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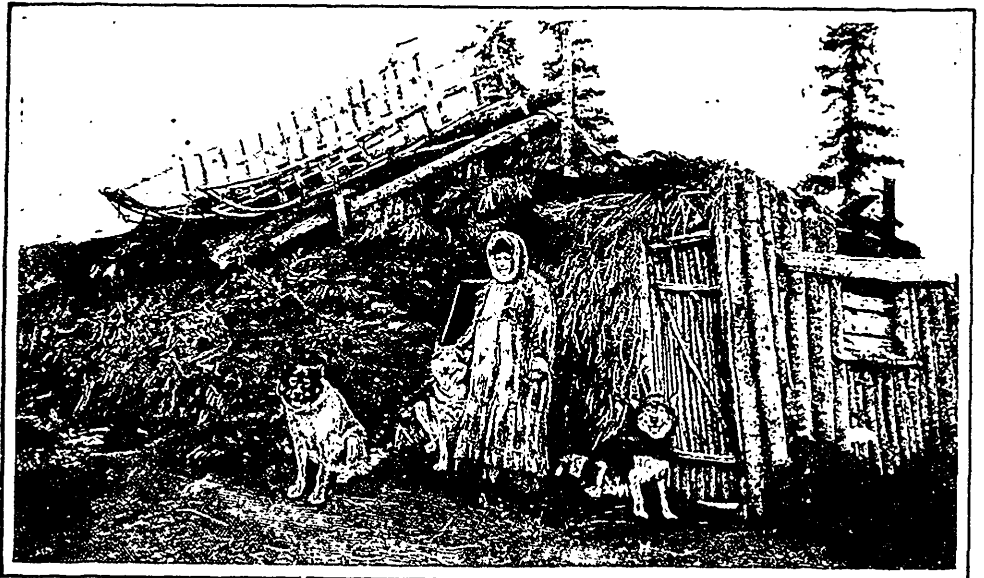
IN THE NARROWS—A FISH-FLAKE.

LIVEYERS, ESKIMO AND "HUSKIE."



LIVEYER SHACK ON LABRADOR COAST.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

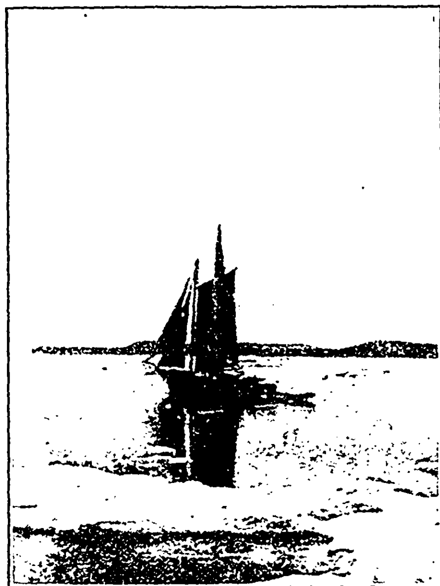
AUGUST, 1905.

"UP ALONG THE LABRADOR."

BY THE EDITOR.

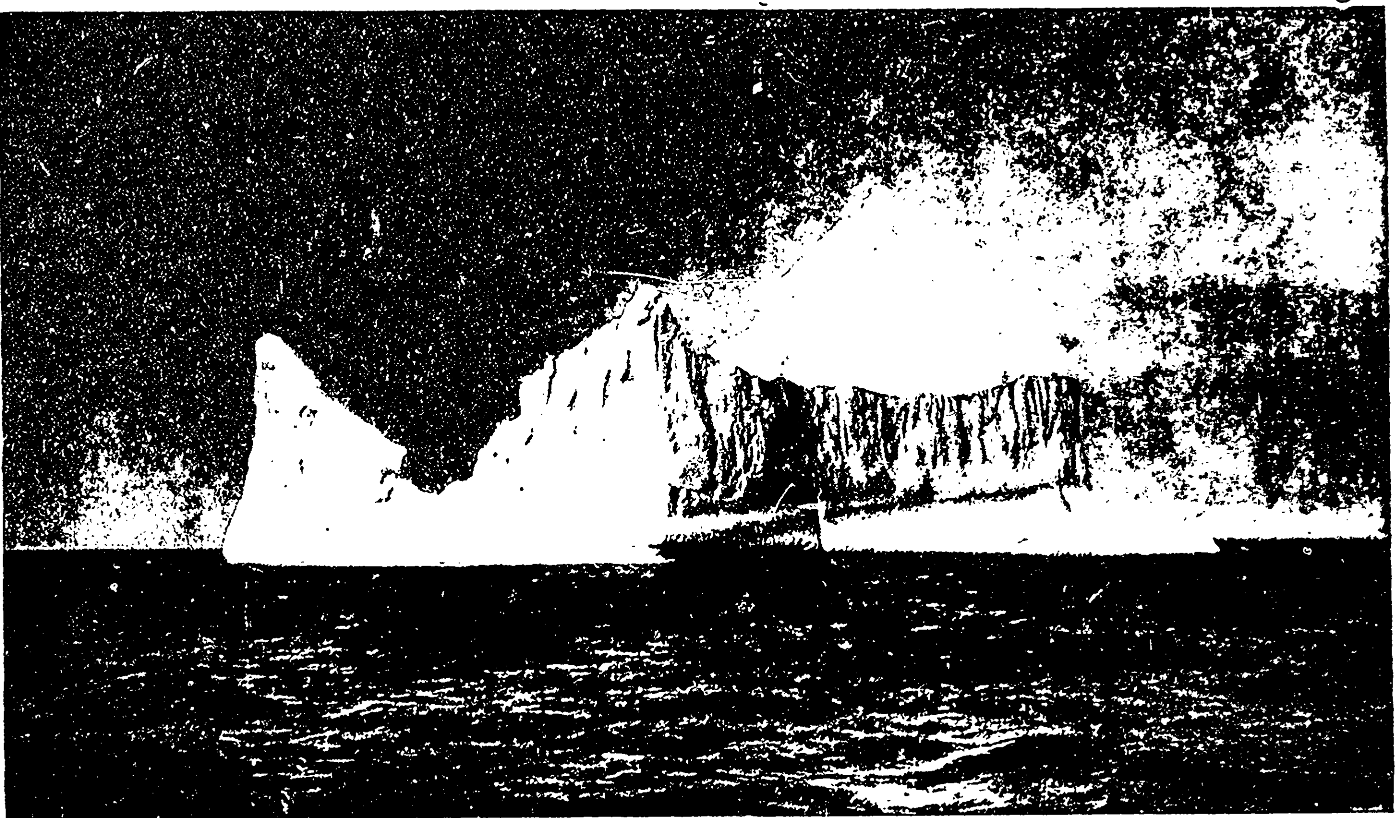
I.

NOT many persons in Canada, or the United States either, are aware that within a few days' sail of Canadian and American ports one may reach a majestic range of coast rivalling in its fjords and mountains the far-famed coast of Norway. Dr. Grenfell, who is familiar with every inch of both, declares that some of the northern bights and fjords of Labrador are unequalled by any on the Scandinavian coast. During the summer season a comfortable steamer, the "Virginia Lake," makes fortnightly trips from St. John's, Newfoundland, as far as Nain, calling at over a hundred bights, bays, "tickles," and fishing harbors along the coast. The "Virginia Lake" was specially constructed for the seal-fishing. She is solidly built of wood. Iron would be perfectly useless amid the ice fields. It would shiver like glass if pinched by floes, whereas the sturdy wooden ship will slip up out of their grasp like an apple seed squeezed between the fingers. The "Virginia Lake" is a staunch and sturdy craft with comfortable dining saloon and state-rooms, good promenade deck, and an officers' quarter-deck to which passengers are welcome if they will not speak to the man at the wheel. A writer in the Boston Transcript says:

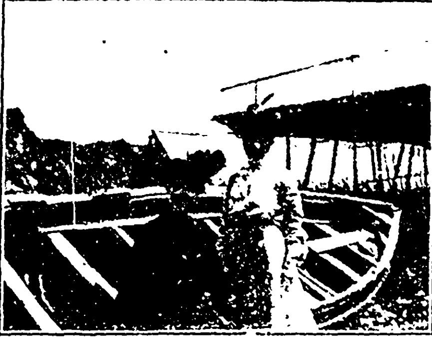


A FISHING SCHOONER OFF LABRADOR.

"Very few people who read about the wonders of Arctic travel realize how near and how accessible the wonders of sub-arctic life are to Boston, and at what small expense (about $100 and one month's time) a trip can be taken to this region where all the phenomena of the northern seas can be seen. Icebergs, the aurora borealis, vast herds of seals, the grandest marine scenery on the north Atlantic



A CATHEDRAL-LIKE ICEBERG, LABRADOR.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING!"

coast, the Eskimo villages, Moravian missions, and Hudson Bay posts."

"The calls of the S.S. 'Virginia Lake' at so many of the ports, give ample opportunity to enjoy the magnificent scenery and study the conditions of fisnermen's life. We were specially impressed by the intricate navigation of the inside channel of Fogo Island, and the splendid cliffs extending north from Tilt Cove, the Narrows of Hamilton Inlet, the rugged coast line of Labrador, reaching its culmination in the impressive mountain background surrounding Nain."

Our own glimpses of Eskimo life at the stations of the Moravian missionaries were of exceeding interest, and made a profound impression of the valor and fidelity of the noble-minded men who conducted these religious and philanthropic undertakings. We found the ships very comfortable, the fare abundant and good, the company genial, the captain and officers skilful, kindly and courteous, and everything conspired to make an ideal holiday.

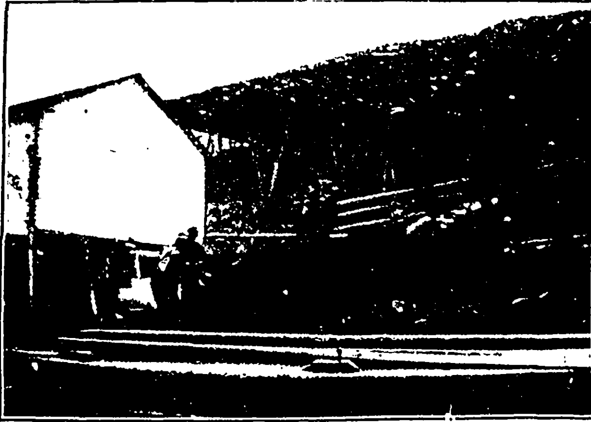
However bleak and bitter the weather may be in the spring and fall months, in July and August it is generally ideal. Although we were seldom out of sight of icebergs—we counted at one time forty-eight, like a great white-sailed line of battleships stretching along the horizon, a scene made more impressive by the mirage or loom, which duplicated this phenomenon in the sky—yet we wore light summer clothing and basked in almost continuous sunshine.

There came, once or twice, just enough of fog to enable us to realize the conditions that often prevail. Once only were we detained by stress of weather, where in a sheltered bay we out-rode a passing storm.

The Labrador has won its chief fame from its magnificent fisheries, none like them in the world. Over twenty thousand fishermen from Newfoundland spend their summers on these sterile coasts, reaping the harvest of the sea, and a few hundreds of "liveyers" live all the year round—hence their name—on its stern and forbidding shores.

As one passes through the large outports of Carbonear, Harbor Grace or Trinity, in Newfoundland, he will notice that many of the stores are closely shuttered and without sign of human habitation, looking much like the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee.

POSING FOR THEIR PICTURE.



LOADING NETS AT FISHING STAGE.

When he inquires the cause of this, he learns that the people are all off to the Labrador; when they come back in the fall the stores are re-opened and business fairly hums again.

The twenty thousand fisher folk go north in the spring in over a thousand schooners. These are heavily loaded with salt and stores; and men, women and children and household gear crowd every available space. Great fishing firms have their permanent buildings, store-houses and drying stages at their own "rooms," as they are called, that is, a section of the coast—four or five rooms being occupied in one harbor. The fisher-folk live in more or less comfortable tilts or wooden shacks, and sometimes in little troglodyte-looking cabins of stone and earth sods. The essential thing is a fishing stage where the fish may be landed, cleaned, salted, and spread on fish flakes, or on the rocks to dry and then re-stored till they can be loaded on shipboard for the home voyage.

These northern bays and ports, when the fish are plentiful, are often scenes of intense activity. Sometimes a hundred sail are found in one tickle, or harbor. The fishing schooners, when they come in on a brisk breeze, their snowy sails, spread wing and wing, glistening in the sun, make a particularly stirring scene. The sails of the smaller boats are almost always tanned a rich brown to preserve the fabric, and under an either bright or lowering sky present a picturesque appearance.

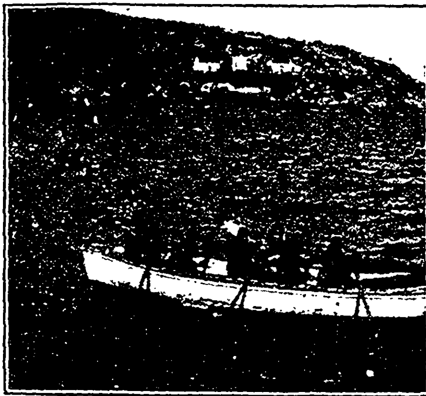
The mode of fishing is of four kinds. There is the fishing with a line and bait, which is the universal method on the Grand Banks and many deep sea fishing grounds; "jigging," when no bait can be had, and the bare hook weighted with lead is jerked up and down, and a surprising quantity of fish are thus caught; seine fishing,

PILING FISH, BATTLE HARBOR, LABRADOR.

when enormous sweeps of net, sometimes aggregating a mile or two in length, often fill the fishing boats to the very gunnel: and trap fishing, when nets are more permanently sunk on favorite fish runs, and often yield splendid results.

But the life is an arduous one at best, and when the fish are running freely is particularly so. At earliest dawn the fishermen go out in all weathers to catch their finny prey. When they return with a good catch all hands are employed, men, women and children, all day and far into the night, in cleaning, splitting and salting the catch. It is a picturesque sight, indeed, to see the flaring torches flashing from the fishing stages around the bight or bay, reflected in quivering lines of light on the waves. Thus the harvest of the sea is reaped for the feeding of multitudes of people, especially in the Roman Catholic countries around the Mediterranean and in South America, where the long Lent would be unendurable but for the nutritious Labrador cod.

The fisher folk are exposed to many dangers and accidents from storms and wrecks, from exposure to the elements, from wounds received from their keen-edged knives in cutting out

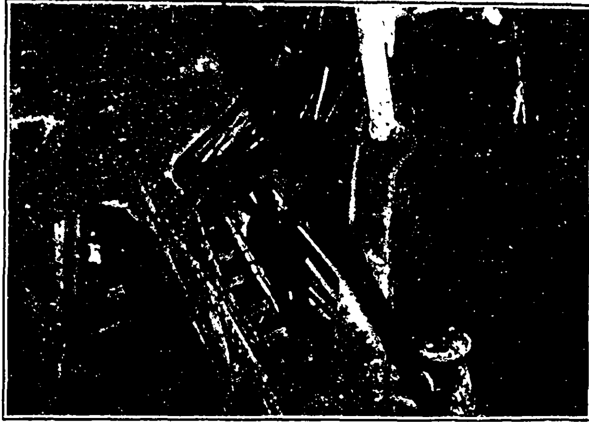


THE MAIL GOING ASHORE.

AMATEUR FISHER FOLK.

the backbone of the fish, and sometimes from the jagged fish-hooks. Often blood-poisoning ensues and badly inflamed hands result. The Newfoundland Government has made generous provision in furnishing a competent physician on the mail steamer, which goes into every port. As the steamer's whistle blows the fishing boats come off, and by the time the anchor is dropped perhaps six or eight or ten boats will swarm around the ship's ladder with patients for the doctor's care. The needed surgical treatment is promptly given and the sturdy fishermen who come on board with bandaged hands or arms and pain-drawn faces, come on deck their countenances beaming and radiant with relief. Said one good fellow: "I 'adn't slep' a night for a week; but no sooner did the doctor get his knife into my hand than I got instant relief."

But sometimes the patient is too sick to come on board. Then the doctor goes ashore, administers his healing simples or performs his operation, while the ship waits for his return. The patients pay no fees to this doctor, who is maintained by the Government of Newfoundland—an inestimable boon to the fishing folk. But what is one among so many, one doctor's visit along a thousand miles of coast but once a fortnight! and sometimes,



FISHERMEN'S BOATS SWARMING ROUND THE STEAMER.
Snap-shot in a tumbling sea. The boats have brought patients to see the Doctor.

through stress of weather, certain ports or bays cannot be reached.

Another inestimable boon to these lonely outposts of civilization is the fortnightly mail during the fishing season. A regular post office exists on board and a mail officer receives, sorts and distributes mail all along the coast. On our trip the "Virginia Lake" bore six thousand letters, and often a bulky mail goes ashore and another nearly as large comes off at some forlorn, out-of-the-way place where one would little expect such activity of correspondence. But the news of the fishing, and the strong family feeling, create a generous patronage of His Majesty's mail. But out of the fishing season mails are few and far between. From fall to spring none arrive, and then these lonely outposts are completely cut off from civilization. At Nain the Moravian missionaries were praying for Queen Victoria many months after her death.

The need and opportunity of the Deep Sea Mission will be apparent from these conditions. For years it has been operating in comparative obscurity, but with great success. Recently it has conspicuously attracted the attention of the civilized world. The visits of that intrepid modern viking, Dr. Grenfell, and the graphic delineation of his work by Norman Duncan in his "Dr. Luke," and "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," have made known its romantic story. During our last summer vacation we travelled a thousand miles through Dr. Grenfell's parish, interviewed him on his steamer "Strathcona," were entertained, not as a patient, but as a guest, at one of his hospitals, and learned to know and admire his work of faith and labor of love. The occasional visits of the Government physician are utterly inadequate to the needs of the thousands of people along this stormy coast, hence the importance and inestimable value of Dr. Grenfell and his staff as supplementing the occasional visits of the Government officer. Dr. Grenfell's work is thus described by Norman Duncan:

"He is the only doctor to visit the

Labrador shore of the Gulf, the Strait shore of Newfoundland, the populous east coast of the Northern peninsula of Newfoundland, the only doctor known to the Eskimo and poor 'liveyers' of the northern coast of Labrador, the only doctor most of the 'liveyers' and green-fish catchers of the middle coast can reach, save the hospital physician at Indian Harbor. He has a round of three thousand miles to make. It is no wonder that he 'drives' the little steamer, even at full steam, with all sail spread (as I have known him to do), when the fog is thick and the sea is spread with great bergs."

A GROUP OF LIVEYERS.

The hospitals which Dr. Grenfell has established at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor are an inestimable boon to the thousands of people exposed to sickness, accident and danger along this stormy coast. The doctor himself, in his hospital ship, the "Strathcona," goes skirmishing up and down the coast wherever he is most needed. He has a hospital bay in his ship, with swinging cots to neutralize the rolling of the steamer in stormy seas, a well-equipped dispensary and even an X-ray apparatus and operating room for minor surgery. In this he brings the patients who need more special or prolonged treatment to the hospitals on shore, where skilful doctors and devoted trained nurses give their best offices to the patients under their care.

Sometimes there is a touch of pathos in the ministrations that come too late to heal. On the same steamer by which we arrived at Battle Harbor was an Eskimo woman, on her way to visit her sick daughter at the hospital. The girl had been under treatment for some weeks for tuberculosis, a not infrequent disease, notwithstanding the almost complete absence of germs in the pure northern air, on account of the unsanitary condition of the native houses. The daughter had died the day before the mother reached the hospital. Dr. McPherson, the physician in charge, asked us to conduct the funeral. It was a pathetic scene. The coffin of the young girl (she was only fifteen) was brought from the mortuary on the hill-side upon a fish barrow, borne by four sturdy fishermen, and placed in a large fishing boat. We sat beside the poor mother and tried to comfort her sorrowing heart. "It's more than these would have attended her burying," she said, "if she were at her native village."

