarette, blows out a cloud of smoke, and goes about his business with a smooth brow. What is to be, is to be, and there is an end of it!

So his cities fall into disrepair, he has hardly a good road in the Empire, his railroads and other important public works are nearly all controlled by foreign companies, but he goes on living serenely, constructing nothing, creating nothing, his only works of importance being mosques, palaces, barracks, and fountains, and in all of these not a glimmer of originality in architecture. If the Turk were driven from his Empire to-day, he would leave absolutely nothing in art, science, invention, government, or even in military science to show for his centuries of occupation; nothing but a blot of misrule and a lowered moral resistance. So far as he is concerned, the country is worse off to-day than it was when the Sultans first crossed the Bosphorus.

Lacking administrative and executive capacity, the Turk has sought refuge in multiplicity of regulations, the enforcement of which by hordes of officials and soldiers not only cripples and limits business enterprise and the development of a naturally rich and fertile country, but arouses the antagonisms of the governed. Turkey is always on the verge of revolution. In Macedonia, for instance, the country districts are now practically in the hands of enemies of the Empire. Turkish soldiers are everywhere. Armed guards patrol all the railroads; one often sees them standing at attention when the train passes. Every railroad station, every town, swarms with them. At night the policemen, even in towns as large as Salonica, go armed with rifles.

A foreigner is not allowed to travel anywhere in the interior without a guard, for fear of brigands. Indeed, heavy penalties in the form of fees are set on travelling even for the natives, for no person is permitted to travel from one town to another or to leave the country without a *yol tezkereh* (travelling permission). When I was ready to take the train, I had to have my *tezkereh* examined and approved before I could purchase my ticket.

It is not difficult to imagine how such a system hampers business of every sort. And that is not the worst of it. One is not only hindered in his movements, but he is watched and spied upon continually, especially if he is connected with suspected Christians or his business in the country is not thoroughly known. The ordinary tourist sees comparatively little of these unpleasant phases of Turkish officialdom, because he rarely goes anywhere, except to Constantinople, where he lives in the European quarter and furnishes a profitable source of revenue to officials and merchants alike.

In short, the Turk suspects everybody and everything, and no private act, no seclusion, is safe from his intrusion. Every telegram sent from the public offices is at once reported to the authorities. No one can safely send a letter by the Turkish post unless he is willing to have it opened and read, and take the chances of having it confiscated if the censor finds anything that can be twisted into an insult to Mohammedanism. As a result of this condition and the inability of foreigners residing in Turkey to communicate with any certainty with their friends, some of the great European nations have established postoffices of their own in Turkish cities, in which they employ only Europeans, use their own stamps, and watch their mail-bags until they pass beyond the prying eyes of the Turks. In Salonica there are no fewer than

TURKISH FAMILY CARRIAGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

five postoffices—British, Austrian, French, Servian, and Turkish ; in Constantinople, six. If one wishes to be sure of his mail, he must inquire at four of them at least ; and if he really wants to have his letters reach their destination, he must send them through some postoffice other than Turkish.

For the reason that the authorities cannot be sure of a complete knowledge of all the conversation that might pass, the telephone has been excluded from the Empire ; and no Turkish city is electrically lighted because, it is said, the officials discovered the word dynamo in the applications for the necessary contracts, and, dynamo suggesting dynamite, the official Turk was paralyzed with fear ! So all Turkey is still candle-lighted, or at best lamp-lighted.

Whatever is Turkish in Turkey is sure to be out of order, disorganized, dirty ; whatever is foreign is, by contrast, well kept. The railroads, which are nearly all operated by foreign capital, are in good repair, and the service is reliable. Occasionally the inert mass of officialdom is prodded into doing some public work. The military works fare a little better than the civic works, but this is usually the result of the prodding of the German officers, who are doing their best to reduce the magnificent raw material for soldiery in Turkey into some semblance of European discipline.

As an example of the utter ineffectiveness of the Turk in the matter of public works, I recall a drive I took along a road which led out of Salonica. It had been built at large expense, broad enough to accommodate two waggons abreast, and once it must have been a splendid highway. Now, however, it had fallen to the exclusive use of donkey-trains and foot-passengers. We drove across the first bridge without falling through, though several boards had disappeared and many of the others were loose. The second bridge was still worse, and must have been impassable to a loaded waggon ; at night it would have been dangerous even to a donkey—and this within two or three miles of one of the chief cities of the Empire.

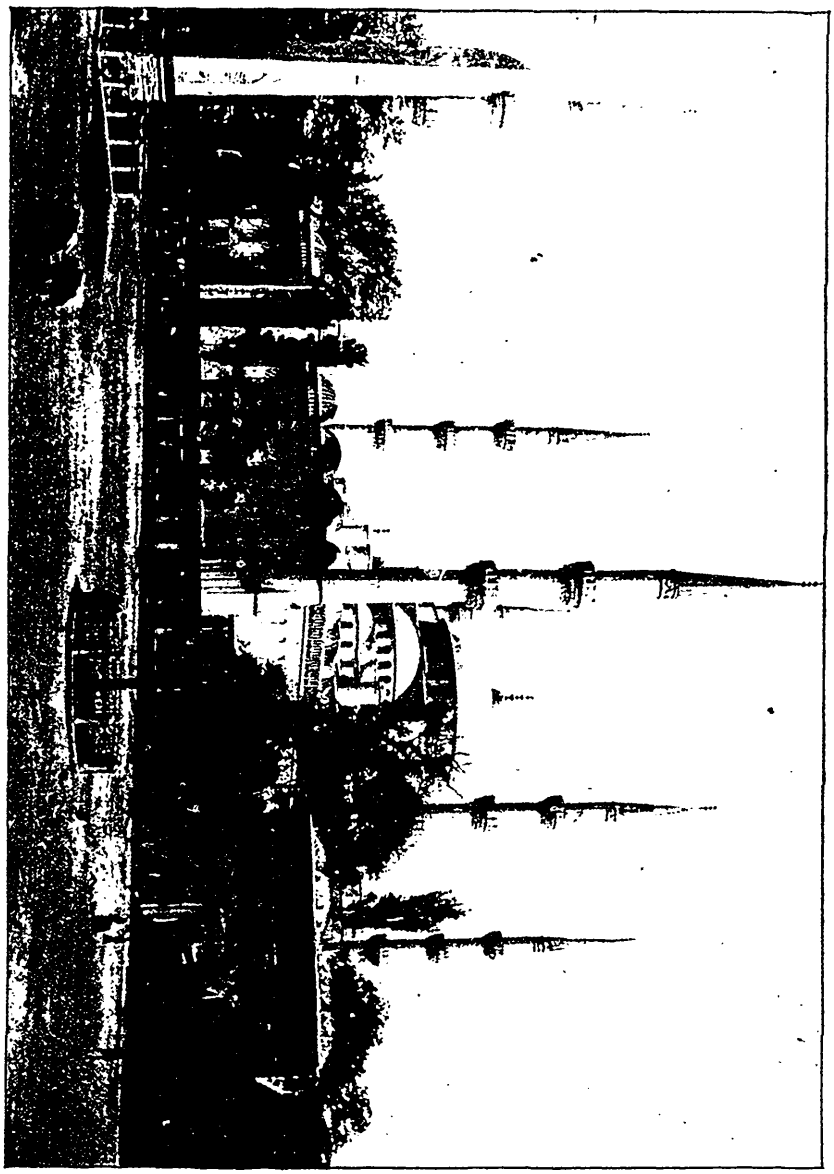
In the same way, the public buildings are out of repair, pavements are unspeakably bad, and even the mosques are falling into decay. I visited a very ancient mosque that had once been a Christian church. It had a magnificent mosaic dome, bits of which were continually falling away and no effort was made to put an end to the ruin. Indeed, the priest gathered up a handful of the gilded mosaic squares from the floor and presented them to his visitors as souvenirs, nor was he at all loth, upon our departure, to accept a few piastres as *trinkgeld.*

In leaving the railroad station in Constantinople one is impressed by the sight of a building which stands out as a noteworthy sight on account of its air of good order. Upon inquiry I learned that this was the Public Debts Building, controlled by foreigners. Surely nothing could better typify the decadence and demoralization of the Turk than this—one of the finest buildings of his capital devoted to the control of the country's debts, and that in the hands of foreigners !

And yet, among all the disadvantages and abuses of Turkish life, there are off-setting advantages. For one thing, living is very cheap—probably cheaper than it is anywhere else in Europe. If it were not so, indeed, the Turk could not exist at all. The tourist in Constantinople, staying at one of the hotels in Pera, does not find it out, but in the smaller cities a traveller can live at a rate that astonishes him. I remember my first experience in making a purchase in Turkey. I got out of the train at a little station in the interior to get something to eat. The only thing I could see that looked really clean was a basin of boiled eggs. I thought I would buy one or two to take with me on the train, so I handed the man a small silver piastre piece, about four and one-half cents, and motioned that I wanted its worth in eggs. I thought he looked a bit surprised, but he counted them out, and to my astonishment I found myself returning to the train with both hands full—almost a setting. He had given me eight. At the best hotel in Salonica I had a very large and comfortable room opening to the waters of the Aegean Sea, with a splendid view of Mount Olympus rising in the distance, for sixty cents a day. One can get a good table-d'hote meal for from twenty-three to forty-four cents, wine included. A few cents will pay a porter to carry one's luggage a long walk, and a beggar is glad of a tenth of a cent. For one cent one may obtain a cup of incomparable Turkish coffee. And these, it must be borne in mind, are the prices at which a stranger may live ; the native, of course, spends a much smaller amount. It is said, indeed, that the poorer people live for a few cents a day.

A few of the eatables in Turkey—I mean the real Turkish dishes—are tempting even to the foreign palate, though most of the native cooking

is bad enough. In Constantinople the visitor scarcely escapes the ordinary French cooking, done by Greeks, but in the smaller towns he may try the native dishes to his heart's content—if not always to his stomach's. The most famous of all Turkish dishes is, of course, Turkish coffee. The Turks certainly know how to make coffee as the Viennese know how to make chocolate and the English tea. Coffee is, indeed, the national drink of the Turk. Whatever may be his other faults, the Turk is not a drunkard, though he is an inveterate coffee-tippler. As



SQUARE OF THE ATMEIDAN AND MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

soon as he gets up in the morning he has his cup of coffee; he has another at his breakfast, another when he sits down to work, and thereafter at regular intervals all day long. The Turk's idea of solid contentment is to sit with one leg drawn up under him, a cup of coffee on the low table at his side, and a big bubbling water-pipe near at hand—a water-pipe or a cigarette, for the ancient water-pipe is not seen as often as it once was, and the cigarette is literally everywhere, smoked by women as well as men.

TURKISH LADIES WEARING YASHMAK.

But I was speaking of Turkish coffee. It comes in the smallest of china cups, and it is almost as thick and sweet as syrup. Each cup is made separately in a small, long-handled tin dish over a charcoal fire, and is served boiling hot. In the bottom there is always a thick sediment of grounds. A cup makes hardly more than one good swallow, but, as a stimulant, it is quite as effective as a much larger cup prepared as we make it.

The Turk is famous also for his sweet tooth. He is a great maker and eater of candy, rich preserved figs, dates, fruit, and olives.

One gets mixed up over the methods of keeping time in Turkey. The Turk counts his day from sunset, and as sunset changes every day he must also change his watch if he would keep the right time. When the railroads first entered Turkey, the natives complained because the trains changed time every day, when in reality their watches were changing. Some of the more advanced Turks now carry watches with a face on each side, one regulated for Turkish and the other for "Frank" time, as they call it.

But one of the principal purposes of time in Turkey seems to be for

whiling away. One of the odd things that impressed me when I first arrived was the strings of beads carried by many of the men, not worn at the waist or around the neck, but held in the hand, the fingers constantly at work telling them over. At first I thought it had some religious significance; perhaps they were saying prayers as the Roman Catholics do ; but I soon saw that Jews and Mohammedans, as well as Christians, were addicted to the habit. I finally inquired the meaning of the custom.

"Oh," was the answer, "they want something to help pass the time."

Afterwards I saw this custom practised everywhere. Once on a railroad train a fine-looking Turkish officer got into the compartment with me. He had a string of amber beads, which he told back and forth for hours. I observed also that he had allowed the nails of his little fingers to grow more than an inch beyond his finger-tips. Evidently he cultivated them carefully, for they were fine and white. Think how much work such a man must do !

Taken as a whole, the impression left on the Occidental visitor in Turkey is one of the utter hopelessness and incurability of present conditions. The internal corruption is so deep-seated, the problems are so complex, the international relationships so delicate, that there seems no way out. A long-time resident in Turkey, who has been closely connected with the greater affairs of the Empire, said to me :

"Those who have been here longest are the most hopeless. One thing is certain : reform can never come except through rivers of blood."

If there is a glimmer of hope anywhere in the darkness, it is in the peasant herder and farmer, at present ignorant, down-trodden, even stupid, it is true, clinging to ancient and time-wasting customs with perverse tenacity, but honest, industrious, frugal, patient, and healthy. Let the light touch the souls of these men of the hills and the fields, and they may yet rise up and cleanse their country. I shall not soon forget a boatman on the Bosphorus, a real Turkish peasant, who had come to hope. I had been attracted to him because among all the boats his was the neatest and cleanest, polished until it shone, seats carefully carpeted, rowlocks shiny and newly-oiled. For himself, he was a fine, sturdy, frank-eyed fellow about thirty years old. No sooner were we seated and he had begun to row in long, steady strokes down the blue Bosphorus, than he asked my dragoman if I were not an American. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, his face lighted up, and he said that he had a brother and a sister in America, the former a railroad fireman. He told me how much his brother made—a small fortune, a year's savings, every month, it seemed to him. I asked him if his brother was not homesick.

"No," he replied ; "it is a good country, America."

He told me that he was saving money himself to go to America. He had just paid the last that he owed on his boat, and it was worth nearly enough to take him to New York. As a last expression of his idea of escape, he told me that his brother no longer wore a fez. He was free. Even here in this benighted land has reached the inspiration of a free country ; and there are many signs that the leaven of hope, filtering in by way of railroads, newspapers (censored though they are), and schools, is at work deep down among the down-trodden but vital peasant classes of the Empire.—*Abridged from The Outlook.*

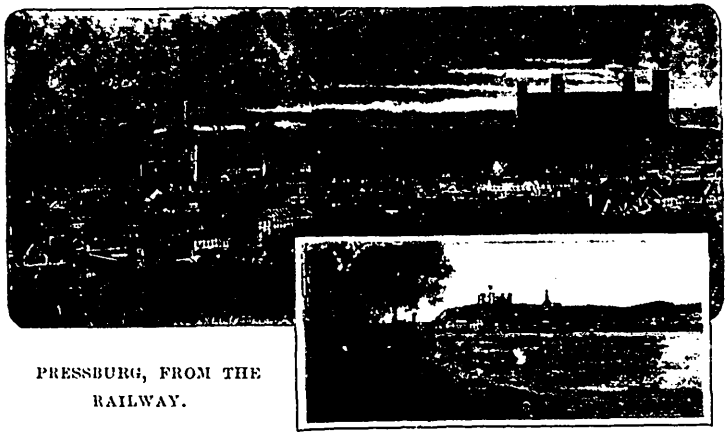
KOSSUTH: 1802-1902.*

BY E. IRENÆUS PRIME-STEVENSON.

STATUE OF KOSSUTH, BUDA-PEST.

THE people of Hungary, to-day one of the most prosperous, free, and progressive states of Europe, have recently honoured throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom the first birth-century of the man to whom is due more indisputably than to any one of his coadjutors, the resurrection of his nation, and its present marvellous re-establish-

* Hungary has recently been commemorating with general popular enthusiasm the hundredth year from the birth of Kossuth. The exercises particular to the city of Buda-pest, the capital of the kingdom, culminated in the laying of the corner-stone of the great Kossuth Mausoleum, which will replace the present simpler tomb of the patriot, and in



PRESSBURG, FROM THE RAILWAY.

ment—Louis Kossuth. To many older Americans simply to mention the name of Kossuth will set a-tingling such thrills of retrospective emotion as only one other foreign guest of America has ever excited even approximately — Lafayette. But Lafayette was not such a figure of romance, of noble, chivalrous, pathetic singularity as was Kossuth. The circumstances bringing Kossuth to the Western Republic and developing into such a national enthusiasm for the great Hungarian fugitive were quite unlike American interest, personal or political, in Lafayette. Such readers have but to meet the name "Kossuth"—to come upon one of the old and faded silk bandages inscribed "Welcome, Kossuth!"—to find flashing across the mental vision that proud and manly figure, a soldier-shape through and through, ever stately, and for Americans in 1852 invested with all the melancholy dignity of exile, after what seemed the ruin of a noble cause, nobly lost. Once more flashes before them the flame of those luminous, undaunted eyes that fronted a battalion of his country's soldiers or a vast audience of strangers in a strange land with an

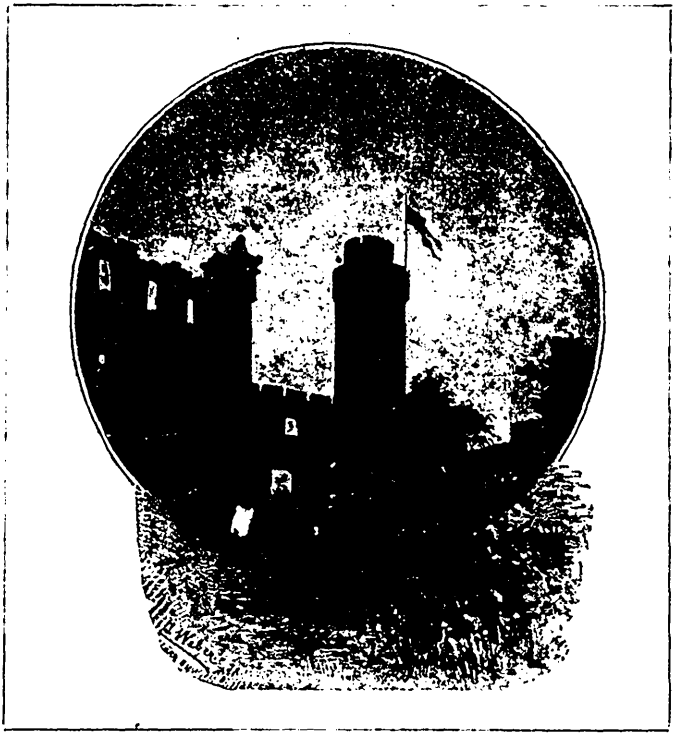
STREET IN PRESSBURG.

a series of festal processions, illuminations and serenades, in which the present representatives of the Kossuth family, who are residents of Budapest, one of them the distinguished Senator Ferencz Kossuth, the oldest son of the hero, and Kossuth's sister, the venerable Mme. Kossuth-Rutkay, received much attention. The incident has given rise to much renewed discussion, on the part of the European press, of Kossuth's career and personality.—EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

irresistible human magnetism, the spell of a great and sincere soul.

