

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



A GROUP OF ESKIMOS IN WINTER GARB.





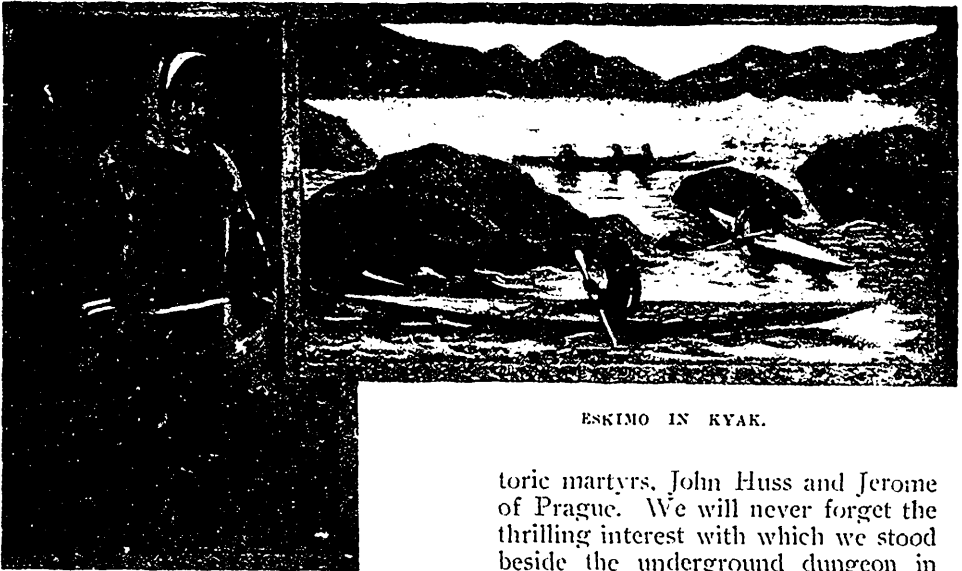
ESKIMO FAMILY.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN LABRADOR.

BY THE EDITOR.



ESKIMO BOY IN WINTER DRESS.

ESKIMO IN KYAK.

I.

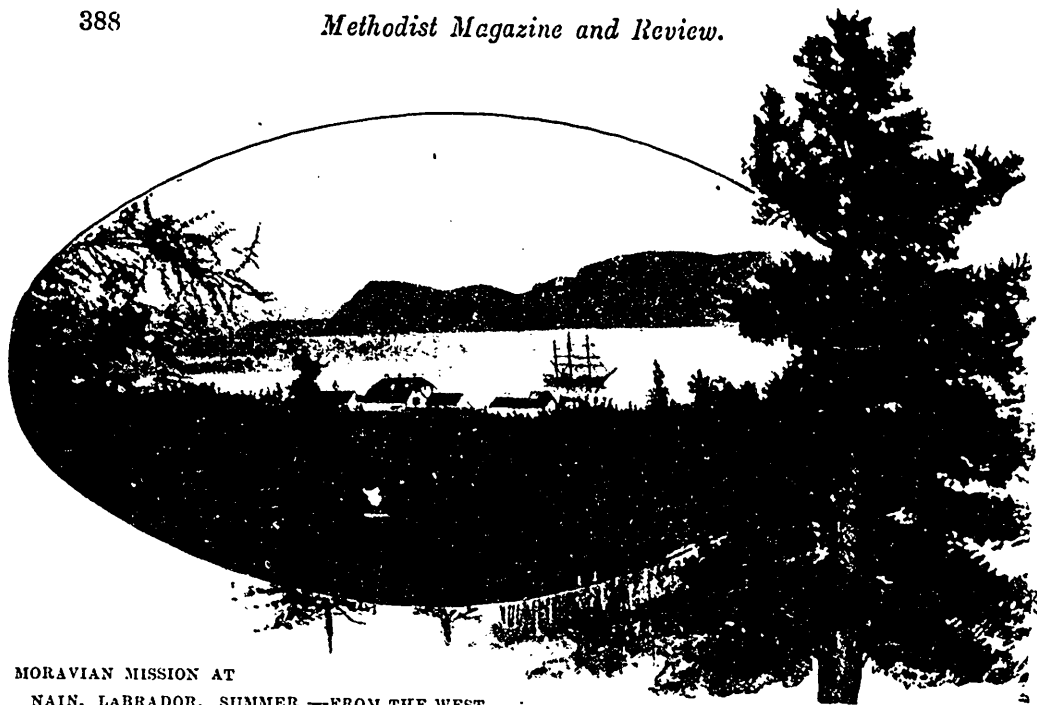


THE story of the Moravians is one of fascinating interest. They were reformers long before the Reformation. They received the Gospel over a thousand years ago through the preaching of Cyril and Methodius, two brothers who were born in Thessalonica and died in Rome. Their sturdy

Protestantism is seen in the record of the Moravian Church and of its his-

toric martyrs, John Huss and Jerome of Prague. We will never forget the thrilling interest with which we stood beside the underground dungeon in the convent at Constance where Huss was imprisoned, in the church in which he was condemned and upon the spot without the walls where he was burned to death.

Amid the bitter persecutions which assailed them the Moravians proved faithful, though fifty thousand of them were driven out of Bohemia and Moravia. They settled in Saxony on the estate of Count Zinzendorf. The Count was born at Dresden two hundred years ago, was possessed of wealth and was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. In visiting one day a picture gallery at Dusseldorf he saw a remarkable painting of the crucifixion, beneath which were



MORAVIAN MISSION AT
NAIN, LABRADOR. SUMMER.—FROM THE WEST.

the words in Latin, "Hoc feci pro te ; quod fecis pro me," "I suffered this for thee, what hast thou done for Me?" The appeal came like a voice from heaven to his soul. The salvation of the heathen lay day and night upon his heart. He became forthwith a devoted servant of the Master and an earnest preacher of the Moravian doctrine. The exiles from Bohemia increased, and their settlement received the name of Herrnhut. Zinzendorf became himself a preacher of the Word, was banished from Saxony and went to Berlin, where he was consecrated a bishop. He forthwith set out on a missionary crusade, visited the West Indies and the British colonies, established Moravian missions at Germantown and Bethlehem, which still exist. He died at Herrnhut in 1760. His remains were borne to the grave by thirty-two preachers and missionaries from Holland, England, Ireland, North America and Greenland.

On their visit to America John and Charles Wesley came under the influence of the Moravians. It was in a Moravian service in Fetter Lane, London, that John Wesley felt his heart strangely warmed by the reading and comments on Paul's Letter to the Galatians.* He afterwards visited Zinzendorf at Herrnhut and translated many of his hymns. Some of these are still favorites, notably—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

The Moravians have been especially a missionary Church. Their theology is broadly catholic. Its motto is that of Augustine : "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." Special prominence is given to the person and atonement of Christ, "in whom all the promises of God are yea and amen.

* This place is still the headquarters of the Moravian Missions and from it their copious missionary and other literature is issued.

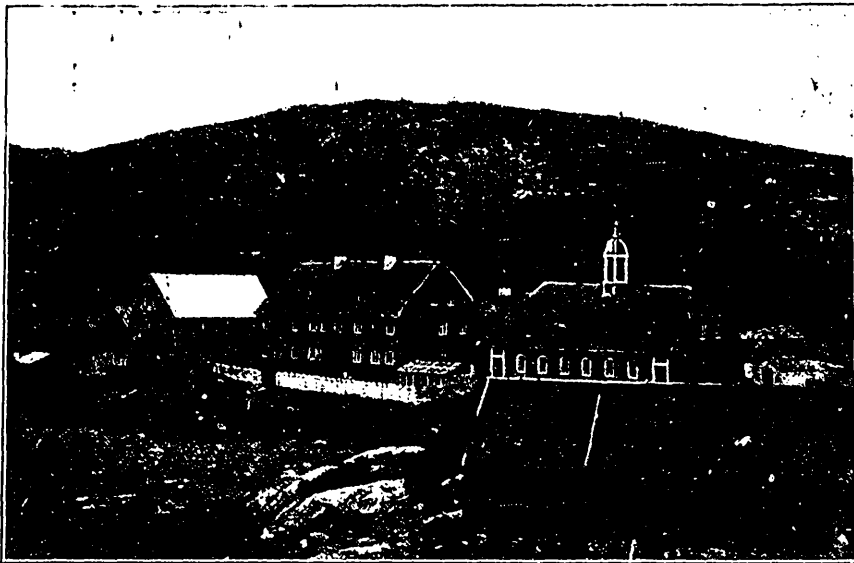


ESKIMO FAMILY.

and in whom we have the grace of the Son, the love of the Father, and communion of the Holy Ghost." The Bishops are usually appointed by lot in imitation of the mode of appointing the apostle Matthias. Their ritual is somewhat similar to that of the Episcopal Church. Love-feasts in imitation of the apostolic agape are celebrated. They are especially distinguished for their notable church music

and their joyous celebration of Easter. On Easter dawn their fine bands and choirs play old German chorales at their missions throughout the world.

They established missions in the most difficult parts of the world. Their motto is that of Wesley, to go to those who need them most, hence they sent early missionaries to Greenland, Labrador, to the North American Indians, Mosquito Coast, West



MORAVIAN MISSION AT HOPEDAŁE.

India Islands, Surinam, South Africa, Thibet and Australia. In 1882 the 150th anniversary of Moravian missions was appropriately celebrated at Herrnhut. At that date they had sent out 2,212 missionaries, of whom 604 were then alive. That number has since been greatly increased.

The Labrador mission was founded about a hundred and seventy years ago. The Eskimo were then savages and heathen, and the first missionary, Johannes, or John, Erhardt, was murdered. Others volunteered to take his place. The first mission station at Nain was founded. Since then the mission has spread north and south till it has seven mission stations, with sixteen missionaries. Through their agency every Eskimo on the Labrador coast has been brought under Gospel influences.

For nearly a hundred years a mission ship, the "Harmony," five in succession, has made an annual visit from London to these ice-bound coasts.

It is the only ship which many of the Eskimo have ever seen. For over fifty years no serious harm has happened it.

The following is a more detailed account, by the Rev. Dr. Rose, of these remarkable people :

The Moravian Church is an object lesson to all Protestant Christianity in missionary zeal and liberality. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop is authority for the statement that the Moravians "have one missionary out of every sixty of their members." The other Churches of the United Kingdom have but one missionary out of every five thousand. Were Great Britain equally zealous and sacrificing she would have two hundred thousand toilers in the regions beyond, and spend yearly £20,000,000 in the world's evangelization, instead of the pittance of £1,500,000 which she now contributes.

Surely a Church which sets so illustrious an example to all other



A GROUP OF ESKIMOS.

Christian bodies merits a wider recognition and more careful study and imitation than she has ordinarily received. It is impossible to read the story of her sacrificing toil and holy triumphs without feeling the rebuke which her enthusiasm gives to Protestantism in general. Nor is it possible to read this story aright without receiving a fresh impulse and inspiration to obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The history of Moravian missions is the history of the Moravian Church.

More than the briefest outline is impossible, for the history of Moravian missions is the history of the Moravian Church.

The Moravians enjoy the unique distinction of being "the only Protestant Church that subsists as an

organic unit throughout the world." Presbyterian-Episcopal in its constitution, the affairs of the Church are conducted by boards, while the body as a whole is governed by a General Synod, meeting, at intervals of about ten years, in Herrnhut. The religious life of the Church is said by those who know it well to realize, in a good measure, "the true conception of primitive Christianity." Renouncing worldly vanities, they nevertheless escape the errors of asceticism. The commonplace duties and labors of life are made to contribute to spiritual refreshment. The hidden life is nourished by sacred song, hymns being provided for the various experience of life, as "cradle hymns, hymns for travelling, and, before the distaff became obsolete, spinning hymns."



AN ESKIMO BELLE. NOTE THE APRON OF ERMINE AND SABLE.

The chief festivals of the Christian year are observed, and besides these, memorial days, commemorative of noteworthy events in their own ecclesiastical history, are marked and duly celebrated. The United Brethren have ever exhibited diligence in providing proper educational facilities for their young people.

The early life of the Church was passed amid the flames of persecution. The history of the Moravian Society contributes a thrilling page to the story of martyrology. Sixty years before Martin Luther nailed his immortal theses to the door of the Castle church, the persecuted and proscribed followers of the heroic Huss assumed the name of *Unitas Fratrum*; the occasion of the acceptance of this denominational title being "the formal union (1457-60) between Moravians, Bohemians and Walden-

ses." The union had not been reached without a knowledge of the bitterness of persecution; it was followed by a "trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments: they wandered in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth," thus earning for themselves the name of "Pitmen" or "Burrowers."

We may not linger over the story of the baptism of fire which visited these true-hearted Christians in the days of the denomination's infancy. It is enough to say, that after various and fierce trials, in consequence of which "public Protestantism was extinguished," the small remnant feeding their faith upon the doctrines and promises of the blessed Book, which was hidden perchance "in a cellar, in a hole in the wall, in a hollow log, or in a space beneath the dog-kennel," and ministered to by pastors who, at the risk of their own lives and the lives of their congregations, preached the truth as it is in Jesus, led by Christian David, himself a convert from Roman Catholicism, found a haven upon the estate of



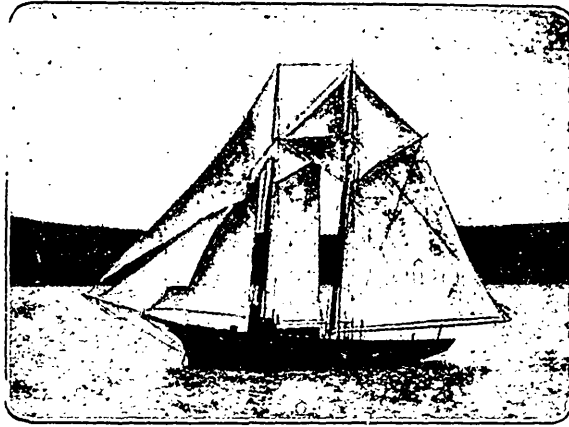
ESKIMO EMBROIDERED BAG.

Count Zinzendorf in Germany. A site was selected, and here, on June 17th, 1722, the first tree was felled, and the new settlement began, "one hundred years after the destruction of the old Moravian Church in Bohemia and Moravia."

To this settlement the name Herrnhut, the "Lord's Watch," was given, and thither the faithful Brethren made their escape. Here a "Renewed Church" found its centre of operations, and from this little village, "an almost invisible spot"

parents wisely. Count Zinzendorf was well born. He could trace his descent for twenty generations. The founder of the illustrious Austrian house from which the Count sprang was Ehrenhold. Zinzendorf's grandfather, "for conscience's sake," left home and wealth and country and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony.

In his school and college days he exhibited a zeal for godliness, which, though somewhat ascetic in character, was in strong and pleasing contrast to the age in which he lived. Ex-



A TRIM FORE-AND-AFTER.

on the map of Europe, a stream of holy and sacred influences has issued for which all lovers of righteousness are grateful. Out of much tribulation, having passed through the fire of four distinct persecutions, the Renewed Church was born.

Reference has been made to Count Zinzendorf. He occupies so large and influential a place in the history of the United Brethren that we must turn aside for a little to study his personality. It has been wittily said that he is a happy man who selects his

extensive travel followed his college life, and amid its temptations he was not only kept unspotted from the world, but constantly exercised himself in all godliness.

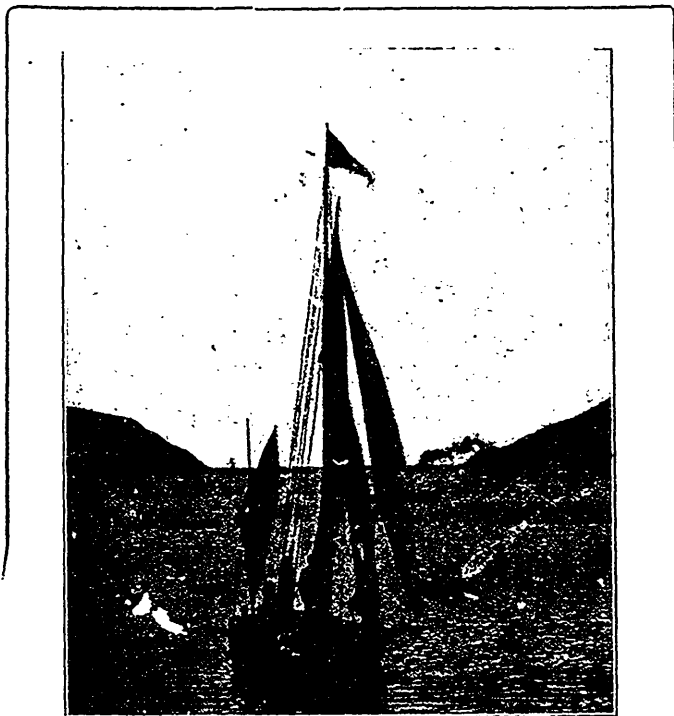
Yielding to the pressure of his relatives, he entered the service of the King of Saxony, accepting the position of Justicial Counsellor at Dresden. Here he lived after the fashion of Daniel, sternly rebuking the sins of the dwellers of this modern Babylon. Following the resignation of his place at Court, the Count

gave himself to good works. The congregation of United Brethren, to whom reference has been made, was regarded by him as "a parish destined for him from eternity." His guiding hand is traceable in the usages and spirit of the early Moravian Church.

In 1837, Zinzendorf became its bishop. The duties of the office were by no means easy. The fugitive

Every Methodist knows the story of John Wesley's debt to the Moravians, from whom he received not only personal quickening, but likewise, through his visit to Herrnhut, the suggestion of practices still obtaining amongst us, as for example, love-feasts and class-meetings.

Zinzendorf was a prolific author. He may also be spoken of, in the terms



IN A SHELTERED BAY.

colonists were of different nationalities and somewhat conflicting views and interests. He proceeded much on the same plan which Wesley afterward pursued, aiming not at the organization of a new sect, but at the gathering together of "little circles or communities of renewed persons—*ecclesiolæ in ecclesia*, an Israel within Israel."

of Dr. Thompson, as "the Charles Wesley of the United Brethren and of Germany in his time."

It is natural that we should find in Count Zinzendorf a man of much prayer and strong faith. Does God ever use any one for the best work who is not? The most notable characteristic of his life is his intense, unflinching, unquestioning loyalty

to Jesus Christ. Dr. Thompson well says of him : "Unostentatious in spirit, his life dramatic, he was the Protestant Loyola of that day."

The feature of his life in our present interest centres in his connection with the evangelistic enterprises of the Moravian Church. He was seized of the missionary spirit from the very beginning of his remarkable career. At ten years of age he had formed a society known as "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." One of the avowed objects of this association was "to seek the conversion of others, both Jews and the heathen." While the Almighty was inspiring this youth with such genuine and remarkable missionary spirit, He was likewise preparing a society of Christian believers to give effect to the young man's noble purposes and longings. The modern Moses and the later Israel were brought together in 1722, and Herrnhut became "the cradle of missions."

So possessed was the good Count of missionary fervor that he made his marriage contributory to this great result. In days when the world's evangelization was not even a dream to the Church at large, this man stood loyally by the Master's marching orders, and led forth a small company to attempt great things for the King and in His name.

The year 1732 is an epochal year in the history of nations. It gave birth to the first President of the United States, George Washington ; to Lalande, the famous French astronomer ; to Haydn, the celebrated composer. But of no less interest or importance was the birth of the first foreign mission of the Moravian society. Ten years subsequent to the formation of the settlement at Herrnhut, this poor people, with a total ecclesiastical population of six hundred souls, old and young, established their first mission. The first

missionaries were sent to the West Indies. The story of this enterprise reads like a romance. When Count Zinzendorf was in Copenhagen, upon the occasion of the coronation of King Christian VI., his attendants formed the acquaintance of Anthony, a negro servant of Count Lauervig.

Anthony had a sad tale to tell of the religious destitution of the Africans in St. Thomas, and was especially solicitous that his sister should receive a knowledge of the truth. Anthony visited Herrnhut shortly afterwards, and two young men were independently fired with the desire to preach the Word in these regions beyond. Leonhard Doher, a potter, and David Nitschmann, a carpenter, were the young men's names. Their financial outfit was a trifle over three dollars apiece, and their earthly possessions consisted of a bundle which each of them carried on his back ! They worked their way from Herrnhut to the coast, in the hope that they might find a ship and a captain who would engage them as common sailors to cross the ocean. So great was their zeal for souls that they were ready to become slaves that they might preach the Gospel to those to whom they believed themselves sent.

Doher and Nitschmann reached St. Thomas after much effort and some disappointment. On their way thither they made influential friends, among whom was the Princess Amelia, of Copenhagen, who gave them, unasked, money for their journey, and a Dutch Bible, by means of which they formed an acquaintance with the language which the negroes spoke amongst whom they were to labor. Their message was received with exceeding joy. The blacks clapped their hands with delight when they learned that eternal life was not the special heritage of the favored whites.

In apostolic fashion these noble men

sought to support themselves while breaking to others the Bread of Life, Nitschmann, by working at his trade as carpenter, Dohér acting for a while as tutor to the children of Governor Gardelin, a position which he abandoned for conscience's sake, as too comfortable and making too large demands upon his time. That he might practise self-denial and prosecute his mission more successfully, he acted as watchman on neighboring plantations for a year and four months, the solitary missionary on the island (his companion having returned home by

prospect of future bliss. Be firm! be firm!" Ignorant of the persecution which had been awakened, Count Zinzendorf arrived at St. Thomas with reinforcements. His presence seems to have had a salutary effect, as the missionaries were liberated the next day. The anger of those opposed to Christianity was speedily directed against the Count, whom they were happily unable to injure.

We cannot follow the story of missionary effort on behalf of the Danish West Indies at greater length. Persecution, misrepresentation. the early



AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION.

previous arrangement, leaving his small earnings with Dohér). One evening, as he sat by his watch-fire, three men stood before him. They had come from Herrnhut to preach the Word on that and the neighboring island of St Croix. Dohér was recalled to Germany that he might act as general elder at Herrnhut.

Opposition to the work soon became pronounced. Intercourse was forbidden between slaves and missionaries, the latter being cast into prison, whither they went singing triumphantly, "Mercy is our guide; mercy prepares the way. Hope opens the

deaths of devoted heralds of the cross are recorded; but with these came great blessing; so that at the close of the first century 13,339 persons had been admitted to the communion.

In 1734, mission work was begun upon the Rio de Berbice, in Africa. Amid disheartening opposition and discouragement the work was prosecuted and extended, with what result may be judged from the somewhat recent testimony of a planter, who, being asked if any improvement had been effected by missionary toil replied: "Formerly we could hardly procure ropes enough on Monday for

punishing those slaves who had committed crimes on Sunday, twenty, thirty and even more being hanged ; but since the Gospel has been preached to them, scarcely two are hanged in the whole year, and these, for the most part, are strange negroes who have not been long on the island."

The year following the establishment of missions in the West Indies the Moravian Church pushed out her laborers into the Arctic regions, and a mission to Greenland was begun. In 1733, Christian David, "the leader of emigrants from Moravia, who felled the first tree at Herrnhut," accompanied by two cousins Stach, set out for Denmark, on their way to the frozen north. With no earthly store, and troubling themselves very little with the question how they should reach their destination, they went forward in the name of the Lord. "How do you propose to procure food in Greenland?" they were asked. "By the labor of our hands and God's blessing," was their heroic reply.

Reaching what an English explorer, John Davis, has called the Land of Desolation, where "the great ice rivers of Switzerland" are "dwarfish beside Humboldt's glacier, which has a breadth of sixty miles," whither they had been preceded by the cultured and faithful Danish missionary, Egede, from whom they received a cordial welcome, our Moravian heroes began their work. They proclaimed their message to men and women to whom "life is a mere struggle for existence," and whom environment had made phlegmatic, "as if their constitution had been touched with frost." The trials the missionaries endured are almost indescribable. When starvation threatened them, the Eskimos refused to sell them food. "Your countrymen," the natives often protested, "must be worthless people, since they

send you nothing, and you will be fools if you stay here."

In the fifth year of toil and sorrow, nearly sixteen years after the arrival of the first missionary, Egede, in Greenland, the first well-defined instance of conversion occurred. One day a Moravian missionary, John Beck, is copying out a translation of the gospels, "when a company of native Southlanders . . . call and wish to know what is in that book." The story of the redemptive work of God through Christ is told, and one of their number, Kaiaruak, accepts the salvation thus presented. From that hour the work made steady progress, until the entire native population was evangelized. Well has William Cowper sung of Moravian courage and faith as exhibited in the planting of these mission fields :

"Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a Polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows."

The Moravians were equally heroic and prompt in the establishment of missions in Labrador. The triumphs of the Gospel amongst the diminishing people of this sterile region have been marked. In 1763, owing to the cruelty of the Eskimo pirates, navigation was unsafe along the Labrador coast, and no Europeans dared to pass a night among the natives. Now hospitality characterizes the people, who have been transformed from savages into Christians. No longer are the aged and infirm put to death, but are cared for with true-hearted love.

In severity the climate of Labrador excelled even that of Greenland. The Eskimos bore a worse reputation than the heathen Greenlanders for treachery, superstition and savage ferocity. "The traders," says Dr. Hamilton in his *History of Moravian Missions*, "put forth every effort to keep



ESKIMO SNOW HUTS.

the Eskimos, away from missionaries, and with only too great success. Articles of food and luxury, and especially intoxicating liquors, were offered as an almost irresistible bribe, and once entangled in the snares of these men, the poor Eskimos were made use of with diabolical skill and malice to tempt their countrymen to their destruction."

Many thrilling incidents are recorded of early missionary endeavor, of which the following is a type :

The year 1782 was rendered memorable by a remarkable providential deliverance. Liebisich and William Turner set out from Nain for Okak on March 11th in a dog-sleigh. Their route lay across the frozen sea. Though the distance was one hundred and fifty miles, and for a considerable part of the way they had to pass over very deep water, preferable on account of the smoothness of the ice, under the favorable atmospheric conditions of their start no special anxiety was entertained. But in the afternoon there were indications of a coming storm. The heaving of the restless ocean could be felt under its

icy covering. By evening the wind had become a gale that whirled the snow with blinding violence. The undulations of the vast sheet of ice, several yards thick, began to impede progress. Soon the ice commenced to burst with the sound of heavy ordnance. Only with the greatest difficulty, and in the very nick of time, did the travellers make the shore.

Scarcely had they effected a landing, when the ice for miles along the coast broke up with the violence of the storm amid terrific noise. The Eskimo companions of the missionaries built a snow house on the beach. Thankful for this refuge in the piercing cold, they had but settled down to rest, when Liebisich, who could not sleep owing to a painfully sore throat and the howling of the storm outside, perceived that salt water was trickling through the roof. Hastily digging a passage through the side of the house, they were hardly at a safe distance, when a mighty wave carried away their abandoned resting-place. A hole cut into a snowbank was their sole resource till morning. Their scanty supply of provisions had to be carefully eked out for several days in a new snow hut.

On the 13th the storm abated, but the sea was absolutely clear of ice, and it was impossible to proceed or to return. Not until twelve o'clock on the night of the 17th did

they at last succeed in once more making their starting-place, Nain, grateful for the marvellous protection of God.

Again, in 1816, another disaster occurred :

As usual the missionary ship proceeded to Labrador in the summer of 1816. For more than a month after drift ice was reached, it could not make port. The floes extended two hundred miles out from land. But at length Okak was reached on August 29th. Supplies were landed. Then the "Jemima" for three weeks lay a helpless prisoner of the Frost King. By dint of skilful efforts Nain was made on September 22nd. Here John George Kmoch, John Körner and Thomas Christensen, together with the wife of the first, boarded the vessel to proceed to Hopedale. But instead they made port in the Thames on October 28th. For on the very day of sailing a tremendous snow-storm followed by a gale carried them out to sea, and no exertions of Captain Frazer served to bring his ship to the third station. During the night of the 9th disaster threatened. Twisted by the violent blows of the storm-lashed waves, the larboard side of the vessel opened its seams, and water gushed in ; but the overruling power of God averted loss. It was August the 7th, 1817, however, before Kmoch and his wife and Körner concluded their trip to Hopedale, begun almost a year before.

In Greenland the Moravian missions had experienced still greater disasters :

Seasons of scarcity came, whose intensity was magnified by the inborn improvidence which Christian education could only slowly eradicate. Such a period of distress was the winter of 1842 to 1843 at Lichtenau, where out of five hundred adults sixty-two were carried off by an epidemic within seven weeks. The missionary in charge writes : "Owing to absolute want of hands to dig new graves, many of the corpses had to be deposited in old places of sepulture—a practice to which the baptized Greenlanders were unwilling to have recourse."

Labrador likewise had its years of leanness,

the winter of 1836 to 1837 being memorable for its misery, especially at Nain, Okak and Hebron. A famine raged. Ordinary food completely failed. Tent-coverings of skins, skin-canoes, and skin boots were masticated and swallowed to satisfy the unappeased gnawings within. Scurvy broke out. The missionaries meanwhile strained every nerve to render help, and shared their supplies with their people.

The winter of 1862 to 1863 was attended with great mortality at Hebron. One-sixth of the people died. The sickness was so general that at one time frozen corpses of necessity lay unburied for a month.

Yet the faith and valor of these heroic men never failed or faltered.

Dr. Thompson thus summarizes the lessons to be learned from these devoted and apostolic missionaries :

If all Protestant Churches had been equally devoted, equally enterprising, for the last century and a half, not an unevangelized man or woman would now remain on earth. The stream has been small, but unfauling and pure, and it has fertilized many a desert. Other communions have here "a little sister" who hath done what she could ; the perfume of her alabaster box hath filled the house ; the possibilities of poverty and paucity of members have been demonstrated. This quiet fidelity in missionary toils has been a silent rebuke and a stimulus to Protestant Christendom ; it has been a noiseless and not fully acknowledged motive-force in the subsequent endeavors of other communions in behalf of the heathen. But what one of them in modern times has exhibited such enfranchisement from self-seeking and such persistent loyalty to Christ's final order ? Is there not urgency upon us too ? Let the dead of the past and of the present bury their dead. Would that at the head of every great division of the sacramental host there might be a sanctified Barbarossa ! Marching for the reconquest of Jerusalem, word comes to him that his son is dead, "Woe is me !" cries the monarch ; "is my son dead ?" And tears course down his beard, "My son is slain, but Christ still lives ! Forward then, soldiers, march !"