It was a bleak, cold day. Dense fog enshrouded every object and added to the pathos of the scene. The fishermen rowed slowly down the channel against the incoming tide into a tiny bay. Here was the only spot in this rugged, rocky neighborhood where was depth enough of earth in which to dig a grave. The little God's acre had been consecrated by the Bishop of Newfoundland on his last visit to

DR. GRENFELL.

Labrador. We noticed that the doctor sent a man with a bucket and rope ahead of the little procession that moved slowly along the boulder-strewn shore, and we halted for a time upon the way. We found that this was that the man might have time to bale out the grave, and spare the Eskimo mother the pain of seeing her daughter's body consigned to a watery tomb. Sometimes, so soggy was the ground, we learned, that the coffins had to be weighted with stone before they would sink.

A kind-hearted fisherman's wife came out of a neighboring cabin and supported the weeping woman while we read, amid the falling rain, the words of immortal hope of the funeral service. Then we returned to the fisherman's cabin and waited the filling of the grave. It was a sad little party that returned in the gathering gloom of twilight to Battle Harbor, where the Eskimo mother was kindly entertained till she could return to her own people.

The inestimable boon of having a Christian physician and a Christian nurse to point to the Saviour the sick and suffering, and to pray with the dying, is one that cannot be expressed in words. On either side of the bowsprit of Dr. Grenfell's mission ship, the "Strathcona," are the words: "Heal the sick." "Preach the Word," and on the tiller is the text: "I will make you fishers of men." This is the spirit of the mission; its religious character is its foremost feature. The doctors and the nurses feel that they are as much missionaries of the cross as any who go to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel.

Dr. Cluny McPherson, who was in charge of Battle Harbor hospital on the occasion of our visit, is a typical example. He is the son of one of the leading merchants in St. John's, Newfoundland, brother-in-law of Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., editor of The Christian Guardian. He is a distinguished graduate in medicine of McGill University; his wife an accomplished lady of Montreal city; yet these devoted missionaries left the comforts and elegances of wealthy homes to minister to the bodies and the souls of these needy fisher folk in this lone outpost of civilization. Like his chief, Dr. Grenfell, and his colleagues at Indian Harbor, this young doctor can not only diagnose a disease, administer his

MRS. E. R. STAFFORD, DR. CLUNY MACPHERSON, AND SISTER WILLIAMS, NURSE AT BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

HOSTS AND GUEST, AT SNUG HARBOR.

healing simples and perform an operation, but he can sail a fishing boat on stormy seas, manage a kyak or drive a dog-team with the most skilled Eskimo, travel for scores of miles on snow-shoes or skis; and he can preach a sermon, marry the living, bury the dead; and Dr. Grenfell in addition is magistrate and commissioner of justice along this thousand miles of coast. Dr. McPherson made the record journey with a dog-team and komatik, or wooden sleigh, of three hundred miles in four days in February, 1904.

The day after this sad funeral was one as bright as blue sky and blue seas and golden sunlight could make it, the air as clear as crystal, the moss and scanty foliage and grass as green as a Canadian lawn. The doctor proposed a visit to a "whale factory," and in a staunch yacht we set sail for the eight or ten miles' journey. The wind was brisk, the yacht sped swiftly over the waves. We sailed close under the lee of some crystalline icebergs and kodaked their wondrous beauty, and soon reached the whale factory.

Whale fishing by steam tugs is a new enterprise in Newfoundland. Several stations have been established, and licenses issued for catching fish within fifty miles of such stations. The day of our visit the tug brought in no less than six whales. These being worth from $1,500 to $1,800 each, the importance of the enterprise may be imagined. This was, however, a very unusual catch. The whale is towed to a mooring, a big chain is attached to its flukes and it is dragged up an inclined platform of pine planks. The blubber is cut off in long strips by sharp-edged iron spades and is tried out in huge coppers. The whalebone, the most valuable part of all, is shipped to England, and the bones of the skeleton are sent to Windsor, Nova Scotia, for conversion into animal charcoal. The rest of the enormous carcass is converted into fertilizer, a dry, brownish powder, rich in nitrates. It was a rather gruesome spectacle. The water of the sea near the landing stage was of a crimson hue from the rich red blood of this hugest of mammals in the world, which did

> "The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

An invariable rule of your experienced yachtsman is to see that an ample quantity of provisions is supplied, for one never knows what delays may occur. By a misconception the supposed lunch basket proved to be only a piece of luggage with needed wearables—a truly barmecide feast for a company of hungry tourists—a sort of picnic, with the best part left out. It was mid-afternoon before we got back, but a generous dinner at the house of the store-keeper made amends for all delays.

THE EDITOR IN ESKIMO KYAK.

The busy doctor said he had not had a holiday for months, so he took the rest of the afternoon off to show off his dogs, to get out his kyak and komatik and rig up in his winter travelling dress, a queer combination of seal tunic and hood in one piece, which is drawn on the person much as you would draw on a glove, and pulled off as you would skin a seal. The tourists were kodaked in the kyaks, a very totterish kind of skin canoe in which you must be very careful that your hair is parted just in the middle if you would not upset it; and amid shrieks of laughter of the fishing lads and lasses, they were kodaked wriggling out of the quaint sealskin garb.

For these long journeys the most nourishing and portable food is chocolate tablets and Valencia raisins—they will not freeze.

To this remote region we have been in the habit of sending for many years our religious exchanges and back numbers of our papers and magazines, every year about a ton. Some of these reached the hospital the day before we arrived, bearing our personal address—a curious coincidence. The fishermen will not work on Sundays and have many enforced holidays when it is too rough to fish, so they read the papers to tatters. Their appreciation is shown by the fact that some of their schooners bear the names of Onward and Sunbeam, and good Mr. Rogerson induced some of them to name their vessels after Barbara Heck and Susanna Wesley.

Living in the presence of perpetual danger, depending for the food they eat upon the harvest of the sea, coming in daily contact with the great elemental forces of nature, they are marked by a simple piety, a fervent faith, which raises their lowly lives above the sordid surroundings and conditions of their existence to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints.

Our sunset climb on the rocks above Battle Harbor revealed a sweep of sea and shore of wild and wondrous majesty and beauty. The icebergs, afloat or grounded, gleamed like diamonds in the light of the setting sun. One of these during the day had shattered with a noise like thunder and its fragments far and wide strewed the sea.

The Newfoundland Government has provided several Marconi wireless stations along the coast, that the approach of the fish schools might be widely and promptly made known. At one of these it was mysterious and weird to hear and see the viewless voices of the air flashing out with loud detonations their mysterious messages. The airy persiflage and badinage of the operator, sixty miles away, seemed almost uncanny.

Labrador will come more prominently before the scientific world this year than ever before. A very important total eclipse of the sun takes place, visible over a narrow belt. The Lick Observatory and other astronomical societies are sending observers to record and report this remarkable phenomenon. The Canadian Government is defraying the cost of one of these, in whose personnel will be included several members of the Astronomical Society of Toronto. The totality of the eclipse lasts but a very few minutes, and if cloud or fog obscure the observation the labor will all be lost. The expedition, therefore, has selected a point far up Hamilton Inlet, and important scientific results are anticipated from the observations. This inlet is a majestic fjord which stretches in more than a hundred miles from the sea. It was here that Leonidas Hubbard met his tragic fate two years ago in exploring the wilds of Labrador.

THE UNION JACK.

It's only a small piece of bunting,
It's only an old colored rag;
Yet thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,
St. George's red cross on white field;
Round which, from King Richard to Wolseley,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

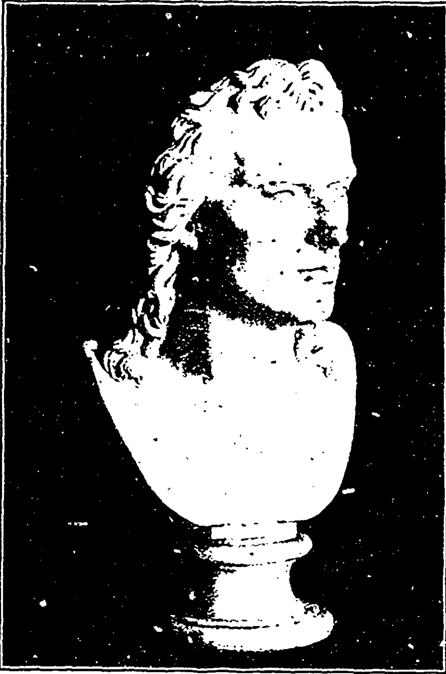
It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the winds and the waves;
And bondsmen, from shackles unloosened,
'Neath its shadows no longer are slaves.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong.
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,
To our King, to our country and laws;
It's the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting;
You may call it an old colored rag;
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY.



BUST OF SCHILLER.

THE world is so prolific of great men that it is difficult to duly observe the recurring anniversary of their birth or death. Yet it is well to recall God's great gifts to the race in the mighty poets, seers, and sages who have adorned the annals of mankind. In the German Fatherland, in Austria, and wherever the German tongue is spoken, has just been celebrated the death day of the greatest poet, next to Goethe, of the German race. The tributes of the press to his memory and influence have been many and glowing. A few of them we quote. In an appreciative article The Western Christian Advocate says:

Schiller stands as one of earth's great geniuses, and it is eminently fitting that the centennial anniversary of his death should receive worldwide recognition. Next to that of Goethe his is the most transcendent name in poetry of which Germany can boast. It is one of the grievances against diversity of languages that many must feel when they are conscious of their loss in not knowing such a marvellous writer in his own tongue. Translations are feeble affairs, and what English-speaking peoples deplore as to Schiller and Goethe, Germans must realize as to Shakespeare and Milton.

Schiller, like many another man of literary fame, had to battle with poverty, with narrow-minded interference on the part of men in power, with delicate health, illness, continued pain. But despite these handicaps, despite his lowly origin, he lived long enough, though he died at the untimely age of forty-six, to be recognized throughout Europe as in the first rank of the thinkers and writers of his century, and to be crowned with civic honors and noble rank.

His name will always be associated with that of the great Goethe, whose friendship did so much to stimulate his brother poet's faculties. But, besides Goethe, he was on terms of intimate friendship with such men as Herder, Wieland, Fichte, Schilling, Schlegel, and Humboldt. Like Goethe he came near being a universal genius. He had gone into jurisprudence and medicine. He had had a touch of militarism. As a transla-

tor of Shakespeare he was eminent. His philosophical writings, stimulated by Kant—particularly his Letters on Æsthetic Culture—mark the man of profound thought on life-problems, and his greater poems were fundamentally philosophical. He wrote history which has become standard—The Revolt of the Netherlands and The Thirty Years' War—showing full knowledge of original sources and deep insight into and understanding of events.

But it is as a great world-poet that his fame is secure—as a writer of matchless dramas and lyrics. He passed through a youthful storm-and-stress period of passionate, pronounced revolt against stupid conventionality—as shown in "The Robbers"—to an after condition of reposeful strength. While love for noble literature shall endure his "Wallenstein," "Maria Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "William Tell," and "Song of the Bell" will hold the admiration of mankind.

As one of his biographers says: "He started in life with high aims, and no obstacle was ever formidable enough to turn him from paths by which he chose to advance to his goal. Terrible as his physical sufferings were, he maintained to the last a genial and buoyant temper, and those who knew him intimately had a constantly increasing admiration for his patience, tenderness, and charity. With all that was deepest and most humane in the thought of the eighteenth century he had ardent sympathy, and to him were due some of the most potent of the influences which, at a time of disaster and humiliation, helped to kindle in the hearts of the German people a longing for a free and worthy national life."

As a message for our own time this

CHARLOTTE, WIFE OF SCHILLER.

translation of his beautiful lines seems especially appropriate:

"Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

"Haste not: Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right;
Forward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not: Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

"Rest not: Time is sweeping by;
Do and dare before thou die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

"Haste not—rest not; calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not—rest not: Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last."

KARL AUGUST.

Of the personality of Schiller Dr. J. Perry Worden, Ph.D., writes:

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, who died just a century ago, was born almost amid the roar of artillery and the clash of arms, at Marbach, Würtemberg, on November 10th, 1759, the same year which gave Burns to the troubled world. Strangely enough, it was the anniversary of Luther's birth; but neither burgher nor statesman noted the coming of a new champion of liberty. Schiller's father was but an army surgeon and barber, unable for years to draw a thaler of the salary he slaved for in the services of his unscrupulous duke; his mother was but the daughter of a country innkeeper, accustomed to the ways of simple folk. The last dream, therefore, likely to elate either Caspar or Elizabeth Schiller would have been that the faint spark in their frail babe should some day blaze the guiding star of a groping and grateful country.

Humble and impoverished, however, as were the parents of Schiller, they possessed some noble virtues which contributed in no small degree to the building of the poet. The father, a severely pious and unselfish man, though barred from home for years by war, pondered on the future of the child, and planned to school him well. The mother, dutiful and true, kept little Fritz close to her tender heart and taught him those household virtues which later he sang in his charming "Lied von der Glocke." To all her children Frau Schiller was a haven in time of storm, and if they were conscious of doing wrong, they confessed to her first, that she might punish them herself and avert their father's wrath. She inspired Fritz also with a feeling of religion, in daily walks storing his receptive mind with Bible lore.

"It was a beautiful Easter Monday," writes Schiller's sister Christophine of one of these outdoor strolls and talks, "and our mother related to us the story of the two disciples, to whom, on their way to Emmaus, Jesus had joined himself. Her speech and narrative grew more and more inspired, and when we got upon the hill we were all so much affected that we knelt down and prayed." Science need not tell us why Schiller inherited the physical features of his mother and her character as well.

His schoolmaster, Pastor Moser, in Lorch, had directed his curiosity to the ministry of the Church, and his devout father strove to advance him to that goal. A bitter disappointment, however, was in store for both father and son. Duke Karl established a military school, where in 1770 he had

appointed Captain Schiller Master Forester, and soon he set his mark of approval on young Friedrich as a likely student whom he wanted for the law class in the Academy. In vain Schiller sought to save his son, and on January 16th, 1773, the fourteen-year-old lad entered the military prison "with fourteen Latin books, and forty-three kreuzers in money." The flickering candle of hope was suddenly quenched; yet out of the sixty thousand saplings which the veteran forester laid out in the parks and gardens of Würtemberg, none was to give such promise as that to which he and his sorrowing wife, in the following September, signed away all legal right.

SCHILLER'S ARBEITS UND STERBEZIMMER.

Tiring of law, and seeing no chance for entering the ministry, Schiller in 1775 took up the study of medicine by permission of the Duke, and reached eagerly after the coveted parchment. But his ambitious thesis was rejected. In December, 1780, Schiller graduated from the academy and was appointed regimental doctor for Stuttgart, at the paltry salary of seven dollars a month. He was forbidden to engage in private practice or to dress as a civilian.

For eight long years the unscrupulous Karl Eugene had tried to mould the barber's kidnapped son, denying him communication with parents or sisters except through censored letters, and now he thought to find in the struggling student but a crushed lackey subservient to his designs. It was the Duke's turn, however, to drink deep of the bitters he had so often proffered others, for before graduating Schiller had begun to cut his own swathe. Stirred to the depths of his soul by the stinging injustice done him, and gradually awakening to his literary strength, Schiller now protested against the political and social forces of the age in a wild, immature play called "The Robbers."

Too much praise cannot be accord-

ed the young Saxon aristocrat, Körner, for his noble response to the half-starved poet's needs. For two years Schiller remained Körner's welcome guest, until, in July, 1787, longing for a more independent existence, encouraged by Karl August and the sympathetic Wieland, he set out for Thuringia and the classic town of Weimar, "hoping," he tells us, "once more to find a country."

He had married sweet Charlotte von Lengefeld, the idol of the German people, entering upon the most delightful cycle of his life; and he had so overworked that he was forced to resign his professorship and give up all hope of writing himself free from debt. Lowering were the heavens, but yesterday roseate and cheering, his devoted young wife, also broken in health, only adding to his torture, until from the northern sky streamed a ray of hope. From Little Denmark, Count Schimmelmann and the Duke of Holstein-Augustenberg sent Schiller a pension of a thousand thalers a year for three years; and, burying himself in Kant, Schiller returned to his native Swabia, revisiting the military academy from which he had once absconded, and his aged parents, whom he had not seen for ten years.

WITTEMSPALAIS.

Carlyle defined Schiller's spirit in its most striking attitude when he characterized him as a priest always ministering at the altar of truth. It is Goethe whom all Germans recognize as the first of their poets, but it is Schiller whom all Germans love as the finest of their singers. The children of Germany know "The Glove," "The Diver," "The Ring of Polycrates," and "The Song of the Bell," as Canadian children know "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Psalm of Life." Young Germany still reads "The Robbers" with something of the thrill with which it was read by young men and women more than a century ago. "William Tell" is perhaps the most popular poetic drama, and has done more than any other literary form of the great Swiss

tradition to call the hero of Switzerland out of the mists and uncertainties of the world of legends into the world of actual heroism; while "Wallenstein" is read by serious students everywhere as one of the masterpieces of dramatic composition. No one places Schiller in the front rank of poets. He belongs, not with Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe, but with Æschylus, Corneille, Milton, and Victor Hugo, poets of the second rank.

The later years of Schiller's life were passed in or near Weimar, enjoying with the maturer Goethe a frank and cordial communion of heart and soul such as the annals of literature nowhere else record. It is true that Schiller's mother died on the very day on which he moved into the modest house at Weimar, now regarded with such reverence by the good people of that hallowed town, and that shattered health, like a grim spectre, dogged his path thereafter; but step by step he contended his ground with death.

From his æsthetic studies Goethe won Schiller back to poetry and the drama, and repeatedly inspired him to greater production and nobler attainment; and Schiller in turn gave to Goethe all the rejuvenating force of his ardent soul. Together, as friendly rivals at Karl August's humble but brilliant court, they worked in noblest emulation, Goethe writing his "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann und Dorothea," and parts of the "Faust," and Schiller composing "Das Lied von der Glocke," "Wallenstein," "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," "Die Braut von Messina," and "Wilhelm Tell," And here in Weimar, on May 9th, 1805, after gloriously requiting the prince who had welcomed and helped him, Schiller passed away, at the age of forty-six, none the less beloved by his fellow-citizens than everywhere hailed as the star of his struggling nation.

Schiller's early demise was due not only to a naturally weak constitution, but to indiscretion, poverty, and overwork. Even while the guest of Körner in Dresden he devoted the better part of his nights to study. This sapping habit, continued in health and in sickness, grew upon him until, at Jena and Weimar, Schiller gave the day to reading, to walking in the parks, while he studied or composed in the quiet of the night. Sublime thought then exhilarated him; and what cheated Nature further demanded he tried to supply through strong coffee, wine-chocolate, old Rhenish, the aroma of rotten apples hoarded in a half-open drawer, or cool water kept beneath his desk in a tub, into which he thrust his feet for hours!

When at last Schiller enjoyed the home circle so dear to every German heart, there was no happier husband in Weimar; he proclaimed the sanctity of the home, and tradition says that in leisure moments he gave himself up to his several children like a rollicking school-boy, lying on his back on the floor while they climbed upon him, or rolling over and over with them under the table and chairs.

In a charming article in Acta Victoriana, our own Professor G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., speaks thus of Schiller's associations with Weimar:

When Schiller first entered Weimar on July 21st, 1787, and put up at the still flourishing Erbprinz, it was a town of some six thousand people. Herder spoke of it as "dreary Weimar, a miserable cross between village and court residence." It is situated near the southern edge of the undulating country that forms the gradual transition from the great northern Prussian and Saxon plain to the picturesque hill-country of Thuringia.