More than any other outward detail of the Kossuth personality, perhaps, does memory bring again the emotional effect of climaxes of oratory from a voice almost incomparable as to its melodiousness and dramatic fire; the appeal of those periods in which the speaker used the English tongue, so newly acquired by him, with a rhetorical splendour and force that seems to us (even in the mere reading over of some of Kossuth's public addresses, divorced from all the illusions of delivery) little less than supernatural when one remembers that so idiomatic a power had been won by him alone in a prison cell in a few months and with a Bible and Shakespeare for almost his sole text-books.

One has only to ask of this or that average and actual participant in the stirring scenes of the "Kossuth fever" in England and America in 1852-1853 to receive the prompt assurance: "Kossuth? I have never heard anything like him before or since!" And difficult as it is to measure the relative merits of long past oratory, there is ground for the conclusion that Kossuth by his natural gifts and acquired art was one of the most subjugating political speakers that ever discoursed in any one of the world's languages—without our remembering that he spoke and thought and wrote in three with equal spontaneity, accuracy, and richness of phrase.



RUINS OF CASTLE, PRESSBURG.

The life of Kossuth, so far as an exceptionally active, robust, venerable old age in retirement can be

RUINS OF PRESSBURG CASTLE, INTERIOR.

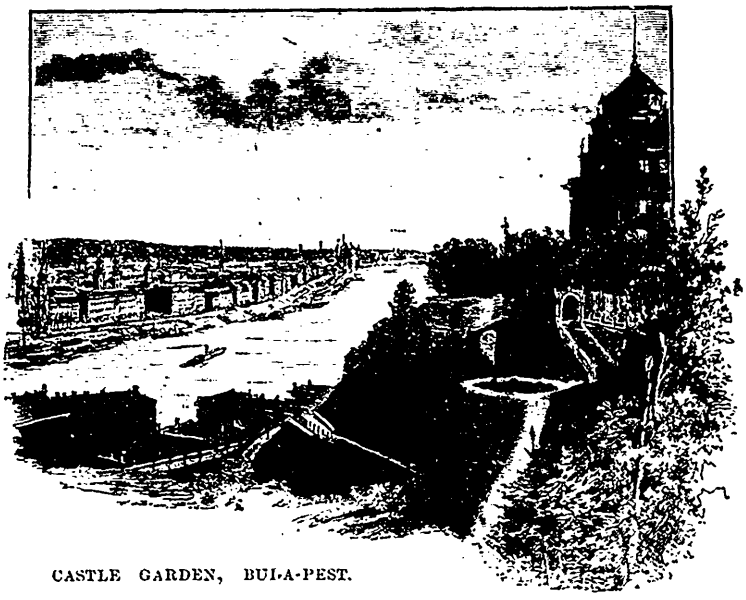
much toward life for a great man, lasted almost the century out. But it is a career of painfully unhomogeneous course, alas! as we review the two periods into which it is so sharply divided. He had come into the world a child of wholly democratic origin, like most reformers and kingdom-shakers. There were no good fairies about; not even common advantages. He was born in an epoch of such social and political abasement of Hungary as a nation, and even of suppression as a race, that it seems to us incredible that so recently such a condition of affairs could exist in the heart of Christian Europe. But it could be suffered only by a people exhausted in warfare and a tyrannic and short-sighted Austria.

Kossuth's first sessions in Pressburg marked the man. Only three-quarters of a century have passed since, rising higher and higher in his swift political career, becoming the hope and the star and the practical leverage of his country, he undertook and in vast measure effected for Hungary one of the swiftest, most colossal and apparently impossible tasks in the way of a racial rehabilitation, a national resurrection and a social, moral, educational, sentimental new birth of a political state that any period of history records—process with process, carried onward with a Napoleonic grasp of the necessities and the remedies.

It is fifty years since he fled to England, and so to America, after what seemed to be the utter ruin of all the fabric which he and his fellow-patriots had just built up, a price put upon his head, and Hungary once more the scene of a bloody war, the theatre of an Austrian vengeance that threatened to make a second Poland out of the country. Happily, it turned out to be a merely passing defeat, the forerunner of lasting Hungarian independence and prosperity, accomplished by the hands of wiser statesmen than Kossuth himself, who, indeed, was scarcely a statesman at all.

Last term of all, and ever regrettable, we can review that long, long succession of years, decade by decade of his lifetime—for Kossuth did not die till he was more than a nonagenarian, in full mental vigour

TOWN HALL, PRESSBURG.

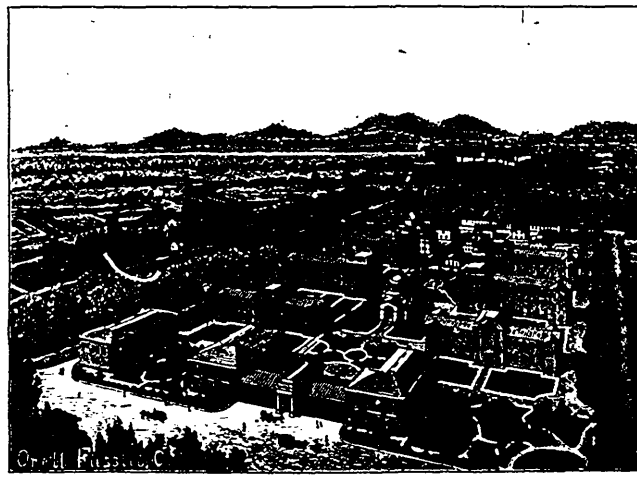


CASTLE GARDEN, BUI-A-PEST.

withal—passed by him in Italy, not in Hungary; spent in an obstinate voluntary exile, not as the patriot who necessarily sits so aloof from his former work and his passionately loved people; a time lived through by Kossuth as a literary hermit and (as he said) "a political Cassandra," unhappy, wrong-headed, embittered, and at odds with the very men who had been his former coadjutors, and who still valued and loved him.

There is undoubtedly a deeply conscientious, iron dignity about those last gray-coloured years of Kossuth in Collegno and Turin, but it amounts to a melancholy picture of *intransigeance*. He could not, he would not, countenance the political resurrection of Hungary, because it was accomplished with concessions that he declared were against his principles, although the greatest and wisest one of them, the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as the Apostolic King of Hungary, had been among his most outspoken convictions prior to 1849. Opportunism was out of his creed. Achilles, brooding in his tent, the Pope, an irritating rather than a dignified recluse, thanks to his "*Non possumus!*"—they are not edifying pictures in heroic fable or modern history, and Kossuth growing old in Italy, refusing to sanction the wise diplomatics of Deak, Wesselenyi, Gorgey, Szechenyi, Andrassy, and the rest—who saw so much clearer than he the policy for victory—is a striking instance of how ardent heroism can lack political common-sense.

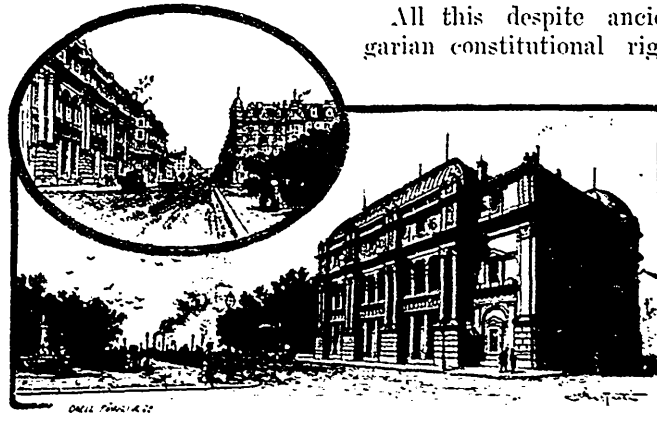
When Kossuth began to work for Hungary, the condition of every class, except the nobility, was so fettered to mediæval conditions, and the social status of the Hungarian proletary was so degraded from the exercise, from even the idea, of many elementary human rights and privileges, that it was like a phase of Europe to be read of, with shame, only in old chronicles, t accepted as a veritable national fact. Hungary was an Oriental, a Turkish part of the world, in its atmosphere, at least so far as the mass of the the people must needs live and



METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL, BUDA-PEST.

breathe, rather than a land ruled by Christian and beneficent influences. This was in a measure quite apart from the direct results of Austrian misrule and indifference. It was the old order unchanged, the privileged classes holding to their theories. Justice for the poor man did not exist as any living actuality. Popular education was a vague intellectual fabric. There was no press which exercised any popular influence, gave the citizens adequate, common information as to the course of things in Hungary or out of it; for a free press would have been silenced at once, as were Kossuth's first efforts for it. Religion was in lamentable plight. Great landholders were petty tyrants. The peasant held his land, so far as he held it, on a veritably feudal system, giving forced labour in the week to his lord, subject to the nobility in the matter of life and death; his property, when he had managed to acquire something like a title to it, readily stripped from him, without redress.

All this despite ancient Hungarian constitutional rights. The



ANDRASSY STRASSY, BUDA-PEST.

beautiful and primeval Hungarian language was used, one may say was known, only by the lowest classes. German and Latin had thoroughly supplanted it in the better social and official life. Even to-day in Hungary one frequently meets with old and otherwise well-educated Magyars who have never learned to speak their own tongue, and who think as well as talk only German, by natural preference, though they can carry on a lively social discussion in Latin as elegantly and easily as a Russian of good parts speaks French. Racial feeling was confined to the enthusiastic and intelligent Hungarians in the different communities. So little was the warmth of its magnetic fire felt in the land at large, especially with the people so crushed under their latest Austrian punishments, that such racial feeling as a practical factor in the masses failed.

It was against this state of affairs that Kossuth fought; fought more by voice and pen than by sword. It was against it that he won the most difficult victory that a man can achieve, the sort of victory that a Rienzi found impossible. Others carried the heavy stones and the rusty yokes further and further away, hung them up as grim trophies for Hungarians of this day to wonder at, by later statesmanship, but he was the first to lift the stones and to pull away the yokes. Even Washington did not have to be as creative a factor in his career as was Kossuth, to be so much the fire-giving spirit of nationalism to a people, to lead them like children by the hand, to give them back their mother-tongue, to restore them their ordinary social and educational rights, to serve as not simply their defender, but their teacher—their Moses as well as their Maccabeus.

LILIES.

A THOUGHT ON EASTER EVEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Jesus, the Lord, lies sleeping
To-day in the garden tomb,
While the lilies near by wait His waking
To greet Him with gladsome bloom.

For the pain of His uttermost anguish
Was yesterday past and done;
And the joy long set before Him
Will begin with to-morrow's sun.

Death's conquest is only seeming,
And before the sunrise hour
Himself will be prostrate lying,
Despoiled of his dreadful power.

The angel of God from glory,
With the first faint morning ray,
From the door of the rock-hewn chamber
Will roll the great stone away.

And the Lord shall step forth triumphant
Over His latest foe,
To lift from their hearts who mourn Him
The crushing weight of woe;—

And to send through their lips a message
On to the future years,
That shall raise the souls that have fallen
And dry their despairing tears:

For this is the joy set before Him—
That such in His heaven shall share;
He suffered, doth sleep, will awaken
That they may be with Him there.

So now He is quietly resting
After the strain and the stress
Of the years of reproach and rejection,
Of grief and of weariness.

And the lily-buds wait in stillness,
Holding back their beauteous bloom
Until, when the day is breaking,
He rises from out the tomb.

Then, fresh from each fragrant chalice,
The pouring of perfume sweet
Shall tell that His flowers have unfolded
At the sound of the Master's feet.

And all through the after ages,
When the Easter lilies blow,
The thought of the resurrection
Will set men's hearts aglow—

And their fear of death shall vanish
Through faith in Him who died,
And who rose again at the dawning
Of the first glad Eastertide!

Toronto.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

*AN INTERPRETATION.**

BY MISS L. E. MAUDE REYNOLDS, B.A.

OR fifty years Tennyson worked on the Celtic Saga of King Arthur until it became, as he himself says in his lines to the Queen, an "old imperfect tale—

> New—old, and shadowing
> Sense at war with Soul,
> Ideal manhood, closed in real man,
> Rather than the gray king, whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud.

The Arthur Saga dates back to a period previous to the time of Chaucer, for we find reference to it in Dante. It was worked over by many poets, and one of the first books printed by Caxton was Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur." The Arthurian land stretches from Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, to the Loire in France, and several places claim th Arthur sleeps there an enchanted sleep, or still plays at chess with his knights.

The popularity of the saga makes us wonder, "Is this Arthur real or mythical?" Probably he is both historical and mythical, for our histories tell us that Arthur guarded the coast after the Romans left Britain. No doubt he was a cultured hero, who introduced new ideas and bettered society.

Tennyson makes Camelot the capital, that is, the abode of the spiritual conscience. Therefore he says it is built to music, and therefore not built at all, and therefore built for ever. In other words, the abode of conscience is built to spiritual harmony. In "Gareth and Lynette" we read that the fairies come from out a sacred mountain "cleft towards sunrise," and built it, so it is not built by human hands. In "Lancelot and Elaine," the city is described as strange and dim, beneath it lying a plain, the city itself being built on a slope, and the only entrance thereto is a gate, which represents the Church, and the "Lady of the Lake" forms the gate, and so symbolizes purity.

In contrast to Arthur's castle, built by Merlin, is that of Pellam, the false Arthur, described in "Balin and Balan."

> The hall
> Of Pellam, lichen bearded, grayly draped
> With streaming grass, appeared, low-built, but strong;
> The ruinous donjon as a knoll of moss,
> The battlement overtopt with ivytods,
> A home of bats, in every tower an owl. . .
> . . . Leaves
> Laid their green faces flat against the panes,
> Sprays grated, and the canker'd boughs without
> Whined in the woods.

But let us turn now to the Idylls in their natural order.

I.—The Coming of Arthur.

Arthur loved at sight Guinevere, the one fair daughter of Leodogran, the king, but Leodogran's doubt concerning Arthur's birth stands in the way of marriage, so he questions the messengers sent by Arthur, concerning this "slayer of the heathen" (that is, the passions slain by spiritual conscience).

Sir Bedivere describes the two aspects in which Arthur is regarded —by the *flesh* with hate, by the *spiritual* as more than human. He relates the common story believed

* Based to some extent on notes taken in lectures at McGill University, 1899.

by the people that he is Uther's son. Then he describes the crowning and the vows.

At that solemn function, in the centre is the Cross of Christ, and on the three fair queens, which are Faith, Hope and Charity, fall the rays of coloured light—flame colour, the colour of love; vert, of hope, and azure, of faith. Near the King stands Merlin, who is old and wise, and so represents the intellectual side of life. By him is the Lady of the Lake, clothed in white samite, symbolizing purity. She gives him a cross-hilted sword (the symbol of Christianity), wherewith he is to drive back the heathen (or passion). The real spiritual life being deep, her home is in the depths of the lake, where the forces of the world are not felt. The sword Excalibur comes from the lake and is jewelled. It casts the gazer into a trance, in which he has spiritual visions, but it will not be needed when Arthur is gone, so has to be thrown back into the lake whence it came.

On questioning Arthur's sister, Bellicent, Leodogran learns the story of Merlin and Bleys seeing a spiritual ship with shining people. The ship passed out of sight, but on the ninth wave was borne to their feet a babe. The wave being all flame, signifies purity. Bellicent then urges Leodogran to give his daughter to Arthur, and, after a dream he decides to do so, and—

> Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
> And honour'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
> And bring the Queen;—and watch'd him from the gates:
> And Lancelot past away among the flowers
> (For then was latter April), and return'd
> Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.

So was taken the first step which led to the guilty love which ended Arthur's Court.

II.—Gareth and Lynette.

This poem, so full of allegory, is a miniature of the whole series. The purity of the Court and health of the people is symbolized by the time being spring. Gareth meets his mother's objections to his going to court, by telling the story of the royal eagle. The eagle represents an evangelist, and being a royal eagle, it stands for Christ, the greatest of all evangelists. The mother yields, on condition that Gareth serve in disguise as scullion for the king for a twelvemonth and a day, and to this he agrees. That is, all spiritual life must begin with humility. Then comes the maiden Lynette to beseech redress for her sister Lynores, who is shut up in Castle Perilous, before which flows a river (which typifies the river of life), with three loops (youth, middle life, and old age), and at each stands a knight—Blue, or morning; Red, or noon; Green, or evening; and beyond all the Black King, which is night, or death.

Lynette flouts her scullion knight, but he conquers all, and, lastly, when he has cleft the skull of Nox, or Night, out there issues a smiling boy, who represents life after death.

The question arises, who shall Gareth marry? If Lynores, it is spirit marrying spirit, but if he weds with Lynette, it is spirit conquering sense or feelings.

III.—Geraint and Enid.

The guilty love of the two central figures of the Court, Lancelot and Guinevere, reveals itself slowly, and this causes Geraint to take Enid away from one she considers perfect, so he tells her to put on the dress she wore when first he saw her. The sorrowful journey, so full of misunderstanding, ends happily, and the souls of Geraint and of Edyrn are saved, through the influence of Enid's lovely life.

The tale of Geraint's winning his fair bride is pretty and romantic.

Guinevere lay late one morning dreaming of Lancelot, so had to set out alone to the hunt, but was joined by Geraint, who also was late. A knight's dwarf, having brutally ill-treated the Queen's maid, Geraint rode away, "to track the vermin," and return in three days. He came to the home of Yniol, and hearing Enid's voice, as she sang of "Fortune and her Wheel," he

> Thought and said,
> Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.

Conquering in the tournament, he restored to Enid's parents their ancient possessions, and married his love.

IV.—Balin and Balan.

Balin the Savage represents the passions, under sway of sensuousness, while Balan typifies the passions controlled by right reason.

Balin wishes to replace the device of the Savage on his shield by some goodly cognizance of Guinevere, but—

> After some quick burst of sudden wrath,
> The music in him seem'd to change and grow
> Faint and far off. . . .
> In himself he moan'd,
> Too high this Mount of Camelot for me;
> These high set courtesies are not for me.

Soon comes the garden scene between Lancelot and Guinevere.

> Then chanced, one morning, that Sir Balin sat
> Close-bower'd in that garden nigh the hall,
> A walk of roses ran from door to door;
> A walk of lilies crost it to the bower:
> And down that range of roses the great Queen
> Came with slow steps, the morning on her face;
> And all in shadow from the counter door
> Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at once,
> As if he saw not, glanced aside, and paced
> The long white walk of lilies toward the bower.

Seeing and hearing what passed, Balin, realizing that they are "damsel and lover," rushes away till he comes to the abode of the false Arthur. In remorse for his passion, he hangs his "goodly cognizance of the Queen" on a tree. Vivien—the preacher of earthly love—enters and destroys his faith. Then follows the last scene—a fight between Balin and Balan, in which both are killed, but Vivien, with a laugh, passes on to Camelot.

V.—Merlin and Vivien.