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be ;

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

THE MOTHER OF RUSSIA'S PEASANT SCHOOLS.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.



A PEASANT SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN RUSSIA.



WHILE the world applauds Tolstoi, the theorist, my admiration goes out rather to a certain determined Russian woman, who, although unknown in America, is in a most practical manner bringing about the intellectual and moral regeneration of an entire nation.

The, wonderful lever used by this woman to start and move the masses of Russia is the peasant school. It is now nearly fifty years ago that she conceived the idea of using the Lord's Day on which to instil knowledge into the minds of the

freed serfs and educate them. She has lived to see multitudes of Russians enlightened by her efforts and example. Think of one weak woman establishing such a school in her own home, when every other Sunday-school throughout the empire had been abolished by law until the government could take the matter up! This is what Mme. Christine Altchevsky did, and to-day, from her office in the great central Sunday-school establishment in Harkoff, she can count its branches throughout Russia by the thousand, each existing to-day because she was brave and persevering when bitter trials came. Not only is Mme. Altchevsky the mother of the Sunday-

school in Russia, but of the circulating library, and also of the system of carrying popular education into the homes of the people.

No one should visit Russia without calling at one of the Sunday-schools. True, he will find a comparatively small portion of the Lord's Day given over to religious instruction, but then every Russian knows the history of the Orthodox Church before he can walk. Everywhere in the class-rooms the visitor will see the latest methods of instruction being applied. In some class-rooms are boys; in some, girls; but the vast majority he will find filled with men and women. The desire for knowledge in Russia seems to be insatiable once it is aroused. The pupils in some schools have organized night classes during the week, and when they can secure a teacher she is escorted to the school and home again with every evidence of respect and love. Of late years, so great has been the renewed growth of the Sunday-school movement, that all who apply cannot be accommodated, but the fact that a million people who work day and night during the week-time give up their entire Sundays seeking knowledge, religious and secular, and that perhaps 100,000 educated and refined men and women gladly volunteer their services to aid in the uplifting movement, indicates, in spite of all that is said, that Russia contains within herself abundant means of self-regeneration. No one need despair of her moral and educational future.

I have never listened to a more fascinating narrative of Russia's brave struggle for enlightenment than that which fell from the lips of one of Mme. Altchevsky's co-laborers during the course of a casual conversation. As the story goes, away back in the middle of the century a great wave of religious and ethical enthusiasm swept over Russia. Serfdom was

abolished, schools and colleges were established, while the upper classes, carried on the crest of the movement, thought of nothing but elevating the newly emancipated masses. No self-sacrifice was too great. Society leaders, wives of generals and governors, daughters of rich merchants, and, in fact, all who had money and health, spent freely, establishing night-schools and teaching the illiterate men and women.

Few could attend the day-schools, fewer still those for night work. At Harkoff, Mme. Altchevsky organized a Sunday-school for the purpose of giving an education to those who could not receive it at any other time. Like wild-fire the idea spread. Hundreds of such schools sprang up in the cities and thousands in the country, where nearly a million ignorant peasants eager to learn were enrolled in the classes, many of them demonstrating by their actions that they, too, were willing to make any sacrifice to be uplifted. It seemed as though Russia was to become enlightened at last. It was the mania of the day—Russia to be uplifted and redeemed, not at the cost of the State, but by the love of the wealthy for their lowly brothers and sisters. But during the troubled times when Nihilism raised its head, it was feared that conspirators against the peace of society would make use of these schools to spread their pernicious doctrines among the irresponsible, so it was decided to withdraw the official patronage until the government could place the proper safeguards about those most interested. Deprived of legal status, Sunday-schools in Russia, with one exception, ceased to exist. The single Sunday-school left was that conducted by Mme. Altchevsky in her home, where all who wished to come were welcome. For more than ten years she fought to obtain legal recog-

nition for her school. At last government officials were sent to investigate and reported favorably, approving the work, and her efforts were thus crowned with partial success. In Harkoff, teachers again came forward. In time the number grew to a hundred, and the hundred pupils to a thousand. Never for a day did the courageous leader relax her efforts, using all her powerful social influence with the authorities. In the seventies she secured additional concessions, placing the Sunday-schools of Russia on the same footing as the primary schools.

The University city of Harkoff at once offered the use of its school building on Sundays. Once more self-sacrificing men and women could come forward to offer time and service for the cause of humanity. The schoolhouse grew too small, and out of her private fortune Mme. Alchevsky erected the first Sunday-school building in Russia. Enthusiasts from every part of the empire came to see and learn, that they, too, might assist in carrying on the good work. Once more branch schools began to spring up in the cities and even in country districts. The government, convinced at last, did all in its power to aid the movement. Priests of the Church came forward, college professors volunteered, and wives of great state dignitaries once more cheerfully gave up their Sundays to assist in the work of education. The regeneration of Russia now set in earnest, the movement was no longer spasmodic, but one which had passed through much tribulation, during which it had educated the people up to the knowledge that learning makes better citizens, so that to-day the Sunday-school teachers and the ministers of education work hand in hand.

The education they bestow is considered superior to that acquired in

the government day-schools, and the libraries established in connection with the Sunday-schools are the only circulating libraries in Russia. Every year over a million volumes are loaned to pupils of the Sunday-schools in the larger cities alone. For years the government and educators of Russia were puzzled by the question: "What shall we give the people to read?" All kinds of simple, childish books were published for use by the peasants and met with no sale. The Sunday-school library demonstrated the unsuspected fact that the Russian peasant enjoys all that is true literature.

While there are in the great cities fully six thousand teachers in the Sunday-schools, the country districts boast of a much larger army, for half a million peasants who have never before had an opportunity to learn to read and write now attend the village Sunday-schools, and he who first learns gathers about him on the long winter evenings groups of eager listeners, so that in the home of the peasant tales of travel and modern literature are taking the place of the oft-told Skazkas, or Russian folk-lore tales. Since the uplifting influence of the Sunday-school has been at work, book publishers rejoice and cheap editions are numerous.

I spent one fete-day, the day of Pushkin's centenary, in the Siberian town of Vladivostok. Even here the wives of the officials were free with their time and money, and there are many children of ex-convicts to be taught. I had witnessed the celebration of the Czar's birthday in Russia, but if spontaneous enthusiasm of officials and populace alike is the thermometer to read, in Siberia, at least, Pushkin, the apostle of education, is the most dearly cherished memory in the minds of the people, and Pushkin's birthday has become a national holiday.—Christian Herald.

OUR SUMMER SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.



AFTER some little experience in Summer Schools for the Study of the Bible and Missions, a few thoughts are ventured on their management and merit, and possibly a few suggestions on their improvement and increased efficiency. For it is not to be presumed they have reached perfection or are simply the passing phase of a moment, the transient entertainment of an hour. They have grown out of the condition of things and the pressing necessities of the times. The clearer views of Christian evangelism for the salvation of the world and the loftier plane of missionary enterprise and endeavor have sought and seen these opportunities and agencies, and found in them strength and advantage in prosecuting the work committed to the Church. Enlarged intelligence, multiplied facilities and heightened zeal have resulted from these educational efforts and have justified the labors and sacrifices of their promoters. Modifications will, no doubt, take place, and changes come; but the fundamental principles are valuable and must remain: viz., profounder and more generally diffused knowledge of Holy Scripture, and awakened and sustained interest in the cause of Christian missions. This makes a school for young and old, for parents as well as their children; for busy people that need rest, and for leisurely people that seek profitable employment.

These schools have developed a constituency of their own, and brought

into effective action forces that are mighty for good. The Epworth League and Young People's Societies at once afforded a field of operation, and required this stimulus of their aims and direction of their energies. There was danger of waste of material and of much good desire and intent going off into thin air. There is an immensity of vapor all about, but it is of little practical use till compressed into cylinders and set driving piston-rods and their attachments. Nothing could be more opportune and inspiring for Leagues than missionary operations on Biblical, prophetic and Apostolic basis. It is a case of working knowledge into practice, and as in mechanics, trade and arts, extending and fructifying the practice by the knowledge. There is an enlarged horizon, new demands, new calls, new consecrations, new plans and efforts, and by the grace of God, quickened progress and new achievements.

Some of the professors in our colleges have rendered in these schools invaluable service to the Church. Engaged in teaching in Holy Scripture throughout the college year, they can give a practical and popular turn to the results of scholastic instruction and research. What is required, of course, is not theories about the Bible, and speculations as to its authorship and construction, but knowledge of what the Holy Scriptures say and mean. How to study the Bible, how to learn its doctrine, how to apprehend and appreciate its spirit and import, have been well kept in view by instructors both from the colleges and

from the pulpit, and the satisfaction, profit and joy have been very great to those who have attended the sessions. Sometimes in the Old Testament, sometimes in the New, rich treasures of spiritual truth and important settings of contemporaneous and concurrent sociology, ethnology, geography and history have been unfolded and displayed to eager minds not accustomed to such lines of inquiry and enlarging information. To the brethren who are competent for such a task and devote themselves faithfully to such a work, there is unquestionably the highest gratification and noblest reward. Here is a field for the healthy exercise of generous talent and the vigorous development and application of undiscovered power. Such instruction as has been provided has well deserved larger classes than have, in some instances, availed themselves of these splendid opportunities.

But the benefits of such a school are not by any means confined to those who are ordinarily presumed to be the scholars. The fact is, in such a school, all are scholars, all learners. The old maxim, "We learn by teaching," is amply verified. The preparation to teach is of inestimable advantage to many. The papers that were delivered in some of the sessions, while exceedingly profitable to all, must have been a decided uplift to the men that furnished them. Several productions were of marked ability and evinced interest, intensity and widening horizon. There were both positive intellectual stimulus and rich spiritual communion. The Apostle Paul longed to see his brethren, both that he might impart some spiritual gift, and that he might himself be strengthened by their mutual faith. This "mutual faith" is an actual power; not merely a passing entertainment, but a real gain of knowledge and vigor, a distinct increment of moral force and religious

life. In fact here is a gift, a talent that we are in duty-bound to exercise, an opportunity that we cannot neglect without suffering loss. The world has its social functions for fleeting pleasure. Many insist upon forms and associations as absolutely essential to certain attainments. It is designed of God that Church brotherhood should be mightily protective and gloriously helpful; and in no way can we better turn on the diamond blaze and focal ray than in this study of the Bible and missions. Charles Wesley caught the heavenly strain and pealed forth the rousing, quickening note :

O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love !

The gift which He on one bestows,
We all delight to prove ;
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

This, of course, is splendid for good class-meetings and fellowship meetings, and has made thousands of them luminous and refreshing; but possibly even class-meetings and fellowship meetings have suffered for lack of Bible instruction and knowledge and missionary and philanthropic consecration and zeal. There are well ordered summer schools where hearts are aflame with love to God and man, and minds on high purpose bent cry out, "Here am I, send me."

To these desirable results the converse and addresses of returned missionaries and missionaries on furlough afford the most effective and directest possible aid. Indeed, how could anything be more appropriate or better adapted to ends brought in the Providence of God into view than the very plans and combinations of facilities that from step to step have grown upon us. It is ever so in the work of God. Follow on as He directs and opens the way, and there is never fail-

ure of resources, instrumentalities and suitable appliances. When studying the Bible that gives us our commission and doctrine, and sends us forth, and the mission fields that call us, ready to the harvest, what could be a clearer demonstration or brighter, steadier light on the doctrine, on the condition and necessities of the field, than the man from the ground, who evidences in himself the consecration, and proclaims out of personal experience and earnest life and work on the spot the unfathomable needs of heathen races and the sufficiency of Gospel graces covering them. This is an illustration and an argument that seize upon the young people, and all people that attend, by eye and ear and heart and soul, and show to many a plain path of duty. Fervid spirits leap into action, and consecrated lives honor Christ in his stupendous mission of rescue. Men and women devote themselves, their children and their substance to the cause of Christian missions. Human brotherhood is more clearly seen and deeply felt. The obligation and honor of Christ-like service are brought home to the heart and the life. Liberality grows as its occasions and results are unfolded, and the Scriptural demands for proportionate and systematic contribution to the work of God carry the intelligence, command the conscience, and regulate the life. So advances this educational work and reaches conclusions and effects which only such educational process can accomplish.

Certainly not the least important element of this vigorous and valuable educational work is the direction and applied energy of the Mission Rooms. The learned and eloquent addresses of the Secretaries—not a labored eloquence of surface-touch and word-picture—but the bursting outpour of mighty souls tremendously in earnest, could not but

prove a tidal uplift in every assembly that listened to their arguments and appeals. The devotion of such men to such a life-work, the constant employment of such minds upon such themes, and the exercise of such skill and energy in such problems and tasks ought to bring out of human nature and human conditions the best we are capable of. And they do. The survey of the whole field, the peculiar requirements of its several sections, the difficulties that have been encountered and surmounted, the prospects that now excite and fairly entrance the vision of the Church, the opening vistas and avenues in the dark places of the earth, the quickening thought and ready attention of unevangelized millions, the possibilities that wait upon labor, faith and prayer, the solemn obligations involved in the covenants and promises of Christ and His mission to the world: these and kindred themes raise genuine eloquence to its heights, and stir mind and heart to their depths. The proofs were on every hand, and they were losers of opportunity indeed who lost these discourses on Gospel enterprise and Christian evangelization, geography, history, ethnology, philosophy and literature, venerable systems and modern movements. Sociology and philanthropy, commercial enterprise and patriotic fervor, were all illumed and warmed with a missionary ardor and swept into the glow and brightness of a triumphing Christian faith.

The Young People's Forward Movement, vigorously presented by its enthusiastic secretary, added immeasurably to the interest and success of the conventions, and rounded off on the practical side what otherwise might have been a defective application of well-gathered and well-marshalled forces. Explanations of methods of work, showing what can be accomplished and how to do it,

and inspiring and sustaining literature in all departments of missionary enterprise, are as important constituents of strength and incentives of action and advance as under the Holy Spirit and the word of Divine truth can be brought to bear upon the Church in her efforts to save the world.

Yes, the mightily energized, well-conducted School of Bible and Missions is all right; now, how does it work out? Does it accomplish its purpose? Is it popular? Is it well attended? Do the people get out of it what the promoters put into it? With all this the place, the time, the local provisions and arrangements, the general management have much to do. Some brethren have thought that there is not enough stability, continuity, perpetuity about the schools as held; that results are lost because the course of study is not followed up, systematized and sealed by examination and diploma, and have arranged accordingly, and are pressing on their work with satisfaction and advantage. Yet, no doubt, the less systematic work has aroused many to greatly improved knowledge and research, and to increased activity in Christian service, and so is worth prosecuting. Some schools have been more prosperous in towns and cities during the business season, and some in the woods and by the waters during the vacation. Anyway they must be held in places where the people are, or to which they may be easily drawn. The heated term in the city, when the majority of those that would attend are in the groves or at the lake or sea-side, has not secured cheering or rewarding returns. There must be an attendance to compensate teachers who give their time and effort gratuitously to so important and beneficial instruction.

Again, it is not at all amiss, nor is it considered intrusive, to afford to many attendants at summer resorts so profitable an occupation of the mind, and so desirable an employment of at least a part of the time. There are seasons and occasions when they can be held to the greatest advantage in towns and cities, there are other seasons when the rural district and the mountain or river or sea resort is decidedly preferable. Discretion must control here as well as elsewhere. It has been found that there is danger of attempting too much, of crowding in too many schools for the constituency. Weakness and discouragement and much harm and loss are so brought upon a good cause, and a valuable agency may be disparaged or discontinued from no fault of its own. What would seem to be required is something of a common direction for all, that there may be wise distribution of the schools and effective administration and work in every school. Possibly in no other way can the interest be maintained or the desired benefits secured. When it is seen what gatherings of this character accomplish for missionaries on the foreign fields in their summer resort to the mountains, their social intercourse, their Biblical study, their interchange of experience in plans and methods; when we know, closer at home, what Biblical and training-schools are doing for ministers, evangelists, Sunday-school teachers, deaconesses and all Christian workers, we must feel and be convinced that the consecrated socialism of the Christian system has in it, under God, elements of power that have been overlooked, and energies and agencies not yet fully developed.

THE YOUNG MAN PROBLEM.

QUINTIN HOGG'S BIOGRAPHY.*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

There are but few who, burdened with life's load
 Will turn aside, another load to bear,—
 And more than doubling all their former care,
 Yet press strong-hearted Christ's, our Saviour's, road.

Such was our Founder, Quintin, generous, strong—
 Whether the fight were football or the mart
 Where run the currents of the Empire's heart,
 He "played the game"; loved right and hated wrong.

And like to notes of some imperial song,
 Sent forth brave natures to attune the world;
 By domination born of service long
 He held the banner of the Cross unfurled—

Whose light no'er shone upon a better blade
 Than his who died amidst his own Brigade.

—Duke of Argyll, 1903.



THE reading of this biography acts like a breeze from the ocean on a sultry day. It braces up whatever noble aspirations one may possess, at the same time making the laggard ashamed. Biographies written by near relatives are apt to fail in giving a full portrait as seen or desired by the public, but the daughter in this case has performed the filial duty with rare frankness and ability. Here is the record of a keen, clever, successful business man, combined with the self-denial and sanctity of a saint. He had a genius for loving boys and developing all that was noble within them. Not by spasmodic gifts to street beggars, but by placing boys in a position where they could improve their physical, mental and moral natures, has he made a high record among the world's noblest philanthropists.

Quintin Hogg was born in London,

* Quintin Hogg: A Biography. By Ethel M. Hogg. London: Constable & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12s. 6d.

Eng., 1845, the youngest son of Sir James Hogg, and died in the same city, 1903, aged 58. His father was for a long time in India, where he occupied important official positions, and amassed a considerable competence. Quintin was educated at Eton, where, diligent as a student, he was also renowned as a lover of all manly sports. While at Eton he induced his fellow-students, instead of indulging in foolish sports, to spend the Sunday afternoon in reading, which meeting ultimately developed into a Bible class, young Quintin giving short expositions of Scripture. He found the task quite trying at first, but it laid the foundation of moral courage in his character, while the boys admitted "they would have taken it from no one else."

At eighteen he left school to enter upon business life. He was, at first, a junior clerk in a tea office, where the service was distasteful, with little leisure. Afterwards he entered into the sugar trade, where he ultimately became the head of the firm of Hogg, Curtis, Campbell & Co. Henceforth sugar represented almost the whole business side of his life, but far dearer

to his heart was that of saving and elevating boys.

While in the tea house, which he called "The Den," he undertook, after hours, to reach the poor little street beggars. "What do you know about God?" he asked a couple of little urchins one day. "Why, that's the chap wot sends us to 'ell," came the prompt reply. "I felt I should go mad unless I did something to help some of these wretched little chaps," he said. Accordingly, one day he offered to teach two of them to read. With a tallow candle stuck in the mouth of a beer bottle, he began. But, presently, in the distance, a twinkling light was seen. "Kool ecilop," shouted one of the boys, at the same time "dousing the glim," when both bolted. Afterwards, when he became proficient in "back slang," he learned that "kool ecilop" was a warning cry—simply the words "look, police!" spelled backwards.

To learn the true misery of these boys he purchased a second-hand shoe-black outfit, but as a precautionary measure first baked the clothes in the oven after the servants had retired to bed.

It is said that once, on the streets, unknown to his father, he blacked his father's boots. He used to spend two or three nights a week with these boys supping off "tripe and onions," and sleeping curled up in a barrel, getting home in the morning in time for breakfast, all to learn how to reach and ennoble these ragged boys.

After a few months he and Arthur (now Lord) Kinnaid, hired a room in "Of Alley." This developed into the "Long Acre" Institute, and finally into the famous "Polytechnic." Some of the boys applied in an indescribable condition. To shave their heads and scrub them from head to foot was absolutely necessary, and Mr. Hogg did this with his own hands. On one

occasion during the cholera he found a little boy almost unconscious, dirty, and unattractive save his childlike gratitude when Mr. Hogg squeezed the juice of an orange into his mouth. On going away the little boy put up his hands and said, "Do kiss me, sir; no one has ever kissed me since my mother died," and the uncleanness of the surroundings was forgotten in pity for the child.

"None of our business? Wandering and sinful,
All through the streets of the city they go,
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather:
None of our business! Dare we say so?"

"None of our business! On, then, the music,
On with the feasting, though hearts sink
forlorn;
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn!"

"Somebody's dying (on with the dancing!)
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
Selling his all for a pitiful dole."

Mr. Hogg soon saw that the only earthly hope of many of these boys was to get away from their early surroundings, and accordingly he entered heartily into schemes of emigration. During the next few years about 1,500 boys were sent out to Canada and Australia, and it was a great joy in his after life, to meet many of these, whom he found then to be prosperous and respectable citizens.

In 1871 Mr. Hogg was married to Miss Graham, of Perthshire, Scotland. She proved to be a life-long helpmeet to him in the great work which lay so close to his heart.

He heard, almost by accident, that Mr. D. L. Moody, whom he had met in America, was preaching in London, and learning that he was staying at a hotel he invited him to his own home, though he was just then arranging a holiday with his wife's family in Scotland. A revival followed among the boys, numbering forty. On a subsequent visit of Mr. Moody's, a

meeting at Eton was arranged. This alarmed some of the authorities, one clerical dignitary going so far as to assert that the "American" was going to preach Republican doctrines, and asked for a reinforcement of troops to be in readiness to defend the Castle! Even in the House of Lords a question was asked about it. The result was that a very quiet meeting was held in a tradesman's garden—thus the safety of the Castle was assured. In 1884, Mr. Moody again visited England, and when he lived with Mr. Hogg, having his own brougham and rooms, while Mrs. Hogg and a staff of ladies acted as his secretaries.

For a time in Mr. Hogg's early married life he was interested in Spiritualism, but when he found his own children terrified by supposed ghosts, he stopped all seances in his own home. Afterwards he learned of the deceit and fraud of mediums, and once when it was declared his own mother was speaking, he replied: "If so, she must have deteriorated both morally and intellectually since she left this world!"

The classes under Mr. Hogg's care grew so rapidly that more room was imperatively necessary. So when the old Polytechnic, on Regent Street, came into the market in 1881, the lease was purchased for \$75,000. The new premises were opened on Sept. 25, 1882, by a meeting of Mr. Hogg's Bible class, which was symbolic of all his work. The class was attended by 1,300 young fellows. Over 1,000 new members were booked the first night. He had designed the place for 2,000 members, but during the first winter the number reached 6,800. At the present time there are 18,000 members and students. In two years the demand for educational classes became so great that Mr. Mitchell, Secretary, arranged for day classes. In 1885, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, one of the famous six brothers, became absorbed in the

Polytechnic, and since Mr. Hogg's death has been elected its President.

As the venture grew the uncontrollable public expenses grew likewise. In 1879 the deficit was only \$400; in 1881, \$580; in 1885, \$35,000. Until the deficits became too heavy Mr. Hogg bore them out of his own purse. His personal expenditure on the Polytechnic itself (not counting Long Acre and its predecessors), had amounted by 1899 to the large sum of \$487,000.

At last, Parliament and the Guilds made arrangements to place the Polytechnic on such a financial basis as not to be dependent, in the future, on the life, fortune or disposition of any one man. About this time, when a grant was mooted, there was some demur about the religious classes at the Polytechnic. The President (Mr. Hogg) refused to enter upon any discussion of the subject whatever, stating he would forego the money rather than neglect what he considered to be of the greatest value. He always argued for the development of the whole man in his physical, mental, moral and spiritual interests. Short of that he considered lives were one-sided, and to that extent failures.

Here we find one in a position to command ease, refinement and high social position, yet who scarcely ever attended "social functions" of any kind. He literally followed the motto, "This one thing I do," and gave forty years of his life to the service of those totally unable to repay his devotion, yet whose delight it was to live such a noble, unselfish life. To a friend that was remonstrating that he never saw him, he replied, "It isn't so much that I run the Poly. as that the Poly. runs me."

His church affiliations were not very marked on account of the numerous religious services in which he engaged or for which he was responsible. His Sunday forenoons were

spent in preparing for his Bible class; his favorite sermons were those of Revs. Phillips Brooks and W. Boyd Carpenter.

Mr. Hogg disliked smoking intensely, both because of the odor and its injury to health. When a friend in his home asked for the smoking room he conducted him up and up till they emerged upon the roof. When Lord Rosebery, in a public speech, claimed one could not win young men by prohibiting smoking, Mr. Hogg, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, combatted his opinion, and gave his experience in the Polytechnic to the contrary. He claimed that smokers sought the best corner in order to lounge—a spirit quite antagonistic to self-improvement.

He was easier on the subject of occasional dancing, provided it were done in a well-lighted building with plenty of people about, but he was opposed to dances “in holes and corners, liable to lead to wrong.” “Stop dancing by all means,” he said, “when it becomes the main employment of life.”

It surprises one that with all Mr. Hogg's sad experience in a great city, arising from intoxicating drink, that he was not personally a total abstainer, nor, in general, a advocate of total abstinence. As to himself it is stated that a moderate use of liquor was necessary for reasons of health. But he did recommend “teetotalism for those to whom excessive drinking was a temptation.”

He drew a distinction, satisfactory to himself, between brewing beer and distilling spirits on the one hand, and developing the retail sale of liquor in a public-house, because an article was manufactured which could be, and was, used medicinally. As a by-product of sugar manufacture (the business in which he was engaged) it was considered almost necessary to manufacture rum. But when considerable discussion on the subject arose in the

Polytechnic, he, fearing that his influence would be diminished, ordered that none of the profits which came to the firm through rum should be placed to his credit. This amounted to some thousands of pounds a year, the lack of which crippled his philanthropic efforts, but after considerable hesitation, he preferred to suffer financial loss in order to stand clear from hindering the Lord's work. On those estates which he owned himself, he gave orders to his manager to utilize the waste products of sugar in some other way than by producing rum.

Mr. Hogg had little faith in indiscriminate almsgiving.

When he first started Christian work, he determined to investigate the stories of the first hundred men who begged from him in the street. About 50 per cent. gave wrong addresses, most of the remainder were entirely fraudulent and undeserving, and only about two per cent. proved to be deserving cases in genuine need.

“Many people,” he said, “seem to think that some mysterious benefit is got by merely passing a shilling from the custody of one person into the custody of another. If, however, the person who parts with the shilling is a good citizen and a thrifty man, while the other who gets it is a drunkard or dissolute man, the result, far from being good, is altogether bad. Ten shillings given in the streets is ten shillings worse than wasted, whereas the same money spent in taking a mechanic's tools out of pawn, or in assisting to give a fellow a suit of clothes to enable him to get work, might permanently take a man out of the rank of the needy, and place him again in the comfort of home life.” “And yet,” he said, “it is better to trouble yourself needlessly with half-a-dozen impostors than to turn away and crush one really worthy fellow.”

The contrast between Mr. Hogg in business hours and the same man with “his boys,” was quite marked. He was a most difficult man to approach in business life. The formula was generally, “Well, sir, what do you want?” But in his own little room in

the Polytechnic he would, in some cases, counsel boys and young men who sought for advice, up to the midnight hour. He changed the proverb "time is money" into "time is opportunity." It is reckoned that one hundred people every month had private conversations with him. He called these "Nicodemus interviews," because the parties came by night. All kinds of distressful tales were told, to which he listened patiently, and gave advice as best he could. But sometimes they were of another color, as when a young man who had fallen desperately in love with one of the young lady reciters desired advice how to win her. Mr. Hogg felt this went beyond his limit, and turned the young man over to his wife.

He kept in constant touch with his boys by various methods, such as sending them a letter at New Year's, mailing them a souvenir on their birthday, the date of which he kept carefully recorded, and by taking dinner with them on Sundays in their own homes, thus keeping in close touch with their domestic lives.

While liberal himself, he always had an abnormal dislike to ask for money for his benevolent enterprises. When the rich Duke of Westminster went over the Woolwich Polytechnic, Mr. Hogg absconded, "because rich men," he said, "are thinking all the time one has some covert designs upon their pockets." He believed personal work for the needy solved all financial problems. "I never knew," he said, "a man who gave himself to such a work who did not bring along his purse with him."

While in Mauritius, on one occasion, the Union Catholique wished him to deliver some addresses to their young men. He consented on condition that the meeting was definitely religious, and that he should offer one prayer. They wished him to speak under the guise of a secular or

philanthropic lecturer. To this he said, "no," for he "could not smuggle the message of God under secular petticoats." Thus the proposal fell through.

Though Mr. Hogg was always averse to displays, yet when the silver anniversary of his wedding was near, his "boys" were determined to have a demonstration. Valuable presents were given himself and wife, and also \$65,000 to reduce the debt on the Polytechnic. For five hours Mr. and Mrs. Hogg stood to greet the stream of old and present members. After speaking a few words to, and shaking hands with a thousand or two, and seeing thousands more awaiting their turn, they shortened up to "How d'ye do," and at last into a wan fixed smile which, their friends declared, did not "come off" for several days afterwards.

Amongst Mr. Hogg's peculiarities, it may be mentioned that he had little love for the country; little interest in flowers, and no fondness for music. It was while in New York he went for the first time in his life, and much against his will, to the opera. He had been travelling long distances without sleep, and endeavored to be excused by the friend who invited him, but without success. He slept soundly whenever the "noise" allowed him to do so, and could truthfully assure his host he had "never enjoyed anything more."

Mr. Hogg travelled to distant lands, partly on business, partly to recuperate his health. At such times he wrote most interesting letters of his travels, which were published in *The Polytechnic Magazine*, extracts from which are given in his biography. They display a fine literary style, a keen mind, a deeply religious spirit, and a vivid appreciation of the odd, the old and the ludicrous.

Realizing that the young men under his care needed recreation, and espe-

cially travel to broaden their minds, Mr. Hogg, with his secretary, planned tours on the Continent which proved very successful in every sense. These trips were taken to Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, and Rome, and one even to the World's Fair, Chicago.