Rising in the mountains to the south-west, the little river Ilm has at Weimar become a fair-sized stream, though still fordable at any point and navigable only here and there by the row-boat. It makes its way in pleasing windings through the beautiful park, which is Weimar's chief external attraction, past the town and on to join the Saale. In a bend of the stream by the village of Tiefurt, two miles below Weimar, is the park and little chateau, originally a farm-house, the favorite summer residence of the Dowager Duchess Anna Amalia, niece of Frederick the Great and mother of Karl August. To this gifted little woman of undaunted heart Weimar owes the foundation of its greatness. Married at seventeen and left two years later a widow and the mother of two children, she resolutely set to work to meet the hopes of her people by bringing up her eldest-born to be a fit ruler for the little state whose affairs she, meanwhile, as regent, conducted with consummate skill. Wieland was chosen as tutor for Karl August, and he became the first link in the chain that led to Weimar's literary renown.

In those days Weimar was still a walled town. Round about the main part of it still ran the line of the original wall fortified by round towers at short intervals. Along nearly its whole extent outside was the water-filled moat, and entrance to the inner town lay through guarded arched gates. As a sort of separate fort within the fortification stood the moat-encircled castle, which, however, as Schiller first saw it, was a desolate ruin from the fire of a few years before.

For nearly two years Schiller is in Weimar or its neighborhood when, as the result of his historical studies and largely through Goethe's mediation, he is appointed to lecture on history at Jena, the university town of the Thuringian duchies. His appointment in Jena was at first purely honorary; later, Karl August gave him a yearly allowance of about $150. The years 1794 to 1799 show a gradual gravitation of Schiller toward Weimar.

His marriage on February 22nd, 1790, to Charlotte von Lengefeld had been the beginning of years of purest domestic happiness. Things go so well that after three years he ventures to buy a house for himself. This is the "Schillerhaus" of present-day pilgrimage, situated on what is now Schillerstrasse, the leading street of Weimar. In this house he spent the last three years of his life. It is a plain structure, with the prevailing stucco facing. Up one flight of stairs dwelt the family; the upper story contained a little ante-room, a reception-room, Schiller's study, and a diminutive bedroom. In these apartments of a homely simplicity are still to be seen, along with many other silent witnesses of his daily life, his plain work-table and the still plainer bedstead of unpolished wood in which the great poet drew his last breath. Few, I imagine, have in later days looked upon them and joined them involuntarily with the noble thoughts that there first found utterance without thinking more nobly of humanity.

Goethe's house on the Goethe-Platz is only some five minutes' walk distant. During the six years of Schiller's residence in Weimar the companionship between him and Goethe was the most important part of their existence. At the home now of one, now of the other, their new productions are read together and discussed. If either is confined to the house, as Schiller so frequently was by illness, or if a journey takes one of them out of town, there is a steady exchange of missives.

Schiller's relations to the court are never intimate. At a tea in the palace he finds it wearisome to have to listen for three-quarters of an hour to the recital of French verses.

As we read in Schiller's letters the record of his daily life, we are struck most forcibly with his intense activity and the persistence with which he kept before him the higher interests of the soul. "Work," he says, "is the chief thing; for it gives not only the means of living, but the whole value of life." When at work on a drama he is "in a sort of fever." "When I am busy I am well." Impatient over a slow convalescence that precludes creative work, he translates from other languages in order to keep in practice. Knowing the necessity of conserving his energy, he is impatient of the distractions of society. In the midst of his work on "Tell," the vivacious Mme. de Stael makes an extended visit in Wiemar, and is the cause of much loss of time. "The disturbance was quite intolerable." After she departs he feels as if he "had passed through a severe illness." On one occasion he takes a temporary lodging in the neighboring village of Oberweimar, in order to have quiet for his work: his disgust is great when on the first night there he can get no sleep owing to a crowd of villagers noisily serenading a newly-wedded couple across the way. With kindly considerateness, at another time, Karl August places at his disposal the quietude of the Ettersburg, where Schiller and his servant live in sequestered state during the last weeks of his work on the drama of "Mary Stuart."

On May 9th, 1805, he died at his beloved Weimar, at the age of forty-six.

As was then the custom with those not having a family burial-place in Weimar, Schiller's remains were laid to rest in a subterranean vault in the churchyard of St. Jacob. At long intervals, when this vault became full, it was emptied of its contents, which were then consigned pell-mell, it would appear, to a common grave. Thus it happened that, twenty-one years after his death, a like fate was about to overtake Schiller's bones. At this juncture the burgomaster of Weimar, feeling that it would be a national dishonor if this indiscriminate, even though time-honored, treatment should be the lot of the nation's greatest dramatist, succeeded by persevering scientific methods, with which Goethe assisted, in establishing beyond doubt the identity of Schiller's bones. A couple of years later they were, at the wish of Karl August, placed in the newly-built Fuerstengruft, or Grand Ducal family vault. In the same dim chamber rests now also the body of Goethe, not far from that of Karl August himself—fit continuation in death of a life-long companionship of prince and poet-friends.

TRUTH FINDS GRASS OUTSIDE THY PADDOCK.

Pray God to keep thee from a narrow soul
  And its dear mate, a controversial mind:
Of all the things that melt, subdue, console,
  Lo, these have tossed the heart upon the wind:
They feed on husks, and go content and fed,
And gather dust to make the living bread.

—*F. Langbridge.*

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

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

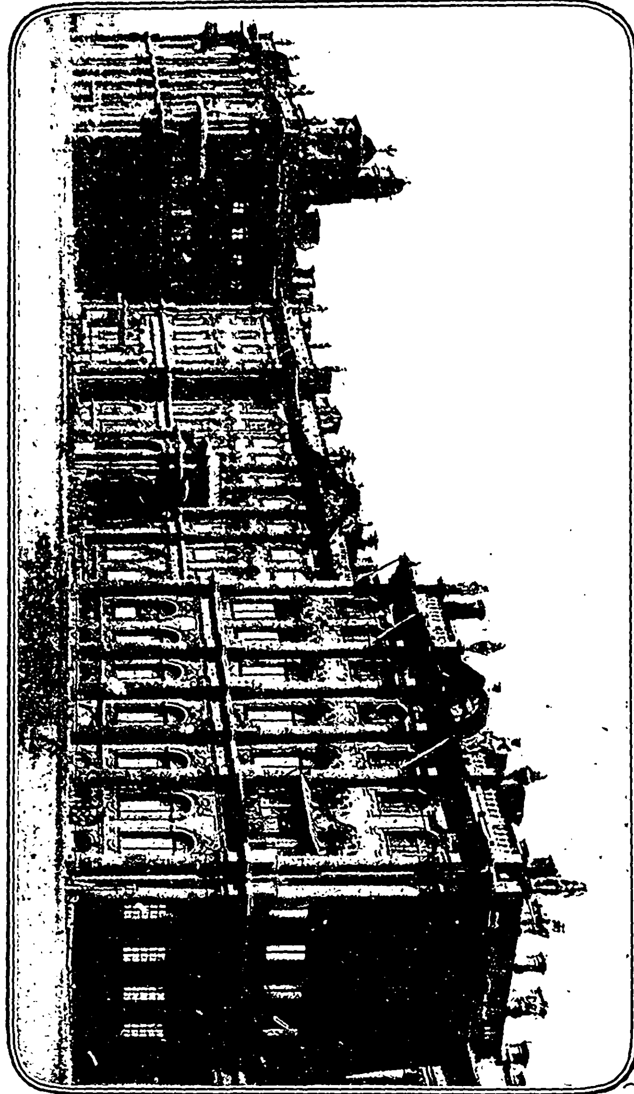
HE recent series of startling events in the Far East has called the world's attention to Russia more than anything else that has happened in the past or present generation. The Crimean War, the emancipation of the serfs, the exile hardships, the Eastern question, the Nihilist outrages, the intrigues in China, the Jewish massacres, and the Czar's peace proposals all appear insignificant when compared with the gigantic struggle with Japan. Circumstances compel an expression of opinion on the part of every one. That opinion ought to be as candid and intelligent as it is possible to make it. We cannot serve the highest interests of our own nation in these days of universal knowledge if we allow ourselves to be uninformed or misinformed about other nations. It is to some such reprehensible cause as this that the unhappy condition of Russia to-day is due.

There is a great deal of prejudice in the minds of the majority of people against Russia. This may be due, as some think, to our natural feelings of jealousy, or to the finer sense of humanity that we profess to have, and which we claim Russia has repeatedly outraged. But if we would learn the truth about Russia and her people, the causes of their vices and the force of their virtues, we must lay prejudice aside. The Russian nation is an organism. If it is only a "Bear," it calls for study. As a human organism it deserves the most scientific and Christian treatment of which we are capable. The basis of any successful study is sympathy. So we must, figuratively, live with the Russian people if we would rightly appreciate the story of their national struggles, extending backward for more than a thousand years.

It is unfair, if not pharisaical, to judge Russia by our Canadian standards of political and religious life. In point of origin, initial equipment and surrounding circumstances there can properly be no comparison. The same may be said with almost equal truth concerning Western Europe. If we are to find a point in our history where we may justly compare ourselves to Russia, we must go back to the time of the Stuarts or to the days preceding the French Revolution. We have out-distanced Russia on the road of human progress, and we ourselves are only "yet in the go-cart." Viewed from this standpoint we shall find that Russia presents a study as valuable and interesting as that of any nation in history.

We must, then, review briefly the checkered history of Russia in order that we may see the people in their own light. Ethnologists have not been able to agree as to the particular race or tribe that formed the nucleus of the present Russian people. That we have a reference to them in the first part of the thirty-ninth chapter of Ezekiel has been maintained in both ancient and modern times. Laying aside the age of fabled monsters, Arimaspians, Gryphons and Sauromati, and coming down to something practical and tangible in history, we find the supposed forefathers of the Russians living between the Don and the Dneiper

at the beginning of the Christian era. A wave of Slavic immigration pushes them far to the north and west, where they are lost sight of till the ninth century. About that time a great movement among the Northmen took place, a movement which sent the Saxons into England, the Franks into Gaul, and the "Russians" among the Slavic tribes on the Upper Volga and Dneiper. After this the term Russian-Slav comes into existence. A Russian, then, is not, properly speaking, a Slav any more than an Englishman is



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

a Celt. The typical Russian has affinities with many different races, Finns, Turks, Tartars and Scandinavians are all represented. They have the elements for making a strong race when properly disciplined.

Among those who took a leading part in shaping the destiny of early Russia was Ruric, who comes into prominence about 362 A.D., as a leader of the Northmen. He had a genius for organizing, and first laid the foundations of the Russian nation. Pagan and half-savage like our own forefathers, he imparted to the people over whom he became ruler ideals of life similar to those of his own. These ideals, as we shall see, unlike those of the Saxons, remained unmodified by the disciplinary influences of Roman Christianity. The religious life of Russia was moulded in a very different way by the less stimulating and more conservative Greek Church. A century after Ruric, one of his successors, Olga, was baptized at Constantinople. She tried in vain to introduce Christianity among her people. But her more astute grandson, Vladimir, who had been baptized with great pomp, made Christianity the official religion and compelled the people to accept it.

Ruric and his successors introduced a form of government partly patriarchal and partly feudal, which had a tendency to divide the nation into petty rival states which were constantly at war with each other. Weakened by internecine strife, they were unable to defend themselves against foreign foes. It was at this time, in the greatest century of the Middle Ages, that Russia was almost overwhelmed and devastated by the Mongols, or Tartars, under Genghis Khan. For over two centuries it was enveloped in a cloud of Asiatic conservatism, despotism and superstition which suffocated and paralyzed the life of the nation. No stronger evidence could be given of the recuperative energy of the people of Russia than the fact that she was able to arise from this disaster and assert her power once more.

The State of Moscow led the way in resisting the rule of the Tartars, who had become weakened by "the tribute-engendered sloth" of two centuries. The leader of this rebellion was Ivan the Great, who ruled over the Russians in the latter part of the fifteenth century. He initiated a new era and was the first autocratic ruler of the nation.

Under his predecessors the people had participated in the government, which was practically democratic. That regime, we have seen, proved a failure. Ivan came to the front, "took occasion by the hand," married into the Imperial family of Byzantium, and sought to make Russia the successor of the culture, art, literature and traditions of the fallen Greek Empire, of which Moscow to this day is considered the capital. Such a step as this gave a much-needed stimulus to a people exhausted by a harassing invader. The policy thus initiated was followed by Ivan's successors, among whom was that unique character known to history as Ivan the Terrible, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth of England. Ruling with an iron hand, he greatly enlarged his dominions and drove back the Mongols. The name of Czar, or Cæsar, was adopted by the Russian autocrats during this period of Greek influence.

The policy followed by these early Czars was largely shaped by necessity. They had either to drive back the semi-barbarous hordes of Asia and hold them under rigid control, or be overwhelmed by them. In order to prevent the latter, a more united and a better organized nation was needed. Under the circumstances it would appear as if this end could be accomplished by an autocratic form of government. The autocrats were

MORE FOOD FOR POWDER.
Scene at Russian railway station. Peasants parting with troops sent to Manchuria.

what Emerson called "Representative Men." The course afterwards adopted by Napoleon was antedated in Russia.

Following the work of the Rurics and the Ivans there came that of Peter the Great, who, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, found himself master of a most backward and unprogressive people. How could it be otherwise? With an audacity of purpose that was truly sublime, considering the circumstances, he started out to lift his people from mediæval and Asiatic conservatism to the higher level of occidentalism. The story of his life reads like a romance; how, with philosophic insight, he discerned the needs of his people and the signs of his age; how he visited Holland and England and as an artisan learned various handicrafts; how he at last built up a navy and fought his way to maritime power; how he defeated, after frequent failure, Charles XII. of Sweden, the man "with frame of adamant and soul of fire"; how he ignored the customs of nobility and the fashions of aristocracy; how he abolished the Church patriarchate and established a Synod with himself at the head; how he introduced Western customs and manners into Russian society; how he founded St. Petersburg in a morass at the cost of thousands of lives; how he enlarged his dominions and murdered his subjects when his interests demanded it; how, at last, in 1721, he had himself proclaimed "Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, Father of his Country"; all this makes up a story which will not lose its interest while history continues to be read.

"The Father of his Country." That reminds us of Alfred the Great or George Washington. But beyond the

STREET BONFIRE IN MOSCOW.

association of words there is little resemblance between the former and the two latter.

Since the time of Peter, who died in 1725, Russia has had many great rulers who have successively battled for or against occidentalism, on the one hand, or orientalism on the other, while at the same time the policy of expansion introduced by Ivan has been pursued. That policy in the course of time became one of the most prominent subjects for discussion in the council chambers of the European sovereigns. England, especially, having large interests in Asia, has often been concerned as to whether the Russian expansion was not more in the interests of self-aggrandizement than for protection from uncivilized races. There's the rub, to be sure!

Catherine II., 1762-96, was a sovereign of regal character, after the Russian type, who did much to bridge the gulf between her country and Western Europe. Her name goes down in history as the chief promoter of the infamous arrangement by which Poland was partitioned. Alexander I., at the outset the sympathizer and friend of Napoleon, later his wily and victorious foe, ruled from 1801-25. Nicholas I., known as the "Iron Czar," followed him. He put down with a strong hand a revolution which occurred at his coronation, having remarked that if he was Czar for only one hour he was going to be the ruler of Russia. The spirit of democracy was at that time making Europe turbulent, but Nicholas rigorously put down all efforts for political freedom.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT PRAYERS.

He visited England twice, and after some confidential talks with her chief ministers he went away with the impression that he had arranged with them for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the partition of the remnants of the Greek Empire, of which Russia, of course, would expect a large share. With this understanding, Nicholas declared war against Turkey and was greatly surprised when he found himself opposed by England and France. But for the jealousy of some of the European powers the "unspeakable Turk" might have taken his departure a half-century ago. Russia surely would have been a better neighbor in every way at Constantinople than the Turks. We are inclined to think that posterity will show more leniency to the cause of Russia at that time, notwithstanding the judgments of history. But that is another question.

Nicholas died in 1854, disappointed and almost broken-hearted over the humiliating situation into which he had brought his people. Under his successor, Alexander II., a great reaction toward liberalism took place, and in 1861 steps were taken towards the emancipation of forty million serfs. Alexander was a man of force and independence, and was imbued with the spirit of modern progressiveness as no other ruler in Russia has ever been. Blind and selfish Nihilism, with indiscriminate hatred for all rulers, singled him out for a victim, and he was assassinated in 1881. Thus the light which was about to shine over Russia was suddenly obscured and the advent of freedom indefinitely delayed. Alexander III., fearing to take one course or the other, simply marked time, while he himself became enmeshed in the tightening coils of a bureaucracy.

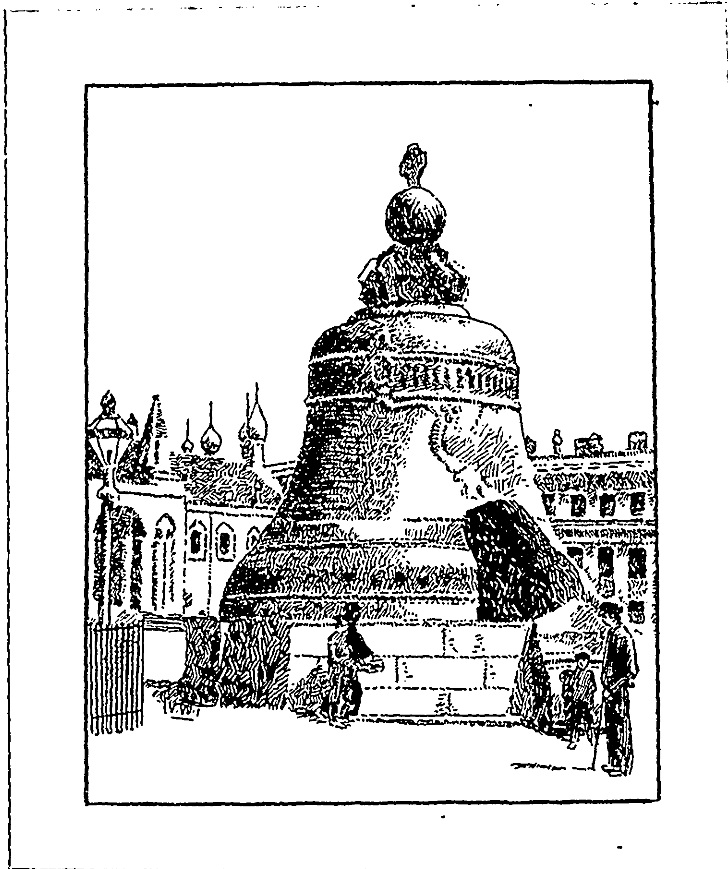
That the present Czar, Nicholas II., lacks those qualifications which ensure to rulers a prominent place in history, is apparent to all. He lacks strength of purpose and of judgment. To all appearances he is a prisoner in his own palace, and so hedged in by a selfish bureaucracy that he is unable to ascertain those facts by which he could form a correct opinion on the world's affairs, supposing he were capable of doing it. The question is no longer, "What will the Czar do?" but, "What will the Russian people do?"

The facts of Russian history have a remarkable tendency to fall into groups of threes. The main history centres around three great rulers, Ruric, Ivan and Peter; three forms of government came to the front, the patristic, the feudal and the autocratic; three sets of political ideas struggle for place, the Scandinavian, the Slavonic and the Asiatic; the religious life of the people is expressed through three different forms, Pagan, Greek and Roman forms of worship; three cities largely identify themselves with the political and religious development of the nation, Kiev, Moscow and St. Petersburg; three great rivers, likewise, play a similar part, the Dneiper, the Volga and the Neva, the first opening towards Byzantium, the second towards Asiatic, and the third towards European, influences: three dynasties succeed each other, that of the early, half-organized Slavs, that of Ruric, ending in 1613, and that of the Romanoffs, lasting to the present time; there are three great topographical divisions of territory, the forest land of the north, the arable steppes and "Black lands" of the centre, and the barren areas of the south; and, lastly, there are three racial divisions, the Great Russians, the Little Russians, and the White Russians.