The scene of this poem is the wild woods of Broceliande, in Brittany—a forest far-famed for its fairies and enchantments. The background is stormy, well suited to the melancholy and gloom of Merlin, who casts aside wisdom that he may find ease of heart in indulgence. And now, the man who had made a stalwart soldier of a youth by teaching him to seek use rather than fame, himself yields to sensuousness, and loses for ever his name and fame and use, through the enchantment of Vivien, the Sorceress.

> Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
> Of woven faces and of waving hands,
> And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
> And lost to life and use and fame.

Having won his secret, she shrieks out "Fool!"

> And the thicket closed
> Behind her, and the forest echo'd "fool!"

VI.—Lancelot and Elaine.

From Merlin and Vivien we turn to the knights of Arthur's Court. A tourney is to be held for the ninth diamond taken from the crown of the skeleton king—a symbol of death.

Guinevere persuades Lancelot to fight in other armour than his own, that his identity may not be known, so passing away he comes to Astolat, where he is met by the Lord of Astolat with his two strong sons, and close behind them, "the lily

maid," Elaine, who, when he leaves for the tilt, guards his shield in her tower, wondering what the device thereon may mean, and who the knight may be who had won her love in that first meeting, when she

Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.

Her brother Lavaine rides away with Lancelot, and they leave her standing there, a fair, sweet picture—

Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss.

Then comes Lancelot's wound, Gawain's quest for Lancelot, the rumours which Gawain, "a prince with smiling face and frowning heart," sets afloat about the love of the Maid of Astolat for Sir Lancelot, the Queen's prostration, and Elaine's pitiful little song, "The Song of Love and Death." Lastly comes the scene in the vine-embowered oriel, where the Queen upbraids Lancelot, and destroys the necklace of diamonds, rushing away just as the barge glides by—

The barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling like a star in darkest night,—
"Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,"

With a letter in her hand to Sir Lancelot.

Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself, and pitied her.

Lancelot, comparing Elaine's pure love with the jealous, sinful passion of Guinevere, prays God to send an angel to cast him in the mere, "not knowing he should die a holy man."

VII.—The Holy Grail.

It is said that Joseph of Arimathea, in whose tomb our Saviour lay, introduced Christianity into the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, in England. The Grail was a cup in which was caught the blood of Christ, and so had great miraculous power—a symbol of the presence of divine love in a visible form. The spiritual life having become low, a quest was entered upon to find the Grail, which, because of man's wickedness, had been caught away. During Arthur's absence, the vow was taken to search a twelvemonth and a day, Gawain swearing loudest.

The knights' experiences are all allegorical. Percivale, who has given way to the pleasures of appetite, sees deep lawns and a brook. The fruit denotes love, the woman spinning and the babe represent domestic happiness, the knight in golden armour is worldly life and splendour, but they are but illusions, for, when he fain would grasp them, they turn to ashes. Fame, too, is represented by an empty castle, and proves to be nothing but a voice. He meets Sir Galahad, the Pure-Hearted, who has seen the Grail in the Mass.

Sir Galahad passes into the spiritual city, crossing the swamps of time, spanned by a bridge of a thousand piers, reminding us of a time when men lived to be a great age. Time, however, is as nothing in God's sight, so the piers disappear in flame as he passes.

"The Good Sir Bors'" experiences represent the power of paganism, but a maiden (possibly Faith) sets him free when he sees the Grail. Sir Gawain, weak spiritually, yields to the first temptation. Lancelot's experiences have a background of storm, signifying doubt. He is per-

fect but for his guilty love, and so he comes to the enchanted castle where he cannot tell what he sees, and concludes that the quest is not for him.

VIII.—Pelleas and Etarre.

This is the opposite of Lancelot and Elaine. The Queen's sin is gradually destroying the good of Arthur's Court, so that here the woman is debased.

To Pelleas, Arthur's Court and Queen are perfect. As he rides to court, while resting in the shade, he is smitten by the beauty of Etarre, who is the leader of a band of maidens-errant who have lost their way while seeking Arthur's Court.

> The beauty of her flesh abashed the boy,
> As though it were the beauty of her soul.

She promises to be his if he wins the circlet, but when he wins she flouts him, calling him Sir Baby, and when he follows her, her men bind him and mock him and Arthur. Twice this is done, but still his love holds. Then Gawain appears, offering to conquer the castle for him. When Pelleas finds he does not return, and is unfaithful, his love disappears. Unbelief takes its place, and, like a madman, he rushes forth a scourge to publish the guilt of the Queen and Lancelot.

IX.—The Last Tournament.

Arthur and Sir Lancelot, finding a maiden-babe, with a ruby necklace, give her to the Queen to rear, who calls her "Nestling." But the babe dies, and Guinevere proposes a tournament for the rubies.

As the King is obliged to be absent, he appoints Lancelot as umpire, but the laws of the tournament are broken, and the glory of the Round Table is no more. The Queen herself, in horror, breaks off the revels, and retires pained at heart, while the necklace is awarded to Tristram, the representative of free love, who, forgetful of his own sweet wife, "Isolt of the white hands," so far away in Tintagil by the sea, places the jewels on the neck of Queen Isolt, wife of Mark.

> But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat,
> Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
> Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
> "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

X.—Guinevere.

That night, when Arthur returned, all was dreary and dark, and his fool, Dagonet, with many sobs, told him the Queen had fled.

In the nunnery at Almesbury she was cared for by the holy sisters, and partly soothed, partly angered by the prattle of the little novice, with her questions about the Court and her mournful song, "Late, late, so late."

Rumours come of the King's wars, especially those with Lancelot, and finally Guinevere and Arthur met once more, for that last parting before his last fight with Modred—a parting in which she learned, when too late, what she had lost by the guilty love for Lancelot, so that when he is gone she cries aloud.

> Is there none
> Will tell the King I love him, tho' so late?
> . . . . . .
> I must not scorn myself. He loves me still.
> Let no one dream but that he loves me still.

Her life becomes pure, and she was made abbess when the old abbess died; but, after three years, she passed

> To where beyond these voices there is rest.

XI.—The Passing of Arthur.

In the last battle, the death-like mist made confusion, and

> There were cryings for the light
> Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.
> And lastly a dead hush fell.

The wounded King sends Sir

Bedivere to cast the brand Excalibur into the lake, but the jewels tempt him and he hides it. When asked what he saw, he says—

I heard the water lapping on the crag
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

Not until the third time has he courage to shut his eyes and hurl it, when lo, an arm, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," reaches up and takes it.

Then Arthur bids Sir Bedivere carry him to the margin, where the barge awaits him, with its funeral scarf, its decks "dense with stately forms," "black-stoled, black-hooded," and its three queens crowned with gold, ready to receive their king.

And from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars.

And the tallest and fairest—Charity—lays his head upon her lap. Sir Bedivere makes sad complaint, but Arthur reproves him, and begs him to pray for his soul.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain.
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

And thus he passes to the island-valley of Avilion,

Where falls not hail or rain or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

And Bedivere climbs higher and higher, "straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand," comforting himself with the thought that Arthur passes to be "king among the dead," but when his wound is healed he will return.

And the new sun rose, bringing the new year.

AN EASTER HYMN.

I have no gift of fragrant spice,
No gems for thine adorning,
But empty, asking hands I bring
To greet thine Easter morning.

Here humbly to Thy feet, dear Lord,
I come with Mary kneeling.
O, speak the recognizing word,
Thine heart of love revealing!

Low in the sepulchre of doubt
My soul is prostrate sleeping,
And worldly pride and worldly care
Their sentinel watch are keeping.

Help, Lord! All human aid is vain!
My faith is fainting, dying!
Roll back the stone of unbelief
Before the portal lying!

He hears my prayer, He heeds my cry,
And answers to my pleading;
"Thrust forth thine hand into My side,
For thee 'tis pierced and bleeding.

"Touch thou the nail-prints in these hands
O, here is no deceiving!
Dear, timid soul, no longer doubt,
Not faithless, but believing."

Of peace and joy, of hope and heaven,
Thou art the bounteous Giver;
Take the poor heart Thy blood hath bought,
And seal it Thine for ever!

—*Fanny M. McCauley.*

AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT.

O dearest blooms the seasons know
Flowers of the Resurrection blow,
Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath
Of life for evermore!

The thought of Love Immortal blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
In you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
The heart of Christ and ours!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

EATING AND THINKING.*

BY GEORGE A DICKINSON, M.D.

EAR Anita : There is certainly a close relation between the amount of wholesome food a pupil partakes of, the vigour and health of body, and the amount of mental work in the form of reading, writing, or arithmetic he is able to do. It is not the number of facts about history, geography, and grammar which a boy learns or has crammed into him that makes him happy and useful, but it is the facts which he knows how to use, and which he uses, that make him happy and mentally strong. Neither is it the food that he eats which benefits, but it is the food which he eats, digests, and assimilates that makes him physically strong.

The great importance of early sifting the wheat from the chaff, of training the youth to retain that knowledge which is useful, and allowing him to forget the worthless, is necessary, so that his mind will not be encumbered with information learnt only for examination purposes—as the digestive organs assimilate and use that aliment which is nutritious, and reject the unsuitable, so should the mind be trained to deal with mental pabulum.

As the brain is but a part of the body, in order that it should be healthy and active, it is essential that the body be kept vigorous and healthy.

"Mens sana in corpore sano," a sound mind in a sound body, should be the aim of every educationist.

As a discussion of the laws which govern the health of body would take us too far from the object of our paper, we shall discuss only some points of the subject of nourishment, as upon it in great measure the activity and vigour of the brain depend.

Blood is required to supply nourishment and energy needed for all work done by the body, whether such work be mental, physical, or vital.

During the time of elementary school life, between the ages of five and fifteen years, so much energy and nourishment is needed for growth of body and development of brain, which takes place at this time, that the youth has but a small surplus at its disposal for expending in mental work. If more than this small surplus is expended in mental labour, either body or brain must suffer; in consequence the youth becomes thin, pale, haggard, or the vigour and strength of intellect is impaired.

All energy in the first place is derived from the food with which we are nourished; how necessary, then, it is to keep our bodies strong and our digestive organs vigorous and healthy to provide nourishment that the brain may be abundantly supplied with the pure, rich blood needed for development and for energy required in mental work.

From the activity and the important functions performed by the brain, we are not surprised to find that it is copiously supplied with blood. Besides supplying the nerve force necessary for the purpose of thought, feeling, willing, and motion, the brain has also to expend very much energy in aiding and directing such vital processes as digestion, circulation, breathing, secretion, and other operations. In

* A letter from a practising physician to his niece Anita. Miss Anita is teaching the elementary classes at a school in Leon.

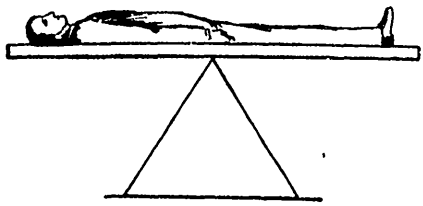


FIG. 1. MOSSO'S TABLE BALANCE.

(From "Exercise and Overexercise." By the kind permission of Sir Lauder Brunton.)

the adult the brain may be said to constitute about two per cent. of the total body weight, yet the amount of blood which it receives has been estimated as twenty per per cent. of the entire circulation, or to put the proportion in the form of a fraction—we may say the brain constitutes about one-fiftieth of the total body weight, yet it receives about one-fifth of the entire circulation of blood.

The gray matter of the brain, which is made up of nerve corpuscles, branching nerve fibres, and neurospongium, is that part of the brain which receives and sends out nerve energy, or nerve impulses. While the white matter is made up principally of nerve fibres, the tiny threads which convey nerve impulses to every part of the body, and which connect the nerve cells ; each substance is supplied with nutrient vessels, but it was computed by Herbert Spencer that five times as much blood circulates in the gray matter as in the white matter.

While there is constantly being expended by the brain a great deal of energy, in study more energy is needed, requiring a greatly increased flow of blood. "This has been shown in a very neat way by my friend, Professor A. Mosso, of Turin, who had a long table so delicately balanced on its axis that it would turn one way or another with a very slight weight. Upon this he laid a man so that his head and legs were equally balanced, and the table remained exactly level. Fig. 1.

"On telling the man to think vigorously, the blood left his legs and went to his head, with the result that the head went down and the legs went up, and the more difficult the mental exercise the greater the determination of blood to the brain. He showed the same thing in another way ; he put the arm in a vessel (A), full of water (B), and connected this with an index (C). Fig. 2.

"As soon as the man who was being experimented upon began to do a mental calculation, the blood left the arm to go to the brain, and so the index fell, and the decrease in the volume of the arm was shown marked on the revolving cylinder (D), shown in figure two ; while Fig. 3 shows the record paper taken from the cylinder." (From "Exercise and Overexercise," by Sir Lauder Brunton.)

When the brain is active, when a child is studying or making a mental effort, the circulation in the brain is greatly increased. By observations made directly upon the brain, it has been found that an unexpected sound, for example, increased the amount of blood to the

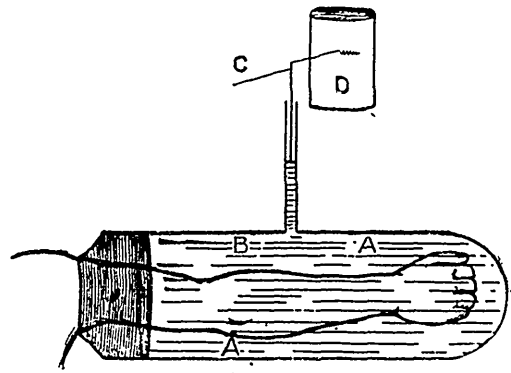


FIG. 2. MOSSO'S PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

The index is represented writing on a revolving cylinder. (From "Exercise and Overexercise." By the kind permission of Sir Lauder Brunton.)

organ, and usually this is accompanied by a contraction of the vessels in other parts of the body, so that the increase in the quantity of the blood in going to the brain is compensated by a diminution in the quantity going to other parts of the body. (Sir Lauder Brunton, "Disorders of Digestion, Assimilation," etc.)

It is indispensable for the proper development of body and brain that the child should not be kept too long at mental work; while at all times the brain should be supplied with blood in sufficient quantity, it is also essential that the blood should be of good quality. The need for exercise in the open air, that the air of the schoolroom should not be vitiated by a neglect of proper ventilation, and that the child be supplied with a sufficiency of good wholesome food during periods of increased expenditure from mental work, is apparent.

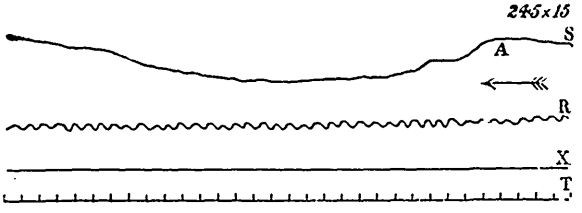


FIG. 3.—To show the contraction of the vessels produced during the process of multiplying 245 by 15. S. Volume of left arm. A marks the point at which the calculation was commenced, after this point the pressure falls. R. Respiratory movement of chest. X. Abscissa. T. Time line; every upright marks an interval of five seconds.
(From "Exercise and Overexercise." By the kind permission of Sir Lauder Brunton.)

As the brain requires a much greater supply of blood in proportion to its size than the body, it, no doubt, would suffer more in defect of development and loss of vigour than would the body during periods of depression, overwork, or underfeeding. In schoolchildren fatigue and exhaustion of the brain very soon shows itself in those who are poorly nourished, and overstrain often means underfeeding, or improper feeding. In growing children the alimentary organs are very active, and the process of digestion takes place quickly, so that the time between meals need not be long. When children are attending school it is well to supply them with a simple luncheon, to be eaten at intermission. This food would increase the activity of the circulation of blood in the brain, and tend to keep the child contented and fresh, and delay the onset of mental fatigue. Schoolchildren should have a liberal diet, and an abundance of animal food, milk, meat, fish, eggs, and fats. Some animal food should be partaken of at two meals in the day.

Those who do much study know that it is just as hard on their constitution, just as wearing, just as exhausting as is manual work; and they know their heads are cleared and brightened, as it were, and how refreshed they are, after taking nourishment. Most adults can remember when in their youth, and attending school, how hungry they always were; after coming home they made for the pantry and ate any food in sight. Schoolboy hunger is natural, and should be gratified, the increased wear on the system must be met by increased nourishment.

Fatigue in schoolchildren often first shows itself in digestive troubles; whenever a child has loss of appetite, desire for unsuitable food, or other symptoms of stomach trouble, the amount of school work should be lessened, or the child should be kept home from school, put under medical care, and given time to recuperate.

The physiological interdependence of body and mind should always be remembered—it is quite impossible to develop, exercise, and invigorate

the brain properly if the body is not at the same time vigorous and healthy. No child should be allowed to attend school who is not in the best of bodily health. When a pupil has not enough energy and strength to successfully fight ill-health and ward off disease, how can he have energy to expend in mental labour? Often we see boys and girls break down under the strain of a few weeks' study. The larger and more active the brain, the sooner the body suffers under the strain of mental work, and the greater the need for a well-developed and healthy body. When the brain is active and large, the body first shows the signs of mental overwork, the brain being affected secondarily through the body. Physical growth must keep pace with intellectual development.

Walton Street, Port Hope, Ont.

MARY'S MEMORIAL.

BY EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT.

"Let her alone!" And at the Master's word
The stern rebuke is hushed. The while the air
Is heavy-laden with a perfume rare,
As Mary pours her gift upon her Lord.

"Let her alone! Her costly offering,
With love and sacrifice so richly fraught,
A goodly work on me, her Lord, hath wrought;
Her royal gift doth honour to her King.

"Let her alone! What she hath done this day,
While ages roll, shall unforgotten be;
Where'er the Gospel's preached from sea to sea,
It shall be a memorial for aye."

O blessed words of comfort! Understood
So well by tired Marys of to-day—
What joy if e'en of me the Master say,
"Let her alone; she hath done what she could"!

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

XII.

JANE GRANITE came out of the kitchen door, and sat down in the back-yard underneath the clothes-lines. She sat on the overturned salt-fish box that she kept to stand on and reach the clothes-pins—Jane was such a little body. She looked smaller than usual that Monday afternoon, and shrunken, somehow; her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She cried a good deal on Mondays, after Ben Trawl had come and gone on Sunday evenings.

The minister was quite himself again, and about his business. This fact should have given Jane the keenest gratification; whereas, in proportion as their lodger had grown well and cheerful, Jane had turned paler and sober. When he was really ill, her plain face wore a rapt look. For Captain Hap had remained on duty only a day or two; Mr. Bayard had not been sick enough to need professional nursing this time, and it had since devolved wholly upon the women of the household to minister to his convalescent needs.

Happy Jane! She ran up and down, she flitted to and fro, she cooked, she ironed, she mended, she sewed, she read aloud, she ran errands, she watched for the faintest flicker in the changes of expression on his face: its dignity, its beauty, and its dearness for that one precious page out of her poor story were hers. All the rest of her life he belonged to other people and to other things: to the drunkards and the fishermen and the services; to his books and his lonely walks and his unapproachable thoughts; to his dreams of the future in which Jane had no more part than the paper Cupid on the screen, for ever tasting and never eating impossible fruit; to his memories of a past of which Jane knew that she knew no more than she did of the etiquette at the palace of Kubla Khan in Xanadu.