As the Institute was closing for the night of Jan. 16, 1903, Mr. Hogg was shaking hands with the members, when one lad passed him thinly clad. "Where's your overcoat this cold night, sonny?" he asked. The boy replied he had none. Mr. Hogg requested the porter to bring a warm coat, into which he buttoned the boy before he went home. That was his last personal service for "his boys."

That night he retired to his room in the Polytechnic, which he often used when tired or late, and off which was a bathroom. Next morning he was found in his bath quite dead—an unfinished letter to one of his boys lying upon his desk. At first it was thought to be a case of sudden heart failure, but was afterwards discovered to be asphyxiation, caused by the want of sufficient ventilation for the fumes from the gas stove, though it had been used for four years without knowledge of this fatal defect. Great was the sadness and mourning. At the funeral the crowd filled All Souls' Church, the space in front, also the front of Langham Hotel, and as far as the eye could see up Portland Place. The boys he loved escorted him to his last resting-place.

He had arranged to take the religious service on the day which proved to be the one following his death. By

a curious coincidence the hymn he had selected was "I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet," and which was sung on the occasion. He had passed so quietly and quickly into his mansion that the feeling seemed more triumphant and peaceful than sad. Mr. Studd gave voice to this when he suggested that the choir, which had begun with the Dead March in Saul, should close with the Hallelujah Chorus. "You could not," said he, "end that life with a Dead March. Nothing can be too joyful or too triumphant to express pride in our chief, or joy in his triumph." At the head of his grave stands a cross on which one word is written: "Satisfied."

At present there are 10,793 members and 39,818 students in the various Polytechnics. But as the majority of members are also students, it is estimated that over 45,000 young people are benefited by these Institutes. Writing on this subject in the London Times, Mr. Harry Cunynghame says:

"These stand like forts in the sea of London's temptations to youthful dissipation, ignorance and idleness. But for Mr. Quintin Hogg all these had never been, and it is sincerely to be hoped that London will not forget his memory. Many men have been buried in Westminster Abbey who have done less for the country than this great and good man, whose untimely death so many London boys must deplore."

A beautiful and touching tribute to Mr. Hogg's life was one given by a boy whom he went to visit on his death-bed. Drawing his benefactor's face close to his ear, he whispered, faintly, "I will tell Jesus of the Polytechnic."

Oakville, Ont.

THE HELPER.

The way seems rough over brier and root,
And the road is so long;
But the Feet that were tired with going afoot
Help mine to be strong.

The Hand that He reaches out to me
Has a scar in the palm;
'Tis a heart that was broken on Calvary
Teaches mine to be calm.

THE MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY AND HOW TO PREPARE FOR IT.

BY THE REV. W. A. COOKE.



IF I were a seer, and, under the prophetic afflatus, might make known what shall come to pass hereafter, I would tell you whether the Church of the future will continue the missionary anniversary, or whether there shall be a quarterly missionary meeting, or a monthly missionary service, or whether, after apostolic precept, "the collection for the saints" and sinners in the regions beyond will be taken up on the first day of each week.

Alas! I am no prophet, and unless the matter has been revealed to you, we must content ourselves to await the event.

If I were an ecclesiastical statesman, and in my practical sagacity could make competent and confident judgment as to missionary methods in the home Church, I would at once constitute myself an advocate, and either strongly urge the conservation of the time-honored missionary anniversary, or with the greater enthusiasm that accompanies the emergence of a new idea, I should pour shot and shell into the antiquated, out-grown, inefficient, fossilized missionary anniversary, and urge vehemently upon a convention, called for the very purpose of inaugurating a forward movement in missions, the wisdom, nay, the most absolute necessity, of bringing forward the missionary enterprise into its own rightful, foremost place in the Church's life, and of making every day a missionary day. And, sir, I have to confess that the simple setting forth of the alternative

almost compels me into the camp of the reformers. For, with all our reverence for the traditional glories of the missionary anniversary, it is perfectly clear that in view of the stupendous work before our Church in China and Japan, to say nothing of the closer duty to the Canadian aborigines, the policy of annual collections has measurably failed, and one is willing to be "fanatic named, and fool" for saying the "time is ripe, yes, rotten ripe, for change." If, as I have said, I had confidence in my competence, I should spend my half-hour on "The Missionary Anniversary and How to Replace It." However, recanting for the moment of my hesitant heresy, and reserving to myself the privilege of returning, like Cranmer, on fresh accession of courage, to the faith of the Reformers, we will accept the missionary anniversary as an institution in our Church, and consider how to make the best of it.

The Purpose of the Anniversary.

It is well to set clearly before ourselves the purpose of the missionary anniversary. What do we seek to accomplish by it? The furtherance of God's work at home and abroad. Yes, but in what way? I would say by stirring up spiritual interest in the work, and by gathering up financial principal for the work, and if you would forgive me, I would add that the spiritual interest should be the principal thing.

Our holy religion puts highest value on the spirit. Our Lord's first beatitudes are spoken of those who are right in spirit. And in harmony with the genius of our religion, the missionary services should, as of first im-

portance, teach the right spiritual attitude towards world-evangelization. When our congregations with humbled, wondering minds, stand awed and reverent before the eternal purpose and the everlasting love of God; when God makes known to them, as he did to Paul, the mystery "that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus, through the Gospel"; when the people stand as loyal, obedient disciples in the presence of their Lord, and hear him give his Great Command, then missionary zeal is not "strange fire," but is kindled at the very altar of God. And it will be no profanation of that holy flame if you stir it up by telling the splendid story of the conquering march of the missionary host led by the impetuous Peter, and the incomparable, unconquerable Paul—"a noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid"—who "met the tyrant's brandished steel, the lion's gory mane, who bowed their necks the death to feel," and who in three centuries had proved themselves mightier than the legions of Cæsar. You will add "fuel of fire," as you recount the history of missionary heroism which extends down to our own day, and is the glory of the Church. Then, as you tell of our own great opportunity of honoring our Master's word, the glow of a great enthusiasm should be manifest throughout all the assembly.

The glowing heart delights in sacrifice. What is now needed is merely such simple, practical common-sense business methods as shall reap the full harvest. It is not only poor business, it is defective morals, to do the work of God so negligently that even the fragments are lost. We should see to it that the finest and truest spirit expresses itself in the largest and most generous, practical results. For it is true, as a recent Outlook editorial

says, "Money and missions are more intimately connected than even our practical Methodism seems willing in a practical way to admit."

How to Prepare for It.

To make the most of the missionary anniversary, we must make adequate preparation for it. How?

1. Begin early. As soon as my friend, Mr. Farmer, has his wheat stacked in the field, even before he has threshed, I see him striking out his furrows and ploughing his ground in preparation for the next year's crop. A wise man, Mr. Farmer! A fore-handed man! He prepares a year ahead. Even so the wise laborer for the Lord will straightway put his hand to the Gospel plough and prepare the ground with a sermon on "Paul's vision of the Macedonian," "Come over into Macedonia and help us," and harrow it with an address on the "Famine in Samaria," "We do not well; this is a day of good tidings and we hold our peace; and in due time will sow the good seed of the word of Jesus," "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And he shall reap, it may be thirty, perhaps sixty, or a hundred-fold.

2. Encourage the missionary department of the League, and missionary interests in the Sunday-school, and thus be breaking new ground, and preparing for future harvests, besides receiving the not inconsiderable present returns for your labor. Foster the Woman's Missionary Society in its most noble and most wise work. It is more than possible that there is more genuine missionary intelligence and enthusiasm among our sisters of the W.M.S. than could be found in twice the number of men-members in

church-office. Help these women which labor with us in the Gospel, for though their field is on the other side of the fence, it is the same farm, it is all in the family, and their good husbandry will stimulate their husbands and sons to better tillage and fuller tills.

3. When Neil Dow, of imperishable memory, was asked how they managed to carry Prohibition in Maine, he answered that they sowed the State knee-deep with temperance literature. Among all the many interests of human life, it is doubtful whether there is one that lends itself so readily to interesting literary treatment as the missionary enterprise; and already there is, a supply of attractive leaflets, pamphlets and books, the circulation of which would help much in preparing for the anniversary. The new Forward Movement in our Church for missionary indoctrination is a movement in the right direction, and we are not any of us in imminent danger of forgetting the value of the printed page.

4. When the day of the missionary anniversary is drawing near, proclaim it from the house-tops. Modern business can teach the Christian Church many things, and one of the things we may wisely learn is the value of advertisement. In this matter it is certain that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Richard Baxter has very truly said, "The work of the Church is exceedingly retarded by our unworthy retiredness." If there is to be only an annual missionary meeting, it should be a "big thing," or, with dignity more worthy of its importance, let us say it should be a

great occasion. A small Methodist church in a Territorial town secured the services for missionary day of a brilliant returned missionary, they hired the large town hall and flooded the town with handbills, filled the building, filled the plates, and left all former givings far behind. A prominent and successful worker in Sunday-school conventions recently gave a short but sure recipe for a good convention: "Prepare a splendid meal, then ring the bell, and don't forget to ring the bell!"

5. But the best of all, better than the dinner bell, louder than the church bell, higher than the belfry, out of the clear heavens comes our surest help. Our "help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." "The emulous heaven yearns down, makes effort to reach the earth," and we should do our best by prayer to "scale the sky." When Christ saw the wide-spreading fields, His word to His disciples was, "Pray." "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest." "Pray," said Paul to the Thessalonians, "pray that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified." Brethren, let us pray. Let us seek to come into the fellowship of the fervency and passion of Isaiah. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. . . . I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

He who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

THE NEOPHYTE.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

An incident in the life of Martin Luther.

At the vespers monks were singing
And the solemn church-bells ringing,
With those heavenly voices blended,
Floating over hill and vale.

In his lowly cell was kneeling
One lone monk, the sunset stealing,
As through grating it descended,
O'er his face, upturned and pale.

Loud the holy brethren chanted—
But that fevered spirit panted
For the light of long-dead ages,
For a glory unrevealed,

And within his bosom thronging
Many a passion, many a longing
For the truth of sacred pages,
Locked in darkness, closed and sealed.

Fear his spirit was assailing,
And each effort unavailing
To subdue the ghostly terror
Rising in that troubled breast.

Shadows seemed to close around him,
And the deepening twilight found him
Struggling hopelessly with error,
Weary, heart-sick and distressed.

“ Virgin, hear my supplication !
Send me heavenly consolation,
Oh, dispel this night of sadness !
Holy Maid, I call on thee ! ”

But these words were scarcely spoken
Ere the silence deep was broken
By transcendent chords of gladness,
“ Christ hath won the victory ! ”

And through every fibre thrilling
Passed the magic sentence, filling
With the grandeur of its story
That poor trembling neophyte.

“ Oh, my God ! the strife is ended,
And the peace of Heaven descended
With that tale of wondrous glory
Breathed into my soul this night ! ”

“ Virgin pure, to thee no longer
Rise my prayers ! With spirit stronger
Chelsea, S. W., London, Eng.

Unto Christ I now petition.
He hath won the victory !

“ And no more my supplications,
Or thy heavenly meditations,
Or thy holy intercessions,
Shalt thou make on high for me.

“ Christ, my Saviour, is for ever,
And through endless ages, never
Thou, or any saint above us,
Comest between God and Man !

“ What is prelate or confessor
Unto Christ, the Intercessor,
Who did plead for us and love us
Ever since the world began ?

“ Lord of life and our salvation,
Help me to arouse this nation !
Lift it out of blinding error
To the noble paths of right.

“ By the ways that Thou has brought me,
And the truths that Thou hast taught me,
Guide it through the vale of terror,
Into everlasting light.”

Then with accents deeper, warmer,
Cried, once more, the Great Reformer
“ Strong, through never-ending ages
True and steadfast is thy name ! ”

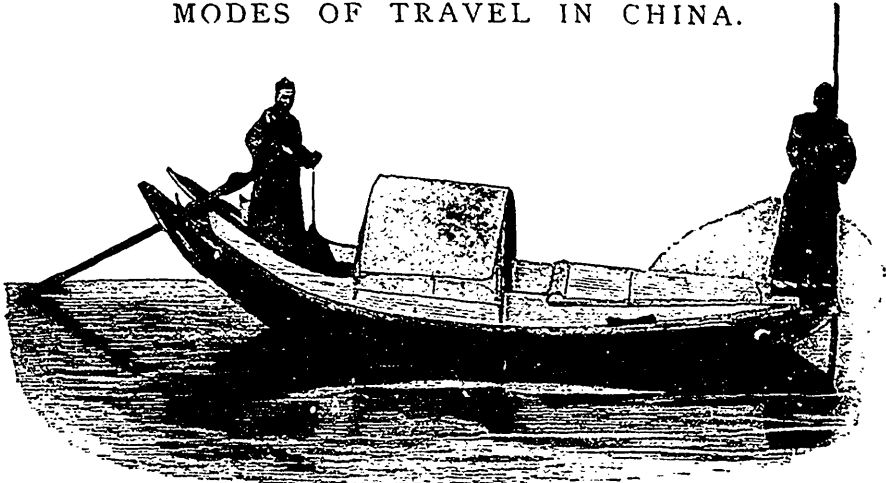
“ And with Thee to stand beside me,
Nought I dread what shall betide me ;
I will ope the long-shut pages,
And their deathless truth proclaim.

“ Pope and Emperor, Church and laymen
Fruitlessly shall strive to stay them.
They will spread through every nation
Emanating from Thy throne.”

And this final sentence uttered,
In his breast the pulses fluttered,
Down he sank in pale prostration
On the chilly pavement-stone.

There, by morning's dawn, they found him,
And the brethren gathered round him
Gazing on those pallid features
Radiant with a peace unknown.

MODES OF TRAVEL IN CHINA.



[CHINESE GONDOLA OR "SAMPAN." THE EYE AT THE BOW IS TO HELP IT FIND ITS WAY.]



THE Chinaman is a being decidedly utilitarian in his ways of thinking and acting. He scorns appearances, if he can by any means attain his end, which is to secure as large a measure of draught power with as little trouble to himself as may be. A bullock and a donkey in the shafts, or driven tandem ; a large horse and a small mule yoked together ; or even, sometimes, a man or woman harnessed with an ass, are among the arrangements which astonish the traveller from the West. Wheelbarrows abound, and the labor of propulsion is assisted, if the weather be favorable, by the hoisting of a sail, or, if not, by attaching a mule in front. Could the reader witness such a scene as this and keep his gravity?—two pompous Chinese gentlemen, elegantly attired, sitting on a barrow, thumping along the uneven road, their round cheeks trembling like a jelly, while two pant-

ing and perspiring coolies endeavor to steady the handles of the machine, and a melancholy mule drags it along by means of a rope, or a whole group of Chinese girls on a barrow, as shown in one of our cuts. A hundred such strange sights may be seen in a day.

It is very strange that among an ancient people like the Chinese, who certainly have had time enough to make inventions, and who are notably skillful in copying any invention they see, there should be no carriages that one can travel in with comfort. Wherever it is possible to do so the natives travel in boats on rivers or canals ; but where they must go by land, sedan chairs, carried by men, or wheelbarrows, are used. The principal mode of travelling is by the sedan chair. These are used in all the cities where the streets are too narrow for other conveyances to pass.

But some of the larger cities, especially Peking, have queer-looking carts called chariots. They are not only rudely built, but they are very uncomfortable. They are entirely destitute



HALF A TON OF CHINESE GIRLS CAN BE CARRIED A MILE OR TWO
FOR A PENNY ON A ONE-WHEEL CART.

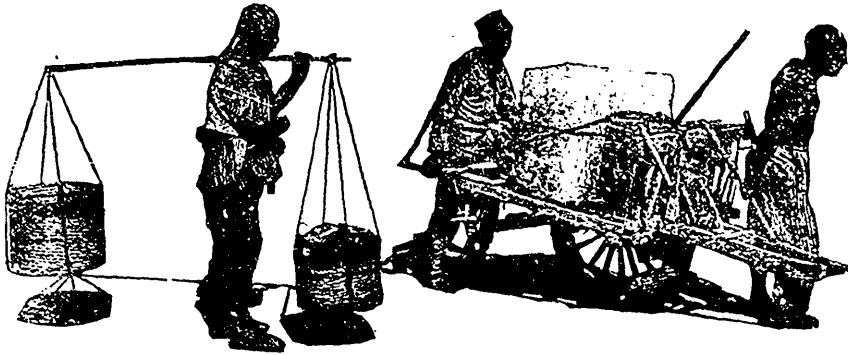
of springs, and the passenger sits cross-legged on the bed of the cart, exactly above the axle, without any support for his back. An Englishman says of them that "for discomfort they surpass every other conveyance of the kind to be found in any part of the world where he has been." These are the carriages in which the missionaries do most of their touring.

On this subject the Rev. T. M. Morris writes :

"The Chinese or Peking cart, while a very venerable and respectable institution, is, regarded as a mode of conveyance, neither commodious nor luxurious. It is a small, but very heavy and strong, tilted cart on two wheels ; the whole conveyance is built of very strong, tough wood, the wheels heavily tired with iron, and further protected on the outside with iron bosses ; the axle-tree is of large dimen-

sions and great strength, and the axle projects on each side of the cart some six or seven inches.

"The roads of China can only be characterized as bad and worse. I believe there are no good roads in China, except in the foreign settlements ; all the others I have seen are unutterably bad. The very bad roads are, I think, on the whole easier to travel on than those which are slightly better. On the very bad roads the mules are obliged to move slowly and cautiously ; the concussions are very violent as you are jolted into a hole or jerked out of one. As the mules make a rush at a bank, and then without the slightest regard for your feelings, let you drop on the other side you have your teeth nearly shaken out of your head and your breath put out of your body. But then you have this consolation that an interval of per-



THIS ONE-WHEEL BARROW IS USED BY THE CHINESE AS A WAGGON, OMNIBUS, OR CART.

haps a minute must elapse before another such concussion will occur. But if the road improves a little, the mules are inclined or persuaded to break into a gentle trot, and then every part of your unfortunate body is agitated by a constant and terrible vibration, and it is an occasion of both astonishment and gratitude that a complicated piece of mechanism like the human body can remain in going order after many hours of such treatment.

"Our missionaries have seized the idea of the wheelbarrow, and have improved upon it, and the result is that they have, for fine weather, the most comfortable conveyance that I have seen in this country, and one which, with its single wheel, can travel where no two-wheeled conveyance could possibly go.

"The barrow is a strong wooden framework about six feet long and four feet six inches broad with two short shafts at each end, which the



THE PALANQUIN OF A MANDARIN OF ONE OF THE LOWER GRADES.

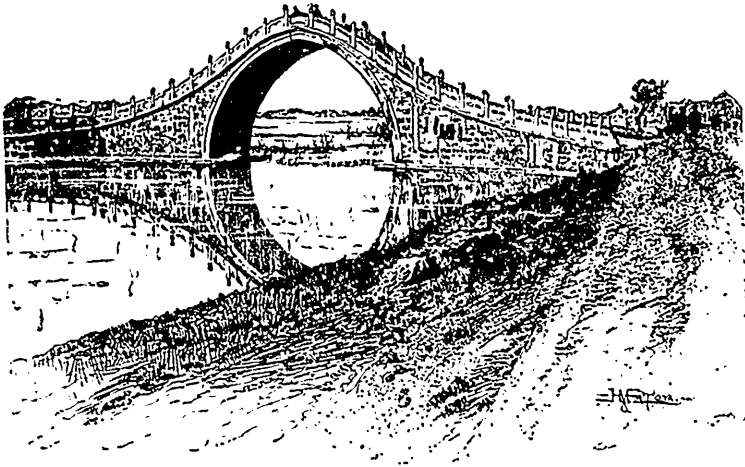


A CHAIR OF THIS KIND IS USED BY THE CHINESE WHEN TRAVELING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY AND ON LONG JOURNEYS.

barrow-men hold. The wheel works in a kind of a slot in the middle, the upper part being boxed in. The wheel is a very strong one, three feet ten inches in diameter. In addition to the barrow-men, who are strong and skilful—as they have need to be—there is harnessed to the barrow, for a long journey or a heavy load, a pony, donkey or mule. The animal is attached to the barrow by rope traces, about four or five yards long, so that he is able to choose his way, and can get on a bank, or to the top of a steep rise, and thus help the barrow-men as otherwise he could not. These barrows will carry two passengers, one on either side; or if only one, the bedding and baggage can be packed on the unoccupied side. The barrows used for the conveyance of merchandise are very strong but rough con-

structions, and immense loads are carried upon them. On a long day's journey you will meet with hundreds of these barrows."

China is intersected everywhere with a great number of canals (some two thousand in number), and as there are numerous highways crossing these canals, a great many bridges are required. Some of these take a peculiar hunchback form, as it is called—like the one shown in the cut on next page—to permit large-sized vessels to pass. The canal traffic is of enormous extent, and these waterways of the empire contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity. The Chinese are great sailors. Many families spend their lives in boats, and their junks navigate with boldness all the eastern seas. These carry very large sails, whose bamboo ribs make them



HUNSHACK BRIDGE.

look like the huge wings of a bat, or some such uncanny creature.

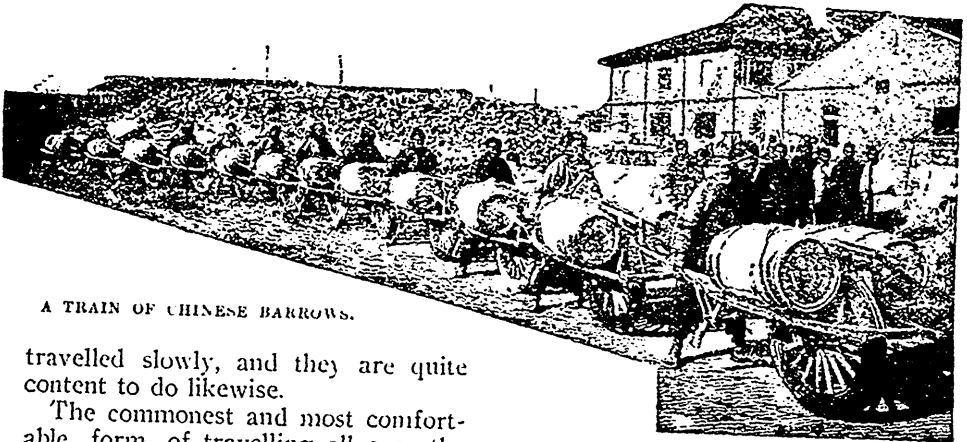
"The boat population of many places in China," writes Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, "is very large. People are born, live and die in boats, never knowing any other home. These are often kept very neatly, being scoured white with sand, and frequently ornamented with pot plants. I have often watched

with interest little boys but just able to stand, holding the oar with the mother, and learning to keep time with her in rowing, while she looked on with all a mother's loving pride. Many of the boat population are Catholics, and the pictures of the Virgin Mary or St. Peter have replaced those of the Goddess of Mercy and Sailor Goddess. The transition seemed easy."

Throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire, writes Mr. H. C. Smart, it would be difficult to find a boat with anything but a flat nose; it has never occurred to the Chinese mind that a boat with a pointed stern would probably travel faster than one with a flat nose; their ancestors



REMOVING—A CHINESE PANTECHNICON WITH
A MIXED TEAM.



A TRAIN OF CHINESE BARROWS.

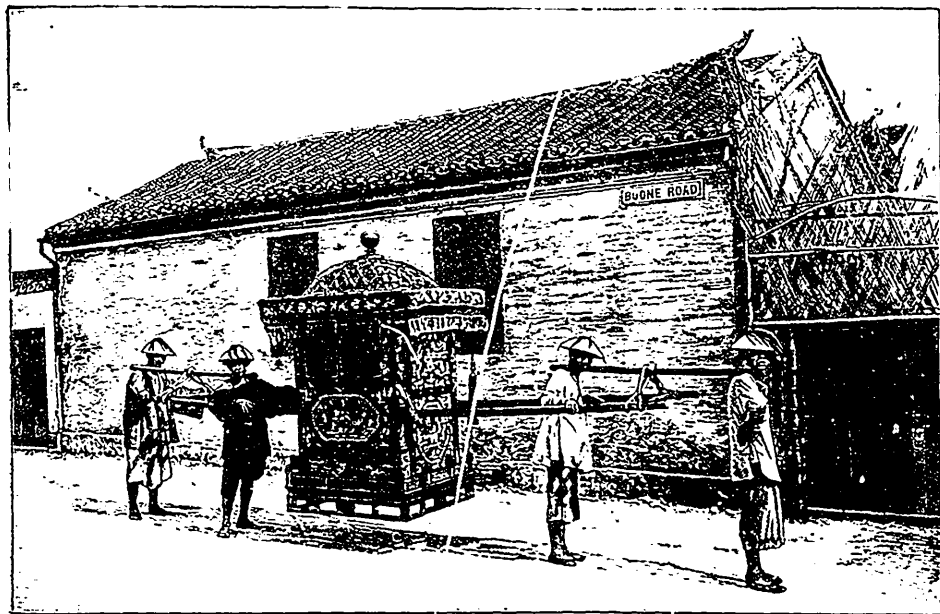
travelled slowly, and they are quite content to do likewise.

The commonest and most comfortable form of travelling all over the eighteen provinces is by chair or palanquin, which is borne by two, three, four, or eight men, according to the rank and financial position of the indi-

vidual carried. It is essentially the mode of conveyance used by the official and wealthier classes, and corresponds to our carriage and hansom. Only



GOING TO MARKET.



OFFICIAL SEDAN CHAIR.

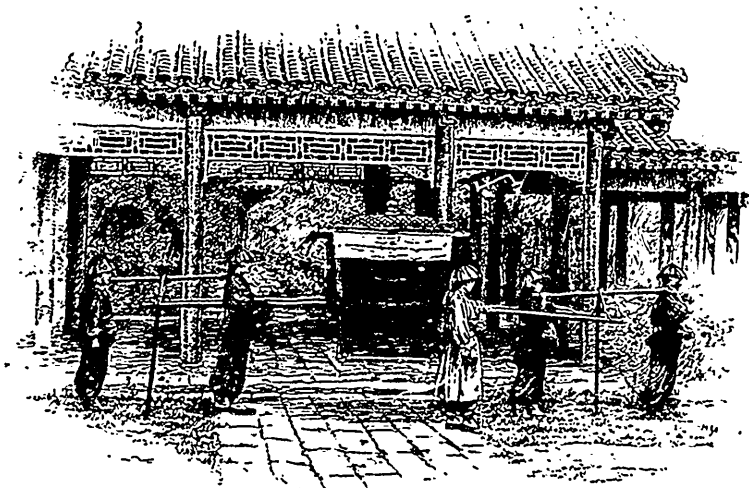
mandarins of higher grade—those who wear the red button—are permitted to have eight bearers; merchants and officials of the lower grades never being allowed more than four bearers, and any infringement of this law is severely punished. It does seem horrible when men have to compete with horses and oxen for a living, but the coolies are quite oblivious of their degradation: they earn fourpence and fivepence a day, on which they can support themselves and families, and so they are content.

The endurance of these palanquin bearers is wonderful; over the steepest hill and most rugged country they will travel from sunrise to sunset, performing wonders of skill and endurance, laughing and joking all the while, as if their work were some huge joke. Good bearers will perform their work in such a manner that all jolting is done away with, which ren-

ders the chair the most comfortable conveyance in the Flowery Kingdom.

The one-wheel barrow shown on page 422 takes the place of our waggon, omnibus, and cart. It serves to convey produce and pigs to market, to take the business man round the town, and to carry a family out for a holiday into the country. As seen in our illustration, the passengers sit on either side, the wheel being in the centre. When the weight of the sides is uneven—as it usually is—it is no easy matter for the coolie to balance his vehicle, and it frequently happens that a party of Celestial ladies and gentlemen are deposited in the mud. To either handle of the barrow is attached a rope, which passes over the back of the coolie: thus the greater part of the weight rests on his back.

The absence of any springs makes wheel-barrow riding anything but a pleasure. Most Canadians would



SEDAN CHAIR.

rather walk twenty miles than ride one mile in a Chinese barrow ; it is one of the most painful operations I know. The great weight that these barrow coolies will wheel is almost incredible : for a large barrow half a ton is a common load.

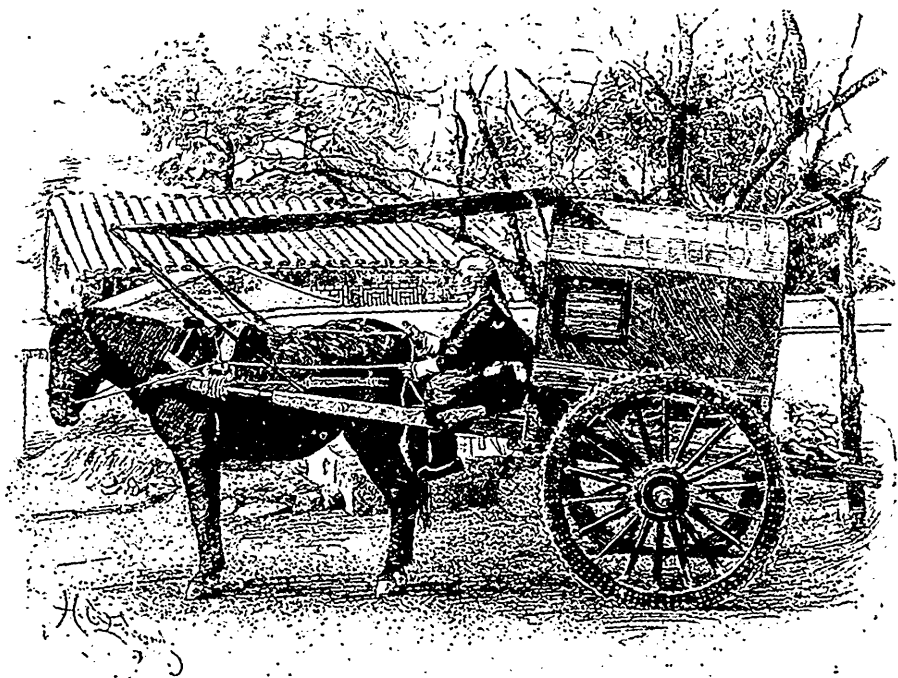
There are not many Canadian laborers who would care about wheeling the nine daughters of China shown in picture on page 418 along a rough road for a mile or two for the handsome sum of one penny—the girls

would easily turn the scale at half a ton. At all the treaty ports in China these barrow coolies are extensively engaged by foreigners in carrying goods between the different wharves and warehouses.