After this brief summary about Russia and the Russians, we will note some of the points of differentiation between them and Western civilization. The Christianization of Russia under Vladimir, about 1000 A.D., has already been referred to. Ignoring the use of any of those gentle and persuasive means with which we are wont to associate the introduction of Christianity into a nation, Vladimir forcibly compelled the people to throw away their pagan symbols and declare their allegiance to the Christian religion as expressed through the autocratic Greek Church. How effectively this fettered the social, political and religious life of Russia and doomed the people to a place of inferiority, history plainly and painfully testifies. That form of religion was forced upon them from without and has been a most effective barrier against the introduction of anything better. Up till the present year it was a crime for a Russian to change his religion. Missionaries were not allowed to preach the Gospel, although the sale of Bibles has been tolerated. What, then, can we expect from a people whose religious life for nearly a thousand years has been controlled, more or less, by some of the cruellest and wickedest despots? Religious liberty has been lately granted. This may prove the long-sought-for door of hope. A new generation may yet sing, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things."

The far-reaching influence of the Tartar invasion did much to separate Russia from the West. The thirteenth century, in which it took place, was one of the most constructive periods for civilization in the Middle Ages. While England, Germany and France were busy developing their political systems, which afterward ensured to us our freedom, and their scholasticism, which was the precursor of modern philosophy, science and criticism, Russia was struggling with the Mongols for her very existence. Our

prejudice has blinded us to the debt we owe to the Ivan who saved Europe and the world's best civilization from being overwhelmed. Do we not, then, owe Russia something more than contumely and reproach? Is the government to-day despotic and oppressive? There was a time when that despotism was one of the guardian angels of Europe. This does not justify the present regime, but since we are all modified by heredity and environment, we can at least be sympathetic in our judgments and less condemnatory in our criticisms.



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

In still another and not less influential way has Russia been led in a divergent path. Geographically, she is practically shut up to herself, and is quite able to exist independently of Western Europe. None of her great territorial zones could remain isolated from the rest. There are no mountains over one thousand feet high, except where her borders are contiguous to other nations. The natural conditions have tended to isolate Russia from the resources and the culture of the West. No crusades ever stirred their imagination. The lack of mari-

time communication, the isolation of the people from centres of culture, the hot summers and the rigorous winters, the dry climate and the scarcity of great cities—all these have served to widen the gulf between them and us. It is a question whether Russia ought to be classed with Europe or Asia. "If you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar."

Despotic rule, we think, can be justified under the circumstances in which it was called forth. Having once obtained control, it is naturally not easy to get rid of. Evils which are concomitant with almost every form of government flourish most vigorously under the despotic form. Autocracy is always suspicious. The exile system must follow. Russia today has a secret police system which like a hideous nightmare hangs over the people, forbidding freedom of association, travel, reading, speech, franchise and education. A clever German journalist remarks that Russia is "an empire of one hundred and thirty millions of prisoners and one million jailers." There is throughout all the land a silence that may be felt.

Great modesty should characterize one in expressing an opinion about the future of Russia. Its problems are profoundly complex, and its movements have been the riddle of the world. The present autocracy will inevitably be modified. Despotism builds its own scaffold, and Nihilism is but the inverted image of bureaucracy. Democracy is not a perfect form of government, and that, we think, will not be the alternative for the present. The rights of the people must be recognized. All stable governments exist on the assumption that the man with the hoe and the man with the sceptre are brothers. No king has a divine right to rule without the counsel and confidence of his people. The Ivans and Peters of Russia, having had no Cromwells or Pitts to hold them in check, went to extremes. The revolutionary societies of Russia, as constituted at present, we are inclined to think, would be equally unfit to rule. The Russian people are between two millstones. What will be the outcome?

We believe that there are great possibilities before them. Man is a living soul, and they are not a dying race. Their fathers lost the art of governing themselves, but a new generation is slowly being trained in the art of self-government. New ideals are being placed before them. They have been disciplined in the school of experience and the qualities which will insure national success are being slowly developed. A purer form of Christianity will spread among them and will furnish a stronger motive for progress. There will be storms and darkness, but the light and the calm will also come; there will be wars and rumors of wars, but the end will be peace.

The presence of the Russian people will be welcomed in Asia, where her autocrats have been for so long impolitic and unpopular. Japan has aided the cause of the people by defeating the government. A new Russia, we believe, will arise and take its place in the family of the nations, where it should receive a cordial and generous welcome, so long delayed.

> "Ring out the thousand woes of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Emerson, Man.

> God's goodness hath been great to thee;
> Let never day, nor night unhallowed pass,
> But still remember what the Lord hath done.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

TOLSTOY TO-DAY.

BY EDWARD A. STEINER.

WE hesitated long before asking if we might visit Tolstoy on the particular occasion here described. Rumors of serious illness checked both the artist's and the biographer's desire to see him, and only after we heard that his condition had improved did we venture our request. "Come and bring N—— with you," read the telegram which we received in answer to our letter. N—— is a musician of note, and the feeling that through his playing Tolstoy would receive much pleasure made our going easier, for usually we felt that we gave nothing in return for the inspiration received.

To start from Moscow at midnight, to be locked in a train whose compartments are so hot that they can well serve the purpose of a Russian bath, to inhale cigarette-smoke which everywhere makes the atmosphere stale and thick, is no great pleasure, especially as the train stops longer at the stations than it travels between them, and, being the only so-called fast train, is uncomfortably crowded. No air enters or leaves the compartment, and when we reach our destination, and can really breathe the fresh, ozone-laden air, it is as exhilarating a moment as if we had stepped from a prison cell into freedom. The little depot is almost covered by snow, and after being wakened for a moment by the stopping of the train it sinks again into the deepest quiet. Here and there from among the white birches the rising smoke tells of some mujik's cabin in which the housewife has bestirred herself and has kindled the fire.

The horse and sleigh of Countess Tolstoy are awaiting us in the station yard, and almost simultaneously we ask the coachman, "How is the Count?" "Slava Bogu (Praise God), he is much better," answers the faithful servant, whose broad, good-natured face smiles at us from his wrappings of fur, which make him look like an overgrown infant ready to be carried away by its nurse. He remembers the Count's guests, and has a particular smile for those who know that Tolstoy's philosophy about money has not at all influenced his servants, who are just as eager for their tips (Na Tschay) as if they were living in the most materialistic atmosphere.

Swiftly we glided along through the increasing quiet; the noise of the passing train had almost ceased, and its deep breathing grew fainter and fainter. From the east a tinge of golden red poured over the silvery landscape; for a moment there was a hovering between twilight and morning, then the sun rose, bringing light but no warmth, and the great conqueror who in the summer colors earth and skies in varied hue seemed unable to affect the mass of white or to change the great shroud into a wedding garment. The noisy crows alone made dark spots upon the landscape and brought discord and disturbance into silence and harmony.

No one in the village had yet stirred out of doors; the peasants were still lying upon their warm bake-ovens hibernating until the springtime, when the increasing hunger would drive them out of doors and press the plough into their hands. The snow lay up to the windows of the low cabins, which were kept from being

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

lost in the colorless landscape by the dirt of doors and outer walls. Horses, cattle, and fowl were indoors with the peasants, and within many a hut was heard the faint cockcrow, followed by the grunting of an unfed pig or the hoof-beat of a restless horse. From above the snow, like strange-shaped mushrooms, peeped with their Chinese roofs the white towers flanking the gateway to the Tolstoy estate, and the trunks of the trees within made dark lines upon the whiteness, showing the well-worn road between them. At the door we were met by Maria Levovna, the Count's favorite daughter, who has been constantly at his bedside, and who at this time was acting as his private secretary and is his confidential friend. Among the Count's children the daughters had the greatest sympathy with his teachings, although since they have married they have gone the way of the world, much to his regret.

When we arrived, Countess Tolstoy was still in her room; she rises very late, her work keeping her up until past midnight. She is now correcting a new edition of her husband's works.

and between the struggle with publishers and proof-readers she is taxed to the utmost, although she preserves both her youth and strength in a remarkable way. Any one who saw her a few evenings before at the symphony concert in Moscow, radiant in a light gray silk costume, her bright eyes shining from pleasure, would not have realized how much work and how many years are burdening her.

We were immediately shown to our rooms, but great was our astonishment when we found one of them to be the Count's former study, which had been converted into a guest-room after his removal upstairs was necessitated by his severe illness. Mr. P—— immediately called an indignation meeting to protest against such sacrilege, and we unanimously declared our disapproval of the change. The room should have been kept as it was. Those scattered books, that table full of loose pages of manuscript, the large ink-pot, the Count's picturesque but crude scythe, and his working garments—all are gone; the books are transferred to and straightened out in book-cases, where they stand like soldiers in perfect order, and our unpoetic satchels stand upon the table where he wrote all the books which made him famous. Surely there will be no holy shrine to which enthusiastic Tolstoyans may make a pilgrimage in after years, for the devastation seems complete. A physician, who now is a member of the household, lives in the Count's former bedroom, but the simple furniture has been left just as and where it was.

At the breakfast-table we find the usual contingent of strangers, and we look at one another in rather an unfriendly way, as much as to say, "What in the world brought you here to trouble a poor old sick man—can't you leave him alone?" We are good mindreaders, all of us, and we stare at each other during the informal meal, drinking our hot tea in silence; and no friendlier look comes over the faces of these somebodies and nobodies when our party is asked to go upstairs to see the Count.

The room which we enter is spacious and comfortable; two large windows look out over the tree-tops and upon the silent fields of Yasnaya. The eye instinctively seeks the Count, and we are much startled as we see him. He is so thin that his features stand out with unusual sharpness. The eyes are still searching, but show the effect of much suffering, and a veil like the shadow of a passing cloud hangs over them. His voice, too, has grown weak, and his hand-clasp is like the touch of gloved fingers, without warmth or strength; but the greeting is not less cordial than ever. Now, struggling with approaching death, he is fastening upon paper memories and impressions of bygone years, and when every moment is precious he yet denies himself to no one, and does not stint the time which he gives to his friends. It is such a large welcome as only a large soul can give one. It is in striking contrast to the welcome which one receives from every other member of his household. Everyone, from the Countess down to the guests of yesterday, makes you feel that you are here by grace alone, but he makes you at once feel that you have done him a favor by coming. It is this natural and grateful outflow of his noble soul toward another that charms everyone who comes in touch with him. Yet I cannot say that one feels comfortable so close to him. He searches too deeply. I find that all those who come "in spirit and in truth" share this feeling with me, and I should not wonder if in the other world I see him sitting on one of those twelve thrones "judging the tribes of Israel."

The conversation first turned upon his own health. He has been near death's door; the heart almost ceased its task of sending blood through his body, the limbs were cold and motionless, and around his bedside through many an anxious night stood loving watchers who feared the coming of a lightless morning. But no fear was his; he was not being dragged to his grave. Calmly he awaited the moment of his departure, and he struggled neither for life nor with death. He dropped no pious phrases as he told us of his nearness to the other world; it was the story of a traveller who came near to the gate of a city whose name and location he knew not, but of the existence of which he was quite sure. He did not tell as much of himself as we should have liked to hear; he quickly turned the conversation to the artist's and writer's work and plans, to N——'s children, whom he loves, and to all the living things which interest him so much. The praise of Yasnaya's quiet he turned into a sarcastic polemic against the effort in the cities to build houses of entertainment for the laborers. "You take them out of the pure air into a place crowded by people, you compel them to breathe dust, dirt, and disease, and you call that helping the poor to enjoy themselves." My praise of the People's Palace in St. Petersburg, built by the present Czar, found no echo in his heart. He does not believe in "throwing sweet morsels to a starving peasantry," although he was glad to hear of my observation of increasing temperance, or at least of a decrease of drunkenness, in the Russian cities where the dives have been entirely, closed and people's theatres and tea-houses have taken their places.

Upon our inquisitive looks at his writing-desk, he told us that he was then hard at work writing his reminiscences, and that he had finished a new story based upon his experiences in the Caucasus, and he read us page after page of the simple but beautiful narrative from his life in those wild mountain regions. His style seems simpler than ever; clear and sharp stand out his characters. The background is faint, scarcely touched, but the men and women whom he portrays are alive, and the truth they speak is clear and their words are pure. They are created by his love for all the men he met and knew in those young years of his eventful life.

The manuscript is as unreadable as ever, and Maria Levovna had to be called upon to decipher those passages in which her father's pen had tangled the thought of the story by successive corrections. He was greatest and most precious when he laid down the manuscript and began to tell of his own feelings and emotions in those days. How little he spares himself! he gathers up every scrap of the past, even if by so doing he tarnishes his halo; but he tells truth and loves truth, even if truth makes him unlovely.

We know now that the stories of his childhood and youth which were the first products of his pen were not entirely autobiographical; that, in fact, they contained much which, while it grew in him, he did not experience in actual life.

After dinner, N—— was asked to play. The poor musician was so nervous that he had scarcely eaten anything, and when he sat down to the piano he fairly trembled from stage fright. First on the programme were Tolstoy's old favorites, Gluck, Brahms and Handel. "They are so quiet," he says; "their passion was lofty and never base." Mozart came next, and charmed him most, for he loves him above all the composers. "He never stirs the evil and the low within us," he says of him, "and when he touches the emotions, he does it with delicacy and purity." Chopin Tolstoy enjoys very much, and among Slavic com-

posers he finds him the most sympathetic. During the playing of one of Beethoven's sonatas he grew visibly agitated; Schumann's songs brought tears to his eyes; "it touched my heart so," he said, in excuse for his seeming weakness.

What a rapt listener he is, this iconoclast of art! how every fibre of his being responds to it, how he draws it in and how it intoxicates him! He knows, as did the Hebrew prophets, how art itself may become man's temple and his God, and he fights against his natural devotion to it, fearing that it might lure him from the narrow path which he has marked out for himself.

Long after the piano has echoed its last vibrant note we sit in silence and muse. The snowflakes fall thick and fast upon the already heavy-laden treetops, and it is winter without and within. The Count sits with his head sunk over his breast, the fingers of both hands pressed against each other, and tears in his eyes. Schumann's "Du bist die Ruh" has brought them out of his heart. Quiet, quiet everywhere but in our hearts; and is there quiet in his now that he is snowed in by old age and feels the approach of death? With peace upon his brow, there is also much pain, and such furrows seam his face as no other ploughman draws but he who comes with labor and with tears. The glow of artistic success, the gratitude of those whom he has helped into the light, these ought to make the evening of his pilgrimage glorious. Yet each life has its tragedies, and those of us who know realize that he will carry to the yonder side some great sorrows. His tears are for a little boy, "Vantshek," as they called him, the only one of his thirteen children into whom seemed to have been breathed the same spirit by which he was filled by the Creator. The little one looked into the world with the same clear eyes as did his father, and clung to him conscious of that inner relationship, the kinship of the soul. He died. The hurt in the father's heart seemed healed; but out of the treasure of song which Schumann gave to the world, and to which he listened that afternoon, there came one tenderest note and tore open the old bleeding wound. Strangers crowd his doorway asking his blessing, and go out into the world to live as he has taught them; strangers listen with reverence to each one of his words and become his disciples; but among his own there is none to preach his message or to live it. No complaint has ever passed his lips, and the tragedy of his heart has no witness except his own great soul, which has taught itself to love, and in love to suffer.

His philosophy of life has not changed, his belief in the efficacy of Christ's law for the salvation of man and of society is as firm as ever, and his theological views have still the same agnostic ring; but he knows God, prays to God, loves God, and truly "loves his neighbor as himself," and does not ask, "Who is my neighbor?" It would belittle those great hours to tell all that he said and how he said it, to narrate his condemnations or write down what he approved. This was a day for men to look into the great heart of one of God's great men.

Russia knows no spring. April is still only winter painted green, and then all at once it is summer. Long, not over-straight furrows are being drawn upon the great fields which surround Yasnaya Polyana. Patient mujiks are led across the fertile acres by the more patient if not more intelligent horses; and where the wooden harrow has glided over the clods, women beat them into dust. A horseman comes from between the whitewashed towers and the peasants say one to another, "Praise God, it is our master." It is a long time since they

have seen him, and a longer time since they have seen him on horseback. The rider of fast horses, who renounced that luxury years ago, and walked many a hundred miles, had been lifted by servants into the saddle, as he had been lifted a few months ago from voluntary hardship into involuntary ease.

The aristocratic peasant has become an aristocratic invalid, and the man who struggled for years against the conditions in which he was born will die in the same conditions, a prisoner to environment. He deplores it, mourns over it, and laments over an unreached ideal. He still envies the peasant, who, after a hard life, will lie down upon his bake-oven and die a happy death; but as little as Tolstoy could live just like a peasant, so little can he die like one. If he had the strength, he would now, in spite of the commands and the entreaties of his physician and his wife, take the handle of the wooden plough and follow it across the fragrant, upturned sod. I venture to say: "Count, you have done your ploughing; you have drawn a straighter furrow and a longer one right across Russia and into the heart of Europe and the New World," and the man who all his life believed in his power of achievement shakes his head doubtfully as he views the work he has done.

The sower follows the ploughman and the women who beat the clods into dust. Majestically, rhythmically, and slowly he walks across the black, rich earth, casting his seed, more worshipful than the village priest who scatters incense for more or less holy purposes. The sower carries his seed in a white linen sheet which hangs from his shoulder, and he thrusts his hand into it as does an artist his brush into his colors, or a generous man his fingers into his treasury. With wistful eyes Tolstoy follows his movements, quite unconscious of the fact that he has been sowing more precious seed upon larger fields; but if you call his attention to this he will say, "The best of it was only chaff." Yet undisguised pleasure shows itself in his face when one speaks of his influence which has gone over the whole world. This very spring two American millionaires came, repeating the words of the rich young ruler and receiving the same answer, but not going "away sorrowful." Each day brings tidings of new fields upon which the seed has fallen, each day brings some ripened fruit, some apostles, more disciples, admirers most of all.

THE SONG OF THE FAR WEST.

Oh, the town is round about me,
 And the roaring of the street,
But my heart leans ever homeward, where the skies stretch wide;
And I hear the West a-calling,
 Through the trample of the feet,
And the anthem of the ranges, where the great winds stride.

And I see the blue lake tremble
 To the saunter of the breeze,
And I hear the old life calling, with a wild, sweet zest;
See the sunlit prairie smiling,
 See the fringe of distant trees
Till my heart would break for freedom, and the well-loved West.

And I see the dark woods glimmer,
 And the shadows on the snow,
And I hear the axes falling—and the strokes ring strong—
And I see the swarthy faces
 Round the shanty fire's glow,
And I hear deep voices joining in an old glad song.

"Far is the shanty, and the plains are rolling wide;
 Hark, in the distance, how the lean foxes roam!
Give us the long trail, where the frozen runners glide,
 Night-hush and star-gleam, and the red lights of home."

—*H. H. Bashford.*

CANADA: THE EL DORADO OF TO-DAY.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

"IF," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, the twentieth century will be the century of Canada." This magnificent hyperbole explains, and perhaps justifies, the overwhelming popular verdict which has once more made the ablest colonial statesman Prime Minister of the greatest and best of all the British colonies. But, magnificent though the hyperbole may be, it is not improbable that it may be literally fulfilled. This does not mean than any Canadian in his most sanguine dreams expects the Dominion to outstrip the Republic. What Sir Wilfrid Laurier meant was that, as the most astonishing and commanding spectacle offered to the world in the nineteenth century was the marvellous rush to the front of a new race, the unprecedented development of vast areas of an unpeopled continent, the coming to maturity of manhood of a nation that was only in its cradle when the century dawned, so it is Canada which in the twentieth century will offer to mankind the most amazing and phenomenal spectacle of immense and rapid national development.