Jane understood about Kubla Khan (or she thought she did, which answers the same purpose), for she had read the poem aloud to him one day while her mother sat sewing in the wooden rocking-chair. Jane was "educated," like most respectable Windover girls; she had been through the high school of her native town; she read not at all badly; Mr. Bayard had told her something to this effect, and Jane sang about the house all the rest of the day.

. . . . . .

It was summer in Windover; and Jane's one beautiful leaf of life had turned. Mr. Bayard had long since been able to take care of himself; coughing still, and delicate enough, but throwing off impatiently, as the gentlest man does, in health, the little feminine restraints and devotions which he found necessary and even agreeable in illness. It would not be too much to say that Jane loved him as unselfishly as any woman ever had, or ever would; but in proportion as his spirits rose, hers sank. She reproached herself, poor child, that it did not make her perfectly happy to have the minister get well. Suffering and helpless, he had needed her. Busy and well, he thought of her no more. For that one time, that cruelly little time, she, Jane Granite, of all the women in the world, had known that precious right. To her, only to her, it had been given to serve his daily, common wants; she had carried up his tray, she had read or written tireless hours as his mood decreed, or she had sat in silent study of his musing face, not one lineament of which did muse of her.

But it was summer in Windover, and the minister was Jane's no more.

Bayard was far too busy to think of women. For he did not exactly think of Helen Carruth; he felt her. She did not occupy his mind so far that he experienced the need of communication with her; he had never written her so much as a note of ceremony.

Windover Harbour was alive and alert. The summer fleets were out; the spring fleets were in. Bayard could hear the drop of anchors now, in the night, through his open windows; and the soft, pleasant splash, the home-coming and home-yearning sound which wakened the summer peo-

ple, only to lull them to sleep again with a sense of poetic pleasure in a picturesque and alien life, gave to the lonely preacher of the winter Windover the little start of anxiety and responsibility which assassinates rest. He thought :

" Another crew in ! Is it Job ? Or Bob ? Or Jean ? Will they go to Trawl's, or get home straight ? I must be off at dawn to see to this."

Bayard was in his rooms, resting after one of these unresting nights. He had set forth at daybreak to meet an incoming schooner at the docks. It had become his habit, whenever he could, to see that the fishermen were personally conducted past the dens of Angel Alley, and taken home sober to waking wife and sleeping child. In this laborious task Job Slip's help had been of incredible value. Job was quite sober now ; and in the intervals between trips this converted Saul delighted to play the Paul to Bayard's little group of apostles. Yet Job did not pose. He was more sincere than most better men. He took to decency as if it had been a new trade ; and the novel dignity of missionary zeal sat upon him like a liberal education. The Windover word for what had happened to Job was " re-formation." Job Slip, one says, is a reformed man. The best way to save a rascal is to give him another one to save ; and Job, who was no rascal, but the ruin of a very good fellow, brilliantly illustrated this eternal law.

Bayard had come back, unusually tired, about noon, and had not left the house since his return. He was reading, with his back to the light, and the sea in his ears. The portiere of mosquito netting, which hung now at the door between his two rooms, was pushed aside that he might see the photographed Leonardo as he liked to do.

A knock had struck the cottage door, and Jane Granite had run to answer it. She was in her tidy, blue gingham dress, but a little wet and crumply, as was to be expected on a Monday. She had snatched up a white apron, and looked like an excellent parlour-maid. For such, perhaps, the caller took her, for practical tact was not his most obtrusive quality. He was an elderly man, a gentleman ; his mouth was stern, and his eyes were kind. He carried a valuable cane, and spoke with a certain air of authority, as of a man well acquainted with this world, and the other, too. He asked for Mr. Bayard, and would send up his card before intruding upon him ; a ceremony which quite upset little Jane, and she stood crimson with embarrassment. Her discomfort was not decreased by the bewildering presence of a carriage at the gate of her mother's garden. Beyond the rows of larkspur and feverfew, planted for the vase on Mr. Bayard's study-table, Mr. Salt's best carryall, splendid in spring varnish, loomed importantly. Pepper, with the misanthropy of a confirmed dyspeptic, drew the carryall, and ladies sat within it. There were two. They were covered by certain strange, rich carriage robes undreamed of by Mr. Salt ; dull silk blankets, not of Windover designs. The ladies were both handsomely dressed. One was old ; but one—ah ! one was young.

" Mr. Bayard is in, my dear." The voice of the caller rose over the larkspur to the carryall. " Will you wait or drive on ?"

" We'll drive on," replied the younger lady rather hurriedly.

" Helen, Helen," complained the elder. " Don't you know that Pepper is afraid of the electric cars ? I've noticed horses are that live in the same town with them."

Helen did not laugh at this, but her eyes twinkled irreverently. She wrapped herself in her old-gold silk blanket, and turned to watch the sea. She did not look at Mrs. Granite's cottage.

The dignified accents of the Professor's voice were now wafted over the larkspur bed again.

" Mr. Bayard asks if the ladies will not come up to his study, Statira ? It is only one short flight. Will you do so ?"

Simultaneously Bayard's eager face flashed out of the doorway ; and before Helen could assent or dissent, her mother, on the young man's arm, was panting up between the feverfew and into the cottage. Helen followed in meek amusement.

The stairs were scarcely more than a ship's gangway. Mrs. Carruth politely suppressed her sense of horrified inadequacy to the ascent, and she climbed up as bravely as possible. Helen's cast-down eyes observed the uncarpeted steps of old, stained pinewood. She was still silent when they entered the study. Bayard bustled about, offering Mrs. Carruth the bony rocking-chair with the turkey-red cushion. The Professor had already ensconced himself in the revolving study-chair, a luxury which had been recently added to the room. There

remained for Helen the lounge, and Bayard, perforce, seated himself beside her. He did not remark upon the deficiency of furniture. He seemed as much above an apology for the lack of upholstery as a martyr in prison. His face was radiant with a pleasure which no paltry thought could poison. The simple occasion seemed to him one of high festivity. It would have been impossible for any one of these comfortable people to understand what it meant to the poor fellow to entertain old friends in his lonely quarters.

Helen's eyes assumed a blank, polite look; she said as little as possible at first; she seemed adjusting herself to a shock. Mrs. Carruth warbled on about the opening of the season at the "Mainsail," and the Professor inquired about the effects of the recent gales upon the fishing classes. It was Bayard himself who boldly approached the dangerous ground.

"You came on Saturday, I suppose? I did not know anything about it till this minute."

"We did not come till night," observed Helen, hurriedly. "Mother was very tired. We did not go out anywhere yesterday."

"The Professor did, I'll be bound," smiled Bayard. "Went to church, didn't you, Professor?"

"Ye-es," replied Professor Carruth, hesitating. "I never omit divine service if I am on my feet."

"Did you hear Fenton?" asked Bayard, with perfect ease of manner.

"Yes," more boldly from the Professor, "I attended the First Church. I always look up my old boys, of course, too. It seems to be a prosperous parish."

"It is a prosperous parish," assented Bayard, heartily. "Fenton is doing admirably with it. Did you hear him?"

"Why, yes," replied the Professor, breathing more freely. "I heard Fenton. He did well—quite well. He has not that scope of intellect which I never considered him our ablest man; but he preached an excellent sermon. The audience was not so large as I could have wished; but it seemed to be of a superior quality—some of your first citizens, I should say?"

"Oh, yes; our first people all attend that church. You didn't find many of my crowd there, I presume?"

Bayard laughed easily.

"I did not recognize it," said the Professor, "as a distinctly fishing community—from the audience; no, not from that audience."

"Not many of my drunkards, for instance, sir? Not a strong salt-fish perfume in the First Church? Not a whiff of old New England rum anywhere?"

"The atmosphere was irreproachable," returned the Professor with a keen look.

Bayard glanced at Helen, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa beside him. Her eyes returned his merriment.

"For my part," said Helen, unexpectedly, "I should like to see Mr. Bayard's church—if he would stoop to invite us. . . . I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "one reason saints don't stoop is for fear the halo should tumble off. It must be so inconvenient! Don't you ever have a stiff neck, Mr. Bayard?"

"Why, Helen!" cried Mrs. Carruth in genuine horror. She hastened to atone for her daughter's rudeness to a young man who already had enough to bear. "I will come and bring Helen myself, Mr. Bayard, to hear you preach—that is, if you would like to have us."

"Pray don't!" protested Bayard. "The Professor's hair would turn black again in a single night. It won't do for you to recognize an outlaw like me, you know. Why, Fenton and I haven't met since he came here; unless at the post-office. I understand my position. Don't feel any delicacy about it. I don't. I can't stop for that! I am too busy."

The Professor of Theology coloured a little.

"The ladies of my family are quite free to visit any of the places of worship around us," he observed with some dignity. "They are not bound by the same species of ecclesiastical etiquette——"

"We must be going, mother," said Helen, abruptly. Her cheeks were blazing; her eyes met Bayard's with a ray of indignant sympathy which went to his head like wine. He felt the light, quick motion of her breath; the folds of her summer dress—he could not have told what she wore—fell over the carpet lounge; the hem of the dress touched his boot, and just covered the patch on it from sight. He had but glanced at her before. He looked at her now; her heightened colour became her richly; her hand—she wore a driving-glove—lay upon the cretonne sofa pillow; she had picked

a single flower as she came up Mrs. Granite's garden walk. Bayard was amused to see that she had instinctively taken a deep purple pansy with a heart of gold.

A little embarrassed, Helen held out the pansy.

"I like them," she said. "They make faces at me."

"This one is a royal creature," said Bayard. "It has the face of a queen."

"Mr. Bayard," asked Mrs. Carruth, with the air of starting a subject of depth and force, "do you find any time to analyze flowers?"

"So far—hardly," replied Bayard, looking Helen straight in the face.

"I used to study botany when I was a young lady—in New York," observed Mrs. Carruth, placidly; "it seems to me a very wholesome and refining"—

"Papa!" cried Helen, "Pepper is eating a tomato can—No, it's a piece of—It is an apron—a gingham apron! The menu of that horse, Mr. Bayard, surpasses anything"—

"It is plainly some article belonging to the ladies of the house," said Bayard, surpasses anything."

He had started to rescue the apron, when Jane Granite was seen to run out and wrench that portion of her wardrobe from Pepper's voracity.

"That," observed Mrs. Carruth, "is the maid, I presume?"

"It is Miss Granite, my landlady's daughter," replied Bayard, with some unnecessary dignity. Poor little Jane, red in the face, and raging at the heart, stood, with the eyes of the visitors upon her, contending with Pepper, who insisted on retaining the apron strings, and had already swallowed one halfway.

Quick to respond to the discomfort of any woman, Bayard ran down to Jane's relief.

"It blew over from the lines," said Jane. She lifted to him her sad, grateful eyes. She would have cried, if she had ventured to speak. Helen, from the window, looked down upon them silently.

When Bayard came upstairs again, his visitors had risen to leave, in earnest. Helen avoided his eyes. He felt that hers had taken in every detail of his poor place: the dreary, darned, brown carpet; the barren shades; the whole homeless, rude, poverty-smitten thing.

"You have a fine engraving of Guido's Saint Michael here," observed Professor Carruth, taking out his glasses.

"And I notice—don't I see another good picture through the gauze portiere?" asked Mrs. Carruth, modestly.

"That is Leonardo's Christ," said the Professor promptly, at a look. "It really makes a singular, I may say a beautiful, impression behind that white stuff. I never happened to see it before with such an effect. Look, Helen! It seems like a transparency—or a cloud."

A devout expression touched Helen's face, which had grown quite grave. She did not answer, and went downstairs behind her mother, very quietly.

Jane Granite had disappeared. Mrs. Carruth mounted heavily into the carryall, and Helen leaped after her. Then it appeared that the Professor had forgotten his cane, and Bayard ran back for it. As he came down, he caught a glimpse of Jane Granite in the sitting-room. She was crying.

"That is my Charter Oak cane," observed the Professor, anxiously; "the one with the handle made from the old ship 'Constitution.' I wouldn't have mislaid it on any account."

"Father would rather have mislaid me," said Helen with an air of conviction. Her mother was inviting Mr. Bayard to call on them at the "Flying Jib." Helen said nothing on this point. She smiled and nodded girlishly, and Pepper bore them away.

Bayard came back upstairs three steps at a time. The sitting-room door was shut, and it did not occur to him to open it. He had quite forgotten Jane. He closed his study-door softly, and went and sat down on the carpet lounge; the pansy that she had dropped was there. He looked for it, and looked at it, then laid it gently on his study-table. He took up the cretonne pillow where her hand had lain, then put it softly down.

"I must keep my head," thought the young man. He passed his hand over his too brilliant eyes, and went, with compressed lips, to his study-table.

But Jane Granite went out in the back yard, and sat down under the clothes-line, on the salt-fish box. The chewed apron was in her hand. The clothes flapped in the rising wind above her head. She could not be seen from the house. Here she could cry in peace.

She was surprised to find, when she was seated there, that she did not want to cry. Her eyes, her throat, her lips, her head, seemed burning to ashes. Hot, hard, wicked wishes came for the first time in her gentle life to Jane. That purple-and-gold woman

swam giddily between her and the summer sky.

Jane had known her at the first look. Her soul winced when she recognized the stranger of the electric car. Mr. Bayard had thought Jane did not notice that lady that April day. Jane had by heart every line and tint and detail of her. Jane looked at her own wash-day dress and parboiled fingers. The indefinable, undeniable fact of the stranger's personal elegance crushed the girl with the sense of helpless bitterness which only women who have been poor and gone shabby can understand. The language of dress, which is to the half-educated the symbol of superiority, conveyed to Jane, in advance of any finer or truer vocabulary, the full force of the situation.

"She is different," thought Jane.

These three words said it all. Jane dropped her face in her soaked and wrinkled fingers. The damp clothes flapped persistently about her neat, brown head, as if trying to arouse her with the useless diversion of things that one is quite used to. Jane thought of Ben Trawl, it is true, but without any distinct sense of disloyalty or remorse. She experienced the ancient and always inexplicable emotion not peculiar to Jane; she might have lived on in relative content, not in the least disturbed by any consciousness of her own ties, as long as the calm eyes she worshipped reflected the image of no other woman. Now something in Jane's heart seemed to snap and let the lava through.

Oh, purple and gold, gall and wormwood, beauty and daintiness, heartache and fear!

". . . Crying again? This is a nice way to greet a fellar," said roughly a sudden voice in Jane's dulled ear.

Ben Trawl lifted the damp clothes, strode through between the poles, and stood beside his promised wife. His face was ominously dark.

XIII.

It is not so hard to endure suffering as to resist ease. The passion for martyrdom sweeps everything before it, as long as it is challenged by no stronger force. Emanuel Bayard had lived for a year upon the elixir of a spiritual exaltation such as has carried men to a glowing death, or through a tortured life without a throb of weakness. He had yet to adjust his nature to the antidote of common human comfort.

Like most of the subtler experiences of life, this came so naturally that, at first, he scarcely knew it by sight or name.

It was not a noteworthy matter to show the courtesies of civilized life to the family of his old Professor. Bayard reminded himself of this as he walked down the Point.

It was quite a week before he found leisure to attend to this simple, social obligation. His duties in Angel Alley had been many and laborious; it did not occur to him to shorten a service or an entertainment; to omit a visit to the wharves when the crews came in, or to put by the emergency of a drunkard's wife to a more convenient season because he had in view that which had grown so rare to the young man, now—the experience of a personal luxury. Like a much older and more ascetic man than he was, he counted the beads on his rosary of labours conscientiously through. Then he hurried to her.

Now, to women of leisure nothing is so incomprehensible as the preoccupation of a seriously busy man. Bayard had not counted upon this feminine fact; indeed, he lived in a world where feminine whim was an element as much outside his calculation as the spring fashions of the planet Uranus. He was quite at a loss when Miss Carruth received him distantly.

The "Flying Jib" was, as to its exterior, an ugly little cottage run out on the neck of the jutting reef that formed the chief attraction of the "Mainsail Hotel." The interior of the "Flying Jib" varied from a dreary lodge to a summer home, according to the nature of the occupants. It seemed to Bayard that season absurdly charming. He had lived so long out of his natural world, that the photographs and rugs, the draperies, the flowers, the embroidery, the work-baskets, the bric-a-brac, the mere presence of taste and of ladies, appeared to him at first essential luxury. He looked about him with a sigh of delight, while Mrs. Carruth went to call her daughter, who had gone over to the fish-house study with the Professor, and who could be seen idling along home over the meadow, a stately figure in a pale-yellow summer dress, with a shade hat, and pansies on it.

As we say, that young lady at first received Bayard coolly. She sauntered into the little parlour with her hands

full of sweet-briar, nodded to him politely, and excused herself at once to arrange her flowers. This took her some time. Mrs. Carruth entertained him placidly. Helen's eyes saw but did not seem to see the slightest motion of his nervous hand, each tone of expression that ran over his sensitive face. He had looked so eager and happy when she came; almost boyishly thirsting for that little pleasure! But when she saw the light die from his eyes, when she saw that hurt look which she knew quite well, settle about the lower part of his face, Helen was ashamed of herself.

"Mother," said Helen, "I wonder if Mr. Bayard wouldn't like to have us show him the clam study?"

"Your father said he should be at work," replied Mrs. Carruth. "I don't know that we ought to disturb him; do you think we ought, Helen?"

"He was whittling a piece of mahogany for the head of a cane when I left him," said Helen irreverently; "he stole it out of the cabin of that old wreck in the inner harbour. Do you think a Professor of Theology could be forgiven for sneak-thieving, Mr. Bayard?"

She abandoned the idea of visiting the clam study, however, and seated herself with calm graciousness by their visitor. Mrs. Carruth having strolled away presently to keep some elderly tryst among the piazza ladies of the hotel, the young people were left alone.

They sat for a moment in sudden, rather awkward silence. Bayard looked at her without any attempt to speak. She answered his silent question by saying, abruptly:

"You know you'll have to forgive me, whether you want to or not."

"Forgive you?"

"Why, for being vexed. I was a little, at first. But I needn't have been such a schoolgirl as to show it."

"If you would be so kind as to tell me what I can possibly have done to —deserve your displeasure——" began Bayard helplessly.

"If a man doesn't understand without being told, I've noticed he can't understand when he is told. . . . Why didn't you wait till next fall before you came to see us, Mr. Bayard?"

"Oh!" said Bayard. His happy look came back to his tired face, as if a magic-lantern had shifted a beautiful slide. "Is that it?"

He laughed delightedly. "Why, I suppose I must have seemed rude—neglectful, at any rate. But I've noticed that if a woman doesn't understand without being told, she makes up for it by her readiness of comprehension when she is told."

"What a nice, red coal!" smiled Helen. "The top of my head feels quite warm. Dear me! Isn't there a spot burned bald?"