In Northern China the barrows are pulled by either donkeys or bullocks, a coolie holding the handle of the vehicle to balance it, and the skill with which he guides the barrow is remarkable. In Peking and the surrounding country all heavy goods



RACECOURSE AND BUBBLING WELL ROAD, HONG KONG.



CHINESE OR PERIN CART.

appear to be carried by barrow ; in fact, the dilapidated state of the roads makes it almost impossible for any other mode of conveyance. These roads are supposed to be repaired every year, but the repairing only exists on paper.

The Chinese sampan, or rowboat, very much resembles an Italian gondola. It is propelled by one oar in a similar manner to the gondola, and others are propelled in much the same way as our own rowing boats. At the nose of the sampan in our illustration will be seen the representation of an eye, without which the Chinese conscientiously believe it to be impossible for a boat to find its way, and the absence of it would result in some horrible catastrophe. "No got hi, no can see," say the Chinese boatmen, and so they always give their sampans two eyes.

On the gunwale of the boat near the stern is fixed a wooden spike which fits into a hole bored in the oar. To the end of the oar is attached a rope which is made fast to the boat ; the boatman works the oar backwards



CHINESE GENTLEMEN IN THEIR CLUB PARK.

and forwards, giving the blade a motion resembling the movement of a steamer's screw. A sampan man will easily drive his boat four miles an hour.

John Chinaman, though his national history is one of arrested development, is not averse to the adoption of new methods. Many persons think that the jinrikisha is an oriental institution. As a matter of fact it was invented by an enterprising Yankee and was very widely adopted in Japan and China. One of our cuts shows the adaptation of these pullman-cars for sight-seeing, in connection with another western institution, the race-course, which, with its concomitant

evils, has largely followed western civilization. At the Paris Exposition numerous Tonquinese coolies trundled their jinrikishas through the crowds, making way for themselves by the stentorian cry, "L'attention!"

Still more up-to-date is the adoption of the bicycle, though the long and cumbersome skirts of the Chinese gentlemen, shown in our oval cut, must surely interfere with this style of locomotion. The Chinaman is not an adept at horsemanship. We seldom see him ride, and they have almost no cavalry in their armies. The Sikh soldiers of India are perfect Centaurs. One of these is shown on guard at Shanghai.



A SIKH SOLDIER.

SUN DOWN.

Caught in the hedgerows, burns the low,
Waste ember of the outworn day;
So near, a wondering child might go
And blow the sleepy flame, in play,
Almost away.

And yet, where sink the banks, its stream
Prolongs far in the breathless west;
Succumbs in silence, like a dream

Outdreamed and falling from the breast,
At last at rest.

But, ere the grey night clasp his hood
And call the stars, one clear thrush tells
That day was radiant, rest is good,
And morrow, pure as her own wells,
Sleeps in the swells.

—D. A. L.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.



THE irrepressible conflict between the North and the South on the question of slavery became more and more acute. The addition of slave holding states in the South—Mississippi, Louisiana, and the territory of Arkansas—widened the field and increased the political influence of the peculiar institution. The opponents of slavery denied that men could be held as property under the jurisdiction of the United States, however the case might be under the laws of particular states. The debate on the admission of Missouri as a territory to the Union was long and acrimonious. By the famous Missouri compromise it was decided that the clause prohibiting slavery in the territory should be stricken out, but that it should be prohibited north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$.

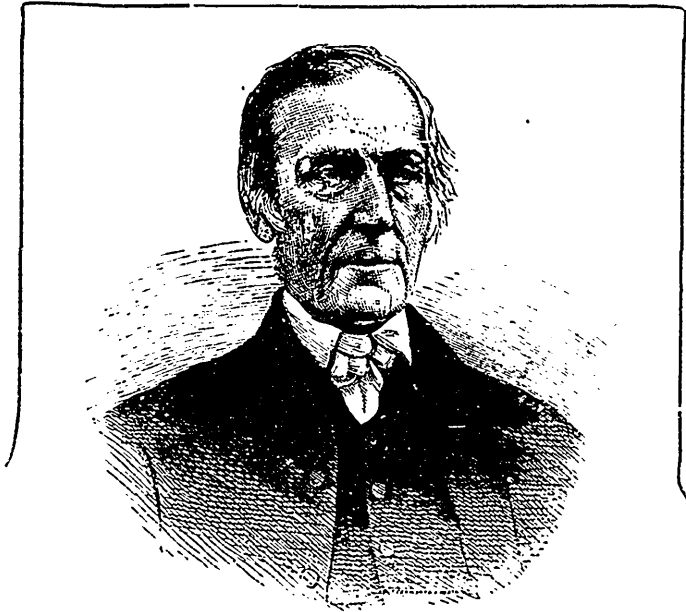
The anti-slavery agitation was rekindled by the efforts chiefly of Benjamin Lundy and of William Lloyd Garrison, and of a host of abolition workers. Lundy published a small paper in Baltimore, entitled, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," and in 1831 William Lloyd Garrison began the issue of *The Liberator*, an uncompromising abolition paper.

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned
young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began."

Garrison declared that slave holding was a sin against God and a crime against man, and that immediate

emancipation was the right of every slave, a duty of every master. The American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia in 1833, the famous philanthropist, Arthur Tappan, being its first president. It pronounced all laws admitting the right of slavery to be "before God utterly null and void." It declared that the principles of its members led them "to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage." Their measures, it said, would be "such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, the destruction of error by the potency of truth, and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance." An active propaganda was formed for diffusion of anti-slavery sentiment by means of public meetings, lectures, newspapers, petitions to Congress, appeals to Christian and patriotic sentiment.

In 1854 the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska were organized. The Act of Congress declared that the Missouri Compromise Act, by which slavery was for ever prohibited north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, was inoperative and void. Large emigration of determined "Free Soilers" to the new territories took place from the New England and the north-western states. At the same time many settlers from Missouri passed into Kansas, taking their slaves with them. A concerted movement for the extension of slavery was made. In 1856 armed bands from Missouri took possession of the polls, and pro-slavery delegates, with gross illegality, by fraud and force, were elected to the territorial legislature. This legislature passed an act making it felony to conceal or aid escaping



LEVI COFFIN.

slaves, to circulate anti-slavery publications, or to deny the right to hold slaves in the territory. The Free Soilers formed a constitutional convention, by which slavery was prohibited in Kansas.

The contest between the pro-slavery and abolition parties became so violent that several men were killed on each side. Soon a state of civil war existed, many pro-slavery armed men coming from Georgia, Alabama, and other southern states, supplied with arms, and many Free Soilers from non-slaveholding states. In May, 1856, a fight took place at Pottawattamie, where the famous John Brown, who later instigated the raid at Harper's Ferry, was encamped. Five men were killed, and many subsequent hostile encounters took place. In a still more bloody encounter at Ossawatimie, one of Brown's sons was killed.

After a most determined effort to secure the toleration of slavery, a con-

stitutional convention was held at Wyandotte in 1859, which adopted a constitution prohibiting slavery. This was ratified by the people, and under this provision Kansas was admitted into the Union.

On October 16th, 1859, John Brown, with three sons and eighteen other persons, made a brave but ill-judged raid upon Harper's Ferry. His purpose was to capture the United States' arsenal and rally the slave population of the neighborhood, and retreat with them to Canada, or, should that prove impossible, to inaugurate a general servile war. The arsenal was seized. John Brown boldly declared that his object was to free the slaves, and that he "acted by the authority of God Almighty." The insurrection was speedily suppressed. Two of Brown's sons were slain. The brave old man was summarily tried, and on December 2nd was ignominiously hanged. His attempt was futile



MRS. LEVI COFFIN.

for the time, but on many a hard-fought field and in many a weary march, the chant,

“ John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
But his soul is marching on,”

was the presage of the final abolition of slavery.

The chief interest of President Buchanan’s administration centred around the slavery controversy. The famous Dred Scott decision largely succeeded in ranging the advocates and enemies of slavery in hostile camps. Dred Scott, a negro slave, brought suit to recover his freedom as having been taken into a free state. Judge Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, declared that Scott was not entitled to bring suit in a Federal court because he was not a citizen, and declared further that negroes, whether slaves or free, had, for more than a century previous to the adoption of the Declaration of In-

dependence, been regarded “ as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.”

At the Republican Convention in Chicago, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated as President, and Hannibal Hamlin as Vice-President. The platform adopted at that convention re-affirmed the principle of personal liberty, of the Federal constitution, and asserted, “ That the new dogma that the constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all of the territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy.” It asserted the normal condition of all the territory of the United States to be that of freedom, and denied the authority of Congress, of a territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States.

Within six months eleven of the slave owning states passed ordinances of secession and appeal to the stern arbitrament of war. President Lincoln gave strong assurance of the purpose of the government to maintain the *status quo* of slavery. "My paramount object," he said, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

Soon, however, as a military necessity, the slaves employed in the Confederate armies were declared "contraband of war." In March, 1862, the President recommended that the United States, in order to co-operate with any state which may adopt abolition of slavery, give to such state pecuniary aid. This resolution, however, proved inoperative. On September 22nd the President announced that on the first day of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof should then be in rebellion, should be then, thenceforward, and for ever free."

Already slavery had been abolished in all the territories of the United States. On June 23rd, 1864, all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves to their masters were repealed. On January 31st, 1865, by a constitutional amendment, slavery was formally abolished throughout the entire Union, and the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution absolutely forbade compensation being made, either by the United States or by any state. "Thus terminated for ever in the United States the system of bondage which had been its chief reproach in the eyes of the world and of its own people; which from the outset had been the principal source of solicitude to its statesmen; and the Southern defenders of which finally assailed the life of the nation with a power and persistency from which it barely escaped, after losses and sacrifices such as few

peoples in modern times have been called upon to suffer."

It is estimated that more than 30,000 American slaves, after escaping from bondage, found refuge in Canada. These were helped on their way to the land of liberty by a philanthropic organization known as "The Underground Railway." A large number of these persons were members of the Society of Friends, who at much cost and no little peril and persecution conducted the fugitives by night from one Quaker settlement to another, concealing them from the United States marshals, till at last they succeeded in crossing the Canadian frontier. One of the leaders in this movement was Levi Coffin, who assisted many hundreds to escape. One of these fugitives afterwards became a member of the Senate of South Carolina.

Harriet Tubman, herself a full-blooded negress, and a slave for twenty-five years, aided the escape of nearly three hundred other slaves. Many were the incidents of thrilling interest in these escapes. Sometimes the fugitives, on reaching Canadian soil, would burst into hysterical sobbing and singing. Sometimes they fairly wallowed in the free soil of Canada. One terrified fugitive cowered in the railroad car for fear of recapture till Harriet Tubman fiercely exclaimed, "Joe, you've shook de lion's paw; Joe, you're free." Sometimes, but seldom, the fugitives were kidnapped and returned to the bonds of slavery.

Among these fugitives was the famous Thomas Henson, the original of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom. Considerable settlements were formed at Chatham, St. Catharines, and other places in Canada, but after the war considerable numbers returned to the more congenial climate of the United States.

Strenuous efforts have been made for the moral and intellectual improvement of the freedmen of the South since the war. Freedmen's aid societies of the different Churches have spent large sums in establishing schools, normal and industrial colleges, and other institutions of learning. The Churches, both North and South, have also expended large sums in the evangelization of the colored people. That population has increased to 8,000,000. How to secure its best moral and political well-being is one of the gravest problems which confront the American people.

After the war, in many parts of the old slave states, the blacks were terrorized by lawless organizations known as the Ku-Klux-Klans. In some of these states they are still deprived of their political rights. There has also prevailed a considerable amount of lawlessness among the negroes, especially in crimes against the person, which has been ruthlessly visited by the penalty of lynching, that is, hanging or shooting without form of trial, sometimes with reckless and aggravated cruelty.

Abolition Heroes.

Garrison, to whom we have already referred, was ably seconded by a noble band of heroes, who endured ostracism, obloquy, and persecution on behalf of the slave." We have mentioned Benjamin Lundy, who in his little paper with a great name, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," boldly denounced the evil of slavery in the city of Baltimore, one of its chief marts. George Thompson, an earnest-souled abolitionist, thrilled with his eloquence great audiences in the Old World and in the New. He was bitterly denounced in New England as a British emissary sent to destroy American institutions. In the city of Boston the streets were placarded with the announcement that "that infamous

foreign scoundrel, 'Thompson,' was to speak, and a purse of a hundred dollars was offered the person who would first lay violent hands on him, "so that he might be brought to the tar kettle." After profoundly stirring the country he returned to England, entered the "British Parliament, and lived to take part in the raising of the flag of liberty upon the ruined walls of Fort Sumter."

Arthur Tappan, a New York merchant, espoused the unpopular cause of abolition, and aroused the bitter hostility of the South. In New Orleans, \$20,000 was offered for his seizure, and \$10,000 for that of the Rev. Amos A. Phelps, another Northern abolitionist. In 1835, the Noyes Academy, in Canaan, New Hampshire, was opened to pupils without distinction of color. The whole state was thrown into a fierce commotion. A team of a hundred yoke of oxen dragged the school from its foundations and left it a hopeless ruin. The fires of persecution burned fiercely. Orange Scott and George Storrs, Methodist ministers, were publicly assaulted. The latter was sentenced to three months imprisonment as "a common rioter and braw'ler."

Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of a religious paper at Alton, Illinois, espoused the cause of the oppressed, and with a courage not less than that of Luther, declared: "I am impelled to the course I have taken because I fear God. As I shall answer to my God in the Great Day, I dare not abandon my sentiments, or cease in all proper ways to propagate them. I am fully aware of all the sacrifice I make in here pledging myself to continue the contest to the last. I am commanded to forsake father and mother, wife and children, for Jesus' sake; and as his professed disciple I stand pledged to do it. The time for fulfilling this pledge, in my case, it seems to me, has come. I dare not flee away from

Alton. Should I attempt it, I should feel that the angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, was pursuing me wherever I went. Before God and you all, I here pledge myself to continue it, if need be, till death; and if I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton." His printing house was fired, and he was shot to death, as brave a martyr to liberty as Zwingli or Winkelreid.

James G. Birney, himself a slave owner of Alabama, emancipated his slaves, was persecuted out of the South, and established The Philanthropist at Cincinnati; but his office was mobbed and types and press destroyed. Amos Dresser, a theological student, received twenty lashes on his bare back from a cowskin in Nashville, Tennessee, for his anti-slavery sentiments. Marius Robinson, "a gentle-spirited and self-consecrated man," for the crime of being a missionary to colored people in Cincinnati, was torn from his bed and dragged miles away by a mob of ruffians, stripped of much of his clothing, tarred and feathered, and left in an open field all night. His injuries impaired his health and aggravated the pain of his dying hours. But he gave himself with fresh zeal to the work of reform.

Wendell Phillips deliberately turned his back on name and fame, and espoused oppression and shame for his love of liberty. Ralph Waldo Emerson and William, Elery Channing opened their pulpits to the hated abolitionists. Albert Barnes, Joshua Leavitt, David Lee Child, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, and many others bore with pride the odious name of abolitionist.

Nor were brave-souled women wanting in this moral crusade. Lydia Maria Child, the most popular writer of the country, in 1833 sacrificed her popularity, and exposed herself to an overwhelming tide of obloquy and

abuse by lending her pen to the cause of the slave. Abby Kelley, a young Quaker lady of Lynn, Massachusetts, was one of the first women to speak on an anti-slavery platform. She encountered vulgar abuse, but bore it bravely for the sake of her sisters in bonds, "and thus with bleeding feet broke a path through a thorny jungle for those who should come after her."

Lucretia Mott espoused this cause of reproach and was one of those who did the most to break the fetters of the slave. Miss Mary S. Parker, presiding in a woman's anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, "the cradle of American liberty," amid the hisses, yells, and curses of a mob of ruffians, gave thanks that "though there were many to molest there were none that could make afraid." Miss Prudence Crandall admitted a colored girl to her school in Canterbury, Connecticut. For this crime she was thrust into a cell just vacated by a murderer. Her house was fired, and her school broken up. Her father, Dr. Reuben Crandall, was thrown into jail in Washington, confined in a damp dungeon, which brought upon him a lingering consumption which caused his death. It was a woman's hand that penned the most tremendous indictment of slavery, and in painting the sorrows of the slave aroused the conscience of Christendom and prepared the way for emancipation.

Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, two stalwart abolitionists, exercised the nobility of a Gospel revenge by becoming bail for Jefferson Davis, the leader of the Southern Confederacy, upon his capture. Together with William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, and a host of once despised and hated abolitionists, they assisted in raising the flag of freedom on the shattered ruins of Fort Sumter in celebration of the overthrow of the most colossal wrong of all the ages.

Small wonder that the Quaker poet,
Whittier, burst into an exultant
Jubilate at this victory of right over
wrong.

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time!

Let us kneel
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us, what are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With the sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God.

The pulpit and the press, commerce,
trade, and politics were long leagued
in opposition to this great reform.
With limping logic slavery was de-
fended from the Scriptures, and the
doom of Ham and Canaan pronounced
upon the suffering blacks. This un-
holy alliance awoke the scornful in-
dignation of Whittier, as expressed in
his "Clerical Oppressors":

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray?

Woe to the priesthood! woe
To all whose hire is with the price of blood!
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty!

"At the beginning of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Dorchester, "slavery existed throughout all the world. Hungary numbered nine millions of slaves, and the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian peasantry were mostly slaves, or serfs in a low condition." For Alexander II. of Russia it was reserved to enact the greatest decree of emancipation the world has seen. On the third of March, 1861, twenty million peasants were freed from the feudal serfdom to which they were born.

The civilized powers of Europe, instead of being the allies of the slave dealer, as they were at the beginning of the last century, are now leagued for the extirpation of this nefarious trade. Their gunboats scour the seas to suppress slave-stealing. Their consuls in the ports and towns of Africa, long the slave marts to which from time immemorial the weary coffle marched, marking its track with the bleaching skeletons, seek sedulously to suppress this traffic in the bodies and souls of men. What Livingstone described as "the open sore of the world," bids fair to be ere long healed. In few ways has the beneficent character of our holy religion and of the emancipating power of the gospel of Christ been more strikingly shown than in the extension of slavery. Again are the words of our Lord fulfilled in our ears, "Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

TREATMENT AND CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

BY SIR JAMES GRANT, M.D., K.C.M.G.*



FIVE years ago a conference was held at Ottawa, at which were assembled three hundred and fifty delegates from all parts of the Dominion of Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These delegates were very largely brought to Ottawa through the kind action and influence of Lord and Lady Minto, who were then in Canada as representatives of the British Government. These three hundred and fifty delegates, who included leading men in the medical profession, and representative citizens, met to see what could be done on this very important subject. After careful deliberation, a society was formed, called the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Rules and regulations were adopted, and a course of action at once begun with reference to the future of the Association. Various Lieutenant-Governors of the Province were nominated as heads of the Local Associations in the Provinces, and associated with them were leading members of the medical profession,

* We recently had the pleasure of crossing the Atlantic twice with Sir James Grant, M.D., K.C.M.G., of Ottawa. Sir James is a specialist on the subject of the treatment of tuberculosis and gave two admirable addresses on the steamship on that subject. Mr. Mortimer Clark, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who presided at one of these, was so impressed with its educational value that he highly commended it to Lord Strathcona, and his lordship induced Sir James to deliver addresses on this subject in six of the educational centres of Great Britain. These addresses were given under very distinguished auspices and widely reported. We have pleasure in reprinting the substance of

in order to see what advantage would accrue from the experience, activity, and energy of the gentlemen in the various Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. He was pleased to tell them that this organization had been of the highest importance, and that the work accomplished had been of the most thoroughly practical character. In addition to that, the Dominion Government gave them a grant—a small grant it was true—but one which enabled arrangements to be made with the Rev. Dr. Moore, who, besides being a minister of the Gospel, was well versed in many of the branches of the medical profession, and who had been delivering a course of lectures in various parts of the Dominion of Canada, coming in contact with the people in various centres, and conveying to them as far as possible practical information of what was to be done on this important subject. There were also local organizations, such as that in the city of Ottawa. By the formation of these local Associations they were going to accomplish a great work in arresting this disease. They knew that it was a home disease, and that it was bred and born in the home,

Sir James Grant's address given in the Natural Science Hall, Perth.

Sir James is an enthusiastic advocate of the home treatment of the "white plague," tuberculosis. It is not necessary, he says, to send the victims of this disease to California or Colorado. They may receive great benefit from living in a tent at their own home. Indeed the isolation and greater purity of air in such conditions, accompanied by good food and plenty of it, are far more favorable to recovery than the crowding the patients into a great sanitarium where such recovery is more difficult. The accompanying article is the substance of Sir James Grant's address.

where it had to be fought. Those who had tuberculosis in Ottawa were compelled by law to notify the local authorities of the existence of the disease. Then, again, the local Board notified the local Committee, and in that way they worked and co-operated with each other to do the utmost in their power to wipe out the disease.

They knew perfectly well that so far as tuberculosis was concerned there were three important lines of action to be taken. The first was educational; the second, preventative, and the third, curative. Now, as to educational, what were they doing in Canada? The Minister of the Crown, the Hon. Mr. Fisher, distributed through his department an enormous amount of literature in fly-leaves containing important facts with reference to this disease; and the result was that to-day, in the Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there was no part where the people had not some idea of the great importance of this subject. He had had the extreme pleasure and gratification of addressing over one hundred ministers assembled in a Methodist church, in order that the co-operation of ministers of the Gospel might be enlisted, because they knew perfectly well that ministers from their education and enlightenment were able to talk over this subject with the people, and encourage them to do their utmost to stay its development and progress. In that way very important work had so far been accomplished.

Secondly, as to preventative measures. They knew perfectly well that in order to prevent this disease they required to be up and doing—to be as energetic as possible. Where had that prevention to commence? It had to commence in the homes of the poor—in those habitations where people were huddled together without the requisite vital capacity of air and light,

causing the inmates to become debilitated and ready for the reception of that little object, bacillus tuberculosis. Since the organization of this Association a very important law had been adopted throughout the length and breadth of Canada, by which all those laboring under tuberculosis were not allowed to expectorate either on public cars, street-cars, or on the streets without being subject to a fine. They all knew perfectly well that when the expectoration was moist it did little or no harm, but the danger was when it got dry and mixed in the atmosphere. When it was in a moist state people got it on their boots as they went to churches or halls, and deposited it on carpets, there to form a nest-egg from which disease was developed. Carpets, which are only beaten every six months or once a year, ought to be dispensed with. The bacillus was disseminated through the atmosphere, and it was not right to have a poor man working daily in an atmosphere where he was liable to contract the disease.

One of the most important facts he could place before them with reference to cure was this. In the city of New York there was an insane asylum, some of the tuberculosis patients in which were last winter placed in tents. At first it was only meant to keep them in tents for a few months at a time. It was found that the inclemency of the weather did not interfere with them detrimentally, while as regards intellectual improvement there was a marked change. To have a few people together was preferable to having a mixed crowd, as in a sanitarium, where there were three hundred or four hundred people, all breathing the same atmosphere and coming more or less in contact with each other. To have tuberculosis patients in tents where they had pure air, sunlight, moderate food, and ord-

inary covering, was far preferable to any other form of treatment that could be possibly adopted.

This subject was to-day attracting the attention of the world at large. There were immense rows of buildings in New York that used to be called Tuberculosis Rest, owing to the number of people that died in them from the disease. Dr. Briggs, New York, after a thorough investigation, had established an organization which was worked in co-operation with the educational authorities, under which trained nurses went into the homes, examined them thoroughly, and reported to the proper authorities. That was a great advance, worthy of the highest possible commendation. Bacillus tuberculosis was a little form of rod about six-thousandths of an inch in length and four or five-thousandths of an inch in breadth. Tuberculosis was not new in regard to its character. It was known to the ancients hundreds of years ago; but since the discovery of Koch great light had been thrown on the subject. It was formerly supposed that tuberculosis was hereditary and incurable. It was now known that it was mostly communicative and curable. There was a prevalent idea a few years ago that it was a dangerous thing to come in contact with a consumptive. There was no danger whatever from infection through this moist bacillus; it was only when it was dry that there is any danger. Many people had an idea that they did not breathe the bacillus tuberculosis, and that was the reason they did not get the disease. That was entirely erroneous. These little bacilli were fighting their way through the nostrils into the lungs. But though we breathed these little bacilli into our bodies they often did us no harm because of the very important fact that the constitutional strength of the individual was repellent in its

character, and so strong, so vigorous, so healthy in its tissues that the little bacilli had no show whatever upon such a constitution.

But it was when the constitution became lowered in its vitality and weakened in its structure that the bacillus could form a nest-egg by insinuating his minute little form on some part of the lungs, and thus develop the disease. In Canada to-day the death-rate was only 8,000 and it was lessening very rapidly in number owing to the treatment of this disease. There were 120,000 deaths annually in the great republic of America, and it was estimated that there were 400 houses daily where there were fathers and mothers and children dead from tuberculosis. He did not know how many houses there were undergoing the same experience in Great Britain, but he was aware of the fact that the estimate now given as regarded the prevalence of this disease was that there were 60,000 deaths annually. Surely each life of an individual was worth one thousand dollars, and estimating it on that value here was a loss to Great Britain of sixty million dollars annually. Under these circumstances, was it not necessary that every means should be taken, by co-operation with each other, by formation of local societies, to save the lives wasted annually? In France the number who died annually was 75,000; and in Germany it was estimated that there were 80,000 annually. These were sad figures, but nevertheless they were true. He was glad to think that there was a very important organization in London, presided over by Lord Derby, and that much work was accomplished by it for the clearing away of this disease. They wanted more information disseminated on this subject, and it was by the means he had suggested that this could be best accomplished.

The Simpler Life.

Two very important factors in the development of this disease were bad food and alcohol. The poor of this country, those who were hardly able to smell a beefsteak once a week—whereas they in Canada, he was glad to say, could smell it three times a day—those worn-out people were the most liable to suffer from this disease. Food was a very important factor, and it was necessary for building up the constitution and for keeping it healthy, strong and vigorous. The scrappy diet that was being given to some people was ruining their constitutions. The mother often thought more of what the child could put into its brain, of cramming it for education examinations, than what the poor infant put into its stomach.

Sir James said he gave these facts because they were very important, as it was well known that there were more people dying to-day from over-feeding than even from alcohol. Appendicitis was largely the result of irregularities of the alimentary canal, the result of the over-taking of food. Sir William MacEwan, in his Huxley Lecture, put the facts forward so cogently, so comprehensively, and so much to the point that they ought to be placed in some tangible manner before every child at school. He said: "Digestion and mastication are not taught in schools. People think more now of artificial teeth than they do of natural ones. If a tooth is crooked or displaced in any way, no matter how sound it is, it is immediately pulled out and an artificial one put there. One dozen of artificial teeth are not equal to one sound tooth." As Sir Henry Thomson said with reference to these artificial teeth, many a man digs his own grave to-day. Sir William MacEwan further says: "If you go to these sweating establish-

ments in London, Liverpool, or Manchester, where hundreds of people are employed, you see their pale faces, attenuated forms, feeble muscular power—all resulting from the way in which they live, not having sufficient air for vital capacity; and the way they take their food, swallowing it as if their digestive organ was a machine instead of a stomach."

In that way result many of the diseases which lessen the vitality and occasion tuberculosis. It was now seriously considered that there ought to be a Royal Commission instituted in order to ascertain the precise causes that are at work in producing this remarkable deterioration of the race. The Right Hon. Mr. Balfour, in his presidential address to the British Association last year, also dwelt strongly upon this point, and called upon those who are workers and thinkers to consider seriously the condition of the laboring classes in this particular. Those who had performed the greatest exertions in life and made the most remarkable reputations, such as Wellington and Napoleon, were the simplest eaters. Lord Strathcona for thirty years never took but two meals a day, and he told the speaker recently that for fifteen years he took but one meal a day.

Alcohol and Disease.

Sir James then went on to refer to the evils accruing from indulgence in alcohol. Alcohol and lunacy, alcohol and poverty, alcohol and misery were terms almost identical. They knew alcohol was at the bottom of a great amount of the disease in their country, and particularly amongst the working classes. Alcohol had a most serious effect upon the constitution, and the man who drank it was much more susceptible to disease than the man who did not. The man who

drank was also much less liable to recover from disease than the man who did not. Alcohol did not make one single particle of fibre of the whole human system, and when it went into the digestive organs it at once made a row. There it was looked upon as a dog in the manger. Popular opinion was, however, bringing about a great change in drinking habits. In Canada all their great gatherings were conducted chiefly on temperance principles. These who were exercising the greatest and the grandest influence in this particular were the ladies of the world. Wherever women went, invariably good followed.

Sir Frederick Treves, one of the greatest surgeons of the day, delivered an address a few weeks ago in London in which he stated positively and without any reservation that alcohol was undoubtedly a poison and ought to be treated as such. In England fifty years ago gout was looked upon as a blood disease, and many an individual was proud to have an attack of gout because he looked upon it as an evidence of blue blood. It was an evidence of too much wine under the belt. What had been the experience of Dr. Nansen and those other explorers who, in their exertions, almost touched the North Pole, although they did not exactly get there. They accomplished these perilous voyages in the midst of very severe cold and they came back in perfect health without taking one drop of alcoholic liquor. If the British Government in considering this question looked upon it seriously, they might take a different view than they did at present. The great revenue of the Empire came in large measure from the taxation resulting from the sale of alcoholic beverages, but looked at from another point of view, how many thousands were in their asylums and

poorhouses that probably would not have found their way there had it not been for the excessive use of alcohol? He thought the one counteracted the other in a most marvellous manner. Sir James said that in conversation with two surgeons of the British Navy who had come from Hong Kong he learned that there was no alcohol to be obtained on board of any of the ships of Admiral Togo's squadron—hence the men were able to do their duties with satisfaction to themselves and to the advantage of that great empire of which he was the maritime head. He was delighted that that country was their ally, because they were the most progressive people living as regards minute investigation and the examination, pathologically and microscopically, of the bacillus tuberculosis. On the Japanese ships of war an apartment is set apart and a bacteriologist is employed on each ship to weed out anything in the shape of bacillus germs, and thus keep up the vitality and endurance of these men who were known throughout the world for what they had accomplished. In Scotland it was absolutely necessary to have an examination of the young people, because they might have the incipient elements of the disease without a schoolmaster knowing anything about it, because he was not an educated medical man. Most people thought bacillus tuberculosis only finds its way into lung tissue, whereas they might have it in the brain, in the spine, in the hip joint, the knee joint, the foot, or some other portion of the body, and it is absolutely necessary, therefore, to make a thorough examination of the children in order to stamp out the disease in its incipient stages.