And there is solid substantial justification for that expectation. For Canada is the coming land of the immediate future. All that the Americans, who peopled the Atlantic coast a hundred years ago, have done in developing their hinterland, the Canadians are doing to-day, and will do to a still greater extent every decade of the new century. Canada has now within her borders about six millions of the hardiest, keenest, and most industrious of the human race. But she has room in which to accommodate comfortably a hundred millions of human beings. Some say twice that number, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, being essentially a moderate man, puts it at the lower figure. When he addressed the Canadian Club in London, he said: "The one thing wanted in Canada was population. They had room, they had land to give homes and shelter to one hundred millions, at least, and he hoped that at no distant date they would have a population of a hundred millions."

For all our industrious youth Canada is Opportunity. Competence and comfort, and the attractions which she offers in the broad belt of fertile land which stretches from Atlantic to Pacific will secure for her, under the shelter of her own flag, as varied and composite a family of independent sister nations as those which shelter to-day under the Stars and Stripes.

I.—The True Canada.

The Republic is to the Dominion what England is to Scotland in the United Kingdom. Canada is the Scotland of the American continent. And the Canadians, like the Scotch, have the advantage of the discipline of the north-easter. The stern grey weather of which Kingsley sang with such enthusiasm is the breeder of men who dare and who do. The Canadians may always be less numerous than their southern neighbors. But,

*Abridged from The Review of Reviews, England.—ED.

like their own wheat, the quality of the grain will always bring them to the top. The area of Canada is larger than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and it is also a fact that the area susceptible of cultivation and settlement is not smaller, as popularly supposed, than the great Republic of the south. This is abundantly clear by a study of the map, especially if the huge area represented by the ever-broadening belt of the Rocky Mountains towards the south, the great American desert, and the "bad lands" in the northern prairie regions of the States are taken into account.

The splendors of the destinies of the Dominion do not depend in the least upon the vast expanse of territory lying north of the 60th parallel of latitude. Klondike, it is true, lies five degrees nearer the North Pole, and there is an indefinite potentiality of other Klondikes in those inclement regions. Canada is great enough to dispense with all her circumpolar possessions, and then she would confront the world without feeling that her greatness and her wealth were materially affected by the surrender.

The Dominion, for all practical purposes, consists of the fertile belt 400 miles wide which spans the continent. Ontario and Quebec, which at present contain more than half the population of the Dominion, drive a huge irregular wedge into the territory lying south of the 49th parallel, the extreme tip of which is 400 miles south of the normal frontier. It is in the land lying between the 49th and the 60th parallels that Canada has discovered her destiny. There is land, and good land, in New Brunswick, and in Quebec, and in Ontario, but the El Dorado to which hundreds of thousands are flocking to take up homesteads lies north of latitude 49 in the belt between the 49th and the 60th, where lies, as lay in the Cestus of Venus, the fascination which no one can resist.

Thus limited, the acreage and mileage of Canada will stand good comparison with that of the United States. It is true that Canada has not got a cotton belt, neither has she to face the terrible problem of a black population. The Dominion is emphatically a white man's country. The United States is piebald. But if Canada cannot grow cotton, she can, and does, grow men, who, when tested in the workaday laboratory of actual life, are to the average south-western American very much what the New Englander was to the Southerner. The Canadian is sharper and keener, and everywhere he makes his way.

It is a curious fact that the Canadian, who was once almost entirely French, and who is to-day predominantly English, Scotch, and Irish, should nevertheless be a more distinct British type than the people of the United States, who at first were almost entirely English. Canada, which was discovered by a Venetian, and colonized by Frenchmen, which began life as New France, is creating a New England, where the best characteristics of the best English type—that of the North of England—are being preserved for the good of the world.

The French habitant remains French, and if he loyally accepts the British Empire to-day, it is because he believes it affords him better guarantees for the retention of his French nationality than he could hope to enjoy in the Republic of the United States. But there will be no new France in the western continent. There is the old France there—a social and religious type with which modern France has little in common, but the old France, although its children are prolific, has lost even the ambition to dominate the continent. But the

dreams of Cartier, of Champlain, and of Montcalm have almost perished from the memory of their descendants. The French pioneers led the way not only in Quebec, but throughout the whole of the vast North-West. They were the bushrangers, the trappers, frontiersmen *par excellence* of the enormous region known as Hudson's Bay Territory. They did good work in their day. But while they labored other men entered into their labors. Their descendants dwell in the land, but the suppression of the abortive rebellion of Riel in the Red River territory put the final seal upon the Ukase whereby destiny deeded these lands to be predominantly English.

It is strange how, whatever human ingredients are poured into the Canadian cauldron, the Canadian English-speaking man always comes out on top. The first emigrants were French. The second great swarm were the 50,000 United Empire Loyalists, who, after the success of the American Revolution, shook off the dust of their feet against the Republic and came northward to remain under the British flag. Ten thousand of them settled in Ontario. They were of varied origin. Most of them had served in the British army, and as George the Third had cast his net pretty wide, the United Empire Loyalists were somewhat mixed. They were of English, Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, and Huguenot blood. The third great tidal wave of immigration was due to the potato famine in Ireland and clearances of the Highlands. At this time arose the Highland settlement of Glengarry, the settlement of English gentlemen and retired military officers near Cobourg, the Irish settlement near Peterboro', the military settlement near Perth, the Talbot settlement in Elgin, the Canada Company's settlement in the Huron Tract, the block of Paisley weavers in Wellington, the Germans in Waterloo, Huron and Renfrew, and the French-Canadians in Essex, Prescott and Russell.

We are now witnessing a fourth flood of immigration. It comes from the south and from the east. The Americans are realizing that there are better openings in the Canadian North-West than in any of their unoccupied lands. And the Mother Country is fast beginning to wake up to the potentialities of this vast reserve. Ten years ago there were hardly 1,000 immigrants a month into Canada. Last year there were nearly 3,000 a week.

II.—The Nonparcil of Nations.

There are men from all lands, but the Briton predominates.. Canada, which now absorbs 135,000 emigrants annually, will take thrice that number. And she will get them. This is not surprising when the attractions which she offers are considered. The Hon. R. Harcourt, the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, a "province" that is very little short of the size of the German Empire, did not hesitate recently to challenge the attention of the world by the following declaration:

> "Can a country be named the size of ours, with a like population and like conditions, where the people generally are either more contented or prosperous? where the general average of comfort is higher? where the prospects of a very bright future are more encouraging? where there is less illiteracy, less crime, less abject want? Times were never better than now. No man need be out of employment. The mechanic, the laborer—every one—has work to do, and a good wage for doing it."

Granting that Mr. Harcourt was speaking of Ontario, the claims which he made would probably be endorsed by the public men of the other provinces—especially those in the far west.

It is, perhaps, only natural that Mr. Harcourt should be optimistic, for Mr.

Harcourt is Minister of Education. And Canada is building its hopes for the future quite as much upon its schools as its wheat lands. It claims that in the opinion of competent educationists, its school system is one of the best in the whole world. In western Canada the rural schools are about every three miles or so apart in the settled districts, and the system is free. There is no taxation of pupils for attendance, and ten children in a school district are sufficient to permit of the formation of a school district, while an average attendance of six will entitle the school to an annual grant by the government of a considerable sum to each school, and all the expenses, teacher's salary included, are paid by this grant, and a general taxation of the land within the district, whether occupied or unoccupied, or owned by parents or those having no children. This assures the poor all the advantages of primary education that are enjoyed by the rich. In the cities and towns collegiate institutes are maintained where students are fitted for the several colleges at Winnipeg and other cities in Canada. The fees for secondary education are almost nominal, amounting to less than £3 per annum. One-eighteenth part of the whole of the "Fertile Belt," from Pembina to the Saskatchewan, and beyond it, is set apart for the maintenance of schools.

A striking illustration of the greater readiness of the Canadians to show their faith in education by their liberality in its support is that one Canadian for the last five years has given £100,000 a year to the support of the Canadian University in which he was interested, whereas in England no one has given that amount to Oxford and Cambridge in the last twenty years. Mr. Rhodes' magnificent bequest was not given to the University, but provided scholarships tenable at Oxford by men from all parts of the English-speaking world. And Mr. Rhodes was a South African.

III.—The Climate of Canada.

Canada as a field for emigration is deservedly recognized to be the plum of the whole British Empire. South Africa is at present out of the running; Australia has against it several disadvantages. In the first place, it is so far off—at least four times as far, measured by time—as the Dominion of Canada; in the second place, the Australians do not seem very keen upon welcoming emigrants; and in the third place, the climate of Australia seems to tell upon the women more than the cold of Canada. And here we strike upon the one deeply-seated popular prejudice against Canada, the notion that it is not the plum, but the ice-box of the Empire. Would-be emigrants shiver at the thought of the Canadian winter, and often, in order to go to what they believe to be a more temperate clime—settle in the United States, hundreds of miles nearer the Arctic Circle than the southern provinces of Ontario.

The question is of so much importance that it ought to be dealt with carefully, giving it precedence of every other consideration. Is the climate of Canada abominably cold? Canada has all kinds of climates, and at the extreme north is as cold as Greenland. But no one emigrates to the extreme north. Canada for emigration purposes does not extend further north than the 60th parallel. The question, therefore, is not whether Canada is unbearably cold, but whether the emigration field in Canada is so.

The answer to that question is clear and decisive. During four months of

the year it is cold, but never unbearably cold. When the thermometer registers a cold far below zero the Canadians are as merry as grasshoppers, because of the dryness of the atmosphere, the absence of wind and the almost continuous sunshine. Winter time is their holiday season. When the mercury disappears in the bulb, then they fling dull care away and have a good time. And the season which is set apart for social amusement and jollification may be cold, but it certainly cannot be regarded as "abominably cold." "Drat the thermometer," said the Irishman, "it has no effect upon the temperature." And that was only the Irish way of expressing a great truth. Thermometrical observations afford no clue to the effect of cold or heat upon the individual. Every human being is his own thermometer. What hurts one man cheers up another. But taking an average, the Canadian human is the most trustworthy thermometer we can get. What does he or she register as to the cold of Canada?

With one consent every Canadian who visits England finds the English winter cold much more abominable than his own exhilarating frost. The cold, damp mugginess of a London in November takes more out of a man than all the cold of Manitoba, which is dry, to begin with, and is tempered by the brilliant sunshine. The emigrants who have recently gone out almost invariably express themselves as being pleasantly surprised by the bright, clear, invigorating sunshiny winter which they found in the Far West. In Alberta the winter is characterized by frequent spells of milder weather under the influence of the Chinook wind, and the conditions are favorable for stock-keeping.

In the emigration field the winter starts about the middle of November, and breaks almost into summer during the month of March. Sowing commences at the beginning of April. The first frosts come in October, and this year ploughing was actually proceeding in the last week of November. There are occasional abnormal spells of cold weather, seldom continuing, however, for more than three days.

Lord Grey, who has often been in Canada, speaking on this subject just before his departure to take up the duties of Governor-General, said: Moreover, he was going to a country where the sky was blue and where the air was like champagne. His personal experience led him to believe that the Canadian winter was most pleasant and more exhilarating than the average English summer. He was going to a country which in the wealth and fertility of its resources and in its invigorating climate and its happy breed of men was not to be surpassed by any other part of the globe.

So much for the cold in winter. There is more reason to complain, if complaint there must be, of heat in summer. For there are two hours more sunshine every day in western Canada than in the United States, and the heat is more difficult for an Englishman to bear than the cold. But the heat, although trying at times, is a healthy heat. When the North-West was an unknown land—less than forty years ago—it fell to the lot of the late Commander-in-Chief of the British army to begin his brilliant career as a general in command by leading an expedition of 1,400 men across 600 miles of what was then an almost untracked wilderness to distant Winnipeg. He took them in a small flotilla of fifty boats and canoes through a wilderness of rivers, lakes, forests and rocks, where, as no food was to be obtained, everything required had to be taken with them and transported on the soldiers' backs over difficult portages for many miles.

They went in summer time, and the men's faces were so bronzed by the sun, Lord Wolseley recorded that when they bathed it seemed as if colored men's heads had been grafted on white men's bodies. But despite all the hardships of the campaign, and the rawness of the country and the heat of the sun, the Red River Expedition established a record never even approached by any military expedition before or since. The 1,400 men traversed 600 miles of wilderness going in, they covered the same stretch of territory coming out. And during the whole journey of 1,200 miles there was not a single case of sickness in the column from start to finish. When the medals were distributed, Lord Wolseley refused to recommend the doctor for any decoration. He was the one man in the expedition who had nothing to do.

The nights are cool and the dews heavy. The rainfall is only 14½ inches. The climate of western Canada is such that a much greater variety of vegetables are grown in the open than can be produced under the same conditions and method of culture in England. Ontario has one of the greatest honey harvests in the world, and as for fruit—they grow almost anything but oranges and bananas.

New Zealand and Tasmania are the only colonies in the empire whose climate rivals that of Canada. The South African climate is very good—almost ideal in some places—but for agricultural emigrants, South Africa does not compete. There is no place in the United States, as there is in Canada, where you can get 160 acres of land given you for nothing—and there is no place in the United States where you can buy land that will yield you as heavy crops as those which are grown in western Canada.

In 1902 the average crop given for the whole of the United States, including winter and spring wheats, is about 14.5 bushels per acre. The same year the average of spring wheat in Manitoba was 26 bushels, and in the North-West Territories 25 bushels. In 1903, when the season was so unfavorable, the yield in Manitoba averaged 16.42 bushels per acre. In Ontario, in 1902, winter wheat averaged 25.9 and spring wheat 18.7 bushels.

The average of a ten years' record tells much the same story. A ten years' average for Manitoba, from 1891 to 1900, gives 19 bushels of spring wheat per acre. During the same time South Dakoka gives 10.04 and North Dakota 12.07, the wheat yield for the whole of the United States for the same period was 13.3 bushels per acre; while in Ontario, the only province with statistics covering this period, we have an average of 19.4 fall wheat and 15.2 per acre of spring wheat.

Not only is there more of it, but it is of the best quality. Manitoba No. 1 Hard is the champion wheat of the world. The principal causes for this are that the farther you travel toward the northern limit of its growth the finer is the quality. The subsoil during the early period of the growth of the wheat is kept moist by the slow melting of the winter frosts through the intense heat, the moisture ascending to the surface and nourishing the roots of the grain, thus stimulating the growth and producing a bountiful crop. Again, at a later period, the sunshine is longer, just at the needed time, when the heads are ripening.

The nearer you get to the pole, the longer the sunlight and the shorter the summer. Hence the evolution of wheat that ripens twelve to thirty-five days sooner than that grown in our country. But this swift-ripening wheat—to be found in Archangel and

on the higher slopes of the Himalayas —has not the body in it of the more slowly growing wheat. Hence the Canadian agricultural scientists set themselves to breed a cross-bred wheat, which would be swift to ripen without losing bulk. It was as if they were to cross the racehorse with the drayhorse in order to secure an animal with the qualities of both breeds. There are two reason for desiring to rush the ripening. The first great object is to get the wheat ready for harvesting before the first early frost. The second is to spread out harvest time, so that all the crops may not have to be harvested at once. These ends have already been largely attained. By crossing Red Fife—a wheat which, like a great many other things in Canada, originally came from Glasgow—with a Russian wheat grown in Ladoga, in the extreme north, they have secured two wheats, one bearded, the other not, which yield as heavy a crop as the Red Fife, and ripen from four to six days earlier. By crossing a Himalayan wheat grown at 11,000 feet above the sea level, with a Russian wheat grown near Archangel, they got a wheat which ripened nine days earlier, but its yield is about 13 per cent. less than Red Fife.

An old American veteran, quoted by the "Milwaukee Sentinel," declared that western Canada was "the very acme of God's best gifts to man in soil, climate, and in health, wealth, and comfort-giving opportunities, upon the face of the earth to-day." The yield of vegetables is prodigious. It is not at all uncommon to see on exhibition the following weights:—Cabbages, 30 pounds; cauliflowers, 10 pounds; squash, 150 pounds; turnips, 23 pounds; onions, 20 ounces; potatoes, 3 pounds. In addition, the cultivation of all varieties of small fruits is extremely profitable.

It is the garden of the world that is being given away to-day. Who is there who would not like a plot all his own in a region of such limitless possibilities?

IV.—The Colonizers of Canada.

The result of a comparatively large accession of population to the Dominion annually has been that an enormous area of virgin soil in the west has been brought under cultivation. In comparison to the value of the crops harvested in western Canada, say ten years ago, ten or twelve millions of pounds sterling in excess of the former period is now taken every year from this virgin soil. This has secured the prosperity to every portion of the Dominion, which is so plainly evident in the public revenue and in the increase of imports and exports, in the addition that has been necessary to the banking facilities of the country, whereby the agencies in western Canada alone have increased from 70 in 1896 to 186 in the present year.

Ninety per cent. of the people who have settled in western Canada, who to-day are in comfortable circumstances, and very many of them wealthy, reached that country with very little of this world's goods in their possession. This is not a record of achievements which have passed away, but an account of opportunities which are still available to-day. Men of the right stamp can succeed in western Canada to-day even more readily than those who emigrated there ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago. Then there was only one transcontinental line; now not only is that one completed, and with branches spreading out into various sections of the country, but two other Canadian transcontinental lines, with well developed systems of branches, are also under construction. The probabili-

ties, therefore, for success in the future are even greater than in the past. This is the country to which the young blood of the nation should wend its way. In almost any walk of life there are opportunities for success such as it is difficult to find available in any other country. These opportunities are offered to all those who are willing to work, and who by working and entering actively into the battle of life cannot fail to succeed.

V.—The Leaders of the New Exodus.

While so much is being done by the Canadian government, what is being done on this side of the water to secure for the youth of the Motherland the first chance of picking the plum of the empire?

Long ago, in "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle wrung his hands in despair over the apathy of our directing classes to the marvellous opportunities lying before our people in the New World. How familiar his eloquent lament:

> "Alas! where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still growing, still expanding Europe, who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onward those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour, equipped not now with the battle-axe and war chariot, but with the steam-engine and the ploughshare? Where are they? Preserving their game!"

Failing the Hengsts and Alarics of a feudal system, who should organize and lead the emigrants from Britain to the new Britains beyond the seas, the Canadian Government has been compelled to send its own men over to this country to do the work which our own leaders ought to have been proud and eager to do. The head intelligence office of the Canadian Government is established at the centre of the Empire, within a stone's throw of Charing Cross.

In addition to official representatives of the various governments in Canada, the great railway companies who own large tracts of land, and the land companies which have speculated in real estate, are doing the Moses work of the new exodus even more vigorously in the United States than in the United Kingdom. One of these companies has twenty-five hundred agents in the United States. Between public and private effort, the American west is flooded with persuasive "literature" describing the attractions of western Canada.

In 1903 the number of immigrants from the United Kingdom and the United States were almost equal, the exact figures being 46,000 from the United States, and 49,000 from the United Kingdom. The other 40,000 were made up by contingents from various countries, Austria sending 7,000, Scandinavia 4,000, Germany 3,000, and Russia and Finland about the same number.

At the present moment the pick of our best young countrymen, who have ambitions beyond the fields of our English farms, drift into the towns. They can come to town because they have a pair of legs, and they can walk to "Lunnon" without any other expense but that of shoe leather. When they arrive in town they overcrowd the slums, recruit the army of the unemployed, and in many cases, instead of improving themselves, they make physical and moral shipwreck of their lives. The problem is how can we most easily divert this drain of the English countryside from the town slum to the glorious Garden of God which lies ready for tilling in western Canada.

VII.—The Future of Canada.

Canada is fast becoming the granary and the bread-basket of the world. The total imports of wheat and flour

into Great Britain in 1902 were equivalent in all to about 200 million bushels of wheat. Were one-fourth of the 171 million acres of land suitable for cultivation in Manitoba and the three provisional territories under crop with wheat annually, and the average production equal to that of Manitoba for the past ten years, the total crop would be over 812 million bushels. This would be ample to supply the home demand for thirty million of inhabitants (supposing the population of Canada should by that time reach that figure) and meet the present requirements of Great Britain three times over. This estimate deals only with a portion of the west, and it leaves the large eastern provinces out of consideration altogether.