She felt anxiously of her pretty hair.

"Come over and see my work," said Bayard, "and you'll never ask me again why I didn't do anything I—would so much rather do."

"I never asked you before!" flashed Helen.

"You did me an honour that I shall remember," said Bayard gravely.

"Oh, please don't! Pray forget it as soon as you can," cried Helen, with red cheeks.

"You don't know, you see you can't know, how a man situated as I am prizes the signs of the simplest human friendship that is sincere and womanly."

So said Bayard quietly. Helen drew a little quick breath. She seemed reconciled now, to herself, and to him. They began to talk at once, quite fast and freely. Afterwards he tried to remember what it had all been about, but he found it not easy; the evening passed on wings; he felt the atmosphere of this little pleasure with a delight impossible to be understood by a man who had not known and graced society and left it. Now and then he spoke of his work, but Helen did not exhibit a marked interest in the subject.

Bayard drew a modest inference that he had obtruded his own affairs with the obtuseness common to missionaries and other zealots; he roused himself to disused conversation, and to the forgotten topics of the world. It did not occur to him that this was precisely what she intended. The young lady drew him out, and drew him on. They chatted about Cesarea and Beacon Street, about art, clubs, magazine literature, and the symphony concerts, like the ordinary social human being.

"You see I have been out of it so long!" pleaded Bayard.

"Not yet a year," corrected Helen.

"It seems to me twenty," he mused.

"You don't go to see your uncle, yet?"

"I met him once or twice downtown. I have not been home yet. But that would make no difference. I have no leisure for—all these little things."

He said the words with such an utter

absence of affectation that it was impossible either to smile or to take offence at them. Helen regarded him gravely.

"There were two or three superb concerts this winter. I thought of you. I wished you had come in——"

"Did you take that trouble?" he asked eagerly.

"I don't think I ever heard Schubert played better in my life," she went on, without noticing the interruption. "Schoeffelowski does do the Serenade divinely."

"I used to care for that more than for any other music in the world, I think," he answered slowly.

"I play poorly," said Helen, "and I sing worse, and the piano is rented of a Windover schoolgirl. But I have got some of his rendering by heart—if you would care for it."

"It is plain," replied Bayard, flushing, "that I no longer move in good society. It did not even occur to me to ask you. I should enjoy it—it would rest me more than anything I can think of. Not that that matters, of course—but I should be more grateful than it is possible for you to understand."

Helen went to the piano without ado, and began to sing the great serenade. She sang with a certain sumptuous delicacy (if the words may be conjoined) by which Bayard found himself unexpectedly moved. He sat with his hand over his eyes, and she sang quite through.

"Komm beglucke mich?
Komm beglucke mich!"

Her voice sank, and ceased. What tenderness! What strength! What vigour and hope and joy, and—forbid the thought!—what power of loving, the woman had!

"Some lucky fellow will know, some day," thought the devotee. Aloud he said nothing at all. Helen's hands lay on the keys; she, too, sat silent. It was beginning to grow dark in the cottage parlour. The long, lace curtain blew straight in, and towards her; as it dropped, it fell about her head and shoulders, and caught there; it hung like a veil; in the dim light it looked like—

She started to her feet and tossed it away.

"Oh!" he breathed, "why not let it stay? Just for a minute! It did nobody any harm."

"I am not so sure of that," thought Helen. But what she said was:

"I will light the candles."

"Do you want me to thank you?" asked Bayard in a low voice.

"No," said Helen.

"I must go," he said abruptly.

"Mother will be back," observed Helen, not at her ease. "And father may come home any minute."

"Very well," replied Bayard, seating himself.

"Not that I would keep you!" suggested Helen suddenly.

He smiled a little sadly, and this time unexpectedly rose again.

"I don't expect you to understand, of course. But I really ought to go. And I am going."

"Very well," said Helen stiffly, in her turn.

"I have a—something to write, you see," explained Bayard.

"You don't call it a sermon any more, do you? How delicious! Do go and write it, by all means."

"You are not a dull woman," observed Bayard uncomfortably. "You don't for an instant suppose I want to go? If I stay, will you sing the Serenade to me—all over again?"

"Not one bar of it!" replied Helen promptly.

"You are the wiser of us two," said Bayard, after a pause.

"I am not a free man," he added.

"Return to your chains and your cell," suggested Helen. "It is—as you say—the better way."

"I said nothing of the kind! Pardon me."

"Didn't you? It does not signify. It doesn't often signify what people say—do you think?"

"Are you coming to see my people—the work? You said you would, you know. Shall I call and take you, some day?"

"Do you think it matters—to the drunkards?"

"Oh, well," said Bayard, looking disappointed, "never mind."

"But I do mind," returned Helen, in her full, boylike voice. "I want to come. And I'm coming. I had rather come, though, than be taken. I'll turn up some day in the anxious seat when you don't expect me. I'll wear a veil, and an old poke bonnet—yes, and a blanket shawl—and confess. I defy you to find me out!"

"Miss Carruth," said the young preacher with imperiousness, "my work is not a parlour charade."

Helen looked at him. Defiance and deference battled in her brown eyes; for that instant, possibly, she could have hated or loved him with equal ease; she felt his spiritual superiority

to herself as something midway between an antagonism and an attraction, but exasperating whichever way she looked at it. She struggled with herself, but made no reply.

"If I am honoured with your presence," continued Bayard, still with some decision of manner, "I shall count upon your sympathy. . . . God knows I need it!" he added in a different tone.

"And you shall have it," said Helen softly.

It was too dark to see the melting of her face; but he knew it was there. They stood on the piazza of the cottage in the strong, salt wind. Her muslin dress blew back. The dim light of the candle within scarcely defined her figure. They seemed to stand like creatures of the dusk, uncertain of each other or of themselves. He held out his hand; she placed her own within it cordially. How warm and womanly, how strong and fine a touch she had! He bade her goodnight, and hurried away.

That "something" which is to supersede the sermon was not written that night. Bayard found himself unable to work. He sat doggedly at his desk for an hour, then gave it up, put out his light, and seized his hat again. He went down to the beach and skirted the shore, taking the spray in his face. His brain was on fire; not with intellectual labour. His heart throbbed; not with anxiety for the fishing population. He reached a reef whence he could see the "Mainsail Hotel," and there sat down to collect himself. The cottage was lighted now; the parlour windows glimmered softly; the long lace curtains were blowing in and out. Shadows of figures passed and repassed. Presently she came to the low window, and pushed back the lace curtain, which had blown in, half across the little parlour. She lifted her arms, and shut the window.

The tide was rising steadily. The harbour wore its full look; it seemed about to overflow, like a surcharged heart. The waves rose on; they took definite rhythm. All the oldest, sweetest meanings of music—the maddest and the tenderest cries of human longing—were in the strain:

"Komm beglucke mich?
Beglucke mich!"

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger:
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right;
Faith and hope triumphant say,
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

While the patient earth lies waking
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master, cold and dead,
Hark! She hears the angels say:
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And her countless voices say,
"Christ has risen on Easter Day!"

—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond-tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulchre.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid! the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

—*John Finley.*

ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS AGE.*

NE of the most striking pictures of modern art is that of Ary Scheffer which represents the communings of Augustine and Monica. The son of many prayers, and the saintly mother who had borne him on her heart with sore-tried faith for many years, sit with locked hands side by side. In utter content and a sympathy that feels no need for words, they look out at the western sky, as if they saw in the golden clouds of eventide, that holy "City of God," the theme of the lofty meditations of both mother and son. The memory of the yearning affection and tender piety of that noble mother breathes across the centuries and is fragrant throughout the world to-day. The life and labours of that son, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, are at once the monument and memorial of her faith and zeal.

The great work by Joseph McCabe on "St. Augustine and His Age," as it is the most recent, is the most thorough and comprehensive study of this great man and his work. It is written in the spirit of modern criticism—higher criticism, if you will. It exhibits that breadth and depth of research which is a special note of modern historical writing, and it possesses in a marked degree that historical insight and exercise of the historical imagination which makes the dead past live again. We are present in the crowded cities of Carthage, Rome, Milan. We note their striking sites and scenes. We breathe the very spirit of those ancient times. We observe the conflicts of the old religious of Greece and, Rome, and the recently imported worship of Mithras and Isis and Osiris, with the new Christian faith everywhere coming into prominence and dominance.

The hectic flush of dying Roman society—dying of its own vices—is seen upon its cheek. The vigour of the stalwart races, fresh from the forests of Dacia and Germany and Gaul, is felt in the march of their conquering legions. Not only are the Goths at the gates of the Eternal City, but the Visigoths have crossed the middle sea, and captured the Greater Rome of northern Africa.

It is the fall of the great Babylon of the West that led St. Augustine to discern the new City of God descending out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. This conflict of Christianity and paganism so often treated, has been seldom so brilliantly treated as in this book. We think, however, that the author is, at times, scarcely just to the great Christian Father. He approaches his subject more in a critical than sympathetic spirit, and, as he claims, with "a saving tincture of Pelagianism." He has thus endeavoured "to exhibit the development of Augustine, as an orderly mental and moral growth, and to present it in harmonious relation to the many other interesting figures and groups on the broad canvas of his age."

The materials for the study of this remarkable life are found in what is—for its subtle soul-searching, its sad self-accusings, its intense sorrow for sin, its keen mental analysis, and its fervent piety—the most wonderful autobiography in any language. The Confessions of Augustine have been for fourteen centuries the moral portraiture of a weary sin-satiated soul, struggling out of the Slough of Despond to the solid ground of assured faith. They record in burning words "the trepidations, the misgivings." The only book with which it can be compared is the confessions of the "self-torturing sophist, Rousseau." "There is," says Professor Shedd, "the same *abandon* and unreserve in each, each withdraws into the secret and silent confessional of his own memories, and pours out his confidences without thought of spectator or listener."

But here the resemblance ends. Rousseau gloats and glories over his sins and the recital is corrupting to both writer and reader. But the Confessions of Augustine are the wail of a stricken conscience before God. Rivers of water run down his eyes because he kept not God's law. He confesses his secret and scarlet sins that he may magnify that unmerited

* "St. Augustine and His Age." By Joseph McCabe. Author of "Peter Abelard," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii.-516. Price, $2.20.

grace which snatched him, as he devoutly exclaims, "from the very bottom of the bottomless pit."

Another characteristic of this book is not merely its burning hatred of evil, but that it palpitates with the love of goodness and of God. He gazes with enraptured vision on the heavenly beauty, the divine love.

The rhythmic sonorous Latin language throbs and thrills under the impulse of this mighty soul, as a harp beneath the plectrum of a master of sweet sounds. But this sense of spiritual union with God is not a mere sensuous sentiment. It is founded on evangelical repentance and reconciliation through Jesus Christ. He has knelt with bruised and broken heart at the bar of the Judge before he dared to throw himself on the bosom of the Redeemer.

The rich copiousness and sinewy strength of the noble Roman tongue are taxed to the utmost to express the love-longings of the soul to behold the King in His beauty; to rejoice in the light of that divine and beatific vision. "O Thou most sweet, most loving, most gracious, most precious, most longed for, most worthy to be loved, most fair, sweeter than honey, whiter than milk or snow, more grateful than nectar, more precious than gems or gold, dearer to me than all the riches and honours of the world, when shall I behold Thee? When shall I appear before Thy face? When shall I be satisfied with Thy beauty?"*

For a parallel to this fervid Oriental soul-longing we must go to the matchless Song of Songs, with its spiritual yearnings for the Heavenly Bridegroom, the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. But to the Augustines, the Anselms, the Bernards, the "angelic" and "seraphic" doctors of the past, the tender mystics like Madame Guyon in her prison cell, and many a saintly soul who walks in close communion with God, is vouchsafed this vision of the pure in heart. The spirit walks in the Beulahland of perfect love, and breathes on earth the air of heaven, sweeter than the odours of Bether, more fragrant than the mountains of myrrh.

Yet these fervid utterances relate the soul-experiences of one of the keenest intellects, of one of the most profound and metaphysical writers, of one of the most logical and vigorous thinkers, in the range of Christian literature. Well does Shedd remark, "When we find the most abstract and intellectual of the Christian Fathers dissolving in tears, or mounting in ecstasy, we may be certain that the emotion issues from truth and reality. When the rock gushes out water we may be sure that it is pure water. . . . As we scan the sentences and syllables, we seem to hear the beating of that flaming heart, which now for fifteen centuries has burned and throbbed with a seraph's affection in the Mount of God. We have seemed to look into that deep and spiritual eye, which gazed without shrinking, yet with bitter penitential tears, into the depths of a tormenting conscience and a sinful nature, that it might then gaze without dazzling, and with unutterable rapture, into the eyes and face of the Eternal. Our Protestantism concedes, without scruple, the cognomen of Saint to this ethereal spirit. Our Christianity triumphs in that marvellous power of grace which wrought such a wonderful transformation. The Cæsars and Napoleons, the Byrons and Rousseaus, all the passionate spirits, all the stormy Titans, are within reach of that irresistible influence which is garnered up in the Redemption of the Son of God, and which is accessible to the prayers and the faith of the Church."

"O God, Thou madest man for Thyself," says the opening paragraph of the Confessions, "and our hearts are restless till they find repose in Thee." And this is the key-note of the whole succeeding strain, the cry of a soul seeking after God, if happily it may find Him.

Aurelius Augustinus, the future theologian and bishop, was born in the year 354, at Tagaste, an episcopal city of Numidia, in North Africa. His mother, Monica, was a Christian woman of deep and fervent piety, who diligently instructed her son in the faith of the Gospel, and had him brought up among the catechumens of the Church. His father, Patricius, a pagan nobleman of moderate fortune, cared only to advance his son in secular learning, or "tongue-science," as Augustine calls it. He confesses that in his childhood he was fonder of

*"Dulcissime, amantissime, benignissime, preciosissime, desideratissime, amabilissime, pulcherrime, tu melle dulcior, lacte et nive candidior, nectare suavior, gemmis et auro preciosior, cunctisque terrarum divitiis et honoribus mihi carior, quando te videbo? Quando apparebo ante faciem tuam? Quando satiabor de pulchritudine tua?"

playing ball than of his Latin and Greek, and that he sinned in transgressing the commands of his parents and masters. Yet he could not forget that he had been dedicated to Christ from his birth—"sealed with the mark of His cross, and salted with His salt." He complains of the immoral teachings of the pagan writers, and the "wine of error was drunk," he says, "from the golden vessel of the classic poets." Freed from the restraints of home and exposed to the temptations of the dissolute city of Carthage, with its large pagan population, where there sang all around in his ears, he says, a chorus of unholy passions, Augustine plunged into a career of dissipation and sin, which he records with keenest self-upbraidings and compunctions of soul.

Such was the effect of the evil companionships with which he "walked the streets of Babylon," as he expresses it, "and wallowed in the mire thereof, that he was ashamed to be less vicious than they, and made himself appear worse than he really was, that he might not be dispraised." He describes a youthful escapade in which, with a set of wild young students, he robbed an orchard of pears, not for eating, for they flung them to the hogs, but for very joy of the theft and sin itself. And he falls into deep metaphysical moralizing upon innate depravity and the strange human love of sin.

The attractions of the theatre, with its pernicious pleasures and miserable felicities, also carried him away. "What marvel was it that, a forlorn sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of Thy keeping, I became infected with a foul disease? My life being such, was it life, O my God?"

Augustine was first arrested in his sinful course, as Milman remarks, "not by the solemn voice of religion, but by the gentler remonstrances of pagan literature. It was the 'Hortensius' of Cicero which awoke his mind to nobler aspirations, and the contempt of worldly enjoyments."

"But philosophy," continues the historian, "could not satisfy the lofty desires which it had awakened; he panted for some better hopes and more satisfactory objects of study. He turned to the religion of his parents, but his mind was not subdued to a feeling for the inimitable beauty of the New Testament. Its simplicity of style appeared rude after the stately march of Tully's eloquence. But Manicheism seized at once upon his kindled imagination. For nine years, from the age of nineteen to twenty-eight, the mind of Augustine wandered among the vague and fantastic reveries of Oriental theology."

But his mother, the faithful Monica, watched and prayed and wept over him, more, he writes, than other mothers weep the bodily deaths of their children. In her sorrow of soul she was comforted by the wise words of a Christian Bishop, who had been himself entangled in the mazes of the false philosophy of Manicheism. "Let him alone," he said, "only pray God for him. Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of so many tears can perish."

Till the twenty-eighth year of his age Augustine remained in Carthage, teaching rhetoric and seeking poetic prizes, the fading garlands and the evanescent praise of the theatre. Yet there was an innate nobility about him that would not stoop to the petty arts employed to gain success. Once contending for a prize, a wizard or soothsayer asked what sacrifice he would offer to win. "Through the garland were of imperishable gold," replied the proud spirit, "I would not suffer a fly to be killed to gain it."

About this time Augustine wrote a philosophical treatise on "The Fair and Fit," but little to his own satisfaction. "I turned, O sweet Truth," he says, "to thy inward melody, longing to hearken unto thee, and to rejoice greatly at the Bridegroom's voice, but could not."

The Manichean heresy in which he had become entangled neither met the deep religious cravings of his soul nor satisfied the demands of his acute and subtle intellect. He was urged by his literary friends to seek a wider scope for his distinguished talents as a teacher of rhetoric, at the capital of the world. But his mother's heart yearned over her wayward son, and she besought him not to leave her. "But I lied to my mother," he writes with bitter self-accusings, "and to such a mother, and escaped. That night I privily departed while she remained weeping and in prayer. For this also, O God, Thou hast mercifully forgiven me."

At Rome he soon won distinction as a teacher of eloquence, and on the recommendation of the orator Symmachus, he received an invitation to practise his profession at the episcopal city of Milan. Here he was brought within the influence of the great Ambrose, whose piety, apostolic

eloquence, and zeal, cast their undying spell over the heart and mind of the acute rhetorician, and he became again a catechumen of the Christian Church.

To the city of Milan, drawn by her love over land and sea, came the now widowed Monica. Her faith failed not, and even in perils of shipwreck she encouraged the mariners with the assurance of their safely reaching the land. The applause of the forum and the theatre could not satisfy the cravings of the restless heart of Augustine. "How miserable was I then, and how didst Thou deal with me to make me feel my misery on that day when I was preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, wherein I was to utter many a lie, and, lying, was to be applauded by those who knew I lied, and my heart was panting with these anxieties and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts."