So far they had no medical Inspectors of Schools in Canada, but it was spoken of seriously, and he thought the day was not far distant when they

would have them. The Central Board of Education in London a short time ago expressed the opinion: that it was absolutely necessary that such a system of inspection of educational institutions should be carried out. The system was followed out in the large towns of the United States, and in Japan they had 9,000 medical inspectors in their educational institutions to guide and direct the best interests of their people.

In conclusion, he would say what he

believed to be a solid, substantial fact, that two of the master minds at the present time on the subject of tuberculosis were His Majesty the King and President Roosevelt, both of whom were exercising every power and influence at their control to stay the development and progress of this white plague, which could not possibly be grappled with or stamped out except by the energy and determination of a fully organized people.



OMNIPRESENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

He goes with you wherever you go,
But He stays with me, too, where I stay;
Not one of His own He leaveth lone
For a single hour in the day.

He guides you, and guards, who are brave and
strong,
And whose life in its full tide flows,
Yet on me, who am timid and frail and faint,
His care unremitting bestows.

Yes, always with all is the Friend Divine,—
No reason to fear have we
That beyond His hearing or out of His sight
We shall ever an instant be.

Is it nothing but joy to us to feel
Completely assured of this?
Or have we to grieve that He hath been grieved
By the word or the deed amiss?'

Do you front the world with His colors unfurled?
In His name do you do and dare?
Toronto.

Do you stand in the breach for the right when
no one
Save Himself is beside you there?

Do I wait apart with a trust so firm
And a love so pure and true,
That all may see I would serve Him as well,
Were I strengthened for service, as you?

Is it always so? Ah! the answer is slow,
For shame which the lips doth seal;
Yet swift the resolve that the time still to come
Shall a worthier record reveal.

Lord, by Thy great grace, keep us faithful
henceforth,
In action, in thought and in speech;
May we each be with Thee to Thy glory and
praise—
As Thou for our help art with each.

So only rejoicing the thought shall bring—
That Thy presence with all doth stay
And leaves not alone e'en the least of Thine own
For a moment by night or day.

A NEW MISSIONARY CRUSADE.

BY ARTHUR D. PEARSON, D.D.

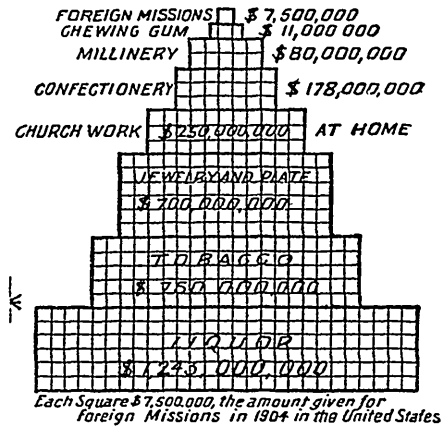


HERE is great danger, in the enthusiasm of public missionary gatherings with their encouraging reports, of patting ourselves upon the back, and going home with a profound self-complacency, when we ought to be humiliated before God in penitence and shame. The Christian Church, at its

best, has never yet done its utmost to help on the cause of missions; and in the name of God, and with profoundest solemnity of conviction, I would press upon the readers the necessity of beginning at the foundations and building the structure of church co-operation with the missionary work upon a very much more solid basis.

If the work of missions is ever to rise to its true level, and to be prosecuted with a true, aggressive spirit, we, in the Church at home, must make an entirely new beginning. The ignorance that prevails, even among the more intelligent class of disciples, concerning the cause and progress of missions is a shame to them. Intelligence must awaken and nourish conviction, or there is no true starting-point in any self-denying and aggressive service for God or men. How few, even in the more intelligent gatherings, are familiar with the history of missions, or even of their own denominational missions! There is not one in ten, perhaps, who could answer twenty primary and fundamental questions as to the history of missions.

Let us all, then, ask ourselves the question, "What do I know about the



great campaign of God throughout the world for its evangelization?" Most of us, I venture to affirm, know more about the late South African war, or the present Russo-Japanese contest, than we know about the history of God's world-wide war against the tremendous foes that are massed in front of the Christian Church. Those who carefully study the whole history of modern missions find it to be God's great "Milky Way," which floats its starry banner across the firmament of history. There is no land where Christianity has gone, where the Gospel has had a fair chance, where it has had a fair fight in the field, where missionary operations have been properly supported by the Church at home; where Christianity has planted the truth, and the native Church, and the Word of God in the vernacular language; where God also has not wrought, over and over again, the miracles and wonders of the apostolic days! Let any devout disciple read the story of William Johnson in

his "Seven Years in Sierra Leone," or of the Neronian persecution in Madagascar for a quarter of a century; or of William Carey's forty-three years of grand and glorious work in India, giving to two hundred millions of people the Bible in forty languages and dialects; or of Titus Coan's three years' camp-meeting in Hilo and Puna, or of William Duncan's Metlakhtla among the North American Indians, or of Robert W. McAll's work among the French, or Joseph Neesima's Doshisha, the "Single-Eyed" Institution, in Japan, or of Judson's great career in Burma, or the history of the Lone Star Mission among the Telugus. The largest church of the world is not in the metropolis of the world, or in the great city of New York, but in that same Lone Star Mission; for, belonging to that church to-day, there are from forty thousand to fifty thousand Christians! Let any child of God go systematically through the great fields of missions; read the story of James Chalmers in New Guinea, or that remarkable book of Amy Carmichael Wilson, "Things as They Are in India," or Mrs. Howard Taylor's "Pastor Hsi," or "The Wonderful Story of Uganda"—books which are more fascinating than any fiction—and, when the readers have got intelligence and conviction, both as to the need of these peoples and as to the willingness of God to bless the work of missions when prosecuted in His name, then they will be prepared to respond with their whole heart to the call of God.

And how about the giving of which we have all heard? We are doing comparatively nothing! It is only, relatively, a mere pittance that we bestow upon this grand world-wide work for God and humanity.

George Muller estimated that there were perhaps fifty millions of Protestant Christians—or communicants

—in America, Great Britain, and the continent of Europe. By this time there may be, perhaps, sixty millions of actual communicants. Now what were the average contributions of the last year towards the direct work of foreign missions? About three millions of pounds sterling, or out sixty millions of shillings sterling, an average of only one shilling per year for every one of those sixty millions of Protestant Christians—a shilling a year, or a penny a month (2 cents)! I think they could afford that! they might even double it; they might, under great self-denial, even treble it.

Of course, we all know that comparatively few of these sixty millions are habitual givers; but if only *ten* millions of them are contributors, it is still a yearly average of but six shillings, or sixpence a month (twelve cents)! This is contemptible dealing with God! I do not myself believe in the "healthiness of a debt"; at any rate, I have preserved my own health best without any. But while I deprecate debt, I can understand that where there is a growing work for God there may often be a temporary deficit. When I was a boy I grew so fast that it was all my mother could do to keep me in clothes! But that was the fault not of weakness but of vigor. It was the penalty of growth and health. Let us not, then, be surprised or find fault if there is a temporary deficiency. Only let the temporary deficiency not become an embarrassing debt, but at once let it be met, and give the growing work a new suit!

If any are inclined to find occasion for fault-finding in the fact that the work of our missionary societies expands so as to exceed their income, I could take such to see a mother, whose boy, though twenty years old, is still an infant, and can wear the same garments as ten years since! But what mother would not gladly exchange

such a poor cripple, half-idiotic, for a healthy, roystering boy that it is impossible to keep in trousers and shoes! Never let us complain because God's work perpetually demands larger supplies; that is the grand evidence of its Divine progress and success. We must read the newspapers less, and the literature of Christ more; we must interest ourselves in the biographies of heroic men and women that have gone to the field in the name of Jesus Christ, and in the whole history of this great world-wide campaign. Then our intelligence and conviction, stimulating sympathy and affection, will reach down to the conscience and awaken a new sense of obligation and duty, unloosing our purse-strings and stimulating greater self-sacrifice and far larger gifts—gifts that cost us something, and are the expression of self-denial, before Almighty God.

We must do, also, mighty praying as well as self-denying giving, and thus keep up the line of communication between our friends who go abroad and the Church that stays at home. Let us not forget that that same great work, among the Telugus, owed its grand impulse to the prayers of five disciples—a missionary and his wife and three natives, who, on January 1, 1865, ascended the hill overlooking Ongole, and earnestly prayed God to make it the centre of a great light to

the whole country—a prayer so gloriously fulfilled twelve years later.

What would be thought of a nation that should let a general lead an army into the heart of an enemy's territory and lose his line of communication with the people that sent him forth, so as to prevent his having supplies of men and the material of war! and what would become of such a general and his army, when he was thus in the heart of an enemy's country, if those at home should fail to keep up his line of communication upon which depend all these new supplies of men and money? So must we who stay by the staff share the work with those at the front; and when the Church, intelligent in her conviction, warm in her sympathetic affection, generous and self-denying in her giving, mighty and prevailing in her praying, shall thus keep in true and constant communication with God's missionaries in the field, we shall find there is no lack of response of men or of means to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth! Let us all seek to inform ourselves of the whole history and progress of God's mission campaign; then intelligent information will incite us to sympathetic praying and self-denying giving; and, when God calls, to the surrender of ourselves, going as well as giving and praying, or sending those who can go!—The Missionary Review of the World.

“GODMINSTER CHIMES.”

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
 My spirit walks in thought,
 And to that symbol lifts its eyes
 Which God's own pity wrought;
 From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
 The Church's East is there,
 The Ages one great minster seem,
 That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down
 The carven pavement shows
 Their graves who won the martyr's crown
 And safe in God repose;
 The saints of many a warring creed
 Who now in heaven have learned
 That all paths to the Father lead
 Where self the feet have spurned.

SWEDEN'S QUEEN.

A DEMOCRAT IN A PALACE.



THE Royal Court of Sweden is, perhaps, the most homely and democratic Court in Europe. The poorest subject may call at the palace and speak to the King, with no other formality than the sending in of his name, and the absence of pomp is very pleasing to the democratic mind. In part, no doubt, this is attributable to the simple life of the Swedish people, but there can be no doubt that it is due largely to the influence of Queen Sophia. The world hears very little of the Queen of Sweden, who has been kept in the background for the greater part of her reign by a painful illness, which makes it impossible for her Majesty to take a queen's share in the life of her people. From her childhood Queen Sophia has been modest and unassuming, and, though she comes of one of the oldest reigning families in Europe, which had a powerful name as far back as the twelfth century, she has refused to allow her royal rank to set up a barrier between herself and her poorer countrywomen.

"Our democratic sister," was the name by which she was known in her home circle; and "Our democratic queen" is the name by which she is called in Sweden to-day.

The Queen was born on July 9th, 1836, at the palace of Biebrich, on the Rhine. She was left fatherless at three, so that her life training was left to her mother, Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, who had married Duke William of Nassau, on the death of his first wife. It is strange to reflect

that the woman who is to-day among the most deeply religious women of royal birth, was trained in the home of the great gaming tables of Wiesbaden. The palace of Wiesbaden was occupied by her grandmother, when the Princess Sophia was left fatherless, and thither she went, with her mother, before her fourth birthday. Her earliest recollections are of Wiesbaden, where her life seems to have been spent amid the happiest associations. It was here that she spent her school days, and her educational progress was very rapid. She "picked up" foreign languages as quickly as most girls pick up their own, and became remarkably proficient in history. Her favorite recreation in those days of close study was—as it is still—music, and only severe illness has prevented her from becoming one of the finest musicians in Europe. When she was seventeen, in the winter of 1853, the Princess visited St. Petersburg, and three years afterwards she made her home at Wied, with her half-sister, Maria, wife of the Prince of Wied.

She was twenty at the time, as beautiful as she was clever and intellectual, and it is not surprising that Cupid aimed one of his arrows at her heart. Prince Oscar of Sweden met her at Wied, when he was twenty-seven, and the two saw much of each other for some months. Then the Prince suddenly announced his intention to go to Stockholm, and when he returned to Wied he had the permission of his father, the King of Sweden, to marry the Princess. The Princess, like Barkis in "David Copperfield," was willing, and the engagement was announced. On an oak tree on the banks of the Rhine is carved "O, 1856, S."

It marks the place where, on September 26th, 1856, Princess Sophia Wilhelmina plighted her troth to Prince Oscar. They were married in the following June, the Princess wearing white silk with silver lace, with a train of purple velvet bordered with ermine. The bride was welcomed in Sweden with great enthusiasm, a leading public man declaring that "in her person an angel of comfort alighted amidst the Swedish people."

The early years of their wedded life were lived in the Crown Prince's palace, and how happy they were we have only to read King Oscar's poems to know. The King writes excellent poetry, and in one of his poems he describes his first meeting with his wife, and speaks of her as an "angel, pure and good." In the next year, the first of the Queen's four children was born—Prince Gustaf. In the following year Prince Oscar was born, and later, in 1861 and 1865, two other boys—Carl and Eugene—were added to the family. In 1872 King Carl died, and there came a new King and Queen to Sweden. But for Queen Sophia the throne meant sorrow rather than joy. In 1873 she was crowned Queen of Sweden, and it was not long before her Majesty felt the literal truth of the old saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

For many years past, practically throughout the whole of her reign, her Majesty has been an invalid, a victim to a cruel disease which has compelled her to retire into private life. Fond as she is of domestic life, it has been a great grief to Queen Sophia that she has not been permitted to take her full share in the public activities of her people. Given good health, her Majesty would have made a popular monarch. It has not been a momentous reign for Sweden. The story is told that King Oscar playfully asked a schoolgirl to name some striking event in his reign, and the child tear-

fully replied that she did not know any. "Never mind," said the King, seeing the child's concern, "I don't, either." But, quiet though the last twenty-eight years have been in Sweden, it is greatly to be regretted that Queen Sophia has not been able to be more than nominal Queen. Her deep human sympathies, her enthusiasm in all social and philanthropic concerns, and the depth of her religious character, would have given her many opportunities of serving her country and helping on the cause of progress and religion. As it is, she has done all the good she could within the quiet of her simple home, and has never lost an opportunity of displaying her love of all good works.

Many exaggerated stories have been told of her relation to the Salvation Army, one of which is to the effect that her Majesty wears the Salvationist bonnet and plays the tambourine. But these stories are chiefly imaginary. The truth is that the Queen has always taken a close interest in the work of the Army, both in its religious and social aspect, and that on more than one occasion she has manifested her sympathy in public ways. But she has hardly merited the description which a New York paper gave her the other day, "an enthusiastic Salvation Army Soul-saver." Her connection with the Army is explained by Mr. Booth-Tucker in this way: "The Queen is the friend of the Army. She has contributed liberally to our funds. She is interested in the Warm Shelter, which is a clubroom for the poor in Stockholm. Her son, Prince Bernadotte, often speaks at our meetings. He has entertained me at his home. When I entered, the Princess, his wife, came toward me in impulsive Swedish fashion, with both hands outstretched. 'We love you because you love the Army,' she said. Prince Bernadotte has given up Court life and his right of succession to the throne to work

for humanity and religion. 'The Queen is not enrolled with us, but she is our warm friend.'

A pathetic story is told by a Swedish Salvationist, which shows the extent of the Queen's interest in religion. Some time ago a blind woman was converted at a Salvationist meeting in Stockholm, and, hearing of the incident, the Queen asked that she might be brought to the palace without being informed where she was, or whom she was to meet. The woman was accordingly left with the Queen and ladies of the Court, and for two hours she spoke to them of her new-found hope, exhorting the Queen and her court, all unconsciously, to give up their lives to the Saviour.

It would be wrong to imagine, however, that the Queen's illness has cut her off entirely from the religious and social life of Sweden. She is able to take a real interest in the public institutions of Stockholm, and she and the King have founded the *Sophia Home*, an institution used as a school for training nurses, and as a hospital for working women. She is actively interested, too, in kindergarten institutions, and a week rarely passes in which her Majesty does not, in some personal manner, manifest her sympathy with her poor and suffering subjects. The most popular portrait sold of the Queen shows her knitting stockings. Wearing large spectacles, the Queen, when at work of this kind, looks more like a working mother of ten than Queen of Sweden, and there is no wonder that the photograph sells in thousands.

Her Majesty has brought her children up, as far as possible, in sympathy with her own simple ideas of life, and that her example has not been lost is shown by the fact that one of her sons—Prince Oscar—who is an enthusiastic member of the Young Men's Christian Association—re-

nounced his succession to the throne in order to marry the girl he loved. Prince Oscar, in 1888, fell in love with his mother's favorite maid-of-honor, Miss Ebba Munck. The King was bitterly opposed to the union, but the Prince persisted, in spite of the fact that such a marriage involved the forfeiture of his claims to the throne. Queen Sophia, to whom mere rank and title count as nothing, supported her son's cause, and won the King's consent in a touching way. Her Majesty was seized with a serious illness, and an operation was declared necessary to save her life. Calling her husband, her Majesty asked him, "If I undergo this operation, will you let Oscar and Ebba have their own way?" There was no course open to the King but to assent, and Prince Oscar married the woman of his choice. Both of them, as we have seen, have entered heartily upon religious work, and Prince Oscar some time ago attended and spoke at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., at Exeter Hall.

Another of her sons, the Crown Prince, when an art student in Paris, lived in humble rooms as an artist, and had the interesting experience one night of returning home to find his furniture pitched into the street owing to the fact that his rent was in arrears! Such incidents are suggestive of the simple training of the Swedish Royal Family, which has been chiefly in the hands of the Queen. All the boys were educated at the public schools of Sweden, her Majesty specially stipulating that no difference should be made between them and their school-fellows on account of their rank; and it has been an axiom in the palace at Stockholm ever since the Queen ruled there that "nobody has any right to force his views or opinions on another human being; nobody has any right to suppress another individual's opinion." Acting on this principle, the Queen

has brought up her boys in the freest manner, not attempting to place any check on their opinions.

The Queen's daily life is very simple. Rising at half-past eight, she spends an hour alone in prayer and meditation, and then breakfasts with the King. From ten to half-past two she devotes herself to reading, or else knits or does needle-work while one of her ladies reads to her. At half-past two comes a simple lunch, and at six o'clock the family sit down to dinner. The rest of the evening is spent together in reading aloud, or playing games, or listening to music, and occasionally King Oscar will recite his own poems. The daily round of Queen Sophia is seldom varied, unless some public function which it is possible for her to attend calls for a change. Such a function was that of some years ago, when the Royal Family went through the streets, "just as kings and queens did in the fairy stories, so as to give the people a view of them in all the pomp of royal grandeur." It is an old Swedish custom, which is occasionally revived, and its last revival was at the instance of the Queen, whose reception showed how much she is loved by her subjects. Not long after the gala-carriage, with six horses, had left the palace, a halt was necessary to clear away the flowers, which nearly smothered Prince Eugene. At

other times the Queen has organized huge fancy fairs in Christiania for charitable purposes.

But it is as a woman, rather than as a queen, that she will be remembered—as a woman who has set a high example of virtue to those about her. When in England, her Majesty stays at Bournemouth, a town which she has learned to love as if it were her own country. More than once she has been recognized at public and private prayer-meetings in the English seaport town. She reads a great deal, and follows the newspapers closely. She knows well the political history of the chief countries of the world, and keeps herself familiar with current events by reading the English and continental papers. Goethe's *Tasso* is her favorite book. Next to religion her chief personal interest in life is her grandchildren. She is never tired of having them about her. "The world's history is made in the nursery," she says. Believing that, she has contributed her share to history by doing her duty bravely and simply in her royal home. Other women might have been more talked about, but no woman could have lived a more womanly life than Queen Sophia, who has set her people an example of virtue and sacrifice when the temptation has been to a life of luxury and grandeur.—The Outlook.

THE REAL WORLD.

Behind the shams of time, the things of sense,
 There lies another world more bright, more fair,
 Where life pulsates through all the ambient air.
 Though hid from us by clouds both dark and dense
 The sun shines always through that realm immense.
 Nothing of pain or hurt can enter there,
 But gladness fills that kingdom everywhere,
 And naught but selfish actions keep us thence.
 Within these shades no longer let us dwell,
 But scatter all the clouds of dread and doubt,
 Trusting in Him who doeth all things well.
 So shall He help us cast our evils out.
 Then gladness dawns when we His kingdom see,
 And live in freedom all the time to be. —*Angelus.*

WITH CHRIST AT SEA.

THE LIFE CRUISE OF FRANK BULLEN.

BY JOSEPH RITSON.



WHEN a bookman discovers a new author he experiences a sensation somewhat akin to that of the astronomer when a new planet swims into his ken. The sensation in either case is not to be met with every day. We endeavor sometimes to imagine the experience of the competent judges of literature on first reading "Waverley," that herald of a new day, or the opening numbers of "The Pickwick Papers." It is customary to talk as if the sensations then experienced could never be known by the present generation. There were giants in those days, and in these degenerate times we must be content with men of lesser stature. And yet a new planet does now and then swim into the ken of the student of the literary horizon. He may scarcely have been expecting to see anything wonderful, and his joy is therefore correspondingly great. This must have been the case with many who have stumbled across the writings of Frank T. Bullen.

The present writer must confess to having been somewhat unfortunate, in that he did not make this delightful author's acquaintance till the middle of last year. And then it was not the famous "Cruise of the Cachalot," but a stray article in a review on "Sharks," that communicated the first electric thrill which is supposed to result from the perusal of a new author. The author's name counted for nothing, for it was unknown; but

the article was read with keen interest twice over. Then came the character sketch announcing the appearance in the pages of the British Weekly of that wonderful story. "With Christ at Sea." Many who on principle avoid reading stories in serial form must have devoured that marvellous and heart-stirring narrative week by week. Nothing just like it has appeared in our day, and as a combination of religious experience and adventure at sea it is altogether unique. But Frank Bullen does not profess to write fiction; his are not works of imagination, but of fact. His sea stories are veracious narratives from beginning to end. And they verify the old adage that fact is stranger than fiction. We have heard experienced sailors declare that some of the incidents in "The Cruise of the Cachalot" severely tried their powers of belief, so marvellous and almost incredible did they appear. But any one who has read the story of his life, as told by Mr. Bullen in "With Christ at Sea," will find it impossible to question the honesty and veracity of the author. It will be felt that this man has, to the best of his ability, set down his experiences exactly as they occurred.

And verily the story he has to tell is a marvellous one. It is nothing less than a revelation. It is not merely that he himself has had such wonderful adventures. Multitudes of sailors must have passed through experiences just as remarkable; but they have been inarticulate. They could never have described what they had seen. It

may be questioned, indeed, whether they possessed in the true sense the gift of seeing. The ordinary sailor has eyes, but he sees not. The wonders of the sea scarcely can be said to exist for him. Over and over again in these books we are reminded of this fact. The boy who was so small that he awakened the pity even of rough sailors looked out upon visions which his more experienced companions saw not. They looked upon the wonders of the deep with unseeing eyes; they gazed upon the glories of the heavens with a mere vacant stare. They seem to have been unobservant and incurious. Asked what a certain startling appearance around the moon was, a sailor sagely replied that it was a "sarcle." Not for some time did the young inquirer realize that this was simply his vernacular for circle. But Frank Bullen has passed through all the varied experiences of a sailor's life, carrying with him the power of seeing, and unconsciously acquiring the while the gift of expression. The result is the new thing in literature to which, in the present article, we wish to call the attention of our readers.

It is said that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. Certainly Frank Bullen served a long and terrible apprenticeship in the school of suffering and experience; and though he may not be a poet in the ordinary sense of the word, he has not a little of the "vision and the faculty divine." Poetry, indeed, seems to have exercised over him an uncommon fascination from an early period. He read Milton's "Paradise Lost" when a mere child of four; and years after made the delightful discovery that a large part of the Bible was poetry. This instinct and passion for poetry in discernible enough in his style; but it is as a prose writer of exceptional

force and beauty that we wish to regard him here.

It goes without saying that he could never have written his books without the experiences of his early years. For the value and interest of his books lie in the fact that they are veracious narratives of actual experience. Only one who had passed through these things could have narrated them; and because they are fact they are calculated to be of immense service to the seafaring class by calling attention to the unnecessary hardships of their lot.

How strangely men are equipped for their life-work! Few, indeed, achieve great things without requiring to pass through exceptional suffering in their early years. It seems to be part of the necessary machinery by means of which they are made. As we read the story of Frank Bullen's life, as it is graphically unfolded in his books, especially in "The Log of a Sea-Waif," and "With Christ at Sea," our hearts bleed for the poor outcast, friendless boy. The cruelties he endured at the hands of captains and sailors are heartrending. The vile-ness of the food regularly provided on shipboard almost passes belief; but sailors who went to sea in the sixties will assure you that there is no exaggeration here. The foulness of the men's quarters in the fore-castle, where the air was often so bad that the oil lamp had a blue halo around it, is sickening to contemplate; and it is to be feared that things are not much improved in this respect.

The vileness of the food and the foulness of the air were well matched by the moral atmosphere that prevailed in nearly every vessel in which our hero sailed. One wonders how things are in this respect to-day. With the large increase in the foreign element of our merchant navy, it is to

be feared matters are not much improved. The manning of our merchant navy by foreigners constitutes a national danger; and the consequences, in the event of our being engaged in war with some European power, might be disastrous.

And then how terrible were the sufferings of this boy-sailor. His shipwrecks and disastrous chances make up a narrative unique in its variety and stirring adventure. In "The Log of a Sea-Waif," the author tells the story of the first four years of his sea-life. Between the "Ara-bella," in which he first sailed, and the "Harrowby," in which he closed the early period of his sea life, he had experience of a good many different vessels, not all alike bad, it is true, but too often presenting only varieties of badness. It is not too much to say that some of them were never intended to reach port; and it was a source of perpetual marvel and disgust to their owners that the leaky old baskets refused to founder. It was a terrible experience; but it made the boy who was unfortunate enough to sail in these vessels the man we know, and he could not otherwise have received his equipment for the work of his life.

But experience alone could not have enabled Frank Bullen to write the books which have brought him fame. His natural endowment must be taken into account. Strangely enough this rough sailor was gifted with the artistic temperament. He responded to the beauties of nature as only a finely-strung temperament could. He could not have told what it was in him that was so strangely moved by the grandeur and beauty and the varied moods of nature as seen at sea. He only knew that something appealed to him irresistibly as it appealed apparently to none of his companions.

One or two examples may here be cited from "The Cruise of the Cachalot." "On Christmas morning I mounted to the crow's nest at day-break, and stood looking with never-failing awe at the daily marvel of the sunrise. Often and often have I felt choking for words to express the tumult of thoughts aroused by this sublime spectacle. Hanging there in cloudland, the tiny microcosm at one's feet forgotten, the grandeur of the celestial outlook is overwhelming. Many and many a time I have bowed my head and wept in pure reverence at the majesty manifested around me, while the glory of the dawn increased and brightened, till with one exultant bound the sun appeared."

Take another example, in which the appeal came from another quarter. It was on the New Zealand coast, and far from English hedgerows, that a well-remembered scent assailed him. "I remember vividly how, just after we got clear of the town, we were turning down a lane between hedgerows, wonderfully like one of our own country roads, when something—I could not tell what—gripped my heart and sent a lump into my throat. Tears sprang unbidden to my eyes, and I trembled from head to foot with emotion. What ever could it be? Bewildered for a moment, I looked around, and saw a hedge laden with white hawthorn blossoms, the sweet English 'may.' When childish memories come back upon one torrent-like in the swell of a hymn, or the scent of the hawthorn, it seems to me that the flood-gates open without you having anything to do with it."

The late Professor Drummond has told us how John Ruskin taught him to see. We wonder who taught Frank Bullen to see. It is certain that he possesses the gift in no ordinary measure. And he must have seen with

extraordinary vividness, or he could never have recalled the things he saw after the lapse of years. It is this clearness and vividness of vision that makes his descriptions so realistic. We seem actually to see the things he describes. We are not merely listening to a description, but looking upon a picture, nay, a scene, and the whole thing lives before us. Hence Bullen's descriptions of seascape have an actuality and freshness possessed by those of no other writer, and the reader's interest is sustained unflagging to the close. He seems to be exploring new worlds of wonder, and is sorry when the end of the book is reached.

It is not enough, however, to be able to see; there must be also the gift of expression if others are to be enabled to see what we have seen. It is probable that many sailors have seen the wonders of the ocean with much of the vividness and delight of Frank Bullen. But they have never enabled any one else to share their vision. This new author has achieved this difficult task, and has thus enabled multitudes of landsmen to enjoy many of the pleasures of the sea. This is owing to the fact that he possesses the gift of expression, and is the master of a style which, for literary grace and force, leaves nothing to be desired. You cannot read a page without realizing that the author has a rare feeling for style. The march and rhythmic flow of his sentences were impossible to a man of less poetic feeling; the deftness with which he turns a sentence proclaims him a master of his craft; while his rare instinct for the right word reveals a long acquaintance with some of the great masters of English prose. As an example of these qualities a passage may be cited from that striking article in the "Idylls" on "The Warfare of the Submarine World."