These figures, however, convey but little idea to the mind. We cannot think in millions except vaguely. Of more practical significance is it to know that, in the opinion of Lord Grey, it is probable Canada in the lifetime of our sons may outgrow the Mother Country in wealth, population, and influence. What that implies must be left to the imagination of the reader. The writer's space is exhausted, so he must bring this article to a close by quoting the testimony which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave on his return from his visit to the Dominion:

"The thought of its combined bigness and hopefulness as it dawned upon him hour by hour left an impression which could never pass away. The bigness of its gigantic rivers, dwarfing to insignificance the noblest of our rivers at home, seemed to him but a type and symbol of the grandeur and the flow of life in that mighty land. But it was not because of its bigness alone, but because that bigness was united with hope, that he was impressed with Canada. The Sahara was big, and so was a hippopotamus, but no particular sentiment was attached to them. But in Canada there was a deliberate hopefulness everywhere—not visionary, but thought out and intelligent—a feeling that taught us to look to Canada for some of the greatest things that the world had ever seen. Canada was a land of great beginnings—a land in which one dared to build great castles in the air. A great Frenchman once said when some one spoke of building castles in the air, 'Where else should a castle stand, if its foundations are in the earth?'"

THE POLITICIAN.

Carven in leathern mask or brazen face,
Were I time's sculptor, I would set this man.
Retreating from the truth, his hawk eyes scan
The platforms of all public thought for place.
There wriggling with insinuating grace,
He takes poor hope and effort by the hand,
And flatters with half-truths and accents bland
Till even zeal and earnest love grow base.

Knowing no right save power's grim right of way,
No nobleness save life's ignoble praise,
No future save this sordid day to day,
He is the curse of these material days,
Juggling with mighty wrongs and mightier lies,
This worshipper of Dagon and his flies.

Ottawa, Canada.

THE STATESMAN.

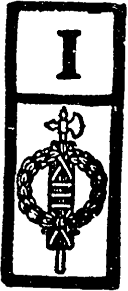
Born with a love for truth and liberty,
And earnest for the public right, he stands
Like solitary pine in wasted lands.
Or some paladin of old legends, he
Would live that other souls like his be free;
Not caring for self nor pelf nor pandering power,
He thunders incessant, earnest hour by hour,
Till some old despot shackles cease to be.

Not his the gaudy title nor the place
Where hungry fingers clutch his country's gold;
But where the trodden crouch in evil case
His cause is theirs to lighten or to hold.
His monument, the people's true acclaim,
And title high, a love more great than fame.

—*W. Wilfred Campbell.*

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.



IF you have ever caught glimpses of noble old English homes set within wide reaches of sward and trees, you have seen, only in ampler measure, what you may see as you drive through the residential portion of the delightful city of Victoria, one of the outposts of empire of Great Britain set at the gateway of the Pacific. Behind the English homes, to be sure, there may be as many centuries as there are years behind some of these Canadian manors; and yet, with the memory of England's rural glory in their minds, these rich British Columbians have built wondrously like their forbears. Rich, did I say? Well, possibly not rich as Fifth Avenue is rich, and yet comfortably well to do in this world's goods, and still more richly abounding in that sterling horse sense which tells a man to stop before he has seized upon everything that is in sight—and some things out of sight that may, perchance, be his neighbor's—and find out if there be not some nobler thing in life than pots of gold and piles of dirt.

An American does not need to dispense with his patriotism, or even mask it, when he reaches Victoria; he may, indeed, if so he elect, hang desperately hard upon his national pugnacity; but, at the same time, if he have normal vision, he will see some things in this charming queen city of the Pacific he would like to copy. And then there is much he will miss: the tremendous hustle and hurry, the hair-raising, nerve-racking, life-blunting clang and clamor. For the nonce, anyway, he will part with this all cheerfully, enjoying the wide quiet streets, the noble reaches of the parks, the sweep of the sea, the vastness of the cedar forests, the splendid silence of a great battleship swinging gently at its anchor. To be sure, the streets can send up the noise of traffic, and the forests can fall at the call of the axe, and the sea can roar and the battleship boom, but these are not normalities. Victoria and its environs is pre-eminently a beautiful, quiet, restful place. Would there were more such cities in the United States, havens of refuge for those beset by the *fiends of noise!*

I do not know how many Americans have stood on the great stone causeway leading over to the noble parliament buildings, wondering how it came about that in their own city or state, after most reckless spending of money, they had not managed to erect something equally splendid. I doubt not, though, there has been ample cause for such wonderment. This building stands as one of the finest, though not one of the costliest, public buildings on the continent. It is the pride of Victoria; indeed, I fancy it is the pride of all Canada.

Lying down in one far corner of the great island of Vancouver, Victoria is alone, set apart from her neighbors, Seattle and Vancouver, and wholly unlike either of them in municipal type. She loses much in a commercial and a business way by not being on the mainland, by not feeling the touch and impact of the things of to-day. And yet she has not the railroads to blacken her blue sky and make bedlam of her streets; only the white steamships from her sister cities and

those that reach out to the war-stirred lands across the sea to make bridges for her to other civilizations.

Without any huge manufacturing enterprises or any vast industrial establishments, it is a charming life these Victorians lead, full of delightful, even if caste-marked, society, as many a garrison town is marked, rich in real culture, soberly aggressive in mamaterial development, willing to let the other fellow make part of the money, passionately devoted to uplifting sports, intensely British, but unconsciously American after all. I wonder sometimes if these loyal Canadian folk realize how much they are being influenced by the great neighbor to the south. I said to a ruddy-cheeked Victorian with the very dawn of an English morning upon his brown head and the blue of a Canadian sky above him:

"I hear that the Canadians of the great middle west beyond the Selkirks and the Rockies and this side Winnipeg are being much influenced by the so-called American invasion of Canada. Do you think these American farmers are going to make these people over so that they will want to come into the United States one of these days?"

He looked at me in indignant silence for a moment. Then with his British choler rising he burst forth:

"British Columbia stands by the Union Jack to the death!"

It is a motley crowd, as the afternoon sun is striking the distant snow-clad peaks of the Olympians, that gently ebbs and flows through the streets of this old city: now and again a bronze-faced Indian; frontiersmen come in from the forests; jaunty city chaps in haste to a tennis tea; men in green with white belts and dark blue caps, men in scarlet coats with natty red caps tipped over their ears, men in handsome dark blue with brilliant red stripes or even more conspicuous white ones running down the trousers, men in white, men in yellow, men in khaki—so many of them you wonder where the rest of the garrison may be; while around the corner swarthy fishermen are chatting; sealers for the arctics are swapping lies; a pair of wondering-eyed Chinamen stand watching a pudgy black bear, late caught and not half grown.

Round about Victoria are delightful places to visit, while inland upon the great island are opportunities for the royal sport of gun and rod. Of course the people of Victoria do not brag about their climate; nobody on the Pacific ocean from Mexico to Alaska ever does that! But they are willing you should draw your own inferences from their cleverly prepared tables and their ingeniously worded comparisons; and, before you are aware of it, especially if it be such charming weather as that which greeted the writer, you are seeing the year through an aureole of climatic glory.

Historically there is much of interest in Victoria from the early days when it was a fort of the Hudson's Bay Company. I can never forgive somebody, I am sure I do not know who it was, who let the good ship "Beaver" go out upon a voyage that wrecked her, the most interesting craft upon any sea. It was this little ship, long stationed at Victoria, which a number of years ago went to pieces on the rocks of Brockton when she ought to have been preserved for all time as a precious relic, the first steamer to cross the Atlantic Ocean, the first to round Cape Horn, the first to ride the Pacific.

Eighty miles up the bay from Victoria is Vancouver, another of the outposts of empire. Vancouver is a wide-awake, hustling, progressive

place, full to overflowing with that vim which, rightly directed, makes for fine municipal progress; wrongly turned, heads towards bursted booms. Vancouver is a babe in years compared with its conservative Canadian neighbor, Victoria. And yet the child has grown so lustily it has outrun its elder. Sixteen years ago there was but one house in Vancouver, set in a valley running down between the mountains to the sea. To-day there is a rushing city of nearly fifty thousand people so modern, so progressive one can scarcely realize it is set at the very fringe of the wilderness, stretching northward through the mountains and forests of British Columbia, a mighty province having an area of nearly three hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles. It was in Vancouver that I overheard a conversation between a camera merchant and his customer who was bargaining for a camera with which to photograph a huge bear which had been making his daily morning calls upon the man's garbage heap. Could you match such a mingling of city and wilderness in any other city on the continent?

Vancouver itself is a curious mixing of the wild and the tame. It has fine, well-put-up business blocks; some twenty flourishing churches; I will not attempt to say how many places where liquor is sold; all modern public utilities; a central fire hall which is on a most elaborate scale; I doubt if there is one so admirably equipped in any city on the continent of twice the size. Millions of dollars worth of merchandise comes in at this port from the Orient; millions of pounds of salmon and other fish are sent outward; mills of many types are noisy with whirring wheels. It is the western terminus of a transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific, and the chief Pacific port of Canada. Naturally it has not the finish or the polish of Victoria; it could scarcely be looked for. In one particular, however, it is uniquely fortunate. Some one with a wise eye to the future has set apart a noble natural park in the outlying part of the city, comprising several hundred acres of magnificent forest trees, largely cedars of enormous growth, many of them upward of three hundred years old. It is a park perhaps not to be duplicated on the globe. Victoria, too, has a royal park well worth the tourist's study. Two such magnificent public areas speak volumes for good taste and foresight.

When you leave the great mountains behind you and turn your face toward the third of the outposts of empire, the city of Winnipeg, there lies before you a vast stretch of country unbroken by mountain ranges, reaching from the international boundary line to the arctics and from the Rocky Mountains to a line drawn from Hudson's Bay down the eastern border of the province of Manitoba. In this region are Manitoba and the territorial divisions of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Sasketchewan, lying in the southern half. Above these are Athabasca and Mackenzie, but it is the lower portion that is of the more immediate interest.

Should you make certain side trips into this region, leaving the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary and going north to Edmonton; likewise going north from Regina to Prince Albert, you would obtain a very definite idea of the immense sweep of this inland empire. You may picture yourself as standing on some lofty, fore-front peak of the Rockies looking out over this wide sweep. There lie before you almost three hundred and eighty thousand square miles of arable land, two hundred and thirty millions of acres, land for the stockman; for the grower of

grains and grasses. In the northern part of Alberta, nearest division to the mountains, is Edmonton, a pushing little city, the centre of the modern fur industry of Canada. Here the traders from the vast wild regions to the north come down to dispose of their peltries to the fur dealers. To the left of Edmonton, as you face the North Pole, lies the Peace River country, of which great things are promised for the settler. Edmonton itself, now with two railroads, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, and soon to have another, the new Grand Trunk Pacific, is the centre of a rich region, and promises some near day to be able to enrol itself among these other outposts, Victoria, Vancouver and Winnipeg. Indeed, there are enthusiastic folk who believe that some day Edmonton must become the chief city of western Canada.

Round about Calgary, due south of Edmonton some two hundred miles, there is an extensive ranching and general farming region, while onward in a mighty sweep to the east lie the great wheat fields, the granary of Canada, in years to come of a goodly share of the globe. Some portions of this region lie nearly or quite two thousand miles north-west of Chicago and yet not too far north to produce the finest of hard wheat.

The new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, in defence of which the present government of Canada went to the polls last November and won a decisive victory, will pass through the northern portion of this vast wheat and grazing region; indeed, starting in at Winnipeg it will cut through a portion of the region diagonally and will add one more factor to the elements of development now at work. This new road is a gigantic enterprise, divided between the Dominion of Canada and the promoters of the road. The Dominion builds the road from Moncton, in New Brunswick, on the Atlantic seaboard, to the city of Winnipeg, a distance of 1,875 miles. The company builds the road from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast. The government guarantees three-quarters of the bonds on the portion from Winnipeg to the mountains, the limit of the guarantee not to exceed $13,000 per mile, and also a similar guarantee for the mountain division. The government leases the eastern division to the railroad company for a term of seven years without rent; thereafter, three per cent. of the capital cost to be paid. The government also guarantees the interest on three-fourths of the cost of the mountain division and pays this interest for seven years.

So the new transcontinental Canadian railroad starts out with ample backing; traverses a rich and undeveloped country; gives the settlers, new and old, of a vast region of country another outlet to both oceans, and, as it would seem to an onlooker, aids largely in opening up a new era for Canada. This enormous region between the Rocky Mountains and Winnipeg is increasingly attractive in the eyes of Americans. It has drawn tens of thousands of them already, and tens of thousands more are looking toward it longingly. Many of them have made comfortable homes for themselves in the Dakotas, in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, and other central western states, and now, when their old established farms are yielding handsome incomes, they are looking for opportunities in the new region to invest for the future. Others, no doubt, enter upon the new Canadian life with little capital except strong arms and clear brains, but they can all be counted upon to give Canada a vigorous civilization. To what

extent shall they influence Canada to become Americanized, to what degree shall they become Canadians?

Across the wide reaches of these fertile plans is a third outpost of empire, the city of Winnipeg.

I should say that if there are any two words which epitomize Winnipeg they are solidity and breadth. The breadth is not confined to the streets, a constant source of delight in their ample spread; it extends to the public life of the city, it is characteristic of its individual citizens.

Winnipeg is essentially a commercial city. It has made a good municipal progress, notably in education and manufacturing. But it is as a wholesale city supplying an enormous reach of country to the west and north-west that Winnipeg is making its reputation. Recently a disastrous fire swept through a portion of its business district, but the buildings destroyed are already being replaced by more substantial ones.

Winnipeg is not picturesque, it has none of the claims of age, it lies upon the prairies with little in its environment of natural beauty. But Winnipeg is not built for show. It is an intensely earnest, practical city, not ignoring adornment, be sure, in parks and drives and boulevards and handsome residences, and yet, pre-eminently, a matter-of-fact city, eager, full of hope, enterprising, progressive, its eyes toward the West. It is the distributing point for an empire more vast in its extent than even these Canadians themselves appreciate. It is a region rapidly filling up, calling year by year for greater and still greater supplies.

You cannot help liking Winnipeg. It is so broad, so comfortable, so inviting, so hospitable; it has so cheery a look; it is so throbbing with life; it is so rich in the splendid investiture of hope.

Here stand these outposts of empire, two guarding the Pacific, one at the gateway to the empire of the plains. Their future is the future of Canada; it is big with possibilities and fraught with peculiar interest to all who are of the breed of the Saxon.

SUBMISSION.

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

Lo, the Master awaits
By the opening gates,
While the wealthy sheaves lie at His feet;
"Lift your flails, O my men,
To the threshing again,
For the garner is ready for wheat."

By the garner He stands,
With the grain in His hands,
As in gold from the fan-mill it fell;
To the miller within,—
"Let the grinding begin,
For the broken wheat serveth us well."

Thus my homage I yield;
And as wheat of God's field,
Let me lie, or be broken in pain,
For the anguished heart knows,
When it resteth from woes,
From the Master it turneth again!

From the tree-shaded place,
Where the shrub gathered grace,
It was plucked at a wanderer's whim,
And though bruised unto death,
On the wood's balmy breath,
Was its fragrance a rapture to him.

And he knew that the glen
Held a healing for men,
Which the plants must be martyred to give;
They would break at his will,
And the breaking would kill,
That the tortured of earth's race should live.

And so, low on God's ground,
By His will I am found,
To be bruised that a sympathy flow;
To be broken in pain,
That I fellowship gain,
With my kind that are waiting in woe.

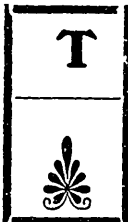
Baie Verte, N B.

JOHN KNOX.

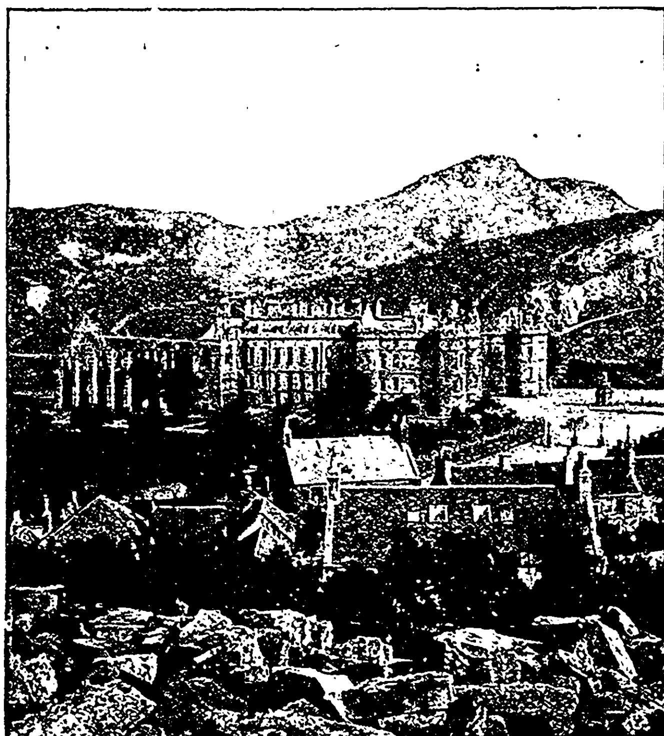
BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,
Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

JOHN KNOX.
"One who never feared the face of man."

II.



TO understand the energy, ability, wide vision, and high ideals of Knox, we must consider briefly the Confession of Faith, the Book of Common Order, and the Book of Discipline, for which he was mainly responsible. It was a perfect *tour de force* that in four days Knox and five other ministers drew up a comprehensive Confession of Faith, which parliament immediately adopted and which remained authoritative until the Westminster Confession took its place nearly a hundred years afterwards. This confession agrees with the other Calvinistic creeds in emphasizing the authority of Holy Scripture over against that of the



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Church, in calling men to read and judge for themselves in the Bible, in throwing upon themselves rather than the Church that tremendous responsibility of life or death which so acted upon the manhood and morals of the whole Protestant world, and in encouraging the sinner to come not to the interceding priest, but to the High Priest and Saviour Himself for free salvation and every blessing.

The Calvinism of the Confession we may not accept as a true interpretation of Scripture and Christian experience in some important respects. But with the soul of it we cannot but sympathize, the earnest desire to disclaim all human merit and to attribute all grace and salvation to God in Jesus Christ. The theology of this creed is richly evangelical, the theology of real sin and real salvation—the theology of Paul, of Augustine, and of John Wesley, in all essential points.

Very notable is the broad-mindedness with which the Confession acknowledges the possibility of its own error and recognizes the principle of development and revision: "If any man shall note in this our Confession any article or sentence repugning to God's Holy Word, may it please him of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in writing; and we of our honor and fidelity do promise unto him satisfaction from the mouth of God (that from His Holy Scriptures), or else reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss."

The same committee who had

CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, WEST FRONT.

drawn up the Confession of Faith were also charged with the task of preparing a Book of Discipline. There was no antinomianism in the creed of Knox and his companions. They thoroughly believed that true faith will issue in a saved life, and that the best life is not the "religious" life, in the technical, mediæval sense, but the life of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God in all the relations and duties of the home and the community, the State and the Church. For the reformation and conservation of morals by the authorities of the Church ample—yes, stern—provision was made. The worship of the Church, the appointment of officers, the ordination of ministers, all such things were carefully regulated in this First Book of Discipline. Very interesting was the provision, somewhat like that of our Methodist class-meeting, for weekly prophesying, or conference for the practical study of the Bible.

One of the principal subjects dealt with in the Book of Discipline is the use to be made of the old ecclesiastical revenues, which were enormous. The plan proposed was to use those revenues for the modest support of the Protestant clergy, for the relief of the poor, and for the endowment of education. In every parish was to be a school, in which grammar and the Latin language should be taught. In every important town should be what we would call a high school or collegiate institute, in which provision should be made for logic, rhetoric, and the languages, and bursaries should be provided for poor but promising pupils. The apex of the system should be in the three Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Such a scheme was too much for the avaricious nobles,

CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, EAST FRONT.

albeit Protestants, who had their own eye on the ecclesiastical revenues for their own purses. The scheme was declared a "devout imagination" and was only partially accomplished. But such ideals, though only partially fulfilled, have dominated Scottish thought and produced the Scottish type.