But an end of his tribulations was at hand. "Lo," he says, "I was now in my thirtieth year, sticking in the same mire, greedy of enjoying present things, which passed away and wasted my soul; while I said to myself, 'To-morrow I shall find it'"

The story of his conversion, as told in his Confessions, is one of strange power to touch the heart, in its subtle self-dissection, self-accusing, and final triumph of faith. He was sitting with his friend Alypius, when he received a visit from a Christian officer of the Imperial Court. Upon a gaming table lay a parchment scroll. The visitor took it up and found it the writings of St. Paul. This led to converse on religion, and the visitor told how, while walking with the Emperor in the gardens of Treves, two high officers of the court found the Life of St. Anthony, written by Athanasius, and were so quickened by his holy example as to devote their lives to God. While the story was told, Augustine looked within and beheld "how foul he was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous." All his life long he had been praying, "Give me purity, but not now." "And now the day was come," he writes, "wherein I was to be laid bare to myself, and my conscience was to upbraid me. Thus was I gnawed within, and exceedingly confounded with an horrible shame." In the agony of his soul he retired to the privacy of his garden. "I said within myself," he continues, "'Be it done now, be it done now.'" And he surrendered every vile affection, every earthly tie. "I cast myself down," continues this soul-history, "I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And, cried I unto Thee: O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry for ever? How long? how long? 'to-morrow, and to-morrow?' Why not now? why this hour is there not an end to my uncleanness? So was I speaking, and weeping in the bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, 'Tolle, lege; Tolle, lege.'—'Take and read; Take and read.'

I seized, opened, and in silence read that passage, on which my eyes first fell: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh. No further would I read; nor needed I; for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away. I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance made it known to Alypius. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoices; we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumphs, and blesses Thee, who art able to do above that which we ask or think."

Augustine now determines to devote his life to God and to abandon his profession of rhetoric, or, as he styles it, "the service of his tongue in the marts of lip-labour," and resolves, having been redeemed by Christ, to sell himself no more.

At length he, with his friend Alypius, his brother, and his son Adeodatus—the child of his sin—were baptized together by Ambrose, at Eastertide, in the basilica of Milan. As he listened to the Ambrosian hymns and canticles recently introduced for the consolation of the victims of the Arian persecution, tears of joy and thanksgiving flowed down his face.

Seeking where they might serve God most usefully, the neophyte converts were returning to Africa, and were already at Ostia, the port of Rome. Here took place the pious communing of mother and son, immortalized in art by the pencil of Scheffer. "She and I stood alone," records Augustine with loving minuteness, "leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and forgetting

those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before; we were inquiring between ourselves of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be; which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?"

The saintly soul in the fulness of her joy uttered her Nunc Dimittis. "Son," she said, "I have no further need of anything in this life; my highest hopes are now fulfilled. What do I here any longer?" Within five days she fell ill of her mortal sickness. "Here shall you bury your mother," she said to her weeping son. When asked whether she shrank not from leaving her body so far from her native city where she had prepared a tomb beside that of her husband, she replied, "Nothing is far from God, nor is it to be feared that in the end of the world He shall not know whence to raise me up." With such holy words, in supreme content, the blessed spirit passed away. When the weeping of the mourners was assuaged, with tearful voices they softly chanted around the bier the words of the Psalter, "I will sing of mercy and judgment, to Thee, O Lord."

Amid the ruins of the crumbling port of Ostia is still pointed out the traditional tomb of Monica, where, through the long centuries of war and conflict that have rolled above her grave, her ashes peacefully await the resurrection of the just at the last great day.

The remaining forty-three years of the life of Augustine were passed in ascetic austerity and in zealous labours, with tongue and pen, in expounding, enforcing, and defending the doctrines of the Christian faith. He was called to the episcopate of the North African town of Hippo, and bore its burdens for five-and-thirty years of arduous toil. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, he preached to the faithful and disputed with heretics of every name. His rigid theological system is most strikingly developed in his controversy with the British heretic Pelagius. His noblest work, "The City of God" (De Civitate Dei), is the monument of highest genius of the ancient Church, and in its kind has never been surpassed. Its immediate occasion was one of the great epochal events in the history of the race—the fall of the Roman Empire and the capture of its capital by the Goths.

"'The City of God,'" says Milman, "is at once the funeral oration of the ancient society, the gratulatory panegyric on the birth of the new. It acknowledged, it triumphed in the irrevocable fall of the Babylon of the West, the shrine of idolatry; it hailed at the same time the universal dominion which awaited the new theocratic polity. The earthly city had undergone its predestined fate; it had passed away with all its vices and superstitions, with all its virtues and its glories (for the soul of Augustine was not dead to the noble reminiscences of Roman greatness), with its false gods and its heathen sacrifices: its doom was sealed, and for ever. But in its place had arisen the City of God, the Church of Christ; a new social system had emerged from the ashes of the old; that system was founded by God, was ruled by Divine laws, and had the Divine promise of perpetuity."

The writings of Augustine comprehend over two hundred and thirty separate treatises, most of which have been many times republished in ponderous tomes, and many of them have been translated into every European language. Their influence for fourteen centuries on the theology of Christendom has been unequalled by that of any other writer. The rigorous assertion of his theory of predestination arises doubtless from his early Manicheism, and from the virulence of the Pelagian controversy. "The Church of Rome," sneers Gibbon, "has canonized Augustine and reprobated Calvin, yet the real difference between them is invisible even to a theological microscope."

The death of this great man was worthy of his life. Genseric and his Vandals fell like a simoon on the North African provinces. With fire and sword they persecuted the churches as in the direst days of the pagan Emperors. Augustine refused to leave his flock, and while the Vandal army besieged the city of Hippo, he employed his strength only to calm the fears and sustain the faith of his brethren. His worn-out frame succumbed to the perils of the siege before its fall, and he was spared the spectacle of the desolation of his diocese. His end was one of pious ecstasy, and the tears of a weeping multitude attested the depth of their grief for his loss. His body was transported to Italy, and slumbers in the Cathedral of Pavia. His doctrine has leavened the thought of Christendom for centuries, and his piety has inspired the faith of generations to the present time.

WHY THE MINISTER DID NOT RESIGN.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ANNIE H. DONNELL.

HE waited until she put the baby down, then he met her in the middle of the sunny room, and said it.

"I shall do it next Sunday, Rebekah."

"Oh, Julius, not next Sunday!" she cried out in dismay. "Why, next Sunday is Easter, Julius!"

Julius Taft's smooth-shaven lips curled into a smile.

"Well, why not, little woman? It would be a new way to celebrate Easter. Everybody likes a 'new way.' The lilies and the carols are so old!"

"Julius!"

"Forgive me, dear; but my heart is bitter. I cannot bear it any longer. I shall do it next Sunday, Rebekah."

"But afterward, Julius!"

The mother's eyes wandered to the row of little chairs against the wall, each with its neatly folded little clothes. There were three little chairs and the baby's crib. Afterward, what about those? They argued mutely against this thing.

"Afterward I'll dig clams for the babies—don't worry, little mother!" he laughed, unsteadily. Then he drew her down with him on the sofa.

"Let's have it out, dear. I've borne it alone as long as I can."

"Alone!" she scolded, softly. "Julius Taft, you know I've been bearing it with you!"

"I know it, dear; but we've both kept still. Now let's talk it out. It's no use beating about the bush, Rebekah; I've got it to do."

"Oh, Julius, if we could only peacemake!" she wailed.

"But we can't—not even the minister's little peacemaker wife. They won't let us do it—they'd rather wrangle."

She put her hands across his lips to stifle the ugly word; but she knew it applied.

"They don't realize, Julius. If Mrs. Cain and Mrs. Drinkwater would only realize! They influence all the rest. Everybody would make up, if they would. They're the ones to peacemake, Julius."

"Yes; but Drinkwaters and Cains won't 'peacemake'—you can't make oil and water unite. There was a grudge between them three generations ago, and it's descending. It can't see any way out of it."

"But on Easter Sunday, Julius! 'Peace on earth, good-will to men,'" Rebekah Taft murmured, softly. The minister sighed heavily.

"There isn't any 'peace, good-will' in the Saxon Church, Rebekah. It won't be Easter Sunday here. It will be just like all the other Sundays, only the minister will resign."

"But he will preach an Easter sermon, Julius? Tell me he will!" pleaded the minister's little peacemaker wife.

"Yes, dear, he will preach an Easter sermon to please his little wife."

They sat quite silent awhile. The sleeping babe nestled and threw out a small pink and white hand aimlessly. The clock on the painted mantel said: "Bedtime, bedtime, bedtime!" with monotonous repetition.

They were both very tired, but they still sat side by side on the hard little sofa, thinking the same sorrowful thoughts. It was the wife who broke the silence first.

"Dear, there are so many things to think about," she whispered.

He smiled down at her from his superior height.

"Four things," he counted, on his fingers, "Kathie, Julius Junior, Hop-o'-Thumb, and the baby!"

"Yes, I meant the children. If you could not get another charge, dear, for a good while——"

Julius Taft was big and broad-shouldered. He drew himself up and faced her. His lean, good face was the face of a man who would create the opportunity that he could not find ready to his hand.

"Did the children's mother think all I could do was to preach?" he cried gaily. He could not bear the worry in her face. "She's forgotten I blew the bellows in my father's smithy. I can blow them again, tell her! I can find good, honest work in God's world,

dear heart, never fear, and it will be infinitely better than preaching to a divided people."

"Yes, it will be better," she agreed; and then they listened to the clock.

The little church at Saxon had its feud. It had brought it a certain kind of fame in all the countryside. Other churches pointed to it with indulgent pity. Strangers over in Krell and Dennistown were regaled with entertaining accounts of how the Saxon congregation was divided by the broad aisle into two hostile factions, and no man stepped across.

"It's the dead-line," chuckled the Krell newsmonger-in-chief. "Nobody but the minister dares go across! Those for the Cain side sit on one side of the aisle and those for the Drinkwater side sit on the other. The gallery is reserved for neutrals, but it's always empty! They make it terrible hard for their parson over there in Saxon."

The Krell newsmonger was right. It was terribly hard for the minister at Saxon. For eight years he and his gentle wife had struggled to calm the troubled waters, but still they flowed on turbulently. Still there was discord, whichever way one turned. Another congregation might have separated further than a broad aisle's width long ago, and worshipped in two churches instead of one. But the Saxon congregation had its own way of doing things. Its founders had been original, and generation after generation had inherited the trait.

Midway in the week preceding Easter, Julius Taft came into the little parsonage nursery, with signals of fresh distress plainly hoisted.

"Well?"

Rebekah Taft stopped rocking and waited. The baby in her arms lurched toward the tall figure in the doorway joyously.

"Well, Julius?"

"Please, ma'am, may I come in and grumble, ma'am? I'm 'that' full I can't hold in! Here, give me the youngster. What do you suppose has happened now, little woman?"

"The church has blown up!" Rebekah answered naively.

"Not yet, but the fuse is lighted. I've just found out about the Easter music. I hoped they would not have any."

"Oh, Julius, so did I! It will be sure to make trouble."

"It's made it already. That's it! I've just found out that Mrs. Cain is drilling her little Lethia to sing an Easter song; you know she has a beautiful little voice."

"Yes, oh, yes, as clear as a bird's. Why, won't it be beautiful to have her sing, Julius?"

"Because Mrs. Drinkwater is drilling Gerry to sing," the minister said dryly.

"Oh!"

"And it won't be a duet, little woman."

"No—what will it be, Julius?"

"The Lord only knows, Rebekah."

They both laughed, and the shrill crow of the baby chimed in. Only the baby's laugh was mirthful. The minister's worn face sobered quickly.

"I don't know how it will come out," he sighed. "They are both very determined and the hostile feeling is so strong. I wish it might have held off a little longer—till you and I got back to the smithy, dear!"

. . . . . .

Out in the orchard, back of the parsonage, a little rabble of children was collected together. The two factions that pertained among their elders were distinctly visible there. Two well-defined groups of youngsters stood aloof, eying each other with familiar scorn. Between the two groups, midway, the minister's two little children stood, apparently in a conciliatory mood.

"Let's play meeting," suggested Julius Junior, the paternal mantle on his small, square shoulders. "I'll preach."

"Oh, do let's!—we're so sick of playing battle," urged Kathie, eagerly. Battle was the favourite play, presumably on account of the excellent opportunities it offered the opposing parties.

"Sit down on the grass—there's a good place. This rock's my pulpit," bustled the little minister, importantly, and the children scurried into place. It was noteworthy that a broad aisle of soft clover heads and timothy set apart the rival factions. On either side squatted the divided congregation.

Julius Junior's little lean brown face assumed a serious expression. He stood awhile in deep thought. Then his face brightened.

"I know! I'll preach you an Easter sermon!" he cried, softly. "That will be very, ap-pro-perate, because Sunday is Easter, you know. Now, I'll begin. My text to-day is—is—I know!—'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' That's it: 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

It was cool and still in the orchard behind the parsonage. The rows of

children's faces put on piety as a garment and were staidly solemn. The small minister's face was rapt. Suddenly a high, sweet voice interrupted.

"I'll sing the carols," it cried.

"No, I'll sing 'em!"

"My mother taught me how. I guess I'm the one that's going to sing 'em on Easter!"

"I guess you aren't, Lethia Cain! I guess my mother's been teaching me. My mother says I'm going to sing 'em—so there!"

"My mother says I'm going to, so there, Gerry Drinkwater!"

On either side of the grassy aisle the small rivals glared at each other. A murmur of supporting wrath rose behind each. The little minister looked worried—the paternal mantle weighed heavily.

"Hush!" he cried, earnestly, "we'll have congressional singing instead. Sit right down—I'm goin' to preach."

For a little there was only the sound of his earnest voice in the orchard, with the soft spring wind for its only accompaniment. He preached with deep fervour. Two tiny spots of colour blossomed out in his cheeks, as he went on.

"'Peace on earth,'—that means everybody's to be friends with everybody else," he said. "Everybody's to be peaceful an' loving an' kind, same's the Lord Jesus was. Do you s'pose He'd have sat on the same side of the broad aisle every single Sunday that ever was? No, my friends, I'll tell you what the Lord would have done. He'd have sat on your side up to the sermon, Lethia, and then He'd have gone 'cross, tiptoe an' soft, in His beautiful white robe, an sat on Gerry's side, clear through to the benediction—just to make 'peace on earth.' Can't you most see Him sitting there——"

The minister's little brown face shone with a solemn light.

"Can't you see how peaceful He'd have looked, an' how lovin' kind? An', then, my father'd have asked Him to say the benediction, an' He'd have spread out his hands over us an' said, softly, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men,' an' that would have meant for us to love each other an' sit together an' sing out o' the same hymn-book."

It was quiet under the apple-trees. All the little brown faces were solemn. It was as if the white-robed Guest were among them, stepping across the dividing line, "tiptoe an' soft"—as if His hands were spread out over them in benediction.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The small brown faces gazed at each other solemnly. The minister went on with staunch courage, his hands unconsciously extended.

"It would have meant to sing your Easter carols out o' the same hymn-book. Why don't you do it to-day, just as if He was here?"

He waited confidently and not in vain.

Two little figures, one on either side of the broad aisle, stood up and began to sing. Gradually they drifted nearer until they stood side by side. Their high, childish voices blended sweetly.

. . . . . .

Friday passed and Saturday. Julius Taft worked on his Easter sermon with a heavy heart. The war-clouds seemed gathering ominously. Rumours of war crept in to him in his quiet study.

"I really don't know how it's coming out, little woman," he sighed. "I have done everything I can—I've been to see them both, those women. Both of them have their plans made unchangeably, and, if they collide, then—the crash."

"Yes, then the crash," sighed the minister's gentle wife.

"I tried to persuade them both—you don't know how hard I worked, dear! But all the while I knew I was wasting my time, and would better come home to my sermon. Now I am going to wait; but, remember, something will happen to-morrow, Rebekah—two things."

"Two, Julius?"

"Yes; the minister's resignation and the crash."

He laughed, but his pale face smote her, and she crept on to his knee and laid her own pale face against his. Somewhere in the house they could hear children's happy voices. It helped them.

"They are dear children, Julius," the mother whispered.

"God bless them!" he said.

"Yes—oh, yes, God bless them! And he will, Julius. I think our boy has a 'call!' I think he will preach, Julius."

"Then the Lord help him," the minister cried, earnestly.

Easter morning dawned as clear and beautiful as we love to think that other Easter dawned, when Mary came first to the tomb. The air was full of resurrection—the world's resurrection from the tomb of winter. Birds everywhere lilted and sang their Easter carols.

But the little carollers at Saxon were

missing when the church bells rang. Their mothers searched for them vainly.

"Lethia! Lethia!" Mrs. Cain called, anxiously.

"Gerry! Gerry! Where are you, Gerry?" Mrs. Drinkwater cried again and again. But both children had disappeared. No one could find them.

The last bell rang out, and, in despair, the mothers gave up the search and went to church alone. They were both fretted and disappointed, but were palpably relieved to discover that their losses were mutual.

In the minister's pew the minister's wife sat among her little brood with gentle dignity, though her heart quaked. There were no Easter flowers, save for one white lily that lifted its pure face above the pulpit. The minister's wife had contributed that.

Service began, and went on a little monotonously. On both sides of the broad aisle there was evident keen disappointment, as though some anticipated relish had failed. Everybody expected that something would happen. The absence of little Lethia Cain and Gerry Drinkwater dispelled the possibility.

The minister prayed in his earnest, direct way, and then the congregation rose to sing. It was then that the something happened, after all. Suddenly, high, sweet music sounded in the people's ears—clear, high music, such as only the voices of little children can make. It came nearer—up the broad aisle! There were two voices. Two little children trudged up the aisle, hand in hand, singing an Easter carol.

"Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is risen! Peace, good-will —on—earth," the childish voices sang. They filled the quiet church with clear melody. The people's listening faces softened and grew gentle. The two mothers leaned forward, breathlessly.

"Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!" high and sweet, triumphant. "Christ the Lord is risen! Peace, good-will on earth!"

At the altar rail the small figures swung about, still singing. They stood there, hand in hand, till the carol ended. There were many verses, and they sang them all. At the end they walked gravely down the aisle and seated themselves in each other's place, while the people stared.

Little Lethia Cain nestled down beside Mrs. Drinkwater, and beamed up into her astonished face with a friendly smile.

"He would have—the Lord—you know," she whispered.

And, across the aisle, in the Cain pew, little Gerry Drinkwater snuggled down comfortably, with an audible sigh of relief.

"I'm glad that's over!" he whispered, distinctly. "We did it 'cause 'twas Easter, and He'd have liked to hear us singin' out of the same hymn-book, y· know. That's why we've swapped ·s, too—to make 'peace on earth.' ·on't you see?"

"Yes," whispered Mrs. Cain, softly, "I see, Gerry." And she glanced across at the other mother with a little of Gerry's "peace on earth" in her softened face.

The sermon in the orchard had borne its fruit. The other sermon on Easter morning was to bear fruit, too, for the young minister preached as never before, and his congregation listened. The little children had led them—should they not follow?

The lines of patient worry in Rebekah Taft's face smoothed out one by one. A prescience of peace to come stole into her troubled heart and comforted it. Over the whole church brooded the Easter peace.

And the minister did not resign.—The Household.

EASTER MUSINGS.

BY E. CRAFT COBERN.

He left His worn clay vestment
Hanging upon the rood,
Faded and torn with the wearing,
Soiled with His sweat and blood.

Did He love that clay, I wonder,
That Mary oft had pressed
With sad, foreboding passion
To her yearning, sheltering breast?