"As we ascend the scale of size the struggle becomes majestic—a war of Titans, such as no arena of earth has ever seen since the Deluge. The imagination recoils dismayed before the thought of such a spectacle as is afforded by the gigantic cachalot descending to the murky depths, where in awful state the hideous kraken broods. No other name benefits this inexpressible monster as well as the old Norse epithet bestowed in bygone days upon the greatest of the mollusca by terrified fisherfolk of Scandinavia. Vast, formless, and insatiable, he crouches in those fathomless silences like the living embodiment of sin, an ever-craving abysmal mouth surrounded by a Medusa-like web of unresting arms. His enormous flaccid bulk needs a continual holocaust to supply its flood of digestive juices, and that need is abundantly supplied. Then comes the doughty leviathan from above, and in noiseless majesty of power, disdaining subterfuge, rushes straight to the attack, every inch of his great frame nutely testifying to the enormous pressure of the superincumbent sea. Sometimes, stifling for air, the whale rises to the surface dragging upward his writhing prey, though almost as bulky as himself. In his train follow the lesser monsters eager for their share, and none of the fragments are lost. Time would fail to tell of the ravages of the swordfish, also a mackerel of great size and ferocity, who launches himself torpedo-like at the bulky whale, the scavenger-shark, or a comrade, with strict impartiality. The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, but they are peaceful compared with the sombre depths of the sea."

Here, then, is an author who has the most interesting and wonderful things to tell, and who can tell them with the utmost literary grace. How has this rare literary gift been acquired? It is at once a gift and an acquisition. The "sea-waif," who has charmed the world with his log, was somehow different from the rest of his shipmates. He saw visions that were withheld from them; while they walked the deck with unseeing eyes, his devoured the beauties of the heavens above and the wonders of the sea beneath. And there must have been more than ordinary faculty, both

of imagination and apprehension, in the child of four who could read Milton's "Paradise Lost." But that faculty found a fitting discipline by which it was trained and developed. Undoubtedly, Milton began the work. If "Paradise Lost" had not come in the child's way something of his equipment would have been lacking. A necessary stepping-stone would have been absent; and who shall say how much that might have meant? Next to Milton in the order of time, but first in the order of influence, must be placed the Bible. It is curious that an irreligious sailor should have read the Bible systematically and as literature; but such is the fact.

It was a weary time, and the only resource he had in the way of literature was a Bible. For this he has ever been grateful, because he read that grand old book—a literature in itself—through and through, from end to end, many times. Ah! that is the real explanation of his splendid style. How many of our greatest stylists have modelled themselves on the Bible. Ruskin, to mention only one notable stylist, was under the greatest obligation to the Old Book. Frank Bullen is the most recent and striking illustration of the same thing. He has read the Bible through some twenty-five times; and it is clear that that well of English undefiled has left a deep mark on his style. Ever and anon in reading his books we come across a phrase which could only have been used by one steeped in the Bible. Early on he made the discovery that the Bible was largely composed of poetry; and this added immeasurably to its interest. And so all unconsciously he was preparing himself for that literary career of which at the time he had not the remotest idea. But

"Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues."

Frank Bullen was undergoing a won-

derful training for the splendid service of later years.

But the most important part of his equipment, after all, was due to his religious awakening. Without this it were difficult to imagine him writing at all. It was his conversion which gave the necessary impulse to his intellectual nature, without which he could never have attained his present position. And the flavor of his religion is in all his works. Not that religion is obtruded. Indeed, in the two earlier works there is scarcely a direct reference to it. But it is there as an atmosphere, an indefinable something which makes the whole sweet and wholesome and inspiring. His books make for righteousness, and every reader will rise from their perusal somehow stronger and better. His religious experience has been narrated at length by our author with the utmost frankness in the pages of that rare and beautiful book, "With Christ at Sea."

The task Mr. Bullen essayed in that work was one of no ordinary difficulty. "Who can tear his own heart inside out for his fellow-men's inspection without being suspected of posing, insincerity, or some such striving after effect?" But he has achieved a complete success. The story is told with the utmost simplicity and naturalness, and every page bears the stamp of truth and reality. And what a wonderful record it is! We do not envy the man who could read it without profound emotion. Nearly every chapter sends a thrill through the soul of a Christian; the book touches the deepest things, and with a Bunyan-like simplicity and insight. Who that has read it can ever forget that wonderful chapter entitled, "The Dawn"? How the whole scene lives before us. We see the upper room, and its little platform; the choir at their practice before the service; the dark little man who acted as choir-master, and who played such an important part in lead-

ing the rude sailor to Christ. We may let him tell the story himself :

"Looking up, I saw the face of the dark little man who had so moved me by his earnest commendations to his hearers of the brother-love of the Sorrowful Man. Meeting my dim, stupid gaze with a look full of sympathy, he held out his hand, and when I took it he did not let it go, but drew himself down by it, to a seat by my side. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'I am not going to ask you what your difficulties are. I have no right to do so, but I am going to tell you that He who has removed mine is ready to remove yours. Ready, yes, and eager to take that despairing look from your eyes, to show you the delights of His unchangeable love. Listen, "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?"' As he looked inquiringly I replied, 'Yes, I believe; I dare not say I do not believe. I have always believed, even when through hearing my shipmates denying His existence, I have been tempted to agree with them.' 'Then you have entered upon everlasting life,' he said triumphantly. I sorrowfully shook my head, saying, 'Oh, no, I cannot, I dare not say that; it wouldn't be true. I haven't the slightest feeling of the kind, and it would be a lie to say that I have.' 'Well, then, listen to me, or rather, listen to Jesus: "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life, and shall *not* come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life." Do you believe this?' 'Yes,' I whispered. 'Then you have passed from death unto life, you are in the timeless age of eternal life, are you not?' 'No,' I answered doggedly. 'Ah, I see how it is, friend. You are waiting for the witness of your feelings to the truth of Him who is the Truth. You dare not take Him at His word unless your feelings, which are subject to a thousand changes a day, corroborate it. Do believe Him, in spite of your feelings, and act accordingly.'

"Every word spoken by the earnest little man went right to my heart, and when he ceased there was an appeal in his eyes that was even more eloquent than his words. But beyond the words and the look was the interpretation of them to me by some mysterious agency beyond all my comprehension. For in a moment the hidden mystery was made clear to me, and I said quietly, 'I

see, sir; it is the credibility of God against the witness of my feelings. Then I believe God.' 'Let us thank God,' answered the little man, and together we knelt down by the bench."

Conversion was, indeed, the beginning of a new life to Frank Bullen. How often the story of conversion has been told, and that of the subsequent religious experience. But never since the days of Bunyan has this been done with the simplicity and power revealed in this book. The raptures of pardon, the bliss of freedom, the thrilling delight of spiritual communion, and the joy of service, have rarely been set forth with such literary grace and insight as charm us on every page here. The Bible was now read with new eyes, and thus carried on with more complete efficiency that work of mental culture so well begun.

Nature has done much for Frank Bullen, and literature, especially the literature of the Bible, much besides; but Grace has had the largest share in touching to such fine issues this surprising recruit of letters. But the gain of letters is second to the gain of the Church, which has found in the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" one of the most powerful allies that she has ever welcomed to her ranks. This Defoe of the sea is also its Bunyan, and his advent must surely herald a better day for all who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters. The sailor is no longer inarticulate: he has found a champion and a spokesman who has the ear of the public, and out of the treasures of his own observation and experience can expose the hardships and wrongs of a class of men who, though of first-rate importance to the State, have been for generations like dumb, driven cattle.—Primitive Methodist Review.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.



IT was late spring in Summerwild. Everything about the Hogarths' proclaimed the fact. Dorothy, and Billy, the errand-boy, were perpetually going and coming between Mrs. Hogarth and Martha Cobb, exchanging seeds, roots, and slips of remarkable plants. Elizabeth, in a great garden-hat, helped her mother set them out, and when that was done, took long walks away from books and study. In the warm, delightful twilights her father and mother sat under the domestic "vine and fig-tree," and talked lovingly of—well, usually of stocks; as on this particular evening we will mention.

"What on earth did you 'buy in' for yesterday, Stephen? I could have told you it was on the eve of a panic in the market. You sell out, and say you will never get in so deep again, and then you run right off and draw money out of the bank, or somewhere else, and rush down there to your brokers, and throw it all away. Sometimes I think I'll tell the minister about your goings on."

At this awful threat Stephen waked up sufficiently to say: "Don't have me excommunicated, Susan! Only keep cool; you act sort of wrought up."

"It is time I did. You're just like the—ah—the ('fool' sounded a little harsh) man in the Bible; you are all the time being 'brayed in a mortar,' yet 'will not your foolishness depart from you.' I tell you it is undermining your health. You grumble and mutter in your sleep. About a month ago I thought one night you must be getting very spiritually-minded; you kept saying over something about 'Saint Paul preferred.' I supposed you must mean you liked him better than the other apostles, and lo, and behold, next day I found out 'twas nothing but stocks."

"Be easy, Susan, easy. I'm only amusing myself; you won't get to the poor-house this year."

"I ain't so sure I won't. Who is that talking with Elizabeth at the gate?"

"David Fenton," said Mr. Hogarth, pushing aside the honeysuckle-vines on the piazza where they sat.

"I wonder what they are talking about."

Mrs. Hogarth was something like Dorothy; she never saw two people talking together but this was her state of mind; however, being afraid of the dew on the grass, she did not go to find out on this occasion.

If she had gone she would have heard David Fenton telling Elizabeth that John Welles had made an arrangement with Martha Cobb to take him and his aunt to board for the summer. "I proposed it to him myself," said the Friend. "His aunt looks very unwell; her hands are so thin, I can almost see through them, and she does not sleep well. I urged him to bring her out of the hot city and let her have full liberty in the fresh country air, with flowers and birds and cheerful sights and sounds all around her. It will be well, too, for Martha; for half of her time is unoccupied, or rather she spends it in unnecessary work. She will be happier for having somebody weaker to care for. Come over and see Hannah; she will be glad to see thee, Elizabeth."

"I will, sometime, after she has been there a while. I am coming to-morrow to see Martha for something. When do Mr. Welles and his aunt arrive? I suppose he will not stay here all the time."

"More than half of it, doubtless," said David, refraining from adding that the boarders had already come. He had an idea it might make a difference about Elizabeth's call on the morrow. She rather avoided John Welles since her lessons ceased. Why the lessons had ceased was a great mystery, at least to Dorothy Hakes, seeing that Elizabeth openly confessed, when questioned by her handmaid, that she had not yet read the entire New Testament in Greek.

"And that was all she ever begun for in the first place," was Dorothy's mental comment. "Well, folks is queer. I thought it was all nonsense, myself."

Just here let it be stated that the afore-

said lessons had ceased because Miss Hogarth did not know whether Mr. Welles wished to teach any longer or not, and had not asked him. And Mr. Welles did not know whether or not Miss Hogarth wanted to learn any more, and had not asked her; all in a nutshell, you see.

Elizabeth would have been quite ignorant of John Welles' whereabouts and undertakings in the six months past, if it had not been for the Quaker. He had a way of giving her, wholly unasked, bits of information in regard to her whilom teacher. He often carelessly related to her entire conversations, as, for instance, that one he had with John upon matrimony.

She had not been to the Welles home for a long time. When she made her last visit there Aunt Hannah was too busy to entertain her, old Mr. Welles was failing and required constant care. Louise was in low spirits; she talked fretfully of all the Easter gaities that she would miss; for her fashionable friends were careless of her, now she kept no carriage, gave no dances, was out of the "swim," as she called it. Nothing Bess could say cheered her, and back of it all seemed something that it was not for outsiders to meddle with. Bess really had not wanted to go to the house, but had made herself do it, fearing John would think she was piqued because he had allowed the Greek lessons to get infrequent and finally to cease. She was intensely piqued as well as puzzled, but she resolved never to betray her annoyance.

Early in March Mr. Welles was found one morning quite dead; a painless ending to a long and, humanly speaking, a blameless life. The parlors of the old house were filled to overflowing for the unostentatious funeral. John learned in those days of many kind and helpful acts his quiet father had done, not letting his right hand know the good deeds of the left. He mourned for him, but knew he was not without hope. Joseph Welles died in the faith. His earthly treasures were lost, but he had better laid up in heavenly mansions.

Of this with other matters David was telling Bess. Into his story he wove much about John; always to his credit, be it known.

A faint suspicion sometimes stirred within his listener that this beautifully guileless Quaker might (speaking after the manner of the world's people) be "up to tricks"; but if he were, he never blundered into boldness, never committed himself by a false step. So that a tran-

sient suggestion of the serpent's wisdom was always done away with by the harmlessness of the dove.

This night, just before he left her, he repeated: "Do come over and see Hannah. Martha will take the best of care of her; but the poor thing is like a child who needs amusing. Thee could make her happy by taking her to walk in the woods, by reading to her. John Welles said to me thee wast so like a kindest sister of charity to all who suffered, that his aunt would find a friend in thee. We had been talking of 'intellectual women,' and I said Elizabeth Hogarth seemed one to me. He said, 'No, do not call her that merely; it seems to separate the head from the heart, and the two should go together in the perfect woman.' I do not say John called thee a 'perfect woman,' Elizabeth," he added dryly. "That would have been foolish, for I do not find thee perfect myself, and it were not meet either that I should be a retailer of vain flattery which does not edify."

Elizabeth laughed so long and merrily that Stephen on the piazza remarked to his wife, "That's a queer Quaker meeting down there."

Mrs. Hogarth could not hold back any longer, but went straight through the dew to see what the matter was. She does not know to this day; for David Fenton gravely asked after her health and then went home.

Elizabeth stayed out a long time with the stars and the faint, rosy light in the west.

A young man previously spoken of as having written Elizabeth a love-letter, wherein he likened her to "a pensive nun," was by her, as we have also said, remorselessly pronounced a "caterpillar." John Welles had called her a "sister of charity"; she did not resent it in the least. The titles were not unlike—where was the difference? Women are very perverse.

The next day Elizabeth went, as she proposed, to see Martha. She found her in the kitchen making fried-cakes, with her face so heated that she presented a very fierce aspect. The heat of the room was such that Elizabeth halted at the threshold. Miss Cobb looked up from a caldron which she was stirring like a Shakespearian witch, and exclaimed:

"Dear me! don't stay a minute here; go out in the garden. John Welles' aunt is out there all alone."

"All alone?"

"Yes, there is nobody around but us, and I just wish you would entertain her

a little while ; she bewilders me so when I am busy."

Aunt Hannah sat on a rustic bench under an apple-tree in bloom. The Cobb garden was a wilderness of old fruit-trees, flower-beds, patches of vegetables, and hedges of berry-bushes, with one old green latticed arbor at the end.

She greeted Bess with enthusiasm, and looked so happy it was quite delightful to see her.

"Aren't the apple-blossoms exquisite ?" said Bess, plucking two clusters and putting one in the old lady's lace cap, the other in her own belt.

"Everything is beautiful ! Martha told me to go and sit in the arbor. I don't like arbors," she whispered, with a funny little tilt of her nose, "they have a thousand-legged worms and spiders. I prefer to sit out here with the blue sky over me. Oh, it is so good after being in a sick-room, with one's only outing a walk in city streets."

"Have you closed your house ?" asked Bess.

"Not wholly, though Clarence is only there nights to sleep. Louise had an invitation to visit a cousin in Boston for a month, and then to spend another month at their seaside cottage. John will stay there nights, too, the greater part of the time. He came out here for my sake and I came for his ; he works far too hard. It is very pleasant here. Father Cobb and I find plenty to talk about, and Martha is as good-hearted as she is odd. The Cobbs are not friends, are they—Quakers, I mean ?"

"No, Father Cobb's father was, I believe ; his mother was Dutch. Her father built this house a hundred years ago."

"It rests me so to be here and have no stairs, and no Sally to look after. The birds woke me with their singing this morning, and I could lie in bed and see an apple-tree close by my window, one mass of pink and white blossoms. I thought for a minute I was at our old country house on Long Island. We used to go there summers when the boys were young."

"Soon you must come to our house. Mother will be here to see you when I tell her you have come. We must see you very often."

Aunt Hannah thanked her and they talked of various things of mutual interest. Elizabeth had no idea that an hour had passed, when Martha presented herself in a clean calico dress, the flush all gone from her visage, and an urgent invitation on her lips that Elizabeth should

"stay to tea." Now, knowing of old that Martha was quite sensitive to the social distinctions that certainly existed between herself and Miss Hogarth, Elizabeth always dreaded to appear unduly exclusive. She first found out that the gentlemen were in the city, and then yielded to Martha's hospitable overtures.

After tea, Elizabeth found it quite dark, for Martha, in order to do full honor to her guest, had taken time for a great deal of ceremony,—had spread before her a table fit, as old Father Cobb declared, "for the Grand Panjandrum himself." Therefore, soon after tea, Elizabeth set out for home. A little way from the gate she met Mr. Welles. He greeted her warmly, as he always did when he met her unexpectedly, and then turned to go home with her. They talked a while of various things, not at all personal, until in answer to some natural question of Elizabeth, John said : "I am working, working. What are you doing, Miss Hogarth ? Is it Greek or flower-beds or new summer dresses ?"

He had no thought of being sarcastic ; but Elizabeth was pricked in her pride. She had of late conceived the idea that this man—did not despise her, of course—she knew he liked her, but she fancied that he put her in the list of "useless luxuries," so far as her being of any real worth in life was concerned.

For the first time in her acquaintance with Mr. Welles, she resented a question of his, and with certain phrases returning to her, of Mrs. Browning, she answered : "Oh, I lead a sort of bird-cage life, accounting that to leap from perch to perch is act and joy enough. I do exactly the kind of things a well-brought-up young person ought to do—one who like myself has 'learned a little algebra,' 'brushed with her flounce the circle of the sciences,' had a 'general insight into useful facts'—stuffed cushions, modelled flowers in wax, and studied books on woman's rapid insight and fine aptitude—particular worth and general missionariness."

The half-reckless sarcasm with which his Saint Elizabeth burst out upon him, completely dazed John Welles. He waited a moment, and then said with comical gravity : "I hope you like it."

"I don't like it ! I am sick of it, tired of it ! I can't find my place. I can't find my work. It is everything and nothing. Dorothy cut me to the quick to-day—she said : 'You go clipping into a little of everything, but what good does it do you ?'"

The words that rushed to John Welles' lips were not the words he would let himself say. He tried to evolve from his inner consciousness something grave and mentor-like. In that silence of a second, Elizabeth melted into a penitent mood. She had been foolishly vexed and then foolishly outspoken; she exclaimed with a quiver in her voice: "Don't be disgusted at my discontent. I must be growing morbid; but I am not so weak-minded as you think."

"As I think—you cannot tell what I think of you; if you did—if you knew—I mean, Miss Hogarth," (with a tremendous effort he made his tone as even as if he were giving her a rule of grammar) "you would see that I have never had any reason to think you either weak-minded or morbid."

"Thank you," said Elizabeth, suddenly as calm as her companion. "I have been quite absurd—will you be kind enough to tell Miss Martha I will send her the seeds she spoke of in the morning? Will you come in, Mr. Welles? No? I hope your aunt will gain her strength again. Good-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

AT HOME.

John Welles was a very good judge of human nature and a fair reader of motives; but he showed little penetration when he argued that Elizabeth Hogarth was tired of him because she seldom came to the Cobbs on the days he was expected. He said to himself that he wanted nothing of her, that he must not show to her or to any one else the interest he certainly felt. It was very inconsistent in him to be so disappointed; but all the same, after a while, failing to have any enjoyment of Elizabeth's society, he devoted himself more entirely to work, going only Sundays and once during the week to see Aunt Hannah. The old lady was now quite at home there and gaining strength every day.

It was a delightful summer even in the city. There were no intolerably hot days and the nights were cool.

Late one afternoon in July, John was asleep on the library sofa. He had been busy until long after midnight the night before and was making up his rest. There was no one else in the house, and no sound but the far-off hum of life in the streets. He began to dream of bells. It seemed to him they rang for hours in his ears, then suddenly he was awake

with only the impression that bells had rung. A moment more and he knew some one at the front door was making long and loud efforts to get in if the thing was possible. He hastened down and opened just as his sister-in-law was about going away.

"Why, Louise! I thought you were sitting by the wild sea waves!"

"So I was yesterday, but this morning I concluded that New York was good enough for me, so I have come to see how you and Clarence behave when Aunt Hannah and I are not here to watch you."

She was looking as beautiful as ever, only a little thinner; her words were playful, but her manner not quite as careless as usual. She began teasing John about the dust on the furniture, asked him half a dozen questions in a breath, and wondered if he had anything to eat in the house.

"I have not at this present moment, Louise, but before you can expire with hunger I will send our supper in from the nearest restaurant."

"Please go right about it, then."

"I fly! I fly! as the chap in the biggest boots always remarks in the play. I would not imply that your face was dirty, but just amuse yourself washing it and I will make some glorious coffee over my new gas stove when I come in."

Louise went to her room, replaced her travelling gown by a lighter one, and threw herself down for a nap. She was not quite asleep when John shouted from the far-away dining-room, then improvising a loud summons on a gong made of a table salver and his fist.

Louise was hungry; the supper was very good, but she found time to ask all about Summerwild and every one there. It occurred to John that she might have taken a whim to go out there. He could not otherwise see any reason for her return.

"You seem to be a very good house-keeper, John, but I fear you are like most servants, you want too many privileges and too many afternoons out. I have come home to preside in Aunt Hannah's place. Please don't tell her I am here, she will think I can't fail to break her china and lose the silver spoons. I will not. I will see if I can't learn to do lots of things she used to do and that every married woman ought to know. You men will help me with the meals and won't be as critical as a woman. Where is Clarence?"

"He does not come in until bedtime.

He will now, but you see we have taken our meals out oftener than any other way."

"I have done a lot of thinking lately, John. Cousin Helen invited me to her cottage because father wanted her to talk me over."

"To talk you over?" asked John, puzzled.

"To show me that I had made a mistake marrying a poor man, to make me see all I was sacrificing. Father wants me to leave Clarence, to come home, and he will send mother and me abroad for several years; we can go anywhere, and spend any amount."

"And you have come here to tell Clarence this and to leave him," said John coldly. He had disapproved of the marriage; but it was a marriage, and John had old-fashioned ideas of the sanctity of such vows."

Louise gave him a long, curious look.

"I thought," she said, "that perhaps you and Aunt Hannah would be glad; you have both been kind to me, but I have made a new and troublesome one in your orderly living. Clarence," she gave a little gasp. "I don't know—I thought he loved me better than I loved him when we ran away, but now I don't know, I——"

She paused, lost in thought, and John asked himself what he should say to the shallow little creature. Her next words startled him.

"I told Helen I was Clarence's wife in God's sight. I have thought about God and what was right since one day when I promised Elizabeth Hogarth to study the life of Jesus. He would not have a woman do what they ask of me. I made a mistake when I married. I ought to have waited until father consented, or until Clarence proved he could take care of me; then I should have done everything openly." She waited a moment before she went on. "Clarence does not seem very wise now to me, not much wiser than I am, and—John, I am his wife, and the only right thing seem now to learn to be the best one I possibly can be. I will do whatever Aunt Hannah can teach me, and"—(her voice was very low and pleading), "can't we keep him from drinking?"

Tears were in John's eyes as he grasped Louise's hand, saying:

"My dear little sister, you will prove a noble woman and a good wife if you live up to what you have said. Clarence loves you better than any one else. I know that, but he is easily influenced for evil, and he is getting very intemperate.

We will do our best for him. I am glad you have come——"

"Yes, I thought of these long, pleasant evenings, and wondered where he would spend them. Last night Helen spent an hour telling of European summer resorts. She knows I was always wild to travel. She told me finally of an American girl who married foolishly, got a divorce, and is now married to a nobleman abroad. She never will ask me again to her cottage. I told her what I thought. I said I might be a foolish, headstrong woman, but I knew when I was insulted. I may have been a little personal, for I told her I thought her husband's nose was too large, and he was given to repeating stupid jokes, and I advised her to get a divorce, and marry her doctor, who is better-looking. She went to bed in a rage, and I packed my trunk and came away before breakfast."

John laughed long and merrily. Louise was like a child, good one moment and saucy the next; but he never felt so hopeful as now about Clarence.

They talked of him, laying plans to fill the evenings with innocent pleasures, drives in the Park, sails to Coney Island, anything to keep him from danger.

"Now, Louise, you go up-stairs and I will go over to a club-house where very likely I will find Clarence. He will come home when he knows you are here. You are not afraid to stay alone in the house, are you?"

"No—o, not if you hurry—if there are no mice or—ghosts."

"I dare not give you my word of honor as to mice, but I think there are none in the library. Ghosts—well, if you will only catch one and keep it, your fortune is made, but you have not the ghost of a chance."

"Nor the chance of a ghost, I devoutly hope; but light the gas everywhere, John, before you go."

"I will illuminate as if for a party," he answered, adding as he started: "If Clarence is not there I will hurry home."

Clarence was found, and if he seemed rather more surprised than delighted when John told him of Louise's arrival, he was not lacking in cordiality after he saw her.

John left them together, and when Clarence learned how easily he might have lost the wife of whose beauty he was so proud, he realized that he was not at all ready to give her up. He was so devoted to her that night, so ready to agree to all she proposed, so exactly as he used to be with Aunt Hannah, that Louise fancied his reformation an assured thing.

Indeed, John began to share her faith, for Clarence was home whenever he was not at his business.

Louise began her duties as housekeeper with the best intentions, and most amusing were the results. However, a week had not passed before a well-trained girl who had once lived with Aunt Hannah returned asking for a place. She had left them to care for the little children of a sister who died suddenly. A step-mother now took her responsibility from her, and she was gladly engaged by John. He kept all a secret from Aunt Hannah, rejoicing to think that life would be easier for her on her return. Milly, the present maid, was greatly interested in the new Mrs. Welles and her efforts to learn house matters. She taught her something every day, treated her with due respect, and looked out for her comfort.

It was a hot summer morning in the country, and everything around the old Cobb homestead told what morning it was. Only on Sundays did the bees and butterflies that visited the morning-glories about Martha's kitchen windows see that same kitchen, cool, quiet, and in order; no baking, brewing, washing, or ironing within, but every tin pan shining on the dresser. Aunt Hannah sat in the garden, and David Fenton was about starting for a country meeting-house a mile away.

Martha Cobb and her father were going to a Baptist church still a mile farther, of which the old man had long been a member. Whenever Father Cobb was able, some neighbor was sure to call and take him in a carriage, but of late he had seldom been strong enough to endure the drive. This morning he was unusually well. Martha had brushed every speck from his bottle-green Sunday suit, had combed his red wig, and put cologne-water on his big white handkerchief; last of all had slipped into his vest pocket his fat old watch with a gold chain.

This morning in the time before church-going he had gotten out of Martha's way by joining Aunt Hannah in the garden. In his younger days Father Cobb had led the choir, and even now his cracked voice was not unmusical. He hobbled down to the rustic bench humming,

"We are marching through Immanuel's land,
To fairer worlds on high;"

continuing to sing when he reached Aunt Hannah. She put down her book and joined her sweet, tremulous notes with

his, making a melody that brought tears into Martha's sharp eyes. It suddenly came to her that the queer little father's march was almost ended. But sentiment never interfered with fact in Martha's mind; after a while she opened the kitchen door to call out as well as she could through a mouth just then holding the pins with which she was making her toilet:

"Don't blow out all your wind, pa, before ever you get to church. You'll be sure to sing there, and then come home wheezin' and blowin' like a porpus—jest save yourself."

"Well, maybe she has the right on't," sighed the old man, "but won't I tune up when I get to the New Jerusalem! I'll make up for the praisin' I'm choked off on here! What is that leetle book, sister, you seem to be always a-readin' of when you get alone?"

"I will read you a little from it," said Aunt Hannah, moving nearer the ear under the funny old wig, for Father Cobb was quite deaf.

"When thou hast Christ, thou art rich and hast enough. He will be thy faithful and provident helper in all things, so that thou shalt not need to trust in men; for men soon change and quickly fail, but Christ remaineth for ever, and standeth by us firmly to the end. . . . Thou hast not here an abiding city, and wheresoever thou mayest be, thou art a stranger and pilgrim, neither shalt thou ever have rest unless thou be inwardly united unto Christ. . . . Thou art the true peace of the heart, Thou art its only rest; out of Thee all things are full of trouble and unrest. In this peace that is in Thee, the one chiefest eternal Good, I will lay me down and rest."

"So we do—so we do, every blessed night of our lives; so we will when we pilgrims lie down some last night to wake up where it's always day. 'Tis a good little book writ by a Friend, I take it."

"No; written hundreds of years before ever a people were called Quakers, and by a monk in a monastery."

"You don't say so! Well, he had found the Lord Jesus his way, and His truth and His life, and I reckon all creturs anywhere living here or gone ahead centuries ago all speak the same language, larnt of the same blessed Master, be they monks, Quakers, Baptists, or any other real Christians—the realness of the thing makes 'em alike! Here's David and I; we don't think alike on lots of things,

but he gets a word from his Lord up there in the meetin'-house, where some days never a mortal says a word, and I get mine over with the brethren that use their tongues. You will get yours sitting here with the lilies in all their glory, and the leetle sparrows that He looks arter. I'm sorry you don't feel right smart and able to go to church, but you can get your blessin' all the same."

Aunt Hannah looked as if she had it already, so sweet and peaceful was her expression. At that moment John Welles joined them to tell Father Cobb the neighbor was at the gate waiting for him and Martha.

Miss Elizabeth Hogarth sat reading this morning, when her maid entered to arrange the room. Dorothy Hakes was proving somewhat of a character. Elizabeth had taken her under her wing because she heard her spoken of as singularly exasperating. This was slander; when once Miss Hogarth undertook her reformation she found really very little to reform. The mental idiosyncrasies which made her peculiar to others, rather endeared her to Elizabeth. Dorothy's skin looked like old vellum, and her hair, always oiled and combed sleek behind her ears, reminded one of drab cambric with a very high glaze on it. She wore it cut just blow the nape of her neck, and this might have lent her a demure look had it not been for her startling eyes. The girl was awkward and by no means handsome; yet she had virtues. She was absolutely and unmitigatedly truthful. She would never "temper the wind to the shorn lamb" in any such way as to tell one that he or she looked very well when one didn't. She lacked reverence; but she was faithful, honest and grateful.

This morning, as she entered the room, she glanced at Elizabeth and then attacked the bed. After a while she stopped in the act of shaking a pillow into a clean cover and spoke; for she had seen out of her wondrous eyes that Elizabeth had put down her book.