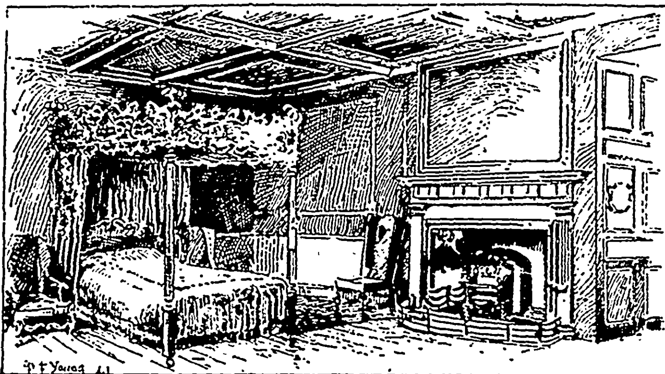
Although full-blown Presbyterianism was not established at once, it was in essence, and the first General Assembly met that same year. Knox was duly and justly sensitive to the spiritual independence of the Assembly and the Church. "Take from us the freedom of assemblies, and take from us the evangel," was his dictum.

It is interesting to note that in the early stages of the Reformation of Scotland the English Prayer Book of Edward VI. was at least occasionally used. Knox had used a liturgy in his congregation in Geneva, and in 1559 he introduced it into Scotland. There, however, it and all such liturgical forms ultimately fell into disuse and disfavor. The modern movement in Scotland in favor of a brief liturgy is a return to Knox and his methods.

Ministers were installed throughout the country, and everything settled down into the grooves of the new order. Knox remained in St. Giles, the great preacher, as well as controversialist and statesman of his time and country. Like Chrysostom at Constantinople, he was pre-eminently a preacher to his own times. Thoroughly Biblical in his sermonizing, he was yet very quick to reach the practical

application, and very free in reproving the sins of even the highest in the land. His allusions to current events could never be mistaken. He considered his office as analogous to that of the Hebrew prophets, who were charged with direct, practical messages to their people and their kings on current affairs of State, as well as on personal morals and religion. It was his at once to break down the power of the papacy and the mass in Scotland, and to build up a nobler structure of righteousness in the individuals and in society, in Church and in State.

His exertions in these critical years, 1559-1560, were almost beyond human strength. When the parliament met in 1560 he preached daily on the book of Haggai, before immense audiences, and with tremendous effect. His sermons had much to do with the speedy and drastic action of the parliament. During these two years he had not so much as four hours a day for rest. He was in constant danger of assassination, money having been promised for his death. The severities of his life in the slave-galleys had produced a most painful disease which for the rest of his life frequently tortured and depressed him and often plunged him into deep melancholy. We need not wonder that he was all too early a broken-down and aged man, but we must wonder that the iron will so long endured these miseries and pursued undeviatingly the high aims for which he lived. "Out of weakness he was made strong." We very commonly think of Knox as physically a large and powerful man, while the truth is not only that he was feeble in health, but also small in stature. A certain Jesuit dubbed him "that crafty little fox, John Knox, of Scotland."

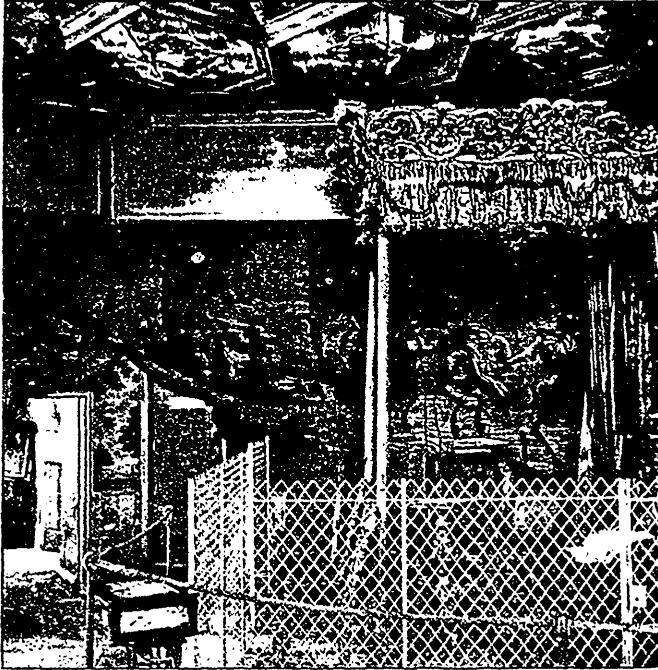


QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

The defect of all that early Protestant preaching lay in the failure to appreciate the principle of development in revelation, in the use of Old Testament passages and principles even where rendered inapplicable by the teaching and example of Christ, in the use of the ancient laws against idolatry and blasphemy to justify the persecutions of Romanists and the suppression of their worship.

After all, however, the staple of Knox's preaching was sin and salvation. He wielded almost unparalleled power because he appealed so directly to the conscience. And he was not lacking in the tenderer sympathies which bind up the broken-hearted.

The good Scotch Protestants now felt that all things were satisfactorily



QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

settled. But they did not sufficiently take their beautiful young Queen into account. Her appearance upon the scene opens a new chapter in this story, the most dramatic and fascinating of all. Francis and Mary never ratified the treaty of 1560 and the actions of the Scottish parliament. In December of that year Francis died, and Mary, preferring to be Queen even in rough Scotland rather than to occupy a subordinate place in her beloved France, listened gladly to the solicitations of the Scotch nobility, and on August 19th, 1561, landed at Leith, and at once assumed control of the government of the country.

The glamor of her fascinating personality is over all the period that follows. Knox is her foil, and she his. The exquisite beauty and rare charm of her person and manners, her keen wit, her high courage, shown in coming, a young widow of nineteen, to face the strong, dour, turbulent men of her bleak northern kingdom, her craft and insincerity, all combined to make her a most formidable opponent. Of her skill in moulding men to her will the whole aspect of affairs in Scotland soon showed signs. No man, save one, approached her without coming under her spell.

In the profligate court of France she had been trained from childhood in the art of using her feminine charms and fascinations over men for political purposes. Of her thorough duplicity the proofs are only too many and too clear. Before her marriage she publicly signed deeds solemnly guaranteeing the ancient liberties of Scotland, and she and her husband repeated this after the marriage.

But at the same time she secretly signed documents making Scotland a mere dependency of France.

Knox was the one man who thoroughly saw through her. After his first interview with her he said to some of his own household: "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me." Later, writing to Cecil, he said: "In communication with her I espied such craft as I have not found in such age."

If Mary could have influenced Knox and controlled her own passion for Darnley and for Bothwell, she might have succeeded in suppressing the Scotch Reformation and subverting the Scotch liberties. There are few things in all history more picturesque than the four celebrated interviews between Knox and Mary. As we read them, in Knox's own vivid narrative, in his "History of the Reformation," and as we think of all the sad, mad life-story, which culminated at the headsman's block in Fotheringay Castle so many years later, our sympathies are with the beautiful and unfortunate woman. But our sober judgment must be with Knox.

That beautiful woman was Queen of Scotland, she was powerful in France, she claimed the throne of England. What would her triumph over Knox, and Elizabeth, and Protestantism have meant for Scotland, England, and the world? The great issues of world-history hung on the penetration, courage, and steadfastness of Knox, exposed to the frowns and fascinations of that beautiful, clever, seductive and unscrupulous woman. Perhaps no other man in the world then, perhaps not many in all history, could have been found equal to the task of standing fast in such a presence, of speaking out so plainly such unpalatable truth.

It was at a time when even feudalism was beginning to disappear before the growing majesty of monarchs. Yet Knox, a man of the people, was bold enough and faithful enough to face his Queen and preach to her not only her duty, but also the people's rights even to rebellion against ungodly and tyrannical rulers.

Our modern minds must echo the sentiments so courageously uttered. Carlyle's judgment stands:

STAIRWAY, HOLYROOD PALACE.

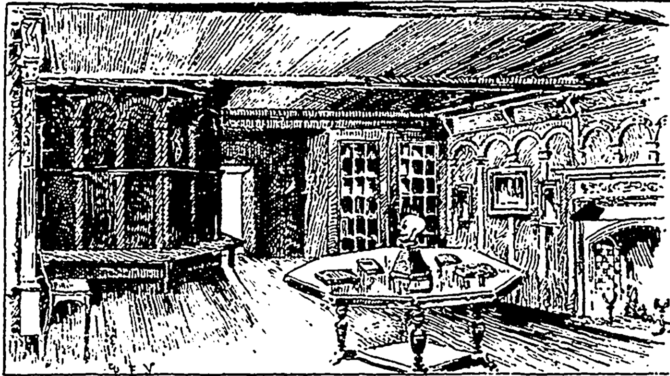
"Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate, high-born lady, altogether mistakes their purport and essence. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland unless one proved untrue to the nation and cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting field for intriguing, ambitious Guises, and the cause of God trampled under foot of falsehoods, formulas, and the devil's cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! 'Better that women weep,' said Morton, 'than that bearded men be

forced to weep.' Knox was the constitutional opposition party in Scotland; the nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go or no one. The hapless Queen; but the still more hapless country, if she were made happy!"

The first Sunday after the Queen's arrival mass was celebrated in Holyrood chapel, although now prohibited by Act of Parliament. Knox thundered against this "idolatry" from the pulpit of St. Giles, declaring that "one mass was more fearful unto him than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm, of purpose to suppress the whole religion."

It is a little difficult for us to appreciate Knox's vehement opposition to the mass. But two things we should remember. First, that Knox had lived under the old system at its worst, that he had a mind that pierced to the realities of things and could not brook pretences, that he had set himself to the great task of getting true and real religion recognized and lived, that the heart of true religion is a right relation with God, not in virtue of some hocus pocus of outward form, but in virtue of a real personal penitence, faith, and effort after right conduct. And, secondly, that, as Froude says: "The mass in those days meant intrigue, conspiracy, rebellion, murder, if nothing else would serve; and better it would have been for Mary Stuart, better for Scotland, better for the broad welfare of Europe, if it had been held at arm's length, while the battle lasted, by every country from which it had once been expelled."

However that may be, Queen Mary heard of Knox's sermon, sent for him to the palace, and held with him a lengthy colloquy, determined, if possible, to charm him or force him into subservience to her purposes. She accused him of raising her subjects



RECEPTION ROOM IN JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

against her mother and herself by his book against female government; and of various other misdeeds. Knox acknowledged the book and its sentiments, but skilfully argued thus:

"Please, your Majesty, learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published, both with pen and tongue, and yet they themselves have lived in common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend. . . . I have communicated my judgment to the world; if the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve shall I not disallow, further

than within my own breast. . . . In very deed, Madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England (*i.e.* 'Bloody Mary'). . . Now, Madam, if I had intended to have troubled your estate because ye are a woman, I might have chosen a time more convenient for that purpose than I can do now, when your own presence is within the realm. . . "

Queen Mary: "But yet ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow. How can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?"

John Knox: "Madam, as right religion took neither original strength nor authority from worldly princes, but from the Eternal God alone, subjects are not bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes. Oft it is that princes are the most ignorant of all others in God's true religion."

Then after instancing Pharaoh, the Roman emperors in the time of the apostles, Nebuchadnezzar and Darius, he continued: "And so, Madam, ye may perceive that subjects are not bound to the religion of their princes, albeit they are commanded to give their obedience."

Queen Mary: "Yea, but none of these men raised the sword against their princes."

John Knox: "Yet, Madam, ye cannot deny that they resisted; for, in some sort, they resist that obey not the commandments that are given."

Queen Mary: "But yet they resisted not with the sword."

John Knox: "God, Madam, had not given unto them the power and the means."

Queen Mary: "Think ye that subjects having power may resist their princes?"

John Knox: "If their princes exceed their bounds, Madam, no doubt they should be resisted, even by power. For there is neither greater honor, nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes, than God has commanded to be given to father and mother. But, Madam, the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in which he would slay his own children. Now, Madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and finally bind his hands and keep him in prison, until his frenzy be overpast; think ye, Madam, that the children do any wrong? Or think ye, Madam, that God will be offended with them that have stayed their father from committing wickedness? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy; and therefore, to take their sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison until they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because it agrees with the will of God."

JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

After a quarter of an hour of amazed silence on the Queen's part, she exclaimed:

"Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you, and not me; and shall do what they list, and not what I command; and so must I be subject to them and not they to me."

> John Knox: "God forbid that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or yet to set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. But my travail is that both princes and subjects obey God."

The conversation then turned to the question whether Knox or those by whom she had been taught religion possessed the true interpretation of Scripture, and Knox bade her trust neither him nor others but God Himself as He spake in His Holy Word. The interview closed with this parting wish of Knox's: "I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel."

The second interview took place some time after. News had come of a fresh outbreak of persecution in France under the influence of Mary's uncles, the Guises. At Holyrood there was rejoicing and dancing till after midnight. Knox, in his next sermon, spoke caustically of "the ignorance, the vanity, and the despite of princes against all virtue, and against all those in whom hatred of vice and love of virtue appeared." The Queen summoned him to the palace and reproved him at some length, and Knox rather facetiously informed her Majesty that if she had only heard his sermon with her own ears she would have found nothing in it to be offended with, and thereupon took occasion to rehearse the sermon, and to invite her henceforth to attend his preaching!

He concluded by saying that he could not tell what men would judge of him for being at that time of day absent from his book, and waiting upon the court.

"You will not always," said the Queen, "be at your book," and so turned her back on him.

As Knox departed, "with a reasonably merry countenance," some said: "He is not afraid."

He overheard them and answered: "Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affright me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been afraid above measure."

Before the third interview the Queen's example had emboldened many of the adherents of the old faith to restore the mass. This caused grave dissatisfaction, and finally, with Knox's approval, the gentlemen of the western part of the country took the law into their own hands and forcibly suppressed these unlawful proceedings. Mary was at Lochleven and sent for Knox. They parted after an angry interview in the evening, but in the morning Mary met Knox again and treated him with courtesy and promised to meet his wishes in the matter of the enforcement of the law.

The fourth interview took place in June, 1563, when Scotland was much agitated over the prospect of a marriage between Mary and Don Carlos, the son of Philip of Spain. Knox, preaching before "the most part of the nobility," as he puts it, "entered on a deep discourse concerning God's mercies to the realm, and the ingratitude which he espied in almost the whole multitude, albeit God had delivered them from the bondage of tyranny both of body and soul."

He concluded thus:

> "And now, my lords, to put an end to all, I hear of the Queen's marriage. Dukes, brethren to emperors, and kings strive all for the best game; but this will I say, my Lords—note the day and bear witness afterwards. Whensoever the nobility of Scotland professing the Lord Jesus, consent that an infidel (and all Papists are infidels) shall be head to your Sovereign, so far as in ye lieth ye do banish Christ Jesus from this realm; ye bring God's vengeance upon the country, a plague upon yourselves, and perchance small comfort to your sovereign."

We need not wonder that Mary, with bitter tears and angry words, reproached Knox with meddling with her marriage.

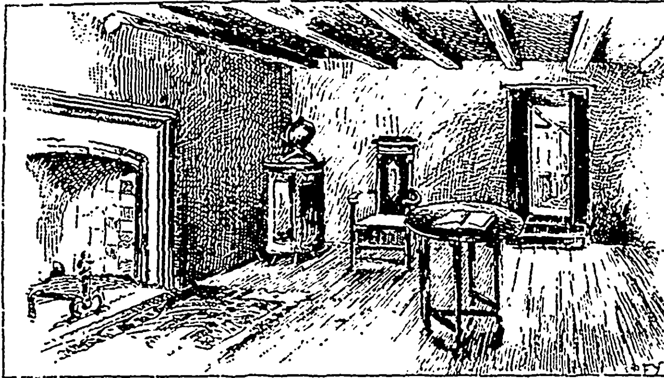
"I have borne with you," she stormed, "in all your rigorous manner of speaking, both against myself and against my uncles; yea, I have sought your favors by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience whensoever it pleased you to admonish me; and yet I cannot be quit of you. I avow to God, I shall be once revenged. . . What have you to do with my marriage? Or what are ye within this commonwealth?"

"A subject born within the same, Madam. And albeit I be neither Earl, Lord, nor Baron within it, God has made me a profitable member within the same, however abject I be in your eyes. Yea, Madam, it appertains to me to forewarn of such things as may hurt that commonwealth, if I foresee them, no less than it does to any of the nobility. Both my vocation and my conscience crave plainness of me. . . .

"Madam, I speak in God's presence. I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. Seeing, however, I have offered you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your Majesty's tears, albeit unwillingly, rather than dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence."

Ignominiously dismissed from the royal presence and bidden wait her pleasure in the outer chamber, thereupon, as he tells the story in his own "History":

"He began to forge talk with the ladies who were sitting there in all their gorgeous apparel. This espied, he merrily said, 'O fair Ladies, how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and in the end ye might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. Fie upon that knave Death, who will come whether we will or not! When he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul shall, I fear, be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stone.'"



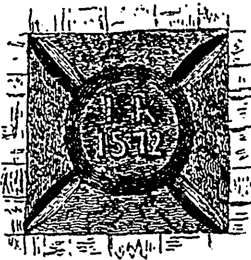
JOHN KNOX'S BEDROOM, IN WHICH HE DIED.

As Knox says, "that storm quieted in appearance, but never in the heart."

In December, 1563, Mary thought she had caught Knox in an act of technical treason and had him tried in her presence before the Council. This was the last interview of the two chief persons of this period of Scotch history. As Knox appeared, bareheaded, at the other end of the table from the Queen, Mary smiled, and then burst into loud laughter, and then explained the reason of her mirth: "Wot ye whereat I laugh? Yon man garred me greet (*i.e.*, forced me to weep), and grat never

tear himself. I will see if I can gar him greet." But the charge utterly failed, and Knox was acquitted by the unanimous vote of the Council.

Despite the steadfast fortitude and the commanding influence of Knox, Mary might have succeeded in subverting the Reformation if she had only possessed greater self-control. Her influence increased, her adherents multiplied, her triumph seemed assured, when the passionate woman destroyed the clever, intriguing, unscrupulous Queen. Ungovernable passion threw her first into the arms of



JOHN KNOX'S GRAVE.

Tablet in the pavement between St. Giles and Parliament House, Edinburgh.

the foolish boy Darnley, and then into those of her coarse paramour Bothwell. Deposition followed, imprisonment at Lochleven, a dash for liberty, the defeat at Langside, the flight into England, long years of weary imprisonment, restless intrigue and conspiracy against Elizabeth, and then the tragedy of Fotheringay Castle in 1587. Her latest act was to bequeath her crown in Scotland and her claim in England to Philip of Spain and so to instigate the Spanish Armada.

James Stuart, Earl of Moray, natural son of James V. and half-brother of Queen Mary, had been practically her prime minister, and on her deposition and the crowning of her infant son as James VI., in 1567, he became regent—"The Good Regent," as the Protestants called him, whom Froude ranks "among the best and greatest men who have ever lived." But the Queen's party still survived, and in 1570 the worthless Bothwellhaugh shot Moray dead, to the great grief of Knox and the consternation of the people of Scotland. In the confusion which followed all seemed lost. The gentle and chivalrous Moray was sadly missed. The nobility seemed more intent upon personal and partisan ambitions than upon the good of their country. But Knox still lived, and the common people stood fast by the principles which he had taught them.