And when the last great anguish
Had rent His human guise,
Was His immortal nature
A glad and new surprise?

We dream of holy moments
When God close clasped His Son,
And of the thrill of glory,
When They again were One.

Oh, Easter morn, resplendent
With mystic ecstasy!
Thy skies are deep with visions
Our human eyes would see.

EASTER MEMORIES.

After Tissot.

JESUS AT THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

WHAT a blessed heritage, that little scene in Bethany! The floor, the walls, the hearth may be ancient, but the faces reflect a life as true to-day as then. Martha "cumbered with much serving," and casting coldly critical eyes upon Mary at the Master's feet. The Master does not condemn her serving. No doubt it was service well done. But "Mary," He said, "hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away."

How many of us this morning are —or rather how many of us are not— "cumbered with much serving"? Did we have time before the clamours of the market, the shop, the household, or the factory were in our ears—did we take time for "that good part," the little quiet at the Master's feet? Are our faces upturned like Mary's toward the Christ this Eastertide? or are they turned in Martha-like judgment toward our fellowmen?

It is not without its profound significance that the saddest and the gladdest hours in the Church calendar come in such close proximity. The tragic scenes of Good Friday seem the very hour and power of darkness. The joy of Easter Sunday is like the breaking forth of the sun from a dire eclipse of woe. On the day of the passion of our Lord in Continental churches the violet pall of mourning drapes the altars, the sound of the Miserere wails through the air, the lights are extinguished one by one. The Eastertide brings its gladsome music, its bloom of lilies, its chants of praise.

It is well to school our hearts to the lessons of both these cardinal events to the truth that through death comes life, through sacrifice eternal joy. The ministry of art as set forth in our pages recalls with vividness these sacred teachings. What an expression of ineffable sorrow is that in

Burton's picture, entitled "The World's Gratitude." "The kingliest crown is ever the crown of thorns."

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

And this is specially true of the Holy One who suffered for sins not His own and rose again for our justification. The thorn-crowned Christ behind prison bars is but a type of the world's treatment of Him who in life and in death was the despised and rejected of men. Thank God the world is more and more feeling the might and majesty of that meekness, more and more is being fulfilled the truth, "And I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

One hesitates to write of this passion hour. The hand falters, the lips are stilled, words will not come. For what are words in the presence of this immortal scene? And this the end! Cold and stiff upon a cross! Three crosses, and the ghostly night creeping over the Judean hills! A group of jesting soldiers! A few scattered followers! Dead! Dead! Dead! The Messiah! What mockery! Do they not see it now and repent their folly, these few foolish Jews who followed Him?

—By J. J. Tissot.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

—By W. S. Burton.

THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE.

But nay! It was death like this, death before the eyes of all men—death like this He conquered. It was death like this whose bands He broke asunder. Wherefore we sorrow not "as others that have no hope."

Erostratus burned the temple of Ephesus to make himself famous. Here in this screeching multitude any one man who had had the spiritual insight to perceive the great truth, who had had the courage to stand forth an advocate for the Christ—such a one would have written his name upon all ages, he would have given the world an incentive for good throughout all time; ay, he would perhaps have been crucified beside his Master. But there was none such, nay, not one. The rabble have long since died and been forgotten. Two figures only stand out in prominence, those of Jesus of Nazareth and Pontius Pilate. To the latter came the gleam of light.

"Shall I crucify your King?" he asked.

But still the maddened, mottled

—By Mihaly Munkacsy. Faithful to fact.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

crowd pour faster and faster into the judgment hall. From every district and corner of Jerusalem they come with their cry, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him."

And Pilate yields. The whisperings of his better self are drowned in the clamour of the crowd. Pilate is remembered to-day only for what he might have done—for what he fain would but did not do.

TAKE HIM DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. T. F. HILDRETH, D.D.

Take Him down from the cross;
  Death's work is now done.
Loose the nails from His hands,
  From His head take the crown.
Close the wound in His side;
  Loose the thongs on His feet;
Wrap the Crucified One
  In love's winding-sheet.

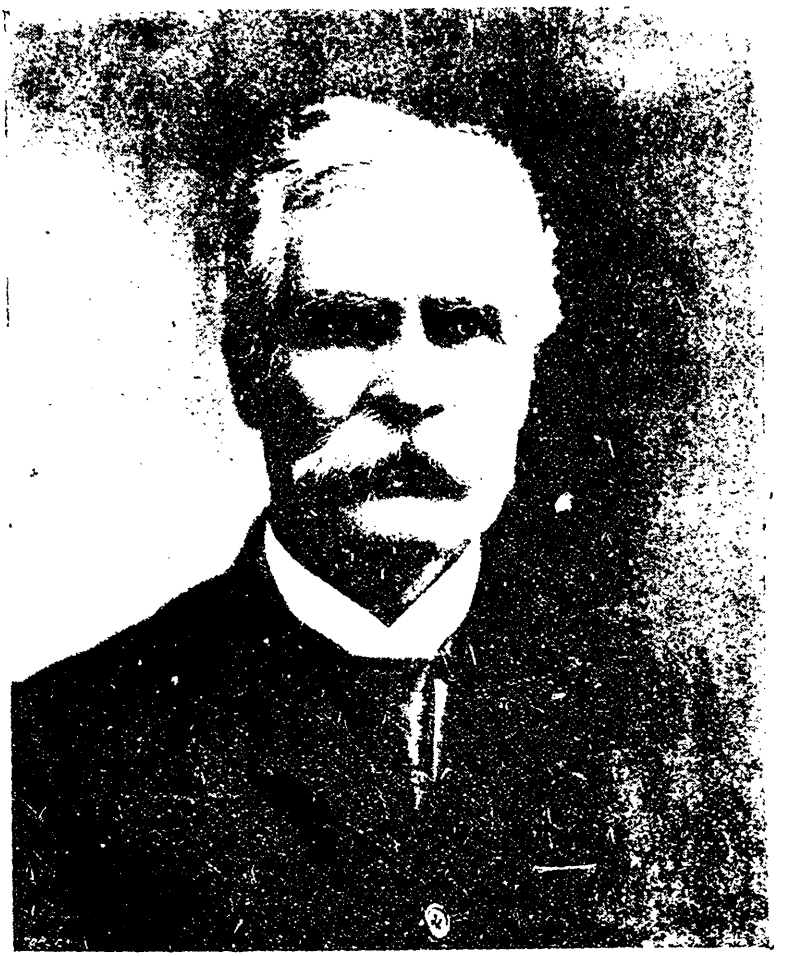
The sun is now setting,
  The night will soon come;
Bear the Christ from the cross
  To His rest in the tomb,
Where the malice of men,
  And the hatred of foes,
Can torture no longer,
  Nor break His repose.

Close the door where He sleeps;
  Let no footfall be heard
In the chamber of death,
  Nor love's soft-whispered word.
There are watchers unseen
  Keeping guard at the door,
Let Him rest till the morning—
  Then wake evermore!

On the door of the tomb
  Is the King's great seal.
Save the tramp of the watch
  The garden is still:
And the Sleeper sleeps on,
  While the hours steal away
That shall give to the world
  Its first Easter Day.

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

DEATH OF DR. VIRGIL C. HART.



DR. V. C. HART.

It is seldom that the Methodism of two countries is called upon to mourn the loss of one missionary, as is occasioned by the death of the Rev. Dr. V. C. Hart.

To preach, to teach, to itinerate, to distribute books and literature for thirty-four years in the strongholds of heathenism—to build a hospital—to assist in the building of a college—to found a mission and watch it grow till its converts are counted in hundreds—to carry the first printing-presses into the heart of West China—what can one say of such a life? What is there to say more than to trace the steps in this path of glory. "They that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars for ever and ever." Surely if ever man went to such a reward that man is Virgil C. Hart.

A native of New York State, he was led in his youth, through the reading of missionary literature, to give himself to his great life-work. In 1865, under the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, he sailed from New York for China, accompanied by a young Canadian bride.

Dr. Hart was a missionary of the days before railways crossed the continent, days when the missionary China-bound had to round the Cape of Good Hope on his five months' voyage. The work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China was necessarily pioneer work in those days, and for twenty-two years Dr. Hart gave himself heart and soul to the cause. Then, worn by toil and malaria, he returned to Canada and purchased a little fruit farm near Burlington, Ont. Presumably his work in China was done.

But ere long Canadian Methodism began to consider the taking up of a new mission field. It was then Dr. Hart made his invaluable suggestion of the rich and teeming province of Sz-Chuan, with its capital city, Chentu. His health had improved. His advice was taken by the Board, and he himself was asked to superintend the mission. Forth again, in the year 1888, went the veteran missionary, and it is hard to estimate how great a measure of the success of our mission is due to its late superintendent. In 1897 he introduced the first printing-presses into West China. Three years later ill-health compelled him to return for the last time to Burlington. It was here, after a two days' illness, an attack of la grippe, he passed away, in his sixty-fourth year.

"I would like to make one more effort for China," he said to a friend not long ago.

Dr. Hart leaves behind a widow, one daughter, Mrs. Hare, of Halifax, and four sons, Rev. E. I. Hart, of Sault Ste. Marie; Prof. M. Hart, of St. Louis; Dr. Egerton Hart, of the M. E. Hospital at Wu Hu, China, and Rev. Ross Hart, of Burlington.

He is the author of a work on Western China and another on Confucianism, and our young people will be especially reminded of him by his introduction to Mr. Wallace's "Heart of Sz-Chuan," recently published by the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions.

THE BEST WE HAVE.

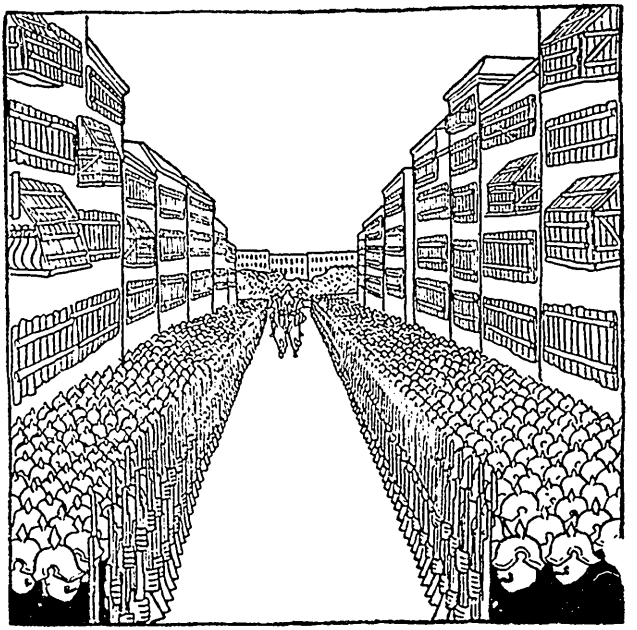
Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages
Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat,
And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading
To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at His feet.
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love,
He only asks that of our store we give to Him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer
And fills them with His glorious beauty, joy, and peace.
And in His service, as we're growing stronger,
The calls to grand achievements still increase.
The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above,
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember
How once our Lord poured out His soul for us,
And in the prime of His mysterious manhood
Gave up His precious life upon the cross!
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best He had.

—*The Interior.*

Current Topics and Events.



HAIL TO THE CZAR!

The brand of enthusiasm that has to be manufactured for his benefit.
—Simplicissimus (Munich).

IN PERICULIS TUTUS.

Nothing can be in stronger contrast than the way in which our beloved King Edward, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Czar Nicholas are held than the manner of their public receptions in their own and other lands. King Edward scorns military protection, and rides about in London without outriders or guards. Kaiser Wilhelm knows no fear, but is fond of military pomp and display. The poor Czar seems to tremble for his life, and the quaint German cut gives an, of course absurdly exaggerated, interpretation of the safeguards taken for his protection. Every window and balcony is closed, troops line the streets with serried ranks through which the cavalcade madly clatters. Such is the difference between constitutional liberty and bureaucratic despotism.

It is stated on good authority that over 50,000 soldiers—cavalry, infantry, and engineers—guarded the railway between the German frontier and St. Petersburg on the Czar's recent journey from Darmstadt to his own capital. The sentinels along the lines were placed within sight of one another, and were instructed in special methods of signalling in case anything unusual should happen. The most extraordinary precautions were taken at the frontier station of Virballen. Every bridge was minutely examined and tested; houses in the immediate vicinity of the line were closely watched, and a multitude of

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

And when all the land of Egypt was famished the people cried to Pharaoh for bread, and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do.

—The Courier, Dundee.

workmen were employed in tapping the rails and examining the sleepers. The entire traffic was dislocated for days before the arrival of the imperial train, and no one save those known to the authorities as absolutely reliable persons were allowed to approach the neighbourhood of the railway.

Under the War Cloud.

There can be no doubt Russia has strength in reserve for a terrible and far-reaching conflict, but the startling initial victories of Japan have dealt her prestige a terrible blow. The sleepy millions of the East are rousing themselves to possible deliverance from the oppressive heel of the aggressor, with Japan as protector.

Little Japan seems to mount easily from victory to victory. Yet no one can foretell the outcome of what threatens to be a long and tedious war. One thing seems tolerably certain, that much of the strength and invulnerability of the Great Bear was mere bravado and self-assertion. It is an illustration of the old truism, "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link." One does not make a strong nation out of an oppressed and ignorant people. The vigilance with which Russia has censored her press, trampled on the spirit of independence, and silenced freedom of thought, this spirit has not raised for her a nation of strong defenders for the testing-time.

As for Japan, the plucky little nation that has sprung up, as it were, out of the sea in a night, its people are said to be celebrating their victories in the streets of the capital. One feels tempted to paraphrase two lines of Bliss Carman's "Coronation Ode":

> "There are joy-bells in Japan, there are lights in Tokio town;
> There is bunting in the Channel, where the fleets go up and down."

Whatever the final outcome may be, Japan has already drawn the eyes of the world to her Island Empire. When we stop to think that it is only fifty years since the Japanese saw the first steam vessels, only fifty years last July since Commodore Perry sailed into her ports, and broke down the barriers that separated Japan from the civilized world, when we stop to think of this, we realize more of the splendid possibilities latent in the Orient. No doubt one good result of an otherwise harrowing war, is that our people are studying the East, are coming to know the East. Men who have never taken any interest in missionary work are now intently interested in these lands. May it result in a great awakening to the needs and the place of missions in the history of the nations.

THE TROUBLE IN SAN DOMINGO.

With the Far East in such a seething condition, the small hot-water kettle that is bubbling in the shape of San Domingo does not receive as much attention as it otherwise would. With her insistence on the Monroe doctrine, the United States is occasionally called upon to administer a spanking to her sister republics in the South. In this case the Dominican insurgents seem to have courted trouble themselves by boldly firing upon the launch belonging to the United States auxiliary cruiser, "Yankee," and killing the engineer.

The United States, however, disavows any desire to annex San Domingo or to interfere in the affairs of the island except as a sponsor for its good behaviour in pursuance of the Monroe doctrine, lest any foreign power should feel the necessity of stepping in to protect the rights of its subjects.

DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN CHILI AND PERU.

Something of an Alsace-Lorraine question seems to be coming up in South America. Those who have been following the fortunes of the "neglected continent" will remember that at the termination of the war between Chili and Peru in 1883, Peru and Bolivia, the aggressors, were compelled to sign a treaty ceding to Chili, the attacked nation, the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica, and the Bolivian provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta. The concession on the part of Bolivia was a permanent one, but the Peruvian provinces were only ceded for ten years, after which time the vote of the people in these districts was to decide definitely whether they should belong to Peru or Chili, and the favoured nation was to give as compensation the sum of 10,000,000 piastres.

At the expiration of the time fixed (1893) Peru was not able to pay the 10,000,000, and so the plebiscite was postponed. Chili is facing an increasing debt, and seems in no haste to have the vote taken. The two countries are unable to come to a satisfactory agreement. It is just possible that they may finally resort to arms.

"Mr. Rockefeller may be said to be the Von Moltke rather than the Napoleon of finance," says the Boston Herald. Mr. Morgan, adds the same journal, delights in playing the great man; it is with him "a pleasure to be pointed out and named when on the street in either Paris, London, or Washington"; but "Mr. Rockefeller has, apparently, no personal ambitions of this character, he is quite content that his personality should not be known."

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

"The accompanying picture of Mr. Rockefeller," says The Literary Digest, "which was sketched from life for McClure's Magazine, is the first authentic picture of him that has appeared for years; and as he has steadily refused to give out his photograph for publication, it is not thought that the present picture was drawn with his permission, especially as it was intended for a magazine which has been running a series of not very flattering articles about his oil deals.

"How much money John Rockefeller is worth no one—perhaps not even himself—can state. A wild-eyed statistician rushed into print the other day with an estimate that the Rockefeller fortune ten years from now, provided the head of the house lived till then, would be at least two thousand million dollars. This is an amount that staggers comprehension." Yet all he gets out of it is his food and clothes.

NEW YORK'S SPASM OF VIRTUE.

The Tammany leaders declare that under their administration New York will exhibit a higher type of civic

ORDERS HIS HALO.

Tammany Clerk: "What size halo do you wear?"

Officer: "Well—Oi wear a twelve-and-a-half shoe."

Tammany Clerk: "All right. You take a six-and-a-half halo."

—Harper's Weekly.

virtue than ever before. But this must be taken "cum grano salis"—and a very large grain, too. The clever cartoonist in Harper's Weekly thus depicts some of the imaginary results of this new regime. The burly policemen will all wear halos of sanctity. They will scorn the very idea of a bribe, loudly rejecting the offer of a cigar, or even a peanut. Mr. Stead is the author of one of the grandest conceptions ever entertained—the organization of a society embracing policemen, bootblacks, all sorts and conditions of men, in "a union of all who love for the service of all who suffer." Punch represents the burly London policemen with cherub-like wings, but without the halo; the American cartoonist gives them both.

"Oh horrors! A bribe!"

"YELLOW PERIL" IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal is threatened with a "yellow peril" problem. It is one of the burning questions in connection with the campaign against the Chamberlain fiscal proposals. The mine-owners of the Transvaal are looking toward Chinese labour as cheaper and free from the inconveniences of trades-unionism. But, say the advocates of free trade, "The Transvaal was to have been opened as a paradise for the British workingman." This, they claim, has been made a delusion by the introduction of the Chinese. It is not believed the Government will refuse its assent to the ordinance admitting Chinese labour in the Transvaal. So the strife waxes hot.

THE ORDER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

In the month of February past, the Order of the Victoria Cross may be said to have celebrated its jubilee. It was in February, 1854 that the first Victoria Cross was conferred. Rear-Admiral Lucas, the recipient, is still alive. The Admiral was but a young man when the honour was conferred upon him for throwing overboard a live shell that had dropped on deck during the course of the campaign in the Baltic against Russia. At the present time, 208 persons possess the Order, of whom 68 represent the late war in South Africa.

The Entrance and Exit of Mr. Stead's Journal.