"You know lots, don't you?"

"What?"

"You've read a heap of books, hain't ye?"

"Well, yes; a good many."

"Ever study Chinese?"

"Oh, no."

"Hebrew's somethin' like it, hain't it?"

"I never heard that it was."

"Wall, now, sort o' seems as if I had——"

There was a pause, and then Dorothy

asked. "Want them chrysanthemums of yours potted, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Yes."

"Will they blossom all winter?"

"No; but they may for a month or two."

"Now, say," said Dorothy, returning upon her tracks, "do you still study Greek, Miss Elizabeth?"

"No."

"Why hain't ye?"

"Why should I?"

"Wall, as to that, 'twould beat me to tell why you should put one-twentieth of the larnin' inside of you that you do; unless it's on the principle the crazy man fed his horse chips. One thing is as good as another for filling if something must go in."

"A good enough principle, Dorothy, as far as the man was concerned—the difference was with the horse. As for me, I am decidedly particular about my 'filling.'"

Dorothy waited a moment in silence.

"What put Greek into your thoughts?" asked Miss Hogarth in a languid tone, as if the answer was of no account.

The girl, noting her indifference, shook out the pillows, whistling softly to herself. Mrs. Hogarth frowned upon this trick of Dorothy's, but whistle Dorothy did and would until Elizabeth forbade it. Elizabeth, when appealed to, said that every soul needed a vent for superfluous sentiment. Dorothy could not sing; perhaps she had to whistle out her emotions. In a short time Elizabeth inquired again:

"But what made you think of Greek, Dorothy?"

"Oh, I heard you and the Quaker talking about somebody who taught it, and who had been writing a magazine about languages."

"In a magazine. It was a Mr. Welles. Now, Dorothy, you can go, or you will not have time to go to church if mother can spare you."

"She can, she says; and, Miss Elizabeth, just this onct I mean to go up to the hill to where them Quakers meet. There can be no harm in 'em, for Mr. Fenton is good as gold, and surely 'tain't wicked to hold your tongue on the Lord's day; lots of us might better do it than wag it about worldly things as we do. How do you git to the meetin'-house, Miss 'Lizabeth?"

There are two ways—a long one through the woods, a short one down the lane and around the hill a way and then up," answered Bess, adding, "you might

get lost by the woods way. The forest runs back for several miles. It is very dense in some places."

Dorothy departed and Bess was moved with a desire to follow the maid's example—not from mere curiosity, for she had been before to the meeting-house. It seemed to her that the walk through the woods would quiet her restless mood and the stillness of the silent service would be of benefit to her spiritually if the silence were filled with prayer.

Not wishing to be hurried, Bess began at once to make her simple preparations, and in a half-hour was on her way.

She went slowly, for the warm air was odorous of pine, and the July sun glinted in between the tree-tops gilding the ferns in the hollows and bringing out the emerald mosses on the fallen tree-trunks. She had gone but a little way when she saw David Fenton in the forest aisle. Elizabeth knew every rod of ground, but to strangers these wood-paths proved a labyrinth as puzzling as if designed to perplex the traveller.

David was the best possible companion for a walk, and Bess hastened to overtake him. He greeted her with a smile and handed her a cluster of wild roses he had plucked. She took them, saying:

"I will gather you more, for I know you like to have them with you. I have heard you say so."

They went along together sometimes side by side and talking, or often he paced demurely ahead, while Bess lingered for a maiden-hair fern or waxen forest flower half hid under some tree-trunk. Once he murmured words of his beloved Whittier:

"I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace,
Assured that He, whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills,
No evil to His creature wills.
The simple faith remains that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best, alike for man and tree."

They reached the house, which was a great, gray, wooden building crowning a hill that sloped to a stream in the rear. A platform ran along the front of the building, and at either end was a door. They were a little late and all the people were seated within. David, going to one door, pointed Bess to a seat upon the women's side. He then went up the opposite side of the house and seated himself. A partition, the whole length of the room, entirely divided one-half of it from the other, and was just high enough to interfere with his view of Elizabeth.

It is not at all our intention to describe the meeting. It is enough to say that for a half-hour Bess sat still, impressed both by the spoken words, and by the Sabbath solemnity, and in that time David had forgotten her. It was good to be here, she thought. At one end of the great barn-like room were two raised seats, and there sat eight or ten elderly men in drab, and as many sweet-faced sisters wearing their big bonnets, and looking as if serenity reigned in their bosoms. The peaceful scene at first soothed Bess, then in the stillness she began to think of many things in her life, of other people's lives in contrast, of what she would do if she were Louise, of John Welles. She had not met him since that evening at Father Cobb's. In her heart began a conflict of wounded vanity, sober sense, a new loneliness, and a not so new-growing affection that must be stifled. She called back her thoughts to sacred things, and was glad when a woman arose, laid off her bonnet, talked a little while of God's mercies, new every morning and fresh every evening, and just when Bess was hoping she would go on she ceased.

Dorothy had come in a few minutes after Bess, and sat near the door. Turning around to see if she seemed impressed, Bess was surprised to find that she had gone out. Then David Fenton stood in his place, and spoke as the Spirit moved him. It was a quiet, uplifting meditation along the line of the poem he had quoted that God "will do the best" for us if we will let Him have His will in us and with us. Bess could sit in quiet after it and pray. Praying she seemed to feel that the fret and worry, the loneliness and restlessness of her late mood melted away from her like a cloud vanishing in the sunshine.

"Bess," exclaimed Mrs. Hogarth, an hour or so after she had returned home, "you will have to help me with the dinner. Your father is getting hungry and uneasy. Dorothy has not come back."

"Why, how strange! Did you give her permission to stay away, mother?"

"No, but perhaps she misunderstood me. She said she wanted to go to the Methodist church always half a day and evenings when she could. I agreed, but I did not expect she would go to another service after taking her morning at the meeting-house."

"She is queer, but she is sensible. I don't see where she has gone. She went out before the services ended, as it was," said Elizabeth.

(To be continued.)

IN THE STREETS OF TOKIO.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



HE bells of the Greek Church cathedral in Tokio were chiming for morning service. The sweet, triumphant music sounded strange as it floated over the tiled roofs of Nippon's capital. This cathedral, the most magnificent ecclesiastical structure in the empire, was a covert threat in the eyes of the people of Nippon; first the conversion of the country, then its conquest,

they thought was Russia's contemplated programme. And now, in April, 1904, both the cathedral and Russian Legation were closely guarded by the police, against the danger of a popular outbreak.

Though certainly there seemed little danger of those gentle, smiling people doing anything of the kind, at least so Father Michael Paulovitch thought, as he came out of the Legation returning the salutations of the passers-by. When the war had broken out, the aged Bishop Nicolai had refused to leave the country and the twenty-five thousand converts the Greek Church had made in Nippon. So now he and the Russian missionaries were living in the Legation, holding their regular services, and not molested by even an insulting word by the people of heathen (?) Nippon.

"Though," thought Father Michael, "it is never really safe to trust any oriental. When they smile most they may strike."

Then, lingering in front of the cathedral, he saw a woman, tall and fair-haired, and wearing the dress of a Red Cross nurse. After a quick glance at her face he addressed her in English, inviting her to join the service.

"I thank you, but I have not the leisure," Helen Gordon answered, "the music of your bells held me, for though my mother was English, my father was Russian, and one of my earliest memories are the chimes of Moscow the holy."

"And you are still of us?" exclaimed the priest, "you have never left the Mother Church. Sister, you must join our worship sometimes, for it is in these times of peril that we who love the Lord should speak often one to another."

"To what peril do you refer?" inquired Helen, with a slight smile.

"The peril of the heathen," he said, surprised at her manner, "I was glad when the Bishop decided to stay, for I knew, as he did, what the end would probably be, and the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

"I honor your courage," said Helen, "still if you want martyrdom, I think you will have to go to Russia to get it. We are mostly heathen down here. We have not learnt the Christian lesson of 'sealing with rack, and stake, and whip our loving-kindness to transgressors.'"

The man drew away from her. "Then you are not a Christian?" he said sternly. "You have become one with the heathen around you?"

"I am Christ's," said Helen, calmly. "And if you like to listen I will tell you why I am not a member of my father's church. He was born at Andreyevo, the son of Prince Fedor. When he was ten years old serfdom was abolished and the peasant was free. But still, poor slave, he was abjectly ignorant, and his rulers refused to make any allowance for his ignorance. For centuries they had been bought and sold with the soil, and it was impossible for him to think of himself as separated from his own particular strip. Now he was free he was to leave, and take up the waste lands allotted him by the government. In Andreyevo, the peasants simply refused to move, so soldiers were sent. They swept the men off to prison and quartered themselves in the huts, where they drank, destroyed property, and abused the women. Then, as the men still refused to consent to leave the land, every tenth one was beaten with the knout. Two died. Several were crippled for life. Yet they still held out, and two weeks later every fifth man was flogged. Then when, for the third time they were brought out of prison, and every man flogged, they gave in. Oh, I know the government was in the right, and they in the wrong, still, was it civilized—was it Christlike—so to punish men whose only crime was that they did not understand?"

"Prince Fedor and his guests were amused spectators of all this, and even my father was allowed to see everything. It was an education that would make a boy either a fanatic or a brute. At first, childlike, he was terrified. And fed

to his peasant fostermother for refuge, fearing that the soldiers would take him, too. She comforted him, explaining that he was a noble, one of the privileged classes, not to be imprisoned or tortured without the trial by his peers. But even then he asked himself, why?

"Then, afterwards, when he read the New Testament, it came to him that Christ, whose followers we say we are, who alone of all men could choose what He should be born, made Himself a peasant, liable, as indeed He was, to be tortured and murdered without trial. Why? certainly not because He thought the rights of man valueless, but because He would not accept for Himself privileges denied to any one in the land. So when my father was of age he disowned his family, and went to live and work as a peasant among peasants. My mother, who was an English governess, joined him, and he married her, because, being of the high blood of the old Covenanters, she understood him and loved him for his courage and his faith.

"Heretic, madman, and suspect, they called him, my father. I remember him well, with his enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and trousers, and hands stained with labor. And then my mother, with her eyes that were always laughing; I never saw her sad, nor my father angry or dissatisfied, yet our home was only a low room with mud walls and floor, and its great brick stove. Just above your head were the rafters, and above them the thatch, while in the second room, our cow lived with her calf. But in all the land there was no happier home than ours. My father was no Socialist. He believed that Christ lived as He did on earth not as a part of His humiliation, but because, being one with the Divine Wisdom, He knew that work and plain living meant high thinking and a closer walk with God. My father thought that perfect cleanliness, physical and mental, fresh air, and education, were the things we should strive for earnestly. Wealth and poverty he regarded as alike of no consequence to the soul—they were neither to be sought nor feared. And violence of any kind, together with war, he abominated. Yet they called him an anarchist."

Helen paused with a rapt look in her eyes, and the priest replied:

"Yet what your father was not himself, his teachings made his daughter. You are evidently Helen Gregoryevna, the Nihilist. You despise the Church of God, yet are yourself an illustration of the end, when laymen pretend to inter-

pret the Scriptures, wresting them to their own eternal destruction, while their children, taught that a sentimental charity to men is more important than faith in Jesus, become at last atheists and assassins."

Helen looked at him with very gentle eyes.

"My brother," she said. "Let me tell you what turned me from a Liberalist into a revolutionary. Soon after Murray, my brother, was born, the famine fever broke out, and my father and mother both died among the peasants they had gone to nurse. Afterwards Prince Fedor, our grandfather, took us, but because our father's God watched over us, I left his palace when I was eighteen, and went to work in a factory. For I was determined to serve God by living for my people, and I knew it was no use preaching to them, unless I would live with them, and prove that even under their conditions it was possible to be pure and clean and kind. But, oh, it was hard. Brother, you think I despise the Church of God, but how can I think it is His Church which does nothing while, in the manufacturing cities of Russia, the working class, not the criminals and unemployed, but the artisans and mechanics, live mainly under what would be called slum conditions in Saxon lands? Whole families were herded together in one room; I lived in a woman's lodging-house, sharing a long, barrack-like room with about twenty other girls, its only furniture the hard, vermin-filled beds. We took our meals at a cheap, dirty restaurant, and men, women and children drank whenever they had the money. When we wished, girl-like, for finery, we watched for the gypsy rag-picker with her leavings from the palaces of our masters. When our heavy, clumsy boots were broken, we sent them down to the cobbler in the cellar, who did his work by night, so that we could have our boots again in the morning. Our hours were too long to give us much evening, for though eleven hours is the legal limit for a working day, the government is too busy looking for signs of liberalism, and manufacturing assassins out of peaceably-disposed people, to have time to enforce its own edicts for the betterment of the working men and women. Our hours were as long as our employers chose.

"As to wages, a skilled mechanic would get five or six cents an hour. Unskilled laborers and women, two or three. And the cost of living is not so very much lower than in English lands. The most

a good workman could expect was to be able to rent a small room, absolutely without sanitary arrangements, for which he would pay two dollars a month, and live there with his family.

"Our food consisted almost entirely of hard, black bread, for which we paid three cents for a two-pound loaf. Hunks of this bread with hot tea formed our daily meals, except when we could afford to buy a bit of pork, the only meat ever within our means, at ten cents a pound, and incur the additional expense of cooking it. Half fed and untaught, there was almost an excuse for the vodka drinking which robbed the workman's home of even the poor comforts he might have afforded.

"Our clothing came from the rag-shops; stockings we never wore. We wrapped our feet and legs in rags instead. Without schools or religion we existed, rather than lived. And when on the saint's days we would crowd in our rags and dirt into some church, we would hear a priest in golden robes repeat some mediæval prayers in a language most of us did not understand. Then we were told to cross ourselves before icons, and so draw near to God.

"The things which help so many great cities, missions, night schools, temperance societies, etc., were either prohibited or kept under such strict police surveillance as to be practically useless. In this city of Tokio, to which Russia is sending her missionaries, there are ten book stores to every one in St. Petersburg. Drunkenness and profligacy were our only recreations. How could a people under such conditions either be moral or even understand morality? I was strong, and my strength was trained, as I think all girls should be, but it was only constant watchfulness that saved me from the dangers around me.

"But I was soon known among my workmates, and the first thing I did was to get the girls in my room to help me, and with candles and pails of boiling water we worked each night, till the vermin were got rid of. Then we had Bible readings, to which we admitted some of the young men we knew. I read, not the Gospels only, but the Pentateuch, opening up discussions on hygiene and political economy.

"Then there was a labor riot in the city, though not at our factory, but out of our windows I saw the mob make a stand at the end of the street. And then they were charged by the Cossack riders. Away out of my sight they all went, a hurly-burly of horror, and behind them

I saw a little child lying bleeding on the snow.

"My friends would have prevented me going out if they could, but I had served in the hospital and I went. She was such a little thing, about four or five, with her breast slashed open by a sabre cut. I dressed the wound quickly, as a Cossack rode up and struck at me with his whip. I stood up holding her in my arms that he might see what I was doing, and he—he struck her. I ran then back to where I had left, but he was close behind me, and they would not open the door. Up that street we went then, I running with her in my arms, and he riding beside us, lashing me with his whip, and there was never a door opened that I might escape from him.

"It was out of an evil house that at last women came with painted faces and dragged me in. I had nursed one of them in the hospital once, and she had not forgotten."

Helen paused, instead of that street in Tokio, she saw that squalid chamber in that house of assignation, where she sat exhausted on the floor, while Rab Gordon stood looking down at her with a face that was strangely white, and stern eyes.

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, "how did you know I was here? I suppose you came because you did know."

"I certainly did not come for anything else," said the man, briefly. "Miss Helen, will you marry me, if you please?"

She looked at him in utter bewilderment, then—

"No, thank you, Mr. Gordon," she said, "I have other plans for my life than marriage, and pardon me, but you have hardly shown your usual tact, in your choice of the time and place for your proposal."

"Do you know you will be arrested to-night?"

"I am not surprised, nor hardly sorry. You remember Thoreau's words, 'under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for every just man is a prison.'"

"I do not mind what Thoreau said or did, you are not going to a Russian prison, Miss Helen, you will leave this house and Russia with me at once, and marry me or not as you like. I am going to take you to Scotland to my mother."

"Mr. Gordon, you mean well, but my work is here, and I stay with my people."

He smiled. "Very well, Miss Helen, then I stay here with you, and before I let a man lay his hand on you I shall shoot you dead."

"Mr. Gordon; but you are an Englishman, or a Scotchman, and I thought they were always so careful to avoid anything sensational, especially when they were thinking of marriage, and then your father is a minister, and you are a very strict member of your national Church. What would be thought of you, if it was known that you came to a house like this, and murdered a woman in it?"

He only smiled at her, and she suddenly felt that she was in a new world, and this man whom she had thought she knew so well, was new also. Something new awoke in her, and she understood him.

So she stood up before him with downcast eyes, for the first time in her life not caring to look a fellow creature in the face. And with her straight figure drooping a little, in the half-conscious surrender of herself to this man, she said very meekly. "I will go with you."

He misunderstood her attitude. "Miss Helen," he said, smiling gravely at her, as he might have at a child, "you must not be afraid of me, I certainly shall not try to marry you against your will, for being a man who has his own living to get, I should be afraid you might take i. out of me in mismanaging my household afterwards. No, I cannot afford to take a wife unless I am sure she is quite willing, and will always be a help to me. And seeing you seemed to like the idea of being a prisoner, I will arrest you if you like, in the name of common sense. You need a keeper, you daft lassie, and you can come, considering yourself my prisoner."

Helen laughed very happily. "Very well," she said, "then that is how it shall be, for really I am afraid of you."

"Why?" he said, not quite liking her words. They were in the street now, and he was putting her into the sledge, touching her as a careful mother might a child.

She only laughed softly. "Because though I am strong," she said demurely, "you are very much stronger. I feel like a little child in your great hands. To herself she added, "And we say we fear God, when really we mean we love Him."

All through their journey she was as carelessly happy as a child in its mother's arms.

The man saw to her comfort with the methodical precision, which was part of his careful Scotch nature, but underneath his stiff decorum his whole being was seething with madness, with that terrible Saxon passion that avenged Cawnpore.

And there would have been a strange, grim tragedy had they not escaped safely from Russian soil.

Helen came back from her dreams suddenly, to know she stood in the streets of Tokio, and the priest was speaking to her.

"You were the victim of a deplorable mistake," he said coldly, "but pardon me if I say your friends were right in trying to keep you from going on the street. It was practically war-time. The proper authorities would have seen to the wounded. There was no need for you to put yourself in a position liable to misconstruction. And then because of the not surprising error of an over-zealous soldier, you thought yourself justified in joining herself to those who warred on all decent society with the pistol and bomb of the assassin?"

But Helen's eyes were still soft with the memory of her love dream, and she only smiled.

"The man whose wife I am to-day fetched me from that house where I had found refuge," she said. "He took me to England, and there we would have been married, and doubtless lived in a most quiet, respectable British way, had I not heard that the brother I had left behind in Christian Russia, a young boy who was blind, would suffer for my escape. Without a word to tell them why, I left that home where they had made me so welcome, secretly, for, judging Rab Gordon by other men I had known, I thought he would be too proud and hurt to seek me again.

"You call me Nihilist and assassin, shall I tell you why? Because I had read the Bible to my friends—because I had tried to save a child—because I would not let Murray suffer for these crimes. I was forced to travel through Russia in disguise. I stained my hands and face. I used forged passports. I accepted help from those of our Liberalists who had become revolutionary and believed we should return violence by violence, and so, though I did nothing worse than what I have told you, you call me assassin."

"Then," said the priest, sternly, "you deny all knowledge of what happened in that Japanese curio shop in the Gostinói Dvór? You know nothing of your lover's treason to the state, whose servant he was?"

"Rab Gordon was a civilian," said Helen, "an engineer hired by the Russian government to work for them. He was neither their subject nor soldier, and the only way in which he treated his employers unfairly was in throwing up his

position without notice when he ran away with me. I know all about that curio shop in St. Petersburg now, and Rab knew then. that among the 'boys' who swept up the shop, and waited on the customers, was one man at least who had held a commission in the English navy six months before. Hayashi Yamato had been Rab's schoolfellow and friend in England for many years. He recognized him there in St. Petersburg, though he did not consider it his duty to say anything. But afterwards, when he knew I had gone back to Russia, he went at once to some agent Nippon had in England. He knew much about Russian railroads and the engines in her battleships, and he offered his knowledge and his services—if ever they should be called for—to Nippon, if Murray and I were saved. So we escaped, for they had let me meet Murray, thinking that they could take me then, and it was not till afterwards that those Russian police knew that Hayashi was quicker to think and act than they, and that it was in that curio shop that we were hidden while they searched for us in vain.

"Hayashi's task was not such a very hard one, for between red-tape and official corruption the Russian police are probably the most inefficient in the civilized world. They are very brutal, and allowed practically a free hand in their dealings with real or supposed criminals, but this gratifying of his bestial instincts of cruelty is hardly likely to make a man mentally alert and quick to see. Russia's proportion of undetected crimes and miscarriages of justice is very large, and I do not think that any other civilized country would be so helpless as to be unable to put down revolutionary societies composed, in most cases, of uneducated boys and girls.

"Afterwards I married Rab Gordon, because I was afraid if his wooing was not quick and satisfactorily concluded he would be making it a *casus belli* for half of Europe. Then when he was sent for he came here and I with him.

"So that is why I am not a believer in Russian civilization or Russian Christianity to-day, and though I do not see that a nation has any more right than an individual to destroy lives and property, though I think war is only assassination on a larger scale, I still believe that anything is justified that will prevent Russia extending her misgovernment over more territory than what she still rules with brutal stupidity."

"I can only hope," said the priest,

"that you do not know what you say, when you wish that a heathen nation may triumph over a Christian one. You are very ready to talk of misgovernment, as if a government could exist that did not govern. Russia has a great destiny, and a hard one, the controlling and uniting the ignorant millions God has given her to rule for Him."

"And yet she wonders why her thinking people take up free-thought," retorted Helen.

The man ignored her. "England and America thank God that they are not as we are," he said, "with their great cities that vie with Sodom and Gomorrah in wickedness. If their national prestige were in danger you would see they would stop at very little to maintain it."

"My brother," said Helen, gravely, "I have been in the slums of London as a nursing sister. I have worked in Chicago—which its own people call 'hell with the lid off.' Then I went out west with my husband into places where I was the only pure woman, and where human life was held of no account. Yet, though I always tried to live as I think a Christian should, serving my neighbors without asking if there were any laws against it—it was only in Russia that any man ever raised his hand against me. I am very sure that if the soldiers of either England or America were told that to maintain the prestige of their nation, they would have to flog women 'when necessary,' they would say that their national prestige could go.

"You talk of a 'yellow peril,' as if any peril could be greater to humanity than the triumph of those millions of uncivilized barbarians—for that is what the people of Russia really are—and will continue to be so long as they remain the virtual slaves of an irresponsible autocrat who himself is really the puppet of the creatures of his power, though often inflated beyond reasoning by believing himself to be by divine right the ruler of the world."

The priest looked at her with angry horror, but he only said gravely, "I will pray for you, sister, as I am praying for these poor people who, in their deluded madness, have flung themselves against a nation whose might is as the might of God. You, like them, are past reasoning with, and I can only pray for all of you."

Helen smiled. "Thank you," she said. "Prayers mean good wishes, and I am glad of yours. As for Nippon, once I, too, thought that it was madness for

those little people, with their paper houses, to defy the terrible lords of the north. But now I have lived a while in Nippon, and I think I understand a little the secret of her strength."

She paused as an electric car rattled down the street, stopping near them with a jangle of its bell to take on a party of olive-skinned, black-haired girls, all of whom wore maroon-colored pleated occidental skirts, the dress of the girl students of Nippon. The car was crowded with girls similarly dressed, and with boys in western visored caps. All alike were carrying their strapped books, and all were pupils in the high schools of Tokio, the partial uniformity of their dress, and the trained carefulness in the way that the girls, as well as the boys, stood and walked, giving them something of a military appearance.

Helen looked down the street with shining eyes; the car had passed on, but she could see, dotting the sidewalks, clusters of little children, all clean, all smiling, and all on their way to school.

"Look!" she said, "these are not the children of the 'privileged classes,' we have none here—but of the people. Do you know, you who are amazed at Nippon's victories over Russia, that she has 92 per cent. of her children at school, against Russia's 25 per cent.? Do you know that with a revenue only one-eighth of Russia's Nippon spends 34 cents per head of her whole population on public instruction, against Russia's eight cents per head?"

"Here both people and government are rightly educated, so that they are not afraid of each other. The Emperor of Nippon is so sure of the stability of his throne that he does not need to keep a part of his army at home, to chase school-girls through the streets with loaded whips and sabres, lest they should overthrow it.

"Ah, if ever I was sent out as a spy, I would not go to count their stupid guns and battleships—no, first, I would study the men who were to stand behind

those guns. Then I would go to the homes they left.

"I know the homes the peasant soldiers of Russia have left. I know the slums where the factory workers are herded. I know the wretched hovels of the peasant farmer. I know that in the army Russia trusts to maintain her position are the men from Andreyev, the sons and grandsons of those poor, bewildered peasants who could not understand.

"I know that the bulk of Russia's millions accept hard labor and the knout as part of their inevitable destiny. They cannot believe it possible to make a successful revolt, so they go in dull obedience to fight for something they neither know or care anything about. But they will never stand against freemen.

"You call me a traitor to my father's people, brother, but because I still love Russia, I rejoice at Nippon's victories. For Russia—the poor, enslaved Russia which I lived in, and loved, is not at war with Nippon. The Romanoffs and their bureaucracy—my Russia's greatest enemies—have picked a quarrel with the people here. A throne has made war on a nation, and for Christ my King, and humanity my country, that nation is fighting to-day."

The priest looked after her as she left him, a woman whose absolute fearlessness and passionate charity would always give her influence wherever she lived. Not only was her influence turned against her father's country, but, the priest remembered, had it not been for the assault on her, Rab Gordon might still be working in the great Russian naval dockyards. And if official stupidity had not fixed on the boy Murray as its victim, neither Rab nor Helen might have been in Nippon.

In his heart the priest felt that this story of Helen Gordon's was only a little bit in the great mass of blundering brutality which had undermined the strength of Russia, and made possible her defeat by Nippon.

Toronto.

CROSSED THREADS.

The silken threads by viewless spinners spun,
Which float so idly on the summer air,
And help to make each summer morning fair,
Shining like silver in the scummer sun,
Are caught by wayward breezes, one by one,
And blown to east and west and fastened there,
Weaving on all the roads their sudden snare.

No sign which road doth safest, freest run,
The winged insects know, that soar so gay
To meet their death upon each summer day.
How dare we any human deed arraign;
Attempt to reckon any moment's cost;
Or any pathway trust as safe and plain
Because we see not where the threads are crossed?

—Angelus.

Current Topics and Events.

PEACE.

BY MRS. WHITON-STONE.

From the bugles that called to the battle, and thud of the armies' tread ;
From the murderous swords uplifted, with their sharp blades running red ;
From the agonized cries of the wounded, and horses trampling the dead—
Lo ! the sudden release of the White Dove of Peace and the blue of the Summer o'erhead.

From the hidden mines' awful explosions, and cannons' thundering boom ;
From the bloody waves drinking the dying, and the running of Hell's vast loom :
From the nations enwrapt in conflict, and their rulers enwrapt in gloom—
Lo ! the sudden release of the White Dove of Peace and the lilies of Summer abloom.

From the lion-souled patriots fighting no grimness of Death could appal ;
From the mothers that went forth unweeping, and gave to the Country their all,
With desolate hearts as of Rachel, and stony despairs as of Saul—
Lo ! the sudden release of the White Dove of Peace and the whole world held in thrall.

From the bugles that called to the battle blow pæans to East and to West
That shall reach to Earth's lowliest valleys from mountains supremest confest,
That shall gladden the souls of the angels, in the music of angels expressed,
For the sudden release of the White Dove of Peace, that was winged from Jehovah's breast.

—*Boston Transcript.*



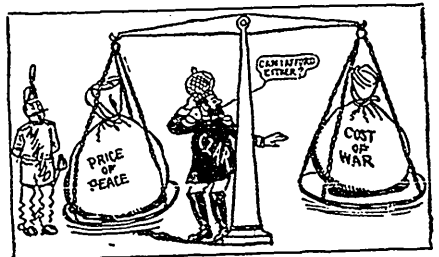
THE FINAL LESSON OF THE WAR.
—*Minneapolis Times.*

A PLEDGE OF WORLD PEACE.

Such is the Anglo-Japanese treaty generally regarded. It is a strictly defensive measure. The special interest to Great Britain is that it safeguards her

great Indian Empire. Russia has for long years been preying upon the sensibilities of Britain by menacing that empire. That menace is now destroyed, first, by the bursting of the bubble of Russia's military prestige, second by the union of Britain and Japan to maintain the mastery of the seas in both the East and the West, and to unite the Sikhs and Ghoorkas of India with the conquerors of Mukden and Liaoyang.

The European press almost universally hails this treaty as a subject of lasting peace. The principal exception is the Free Lances of Germany, though the



SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.
—*Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.*



THE DEBT THAT CAN NEVER BE REPAYED.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

official press accepts the situation. The isolation of Germany now takes the place of the splendid isolation of Britain. Germany's truculence in Morocco has prevented a French alliance. Russia and Austria have both too much to do to settle their internal troubles to give Germany any effective help in her aggressive

policy. Indeed the probabilities are that Russia will effect an alliance with Great Britain safeguarding the integrity of India in return for a free port in the Persian Gulf, and the right of entry into Mediterranean, where she could no longer threaten Britain's highway to India. The New York Outlook has the following to say about this epoch-making treaty :



WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

About the only indemnity that the Russian and Jap private soldiers will get.

—Walker in the Cleveland World.

The official Russians continue to talk as if they had suffered temporary reverses ; the world knows that the prestige of Russia in the Far East, and the fear of her power which has been a shadow over Europe for decades, are things of the past. The Russian people have a great future before them, but it will be a very different future from that which has shaped the policy of the autocracy in the East for generations.

In this dramatic unfolding of events nothing has occurred more significant of the changes already effected and the greater changes to come than the signing of the new treaty between Japan and England.

Its objects are four : The maintenance of peace in the regions of eastern Asia and India ; the preservation of the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire ; the assurance of equal oppor-



DELIGHTED.

—Philadelphia Record.

tunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China; and the maintenance of the territorial rights of England and Japan in the regions of eastern Asia and India, with provision for the defence of their special interests in that part of the world.

The main lines of policy upon which Japan and England are agreed are un-

mistakable, and the ultimate purpose of the two nations must be inferred from the clear purport of this impressive agreement. It makes three great facts in the Eastern situation clear.

English government in India has been expensive, but it has been thorough, upright, and intelligent. It has become a synonym for impartial justice between man and man, for integrity of administration, and for education. It has been and is a school in which India is learning the art of government; and it is very certain that when the Indians are ready to take their affairs into their own hands the little army of English administrators will quietly withdraw. English ideas are to be dominant in the East instead of Russian ideas; that brief statement involves changes the radical and far-reaching character of which have become very clear in the last two years.

The East is to be no more the foraging ground of the West, to be divided up and disposed of without taking into account the rights or wishes of its peoples. Eastern affairs have hitherto been settled in St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, or London; hereafter they will be settled in Peking, Tokio, or, in some future time, at Calcutta. The East will develop freely



“EVEN THE CZAR’S LUNGS CANNOT BLOW OUT THE SUN”—A RUSSIAN PROVERB.

—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.

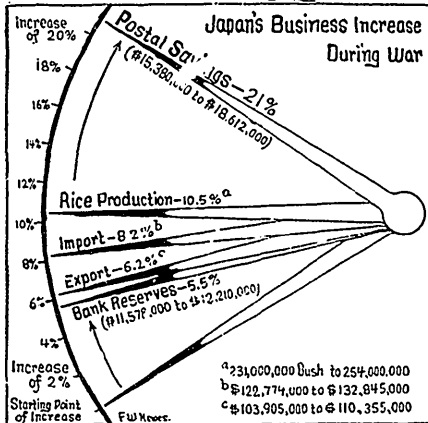


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE INCREASE IN BUSINESS IN JAPAN DURING THE WAR.

F. W. Hewes makes this diagram for Harper's Weekly from data gathered by Sajiyo Tateish, of Tokio, from the several Japanese Government departments. It covers the first eight months of the war.

along its own lines, and ultimately deal with the West on a basis of equality.

The treaty recognizes the policy of the open door as final and authoritative. The East is to be open to the competition of all races; there is to be no more building of Chinese walls of exclusion; the field is for the world; let the best race win!



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Kaiser William—"Modesty forbids my suggesting the right man to intervene, but"—(bitterly)—
"I suppose it will be Roosevelt as usual!"
—Punch, London.

"The treaty," says The Independent, "is a magnificent stroke of diplomacy; excellent for Japan, admirable for Great Britain, and good for the peace of the world. Japan, disappointed over her failure to get all she would out of the war, smarting because she was beaten in diplomacy by the wily Witte, may recover her cheerfulness and take pride



DIVIDING THE BOAT.
—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.



France: "Aw, you're very bold now that me big brother's laid up."
—Chicago News.



STRANGERS ONCE, BUT LOVERS NOW.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

again in her statecraft as well as in her arms. Now, why will not Germany, France, and Great Britain unite to do the same service for Europe, and thus insure the permanent peace of the world."

The French desire to see their Russian allies and their English friends come to an agreement on questions of mutual concern. What they are anxious for is that they themselves, at the same time as Russia and England, should be left in peace to attend to their own business without perpetual interference from Berlin.

HISTORY IN CARTOON.

The clever cartoonists of the press often put into a thumb-nail sketch the whole political situation better than it could be described in a column of editorial. Naturally, the end of the war calls for congratulation. But the game of beggar-my-neighbor has brought with it tremendous burdens which the Japs and Russian peasantry will have to bear for many a long year, as is shown in one of our cuts.

There is one debt which never can be paid—the countless lives which have been lost, the empty homes in Russia and Japan, robbed of their bread-winners, and the nameless graves upon the slopes of Port Arthur and the plains of Mukden.

Out of the conflict the Czar comes with tarnished lustre and depleted purse. Having forced the campaign, he must pay the penalty. Kings and potentates

should weigh well the consequences before they enter upon the dreadful game of war. After all it is not the Czar or Mikado who feel the cruel brunt of war, but the maimed and halt and crippled soldiers, so many thousands of whom leave their lives or limbs on the field of battle.

Great praise is given President Roosevelt for the tact and skill and persistency with which he brought the combatants together, and in spite of innumerable obstacles attained a reconciliation.

The Czar Nicholas has a tremendous task before him in giving representative institutions to the great chaotic mass of mujik, artisan and land-holder. The sternly repressive measures in Moscow and the great centres do not augur well for the new liberties promised the people, but the sun of modern progress will still shine brighter and brighter despite the efforts of the Czar to blow it out.

While business in Russia has almost collapsed, while strikes and lockouts paralyze the industry of the nation, the business in Japan has shown a remarkable increase. The little Island Empire possesses recuperative powers which her colossal rival seems unable to exhibit.

It is a curious irony by which the Czar summons the second Hague Conference. It was President Roosevelt who announced his intention to ask the powers to meet in such a conference immediately after



FIRING THE FOREIGNER.

The East threatens to adopt more "Western methods."

—Warren in the Boston Herald.



WILLIAM THE MEDDLESOME.

the Peace of Portsmouth, but the great peace-maker gracefully waived this privilege to the great war-maker. The cartoonists poke all sorts of fun at the situation, but doubtless much good will come of it in the still further defining the rights of neutrals. The repeated seizure of British and German vessels by the Russian fleet, which was much more valorous in the capturing of unarmed vessels than in meeting the Japs, demands protective measures for the sea-borne commerce of the world.

The cordial relations of John Bull and La Belle France, so largely due to the diplomatic tact and skill of Edward the Peacemaker, form the theme of an ingenuous cartoon. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that these recently estranged countries may be again united in an alliance like that of the Crimean campaign, but we trust a more peaceful one.

For a long time the United States and Western Canada, too, have practised a ruthless boycott on Chinese emigration. Not merely was the Chinese coolie excluded from the country, but men of high rank and college students were held up in a filthy pen and subjected to most offensive indignities. The Chinese boycott of American goods touched Uncle Sam on that sensitive point, his pocket, and will doubtless lead to a revision of the Exclusion Act. The employment of the boycott against British goods is also being adopted as a political movement in Bengal. It is a knife that cuts both ways, it injures the hand that uses it and the object attacked. Surely the resources of civilization can find some better *modus vivendi* than this.

The secession of Norway from Sweden is the theme of numerous cartoons. One of these indicates the disgruntled attitude

of William the Meddlesome at what he considered would be the prerogative of the American President. The truculent attitude of the Kaiser in urging his Morocco demands upon France in her supposed isolation is shown in humorous cartoon. But happily the firmness and diplomatic skill of the French, aided by the moral support of Britain, enabled the republic to emerge from the embroglio with undiminished prestige, which is more than can be said of Germany.

THE LITTLE WAR ON LAKE ERIE.

We are glad to note that the United States Government is commissioning a revenue cutter to prevent the poaching of the Erie fishermen in Canadian waters. Having destroyed their own fishing grounds they now try to destroy ours. If not prevented there will soon be no fish in the lakes worth catching. Yet if blood were unhappily shed in guarding our fisheries much bad feeling would be aroused. The best way is for each country to see that its own fishermen do not trespass on its neighbor's fights.

The tendency of the age is towards integration. This is seen in the unifica-



THE HON. WILLIAM MULOCK, K.C., LL.D.,
Ex-Postmaster-General of Canada.

tion of Italy, Germany, and our own Canadian commonwealth. Yet Norway has determined to cut loose from her larger and wealthier partner. It surely would have been better to have formed a union with Denmark. The smaller countries are always in peril of their predatory and unscrupulous larger neighbors. Having gobbled up Finland, Russia may attempt to make a meal of Norway to secure an Atlantic port. Germany has already taken Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, and menaces the independence of Belgium. Probably, however, the arbitration treaty which refers all future causes of difference to the Hague tribunal will enable Norway and Sweden to get on better as independent kingdoms. Sweden has acted with great self-restraint, and what might have caused a bitter and fratricidal war has been happily adjusted in peace.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The retirement on account of ill health of Sir William Mulock, after nine years' public service as Postmaster-General, will be a matter for public regret. No man has served the people with greater devotion than he. He will take rank with Rowland Hill as a statesman who, by cheapening postage, has strengthened the ties of family affection and linked the far-flung members of the British Empire in closer bonds of union. It is well known that he discharged his onerous duties and made his long journeys to the very antipodes when suffering severely from rheumatism. Though a man of wealth, he has toiled like an office clerk. We hope that he will be able to serve his native country in some less exacting line of duty. His retirement at this juncture is more to be regretted, as there seems to be an earnest purpose to have penny postage throughout the whole Empire. We believe the reduction of the newspaper postage as well would greatly aid in the development of the imperial spirit throughout the forty colonies of the great "mother of nations."

A VETERAN SENATOR.

The death of Senator Wark removed the oldest parliamentarian in the world. He was born in Ireland in 1804. His life spanned the long interval of over a century—to be exact, one hundred and one years and a half. He lived in five reigns, those of George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, and King Edward. What changes in the realm of science, politics, art, civil and religious progress and civilization the old man witnessed. He continued almost to the last to discharge his parliamentary duties, and was alert in both body and mind. His long life and good health are largely attributable to his strict temperance habits, to his principles which safeguarded his health of body and mind. He was deeply interested in all social and moral reforms, an active and earnest member of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was an ornament.



SENATOR WARK—HE WAS THE OLDEST LIVING LEGISLATOR IN THE WORLD.

Religious Intelligence.



WHAT SHALL WE READ?

This is the time for selecting the reading for the household for the long winter evenings. These hours of leisure may be made a blessing or a curse according to the judgment used in this selection. If the sensation story paper or magazine, the sporting news and scandal-mongering yellow press be the staple on which the family feed, moral and mental impoverishment and debility will follow, if no more harmful result ensues. It will be a miracle if mental and moral degeneration do not follow inoculation with the virus of these perilous evils. Poison in the food would be jealously excluded. Shall a far worse poison of the mind and soul be permitted in that upon which the family shall feed?

A YEAR OF GRACE.

One of the best tests of the religious life of any church or people is its rela-

tion to the cause of missions. As never before the last words of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," are being heard and heeded by his followers. More and more the doors of opportunity are open wide in every land, more and more the Church is girding up its loins to essay the mighty duties of the future. The last year in the history of our own Church has been emphatically a year of grace. In every department of its work there has been progress, but nowhere is this progress so marked as in its missionary department. It has been indeed a record year. The Missionary Report for the year says: "There has been a substantial increase in every Conference, and in nearly every district. The missionary spirit seems to have permeated the whole Church, Sunday-schools, Epworth Leagues, and the congregations generally have responded nobly to the call of the

Board, and the result is an income for the year ended June 30th, 1905, of \$385,741, an increase of nearly \$42,000 over the preceding year.

"In addition to the large income reported for the past year, contributions have been received towards the college to be erected in Chentu, West China, amounting to \$5,651, and for the new hospital in the same city, \$5,285. Adding the sums actually paid to the gross income of \$385,741, we have a grand total for missions for 1904-5 or \$396,677."

The rallying cry for the near future is Half a Million for Missions. We remember when half this sum was considered a very large amount. But with an earnest effort, a little more self-denial, a larger faith, this can be reached within a year. It is a crisis in the history of our Church and of our country. There is a tide in the affairs of nations as well as of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune. Not the mining of more gold, not the broadening areas of our wheat-fields, but the laying broad and deep and stable the foundations of a Christian commonwealth—this is the supreme duty of the hour.

A PREVENTIVE OF INSANITY.

Dr. T. B. Hyslop, the famous authority on mental diseases and superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospital, at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, said that in all his dealings with the insane he discovered that there were few among them who are in the habit of praying. He regards prayer as the best preventive of insanity. Referring to the fact that insanity is sometimes attributed to religious excitement, he says "no religion and no sense of moral obligation are much more frequently the source of insanity, through the indulgences to which they lead."

THE UNION OF ENGLISH METHODISM.

Methodist reunion in England seems nearer materialization.

Says The Christian Advocate: "Three of the smaller bodies—the United Methodist Free Churches, Methodist New Connection, and Bible Christian Churches—after being in negotiating for several years, have drafted a scheme of union. The Conference, meeting annually, is to be composed of about three hundred members, equally divided as lay and clerical. Four years is named as the general period

of a minister's stay. By two-thirds vote of Quarterly Meeting this may be extended for a fifth, sixth, or seventh year; beyond that the sanction of Conference is required."

Out of three hundred votes only five were cast against the basis of union. The draft of the constitution has been sent to the circuits for action. If it is met with the unanimity which the Conference forecasts, the union will forthwith be consummated.

OUR DEACONESSES.

The Deaconess Movement has been of very great advantage to our Church in Canada. At the first it was looked upon somewhat askance, and in a critical spirit, but it has changed its critics into warm friends, and won the sympathy and co-operation of our best churches and people. This has been largely the result of the tactful and consecrated zeal of Miss Jean Scott, its superintendent from the beginning, who has been a welcome gift from American to Canadian Methodism.

The Deaconess Movement has created new and nobler ideas of womanhood and of Christian service among our people. It has attracted to its ranks some of the most devoted women of Canadian Methodism. It has been of vast service in our Christian philanthropies, and in our Church organization, especially in visitation among the sinning, the suffering, and the sorrowing. Its training-school has given an opportunity of Christian culture and preparation for home and foreign missionary work to a very large number of the best daughters of Canadian Methodism several of them daughters of the parsonage and some of them prize medalists in our universities.

Our work extends from Newfoundland, far out in the Atlantic, to the mid-continent city of Winnipeg, and to the shores of the Pacific. Anything that will give unity and solidarity to the widely scattered units will, I believe, be greatly to the advantage of the Deaconess Movement; will remove in some degree the sense of isolation; will create that feeling of sisterhood, and facilitate courses of reading and study.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, who was long the co-laborer with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in the London West Central Mission, advocated strongly some organization of the sisterhood, and preferred the word "sister" to any other

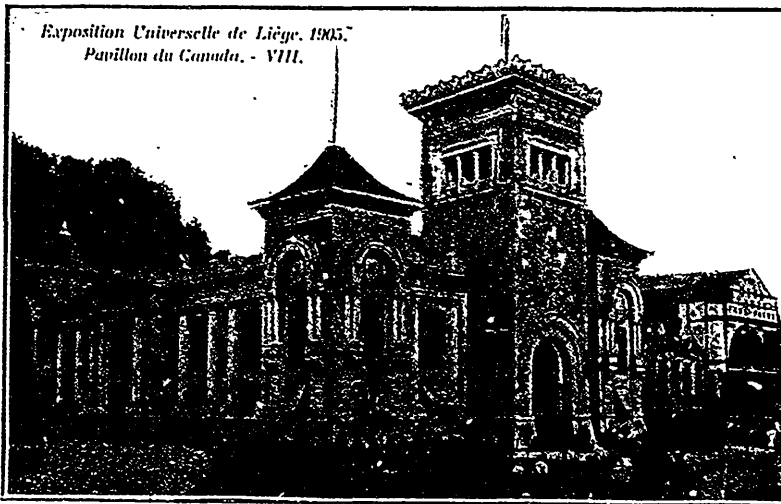
designation. The fact that Roman Catholic organizations use the word is not, to our mind, any reason why Protestants should not also employ it, if it be in itself a good thing. It would recommend itself to the poor and lonely, forsaken and forgotten, and aid the deaconesses in their noble work.

We pray that the blessing of God may rest upon this splendid department of Christian work, which God seems to have called into existence at the very time when it was most needed, both in its objective result and in its subjective influence upon the minds of Christian women.

FALLEN LEADERS.

The grim reaper has mown a wide swath in some of our Canadian churches in recent months, but in none that we know so wide as that in the Carlton Street Church, Toronto. Within about a

year some eight of its standard-bearers have been cut down: the venerable Senator Aikins, three faithful men all bearing the same cognomen, Joseph McCausland, Joseph Lawson, and Joseph Sutcliffe. To these must be added the honored names of Edward Morphy, George Boxall, George McBurney, and Arthur Sinclair. But the removal of these pillars in the house of God shakes not that goodly edifice; others arise to take their place and bear the burdens which they had borne. Truly God buries his workmen but carries on his work. All these were under the pastorate of Dr. J. V. Smith, and in his new charge occurs the recent death of Mr. John Millar, late Deputy Minister of Education, a man known and honored throughout this land as a distinguished educationist, an accomplished writer who has frequently contributed to these pages, and in his religious life an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.



CANADIAN EXPOSITION BUILDING, LIEGE.

The Canadian exhibit at Liege at once challenged the attention of all visitors. It was by all odds the best foreign exhibition building and was visited by about seven millions of people. Great

quantities of literature concerning Canada were distributed. It cannot fail to greatly increase the emigration from the crowded lands of the Old World to the vast spaces of our great North-West.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopædia." Vol. X. Philipson-Samoscz. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1905. Price, \$6.

It is impossible to regard the appearance of the successive volumes of this great work with other than a sentiment of profound admiration for the patient and exhaustive labor of Dr. Isidore Singer, the general editor, and his co-laborers. They have gone into every field of literary and historical research, they have examined the archives and official records of every civilized nation to find what Jews have contributed to the arts and sciences, to the sum of human life and thought. They have given us this most comprehensive and accurate survey of Jewish history, biography, literature, biblical and Talmudic lore, religion, philosophy and jurisprudence. The editors are now aiming to have the work completed on the anniversary of the arrival of the first Jewish colonists in America two hundred and fifty years ago.

The present volume opens with the "earliest portrait of a Jew," painted by Rembrandt in 1632. In the article on Rembrandt the interest taken by the great painter in the Jews of Amsterdam is recalled and a list is given of his portraits and other works of biblical and Jewish interest. This volume contains no less than four hundred and seventy-four biographies representing ninety-four professions and thirty different countries. It will be seen that the encyclopædia is a veritable "Who's Who" of Jewish men of mark. While in point of numbers the rabbis lead, it is remarkable that a very large number of these notable men were, or are physicians and writers on medicine. As a matter of fact, until recently the medical profession was about the only one open to Jews in many European countries. Literature, art and music also claim many distinguished names.

Perhaps the greatest interest in this volume will attach to the long and interesting articles on the history of the Jews in Portugal, Russia and Poland, and in the cities of Rome, Prague, Pisa, St. Petersburg, etc. These valuable records are brought down to the most recent times, and such cities of the New World

as Pittsburg, Plymouth, Quebec, etc., have also appropriate treatment.

It is to the shame of Russian Christianity and civilization that the latest period of her history should have been marked by the most cruel and rigorous oppression of her Jewish subjects. It is said that of the legal enactments concerning the Jews framed in Russia from 1649 to 1881, no less than six hundred, or one-half of the total number, belong to the reign of Nicholas I. (1825-1855). The policy then begun has borne bitter fruit and has left a stain that can never be effaced upon the fair name of the Russian people.

The sketches of Rabbinical legend and folk-lore continue to be of great interest. Many Jewish proverbs are recorded in this volume, some of which are both quaint and wise, e.g., "The character of a man may be recognized by three things—his cup, his purse, and his anger." "When wine enters in the secret slips out." "A lie has no feet." "Truth is the seal of God."

The excellent article on "Punctuation," by Prof. Wilhelm Bacher, of Budapest, gives the little known history in concise form of the Hebrew vowel points. Another article of great value is the sane and clear statement of Prof. König on the subject of biblical poetry and recent metrical theories. J. F. McL.

"New Forces in Old China." An Unwelcome but Inevitable Awakening. By Arthur Judson Brown. Author of "The New Era in the Philippines." New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.50.

The centre of gravity is quickly shifting in eastern Asia. Under the tutelage of the island empire of Japan and the safeguard of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, the great empire of China will soon witness the most astounding development of its whole history. The three great transforming forces operating in conservative old China our author describes as Western trade, Western politics, and Western religion. "There is something," he says, "fascinating, and at the same time something appalling, in the spectacle of a

nation numbering nearly one-third of the human race slowly and majestically rousing itself from the torpor of ages under the influence of new and powerful revolutionary forces. No other movement of our age is so colossal, no other is more pregnant with meaning." With the ample knowledge derived from prolonged travel and study in China our author treats this subject. The chapters on the Missionary Outlook and the Future of China are of special importance. He brings a severe indictment against the importation of Western vices to this Orient land. A "Christless civilization," he says, "is always and everywhere a curse rather than a blessing." The book is handsomely illustrated.

"To Jerusalem Through the Lands of Islam, Among Jews, Christians, and Moslems." By Madame Hyacinthe Loyson. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-325.

This is one of the handsomest books of Oriental travel which we know. Madame Loyson, it will be remembered, was the wife of the distinguished Pere Hyacinthe, the eloquent priest who for conscience's sake left the communion of the Catholic Church. The book is well introduced by the ex-Mayor of Jerusalem and by Prince Polignac. It describes in interesting chapters the visit of Pere Hyacinthe and his distinguished wife to Algiers, Oran, Tunis, Malta, Upper and Lower Egypt, and Palestine. The book pays special attention to the religious conditions of the Copts, Jews and Moslems of the East. It presents a tremendous indictment of the liquor traffic in Malta and elsewhere. The white man's vices are the greatest obstruction to the mission work in the non-Christian world. The writer is not as sympathetic with missions as we could wish, accuses them of too intense denominationalism, says she has not yet met with a single converted Moslem or Jew. She must have been unfortunate in experience, because there are scores, if not hundreds, of clergymen of the Anglican and other churches who are converted Jews,

"A Struggle for Life." Higher Criticism Criticized. By Rev. John Langtry, M.A., D.C.L. Pp. 328. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Langtry is well known as a scholarly and vigorous writer. This book will add distinctly to his reputation in this regard. It gives evidence of wide read-

ing and profound study in the problems of biblical criticism. The reckless attacks of some of the "higher critics" upon the validity and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures have instilled doubt and fear, uncertainty and trembling in the minds of multitudes of Bible students, and have in many cases overthrown the faith of those who once believed. Dr. Langtry examines the proofs and arguments offered in support of the new theories and endeavors to show that they are illogical, insufficient and altogether unconvincing. "The premiss upon which almost every fundamental conclusion of criticism rests," he says, "is a conjecture or an assumption and not a fact or a demonstration, and so we are now in a position for a final stock-taking and a final judgment." With much learning and literary ability, sometimes rising into an impassioned eloquence, Dr. Langtry pursues his task. He examines the great questions of evolution to anthropology, the Mosaic cosmogony, the "analytical theory," the Hebrew history, and kindred topics in defence of his argument. The book will be a new buttress to what Mr. Gladstone has well called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." The book is published in handsome style by our Book Room.

"William Hickling Prescott." By Thurston Peck. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. x-186. Price, 75 cents net.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the two American writers who have treated most fully the subject of American and Canadian history, Prescott and Parkman, should both have been almost incapacitated for reading by partial blindness. Yet they both overcame this handicap and through sheer force of will accomplished a vast amount of high-class work. The labor involved in the research of documentary evidence, often in obscure manuscript and in foreign tongues, is one of the great achievements of literature. It is very appropriate that this study of Prescott should form one of Macmillan's English Men of Letters series. This is a biography of unusual interest. Prescott was received into the best circles in England, met many distinguished men. He says of Macaulay that he believed he could restore the first six or seven books of Milton's "Paradise Lost" from memory if they were lost. So great is the interest of this biography that we will present its substance in a special paper.

"The Church of Christ." By a Layman. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 336. Price, \$1.00 net.

The increased attention given by lay writers to the great problems of religion is one of the most encouraging features of the times. The writer of this book is prominent in Y. M. C. A. work and in this relation fills the need of a closer unification of the different members of Christ's body, the Church. He seeks a new and larger union of all true believers. To find a basis for this union he investigates the conditions of membership in the kingdom of heaven. The great essential of this is the old Methodist doctrine of the full assurance of pardon and acceptance with God. The book is full of inspiration and encouragement.

"Missions from the Modern View." By Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 292. Price, \$1.25 net.

The subject of missions is one which challenges the attention of the Christian Church as never before. "The Mission Problem," says our author, "is the readjustment of missionary ideals and methods to the state of knowledge. To admit the need of readjustment in the field the same honorable category with every other field of lofty human enterprise. Readjustment means growth, progress, augmentation of power, as the effects of increased knowledge and experience." Dr. Hume's book is written from the point of view of the missionary in the field. It discusses missions and their psychology and sociology, treats the historical development of Hinduism, a comparison of that ancient religion with Christianity, and in many ways broadens and deepens our conviction that the religion of Jesus is the only solvent of the age-long problem of the race.

"Edward Fitzgerald." By A. C. Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. vii-207. Price, 75 cents net.

The history of a man of letters is almost always uneventful. That of Fitzgerald was singularly so. He was a shy, retiring scholar who published little over his own name, and who was best known as the translator of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam. But the man who won the friendship and admiration of Tennyson, Thackeray, Carlyle and others of the chief lights of English literature, must be

a man of distinction. Yet the seven published volumes of letters by this remarkable man, and five biographies, indicate the charm of his character and brilliance of his talent. He was a man of fastidious taste, filing and polishing his lines till they were finished "ad unguentum," as the Latins say. The book is an important addition to Macmillan's series of English Men of Letters, of which John Morley is the editor.

"Southern Writers." Selections in Prose and Verse. Edited by W. P. Trent. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. xx-524. Price, \$1.10 net.

It was a happy idea to collect in one volume an anthology of southern literature in prose and verse. This book is one of wide range, from Captain John Smith, of the seventeenth century, down to living writers. Between these dates are given selections from Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison; in later times from General Lee, Jefferson Davis, Cable, Joel Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, and many other prose writers. It is to the galaxy of poetry, however, that the South has given some of the most brilliant stars, as shown by copious quotations from Poe, Father Ryan, Randall, author of "My Maryland," Sidney Lanier, O'Hara, author of "The Bivouac of the Dead," and many others who have lent lustre to the southern muse. For a book of five hundred and forty pages, the price is remarkably low.

"Seven Sorts of Successful Services." Suggestive Solutions of the Sunday Evening Problem. By James L. Hill, D.D. Author of "Growth of Government," etc. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 224. Price, \$1.00.

The Sunday evening problem is met with in an acute form in the United States, where the evening congregations, and morning ones, too, are far inferior in numbers to those in Canada; but even here the wise counsels of this book will be found very helpful. The proper use of good music, character studies, the "you-and-I plan," heart-to-heart talks, the "going-out-into-the-highways-and-hedges plan," the after-meeting, and other subjects are wisely discussed. The "sensational" plan is strongly denounced: "This Red-Fire, Hurdy-Gurdy, ad captandum Pyrotechnic, Wild-West, ad hominem Brass-Band style of service is wide open to the stricture of wise Dr.

Johnson, who said, 'The odd never lasts.'" The Saturday early closing or half-holiday is a distinct gain to Sunday services. We commend this book to all our preachers.

"Paths to Power." Central Church Sermons. By Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 362. Price, \$1.25 net.

Dr. Gunsaulus, by his long and eventful ministry, has won the right to speak with authority on ethical and religious subjects. He is one of the most able and eloquent preachers of the American pulpit. His elegy and eulogy on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria the Beloved was the noblest tribute to the great queen that we read. Besides being for twelve years pastor of Plymouth Church, Chicago, and since pastor of Central Church of that city, he is President of the Armour Institute of Technology, Lecturer at Yale, and Professor at University of Chicago as well. The book is a message to the age.

"Self-Control: Its Kingship and Majesty." By William George Jordan. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 192. Price, \$1.00 net.

These are strong, terse, epigrammatic papers on subjects of vital importance, an excellent antidote to the hurry and skurry of modern life, the Majesty of Calmness, the Dignity of Self-Reliance, the Revelations of Reserve Power are opposed to Worry and Hurry, the Scourge of American Life. "Blessed be God," says John Wesley, "I worry at nothing." Few men were ever more maltreated, maligned and misunderstood than he, yet he held on the even tenor of his way to the end of a long life, accomplishing more than a score of the hurrying, skurrying lives of many men nowadays.

"The Christ of To-Day; What? Whence? Whither?" By G. Campbell Morgan. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 64. Price, 50c. net.

No man in London commands such a following as Campbell Morgan. Not only are his Sabbath services crowded, but wherever he speaks an audience gathered from many lands listens to his prophet-like utterances. In this volume he answers the importunate question of humanity to-day as in every age.

"The Revival." A Symposium. Collected and edited by Rev. J. H. MacDonald. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 147. Price, 75 cents net.

These addresses were first delivered before the Chicago Preachers' Meeting, and were designed to awaken a more general interest in revival work. They were received with great favor, and were highly successful in accomplishing the purpose for which they were planned. This fact is the warrant for giving them a still wider circulation, in the hope that they may prove as stimulating to those who may read them as to those to whom they were originally delivered. They cannot fail to be greatly helpful in promoting a revival of the work of God.

"The Codes of Hammurabi and Moses." By W. W. Davies, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 126. Price, 75 cents net.

It was a remarkable "find" when a few months ago the Hammurabi Code, going back to the year 2250 B.C., was discovered. Hammurabi was the monarch who ruled over Ur of the Chaldees when Abraham left that ancient city to establish himself in the land of Canaan. This code throws a flood of light upon the period. The text of the code, with illustrative notes, enables us to better understand the heart of that old antediluvian world in which our civilization and religion had their origin.

"Soul-Winning." A Problem and Its Solution. By Phidellia P. Carroll, Ph.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 110. Price, 50 cents net.

Soul-winning is the great work of the Christian Church. To it all things else are subsidiary. This little book is full of wise counsels on this important subject. It emphasizes the value of personal effort and of the winning of the young.

"The Christian Faith Personally Given in a System of Doctrine." By Olin Alfred Curtis, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-541. Price, \$2.50 net.

Reserved for fuller notice.