Somewhat like the darting of a comet across the sky was the short-lived career of Mr. Stead's great venture, "The Daily Paper."

The launching the new paper was sensational in the highest degree. Mr. Stead distributed a million and a half coloured samples of prize pictures, and nearly a million illustrated dodgers. He displayed several hundred framed copies of the pictures in the shop windows, gave five hundred to the school board, and kept a thousand unemployed men carrying three thousand specimens through the streets. He intended to have a picture-gallery on wheels, accompanied by halberdiers and gaily dressed pages, but the police prevented it. He sent balloons across London, which exploded gun-cotton, rained down advertisements and three hundred bank cheques from five pounds to a few pence, to be redeemed at his office. So keen was the fight for the cheques that two poor fellows had to be removed in an ambulance. He displayed fireworks in many places, and at his depots electrophones and moving machinery created such a jam on the streets that the police had to move on the crowds.

He started his paper with an issue of 300,000 copies. He fairly out-Barnumed Barnum in his sensation-mongering, and in anybody else but a man of the moral earnestness of Mr. Stead this would be called arrant charlatanry.

But one has to put beside his sensationalism the high ideals of his effort:

"We shall endeavour to see people as they appear to themselves at their best moments, and not as they appear to their enemies at their worst." "I shall exclude from it everything that ought not to be read in the family—racing, betting in all forms, including that great gambling arena, the Stock Exchange, will not be reported, neither shall I publish any advertisements which minister to the vices of the day."

Such, in his own words, was something of the ideal he wished to embody in this great paper. A paper for the home, a paper in which half the population of London, namely, its children, had a recognized place, in which the Woman's Page was to rise above the order of the fashion-plate, a paper whose method of distribution was as original as its method of launching, whose editor expected to be kept in daily contact with his subscribers by means of his depots and his messenger brigade of young women calling every day at the homes. It is a pity that such a journal should be death-doomed before the world had given it a fair trial.

The failure of Mr. Stead's health, on the second day of its issue, showed how much depended on the strong personality behind the enterprise. In time he might have gathered under his banner assistants who would have been brought so in tune with the master-mind that the paper would have gone on as usual after his nervous collapse. But this is not the work of a day. And the crushed editor was forced to recall the balloon he had shot so high in mid-air, while anxious subscribers flocked to the head offices of "The Daily Paper" asking back their money.

Homes for French Workingmen.

France has been experimenting along the line of providing homes for her workingmen. In the artisan quarter of Paris the tenement plan has been tried. Great square constructions, eight stories high, have been erected. But the tenement system has its disadvantages. The crowding together of families removes from them the possibility of moral isolation.

The individual dwelling, in the opinion of advanced French philanthropists, alone permits the workmen to acquire that satisfied sense of being at home which assists the best moral and mental development.

It is stated there are 157 associations organized to help tenants purchase dwellings on the annual liquidation system. We are glad that the promoters of these plans are allowing the purchasers scope for originality in the interior at least, and are giving weight to aesthetic, as well as economic considerations.

The most notable result of the Kishineff trial, says The Independent, is that several of the lawyers who dared to conduct the prosecution of the murderers have been imprisoned or exiled to Siberia. Such is the grotesque administration of justice in Russia. We do not wonder that the leader of the Macedonian revolutionists declares that it would be better for Macedonia to remain under Turkish rule than to come under that of Russia, for in the latter case there would be no hope.

Religious Intelligence.

Religious Conditions in Japan.

At a time when Japan political is absorbing so much attention, it is natural that Japan religious should also be a subject of interest. The Rev. David S. Spencer, for twenty years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan, in a recent issue of The Christian Advocate, gives a rather clear presentation of the work done by the various Christian denominations in that land. Mr. Spencer regards the present war as the struggle of Protestant civilization against the onward movement of the Greek Church as represented by Russia. Russia, he says, stands for the Orient, Japan for the Occident. He looks upon Japan as representative of English and American Christianity and commerce.

Nevertheless, Mr. Spencer recognizes the immensity of the work Christianity has yet to do in that land. The following figures will convey some idea of the facts as they are:

"The Roman Catholic Church, under the lead of most earnest and scholarly men, claims a membership of 56,000, the Greek Catholic Church a membership of 28,000, and the Protestant families a membership of about 55,000. These Protestant believers are almost equally divided between the families known as Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, and Methodist, while the Baptists have an interesting and growing work. These Protestants preach the Gospel regularly in 1,140 stations. There are some 500 organized churches, with 370 church buildings; 50,000 children are in the Sunday-schools. About 125 schools are open daily for the instruction of 12,000 students. One mission press, the Methodist Episcopal, sent out last year more than 700,000 volumes of books and tracts, more than 21,000,000 pages of Christian literature, over the broad land. The power of the press is evident when we consider that there are more people in Japan who read the morning paper than can be found in all the Russias; where eighty-one and a half per cent. of the children of school age are enrolled in her schools, an aggregate larger than in all Russia; where the English language is a required study in all her schools, and where the government sympathizes with all the best methods of developing the mind and building strong social and political institutions."

As yet, however, we find only one in a thousand of the Japanese population who believes in the Christian faith, while in America ninety-one and two-thirds per cent. affirm such a faith. But when we consider that Protestant missionaries began their work in Japan for the first time in the year 1859, and that political events in 1888 placed Christianity at a decided disadvantage for nearly twelve years, when we remember these things, we feel that the work done there since 1899 has been, in very truth, marvellous.

Bishop Thoburn on What Ought to be Done.

This is what this eminent authority says with exclusive reference to his own Church, the Methodist Episcopal:

"If asked for an estimate of the men needed, I should say that we should enlist at least 250 missionaries within the next twelve months. Do not be startled in that this number seems large. If you had the view which I possess of the actual extent and imperative demands of the work, you would wonder at my use of so small a number as 250. The painful fact is that we have become accustomed to figures which are altogether out of proportion to the vastness of the work which we have in hand. We should send 75 missionaries to south-

ern Asia, 75 more to eastern Asia, 50 to Spanish America, and 50 to Africa. I say nothing of the women, in addition to the heroic wives who would go out with these men. Our woman's society should send a force of at least half as many more—that is 125 unmarried lady missionaries. Of course, a statement of this kind will occasion more surprise than approval. It will seem to many entirely wild and impracticable, but I do not use these figures lightly. I have become somewhat familiar with the condition of things in the missionary field, and I feel quite sure if the above large reinforcement should be sent abroad, it would not at all suffice to meet the present demand."

How Missionary Money is Spent.

Complaints have come from some quarters, says The Missionary Review of Reviews, which for the most part have been prompted by ignorance, because of the alleged waste of money given to missions through expensive administration. One elder in a prominent church went so far as to say that giving to missions reminded him of the farmer who tried to save labour by stretching wooden troughs from taps in maple trees to receptacles for the sap some distance away, but who found that it took so much sap to moisten the troughs that little reached the tanks. "So," said the elder, "it takes so much money to carry on the administration that very little reaches the heathen." He was silenced, however, when the facts as to the true proportions of expenditure were made known to him. These facts may be easily discovered from the annual reports issued by each of the mission boards.

The Missionary Herald, organ of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, makes the following interesting statement as to the proportionate distribution of money contributed for work under their direction:

"In any organization, properly conducted, it is easy to tell where the money goes so that contributors can judge as to the wisdom of the expenditures and the economy of administration. Were people to examine annual reports, such absurd statements as the one sometimes made, that it takes a dollar to send a dollar to the heathen, would be silent for ever. Dense ignorance rather than malice, charity must lead us to hope, prompts to such a wild utterance as this. The exact truth is that ninety-two and a half per cent. of all the receipts of the Board go directly to the missions abroad, while the remaining seven and one-half per cent. are needed to cover all costs of collecting and transmitting funds, including agencies, correspondence, publications of all sorts, and all salaries in every department.

No life insurance company in the United States spends less than 12 per cent. of its income on management expenses, and some spend twenty per cent., and all claim great economy of management.

In our own Church less than eight per cent. of receipts is employed in administration, office expenses, rent, printing, publishing reports, etc.

Dr. Hale's Tribute to Missions.

In The Christian Register Edward Everett Hale speaks thus of the reactive influence of foreign missions:

A careful and wise observer of New England life, in the first half of the last century, used to say that the missionary movement which began with Judson's enthusiasm should be gratefully remembered by us here, not simply for the good it did in India, but by its enlargement of our life at home. It was a good thing to have a map of India or of Asia Minor hung up in the back part of the pulpit. It was a good thing then, and it is a good thing now, to have people's eyes and ears and hearts and hands occupied by something larger than their own working machinery. The historian of the century cannot fail to see that, side by side with such interest in other lands thus excited, there came in the healthy gospel of self-forgetfulness. Boy or girl learned what the Saviour meant when he rebuked the selfishness of those who were satisfied in trying to save their own lives. It would not be dangerous to say that the A.B.C.F.M. has done more in this way to uplift the religion of America than its most successful apostles have done to uplift the followers of Buddha. Who reads thoughtfully the sad story of the victims of the witchcraft madness does not wonder that a few hundred people went mad.

Giving by Hindu Christians.

A few years ago, says Rev. J. P. Jones, in The Missionary Review, I investigated carefully the economic conditions of the most prosperous and largest village congregation of the

Madura mission. I discovered that five rupees (that is, $1.66) was the average monthly income of each family of that congregation. And that meant only 33 cents a month for the support of each member of a family! We have congregations whose income is less than this. And yet the Christians of that mission contributed over two rupees (75 cents) per church member as their offering for 1900. For all the Protestant missions of South India the average offering per church member during 1900 was one rupee and nine annas (52 cents). For South India this represented an aggregate sum of 248,852 rupees ($83,000), or about seven and one-half per cent. of the total sum expended in the missions during that year. An American can easily realize how much this offering is as an absolute gift; but he cannot realize how much of self-denial it means to that very poor people, nor how large an offering it is as related to the best offerings of our home churches to-day.

A Peep into Thibet.

M. Zybiloff, a Russian explorer, has recently resided a whole year in Lhassa, the capital of Thibet. He is a Buddhist, and speaks Thibetan, and so was able to pass as a lama. His account of the place is full of interest. All round the city is a wide street on which penitents prostrate themselves the whole length. The native traders are all women, and the regular population is 10,000. Monasteries and temples abound, three near Lhassa having 15,000 monks, mostly engaged in learned pursuits. At Brabun there are nearly 6,000 males of all ages learning theology, the total of resident monks being 8,000. The total population of Thibet is put at 33,000,000 (!) and its army consists of 4,000 poorly disciplined men, armed with bows and old-fashioned guns. Labour is cheap, and a lama only gets 10 cents for a whole day's prayers.

Another Step Toward Church Union.

A great issue has undoubtedly been raised by the conference held recently in Toronto for the purpose of discussing the organic union of the three denominations, the Presbyterian, Congregational, and our own. Arguments are brought forward both for and against such a union. But much the same was true when the various branches of Methodism were discussing union. One thing is certain, the past decade has witnessed a great broadening in the minds of the church-going world. The "ism" idea is giving place to the evangelical idea.

Union would mean not only a saving of our strength and resources in the new fields; it would mean, too, a better distribution of our powers in the older fields. In our present divided state the strong preacher of Methodism preaches for Methodism, the strong writer of Methodism writes for Methodism, and so of the other Churches. The strong men of each live each to their own. One cannot blame the preacher of the Gospel for feeling that his field is as wide as the world. As one of our daily papers has said, the idea of union is not a young-man idea. It has come from the experienced, the veterans who have given their life service each to their own sect.

Advance in Africa.

British officials in Africa, says The Missionary Review, appear to be busy day and night bringing order out of confusion in all the "spheres of influence" committed to their care, their last, but not least, achievement being the capture of Kano, in Northern Nigeria, far, far from the coast. This is an ancient and famous city, the centre of trade for a vast region, and trade especially in slaves, with Arabs as the principal actors. No doubt all the appliances of Christian civilization will soon make their advent, the proclamation of the Gospel among the rest. Nor would it be in the least strange if within a decade or two here would be found a second Uganda for the triumphs of the Cross.

An Opportunity in Nigeria.

The situation in Nigeria is critical. Sir Frederick Lugard has destroyed the power of the Emir of Sokoto, and opened up a country containing, it is estimated, 25,000,000 to the influences of civilization. Already the cable despatches say that a thorough propaganda has been planned to send Roman Catholic priests into all parts of this country. The British Government's policy regarding this protectorate is to encourage industrial and other education. Grants will be given to Mohammedan or Roman Catholic institutions just as freely as to Protestant; and, therefore, those first in the field will have a great advantage in every way.

Book Notices.

"History of the Christian Church." By George H. Dryer, D.D. Five Vols. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $7.50.

The history of the Christian Church is one of the most august themes that can engage the attention of mankind. It is strange that while in our schools and colleges so much time is given to the study of secular history, so little is given to the still more important study of the history of Christianity. It is a record of sublimest heroism, of romantic interest, of dramatic unity. It is a great world movement that sweeps on in a tide of resistless conquest. Gibbon devoted his six great volumes to the tale of the Decline and Fall of that old Roman Empire which so long dominated the world. Dr. Dryer devotes nearly equal space to the sublimer story of the establishment and growth of that kingdom which shall abide for ever.

This comprehensive work he has achieved with remarkable success. It has been the labour and delight of many years. It is not in the least a dry-as-dust ecclesiastical chronicle, but a work of popular interest which holds one at times with the fascination of a novel. It is not a mere record of councils and synods, of doctrines and ecclesiastical conflicts. It gives a vivid picture of the times and peoples whose story is told, of the social order of the old Roman world, with the improved life and character of the new Christian society. It is not merely a philosophical grouping of the causes and trends of great movements; it makes us know the leaders of these movements and thus gives a living interest to the dead and buried ages.

Dr. Dryer has prepared himself for his colossal task by a very wide study of the literature of many lands and many tongues, which are the chief authorities upon the subject. Of these he gives an admirable bibliography in each volume, enabling the student to verify or further pursue the studies on these subjects. He recognizes the importance of epigraphic testimony and does us the honour to refer to our own book upon the Catacombs as an authority in these studies.

Each book covers some great period and is thus complete in itself, although part of a connected whole. The book is admirably printed and indexed, and the marginal sub-titles facilitate study and review. The style is lucid and at times luminous, always interesting and instructive, and often picturesque to fascination. It is the ablest and most comprehensive work, so far as we know, which has proceeded from the pen of any Methodist writer, a work of which his own and all the Churches may well be proud. A number of excellent engravings and maps illustrate the work.

Volume I. treats of the Beginning of the Kingdom. It gives a graphic account of that old Roman world into which it was born, and traces a striking parallel between the Roman and the British Empires. As the drumbeat of Britain is heard around the world, so the supremacy of Rome rested on the valour of her legions. "As wealth and trade, government and civilization in the British Empire centre on the banks of the Thames, so, far more intensely, did that of the great Empire of Rome centre in its capital by the Tiber. In colonies, conquests, and government, Rome was easily chief in the ancient, as Britain is in the modern world. Her rule brought order, prosperity, and the arts and achievements of civilization. Law, equitable administration, improved social usages, and the best roads in the world followed in the train of the armies of Rome as they do to-day the conquests of Britain."

The conflict between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the world is grandly set forth. The evolution of the new nations of Europe out of the barbarians of the north under the moulding influences of the Christian religion, and the record of its martyrs and confessors, its preaching monks and missionary bishops, make a stirring story. The crystallizing of Christian doctrine into creeds through much discussion and some heresy is treated in the chapters on "The Truths that Won." "The New Rulers of the New World" describes the organization of the Church, it doctrine and discipline, lay and clerical life, its martyrs, saints and monastic orders, each duly set forth.

Volume II. describes the Foundation of the Mediæval Church, the influence of the Byzantine Empire, the rise of the Caliphate, the Empire of Charle-

magne, the conversion of the Teutonic nations, the rise of feudalism, the age of chivalry and the crusades, development of the papacy and its persecution of the Waldenses and other "Reformers before the Reformation."

Volume III. is devoted to the "greatest movement which has affected human thought, human life, and human civilization since the conversion of the Roman Empire and the Teutonic peoples—the Protestant Reformation." The development of the Renaissance in art and literature is admirably sketched with brief biographies of the great masters in both spheres. The Reformation spreading from Germany through western and northern Europe is traced, with the persecutions and religious wars which followed. For those who cannot possess the whole series, we strongly commend the purchase of this section, if possible—a book of nearly seven hundred pages, containing one of the best accounts of this great movement that we know.

Volume IV. treats the Puritan Reform and the Evangelical Revival. These movements began and reached their culmination chiefly in Britain and her colonies—and an heroic story it is. The struggle of the persecuted Puritans against the Romanizing Church, which raised the Huntingdon farmer to be the foremost power in Europe, "the greatest prince," says Macaulay, "that ever sat on the throne of the Plantagenets." The exile of the Puritans and their planting a new nation and a new world forms an interesting episode. A natural sequel of Puritanism was the evangelical revival led by the Wesleys and their helpers in the Old World and the New.

Volume V. describes the advance of Christendom in the nineteenth century, a march of conquest throughout the world, the era of the great philanthropies, of the Bible and Tract and Missionary Societies, of the abolition of slavery, the amelioration of labour, and the elevation of the people in all lands. First is treated the shifting of political power from the princes to the people. It is the century of popular government, of humane effort, of the conquest of nature, of the development of the arts, the sciences, the industries; of the exploration, trade and navigation of mankind. Out of these new perils arise. The scientific movement and Christian faith, modern developments of the papacy, and socialistic theories are discussed. This is a volume of nearly eight hundred pages of profound and thrilling interest.

In this great work we have, after somewhat careful examination, discovered only one statement which we regard as somewhat misleading. While the book gives the relative positions of the Churches in Canada (1851) as follows: Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Congregationalists. Since that time the order has somewhat changed, the Methodists moving up to the second place. We have not the last census at hand, but the actual figures can readily be had.

"The New Menticulture; or, The A B C of True Living." By Horace Fletcher. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This is a vigorous plea for the eradication of the passions of anger and worry from the human heart. The author believes that all the evil passions are traceable to one or the other of these two roots. He does not think they can be killed by repression. Germ eradication is, he believes, the only method of getting these regnant evils out of the heart. Just as the horticulturist pulls up the weeds in his garden, so the menticulturist must uproot the tendency to get angry or to worry.

Mr. Fletcher illustrates his teaching by examples from the Christian Scientist, the Buddhist, the Christian, and other doctrines. He has collaborated pages and pages of personal evidences as to the benefit of his theory, and still more pages of comments on his book, from the press, the medical profession, and other sources. In fact, it is a book made up largely of what others have said about it, mostly in its praise.

The author fails to get down to the root of the matter. Nothing short of the grace of God in our hearts is going to eliminate the evil from them. Mr. Fletcher fails to take into account the great difference in the will-power of human beings. His idea of forming clubs for the elimination of anger and worry could only be the product of an age with a mania for forming clubs. Ten minutes before the throne of grace will do more to quiet anger and still worry than two hours in a club for the same purpose.