Amid the conflicts of the King's men and the Queen's men, Knox was forced for a time to abandon Edinburgh and take refuge in that early scene of his labors, St. Andrews. A student of the University there, James Melville, has left on record a graphic account of the preaching of Knox at that time (1571):

"Of all the benefits that I had that year was the coming of that most notable prophet and apostle of our nation, Master John Knox, to St. Andrews. I heard him teach the prophecy of Daniel. I had my pen and my little book, and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate, the space of half-an-hour. But when he entered to application, he made me so grue and tremble that I could not hold the pen to write. He would sometimes come in and repose himself in our college yard. He would call us scholars unto him and bless us, and exhort us to know God and His work in our country, and to stand by the good cause. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie and fear (i.e. slowly and warily), with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good, godly Richard Bannatyne, his servant, holding up the other oxter (i.e. armpit) from the Abbey to the parish church. Then, by the same Richard and another servant, he was lifted up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entrance; but, ere he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding

the pulpit in blads (i.e. break it in pieces) and fly out of it."

But the forces of nature were nearly exhausted. He returned to Edinburgh and went on with his work and preached almost to the last. The awful news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a terrible blow. Once more he kindled into fierce flames of eloquence as he denounced God's judgments upon "that cruel murderer and false traitor, the King of France."

His last sermon was preached on Sunday, November 9th, 1572. After this he never left his house. He lay dying for two weeks, visited by ministers and elders, statesmen and old friends, surrounded with all the loving attention that his wife and family could render, sending messages of comfort and of warning, murmuring such words as these:

"Come, Lord Jesus—sweet Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Be merciful, Lord, to Thy Church, which Thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors who will take the charge of Thy Church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, both by evidences of Thy wrath and mercy."

On the day of his death, November 24th, he asked his wife to read to him the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. "Is not that a comfortable chapter? O, what sweet and salutary consolation the Lord has afforded me from that chapter!"

Later he asked her to read to him the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, "where," said he, "I cast my first anchor."

About eleven o'clock at night he gave a sigh and said, "Now it is come." Richard Bannatyne bade him think upon the comforting promises of Christ which he had so often preached to others, and, as he was now speechless, desired him to

STATUE OF KNOX.
In New College Quadrangle, Edinburgh.

give some sign that he died in peace. So he lifted up one hand, and sighing again, gently passed away.

"On this manner," says Bannatyne, "departed this man of God, the light of Scotland, the comfort of the Church within the same, the mirror of godliness, and a pattern and example to all true ministers in purity of life, soundness of doctrine, and boldness in reproof of wickedness."

On November 26th he was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles, and the newly-elected regent, Morton, uttered this eulogium over him, which is remembered wherever Knox's name is known: "Here lies he who never feared the face of man."

Perhaps there never was a man cast in more heroic mould. He loved realities and hated shams. Truth and righteousness and God were everything to him. He was utterly and absolutely loyal to them. In his "History" he says: "This we write that the posterity may understand how potently God wrought in preserving and delivering those that had but a small knowledge of His truth, *and for the love of the same hazarded all.*"

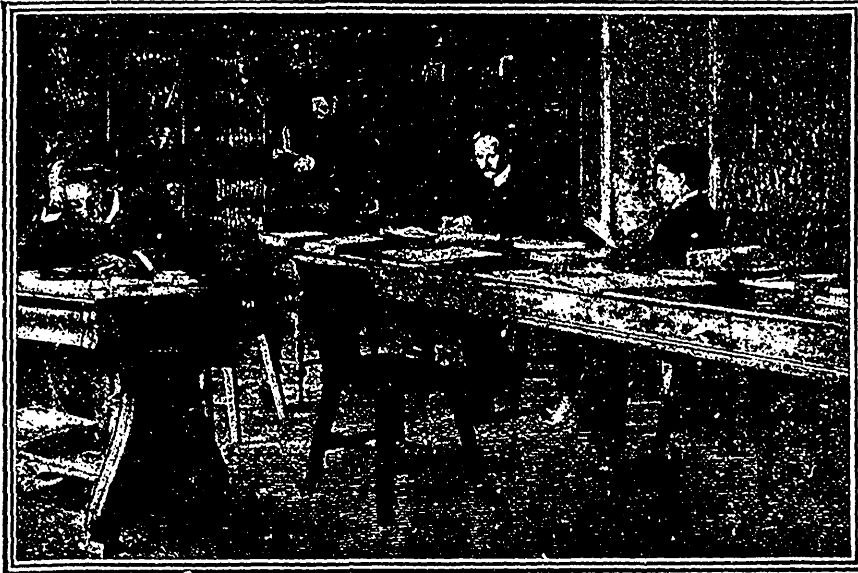
IN THE CANADIAN LUMBER CAMPS.

BY AUBREY FULLERTON.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK—A CORNER OF A CAMP READING-ROOM.

SAVING men from the vices of idleness by giving them something to think about, is what the Reading Camp Association, a unique organization in Central Canada, is now doing.

There are few of the world's workers who pass busier days and idler hours of leisure than the men on the frontier—the lumbermen, miners, and railway builders. Hard work by day, and empty hours of loafing at night and on Sundays, make up the sum of their lives. There is small place for heart-culture in such a life. The Gospel of work is ordinarily the only gospel of the woods, and where God is forgotten there is little regard for things beautiful or informing. Idleness then becomes the seed-time of evil influences. These conditions are found wherever a new country is being opened up, as in the northern part of Ontario, where fifty thousand men are at work each year in lumber camps along the shores of Lake Superior and Georgian Bay, and in the country eastward. There are also a number of



READING-ROOM IN A MINERS' CLUB-HOUSE, NORTHERN ONTARIO.

mining camps in various parts of the district, and just now a two years' enterprise, the building of a railway northward, is under way. Camp life under these forms has a moral danger.

Here is a missionary's picture of a camp in western Ontario:

In this camp one man is from California, one is a Stundist, one a Doukhobor; one boy is from Ohio, two from Ireland; there is one Indian, several French-Canadians, and some men from nowhere in particular. The "sleep camp" is apart from the "cook camp." Bunks, each holding two, are built in tiers. No springs or mattresses are supplied, but only blankets, and possibly a little straw. A large stove, around which are hung mittens, socks, and moccasins, is in the centre of the room, and here sleep choppers, sawyers, swampers, teamsters and others. There is no privacy.

These men live near to nature, but the lack of restraint, and the necessity of providing their own entertainment, are their constant temptation. This is the problem: What to do when the day's work is done? There is opportunity for things worth while, but little inclination, unless with some aid or stimulus from the outside. To give this stimulus is the task of the Canadian Reading Camp Association. This work began four years ago, by supplying a few of the lumber camps with reading matter, and from this it quickly grew into a definite library and school system. From the lumber camps it spread to the mining and railway camps, in which the need is equally great.

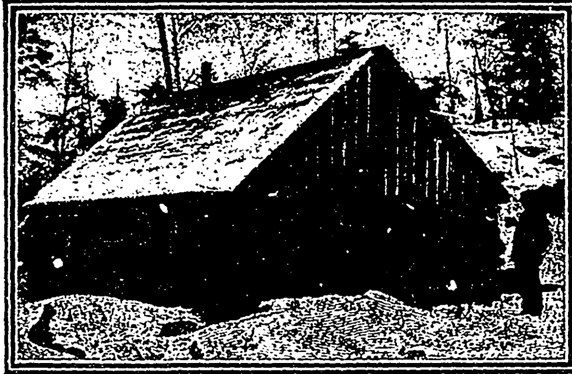
The woodsmen at once showed their appreciation. A book or a paper was not only a messenger from the outside world, but it effectually relieved the monotony of the camp. Formerly there has been nothing for the winter evenings but story-telling, games which often ended in gambling, or the

LUMBER CAMP READING-ROOM.

woodsmen's fiddle, which not infrequently accompanied ribald songs. But now some of the men picked up from the library box a book or a paper to read. The camp became quieter, brighter, and cleaner.

To many of the men in the Ontario camps, however, the books and papers meant nothing. Of the fifty thousand fully thirty-five per cent. can neither write nor read. So it came about that to the camp libraries were added schools of instruction. Classes were formed wherever a man was found capable and willing to teach grown-up pupils, and night-time in these camps became still more a contrast with its former idleness. Now, after four years, there is a staff of qualified teachers, and in twenty-five of the largest camps there are buildings set apart for reading and study. In the railway camps they took the form last summer of tents, which were moved as the line of construction advanced; in the lumber camps they are made of logs and boards, which may be used a second time when the camp moves to another field; while in the mining camps, which are more permanent, the reading-rooms are in some cases very creditable club-houses. Some of the buildings have been provided by the lumber operators and mining companies at their own expense. Churches, young people's societies, and individual friends of the movement help to furnish and equip these reading-rooms. One Christian Endeavor Society undertook to completely furnish a building with tables, books, pictures, games, and a cottage organ. Books and papers also come from Sunday-schools, missionary societies, and from various sources in and out of the churches. The larger camps have libraries of their own, but there are also a number of "travelling libraries," which pass on from one camp to another.

For the instruction classes, ten qualified teachers were employed last winter. Two of these were young medical doctors, two college graduates, and two undergraduates. Every man of the ten earned more than half his salary; the doctors practising medicine in the camps, and the others acting as time-keepers or laborers. In the evenings they conducted classes and supervised the reading-rooms. In one



A TYPICAL READING CAMP IN THE WOODS.

camp, six Frenchmen learned to read English, three boys learned to write, and a dozen mastered easy arithmetic; in another such good progress was made that the instructor started a class on Sundays.

There is another side to this work than the educational. The Reading Camp Association has paved the way for real Gospel work. The camps are open to the missionaries or clergy of any denomination, for services at any time. They are such services as one reads of in Ralph Connor's books—very simple, sometimes rough, always quaint; but often marked with real searching of heart, and followed by purer living. Sometimes the teachers and supervisors of the reading-rooms conduct the religious service, but usually these are left to the missionaries and visiting preachers.

The hard, relentless gospel of work has been softened by the entrance and message of the Gospel of love. Ignorance, where ignorance leads quickly to spiritual darkness, is giving way to better things in head and heart. What it means to the men in the camps is beyond the telling; but without waiting to measure results, the work is going on and continually growing.—Christian Herald.

The Spirit of God is still and gentle and mild and sweet,
What time His omnipotent, glorious will guideth the world at His feet;
Controlling all lesser things, this turbulent heart of mine,
He keepeth us under His folded wings in a peace serene—divine.

So shall I quiet my heart, so shall I keep it still,
So shall I hush its tremulous start at tidings of good or ill;
So shall I silence my soul with a peacefulness deep and broad,
So shall I gather divine control in the infinite quiet of God.

THE KING AS DIPLOMATIST.

KING EDWARD VII. is really the creator of a new function for monarchs. A Sovereign can say things which really need saying, and say them in a tentative and uncommitting way which is almost beyond the reach of a Secretary of State. In this respect he is equally valuable as a listener. He hears things which might not be said quite so plainly to an ambassador, or might not be said to him at all. He enjoys the double advantage of being informed of everything that is going on, so that he speaks and listens with entire knowledge of the facts, and of being able to make suggestions and offer hints which do not in the least commit his Ministers. He cannot, indeed, give any assurance that the ideas he puts forward will ever take formal shape, but for that very reason he is able to state them with greater freedom. It is a great gain in business negotiations to have the mind of each of the two parties thoroughly and informally known to the other. It prevents impracticable proposals from being made; it opens up ways in which problems which have seemed to be insoluble may be brought within reach of settlement.

Further than this, the King may easily have a kind of first-hand knowledge to which very few Foreign Ministers can lay claim. He is acquainted with the views of both parties at home, and he knows the minds of foreign Sovereigns more intimately than most Foreign Secretaries can hope to do. There is a *camaraderie* among the wearers of crowns, springing in part from the isolation of their position, in part from family ties and family interests, which serves as a key to much that is going on in their minds. The outcome of all this is that when a Sovereign is content to play the part of an ambassador, he will often play it better than the most experienced diplomatist.

In some ways an English King has better opportunities than other Sovereigns of plying this new vocation. In other countries the King is still, to a great extent, his own Foreign Minister. Consequently, while he may have all the personal qualifications needed for the post, he will not be able to talk with the same freedom. The opinions he puts forward will be the opinions of his Government, not merely his own opinions. The suggestions he offers will be the suggestions of his Government, not to be put aside without risk of soreness and irritation.

Edward VII. is a striking example of the development of dormant qualities. When he was Prince of Wales he measured with the utmost exactness the limitations of his position. He held the title for an unusually long period, and he avoided with the most conspicuous success temptations which some Heirs-Apparent have found it impossible to resist. There were no intrigues between him and the Opposition, no attempt to win popularity at the expense of the Queen's Government. The Prince was a social force, but he was nothing more. He put public affairs away from him. It was only after he became King that his capacity for kingship became known, and the first proof that he gave of its possession was the assumption of the part that he has now made so well known. He saw that, even under a Constitutional Government, there is something for a

King to do—something, indeed, that a King can do better than other people—and to this he at once set himself.

The idea that the occupation of Kings was gone, which had been much in favor with the Radicals of an earlier generation, proved to be altogether untrue, as did also the kindred error that a King would make himself disliked by offering to take any part in public affairs. Edward VII. saw at once the usefulness of the function which only a King can discharge, and which a King of England is specially interested in discharging. He cannot be his own Foreign Minister, as some continental sovereigns still are, but he can make the work of his Foreign Minister easier. He can go from capital to capital, smoothing away irritations, removing difficulties in the way of international goodwill, making understandings popular which, without his visits would have been viewed with traditional suspicion, and he can do all this without committing his Ministers to any irrevocable decision, or depriving them of an opportunity for reconsideration. He can, in short, play the part of an ambassador with better chance of success than is commonly given to men in lower positions.

No doubt the circumstances of the time have gone far to make this new theory of kingship possible. It needs, for its successful application, a very real desire for peace in the members of the European community. Even a Sovereign cannot always carry an olive branch in his hand, but Edward VII. does, at least, find or create round himself an atmosphere in which olive branches may hope to flourish. And what better service can a Sovereign render to his people than to make the maintenance of peace easier? The causes of war are often to be found, not so much in the conflict of rival interests, as in the presence of suspicions which make the reconciliation of those interests hopeless. How much a few Royal visits and Royal courtesies may do to remove suspicions of this kind is shown by the King's popularity in Paris. It is hardly to be supposed that the majority of Frenchmen, any more than the majority of Englishmen, have fully weighed the gains and losses of the understanding between the two countries. The change which has come over them is of a more general order. The air has cleared, and they see things as they are, instead of as they are distorted by misconceptions and misrepresentations. It is this that has given diplomacy a chance, and made treaties possible and useful, and that it has happened is owing in a very great degree to the part which the King has devised for himself.

A SONG OF TRUST.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

What says the grass, when shouts the wind,
 And all the bending spears lie low?
It says, "The Lord of Life is kind!
 Tread me, O Wind! but I shall grow."

What says the brook, when fretting stones
 Its currents cleave and turn aside?
It says, in cheery, silver tones,
 "Stones make the music of my tide!"

And I, if grass and water find
 God's way and theirs in sweet accord—
Shall I not tune my heart and mind
 To the wise purpose of my Lord?

SYDNEY SMITH.

BY MRS. LOTTIE M'ALISTER.

SYDNEY SMITH, "the wittiest Englishman of his generation," adorned a name that designates such a numerous family of Anglo-Saxons that it may be looked upon as generic. He wore it unhyphenated and without any substitution, rearrangement or addition of letters to change its artizan flavor. Both the spirit and the wit of the man are displayed in his oft-quoted answer to a pedigree-hunter's question concerning his grandfather: "He disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions." Given our achieving Smith and the Guy St. Dalmas Vyvyine-Silverthorns of antediluvian origin are left behind to meditate on the deceitfulness of hyphens and misplaced vowels and to echo that classic interrogation, "What is in a name?"

Sydney Smith was born on the 3rd of June, 1771. His mother was Maria Olier, of French descent. Now that Waterloo lies in the long past, it may be safe to point out that we have no calculus fine enough to demonstrate the debt owed by this brilliant Englishman to sunny France. The play of his wit, contrasted with much in Punch, appears like a rare bit of Chippendale against a background of heavy furnishings.

His school-day experiences at Southampton and Winchester College provided a text in after life for some very radical sermons on curriculum and the fagging system. Of the latter he said, "Every boy is alternately tyrant and slave." Nothing he has written shows more plainly that he was a man far in advance of his times than his arraignment of classics, first, last and always. He fearlessly stirred up the dust of ages and declared that in the grind of this mill the nobleman's sons were brought up "as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns." Likewise, the baker's son "takes to his books, spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses; learns that crum, in crumpet is long, and the pet short; goes to the university, gets a prize for an essay on the 'Dispersion of the Jews,' takes orders, becomes a bishop's chaplain, has a young nobleman for his pupil, publishes a useless classic and a 'Serious Call to the Unconverted,' and then goes through the elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate and the long train of purple, profit and power."

Against these negations he fails not to put the positive, and writes: "Classical literature is the great object at Oxford. Many minds so employed have produced many works and much fame in that department; but if all liberal arts and sciences useful to human life had been taught there, the system of such an university would have been much more valuable, but the splendor of its name something less."

He took his degree at Oxford in 1792. His father practically settled the question of his profession and he became curate of Netheravon. This village was connected solely to the outer world by means of a market cart from Salisbury once a week. Netheravon was not classic, and the newly-

fledged Oxford graduate wrote: "Nothing can equal the profound, the immeasurable, the awful dulness of this place in which I lie, dead and buried, in hope of a joyful resurrection in 1796."

Nevertheless, his after career proved that he was made of martyr stuff. The mystical or enthusiastic in religion he particularly abhorred, but his own practical type that sought to reach the soul through the medium of the body was eminently Christly, and was of the kind that dies at its guns with an optimistic smile of future triumph on its lips.

In 1798 he was providentially dropped into just the environment that was needed to finish moulding him into an uncompromising antagonist to many ancient wrongs. The squire of the parish started him for the University of Weimar in charge of the coming squire. The smouldering fires of war broke out in Germany, and tutor and pupil found themselves in Edinburgh just when its university was making history. Here Sydney Smith, following his inclinations, attended lectures on clinics, experimented with chemicals, studied moral philosophy, and did some preaching. Of the latter he recorded: "I have the pleasure of seeing my audience nod approbation while they sleep."

Notwithstanding this drowsiness his sermons became popular enough to suggest their publication. Into the preface of his book the author pours a passionate protest against the conventional style of delivery that held the clergymen of the day in mummy wrappings. "Is it wonder," he pens, "that every semi-delirious sectary, who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body. . . . Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? . . . Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence and stagnation and mumbling?"

His own delivery might have been mistaken for that of a Methodist itinerant. His description is: "When I began to thump the cushions of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

In a political speech, provoked by the House of Lords throwing out the Reform Bill in 1831, he personified the Commons as the Atlantic and the House of Lords as Mrs. Partington. A storm was raging. "In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

Fifty years later R. A. Kinglake, an eye-witness, describes this scene: "The introduction of the Partington storm was startling and unexpected. As he recounted in felicitous terms the adventures of the excellent dame, suit-

ing the action to the word with great dramatic skill, he commenced trundling his imaginary mop and sweeping back the intrusive waves of the Atlantic with an air of resolute determination and an appearance of increasing temper. The scene was realistic in the extreme, and was too much for the gravity of the most serious. The house rose, the people cheered, and tears of superabundant laughter trickled down the cheeks of fair women and veteran reformers."

His sermonizing was no perfunctory performance of well-worn platitudes, but had a directness of address characteristic of a Nathan or John the Baptist. As chaplain to the High Sheriff he thus addressed the bar on the universal interrogation of the human soul, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"; "What leisure for the altar, what time for God? I appeal to the experience of men engaged in this profession, whether religious feelings and religious practices are not, without any speculative disbelief, perpetually sacrificed to the business of the world? . . . The cure is, to keep a sacred place in your heart, where the Almighty God is enshrined. . . . In the midst of your highest success, in the most perfect gratification of your vanity, in the most ample increase of your wealth, fall down at the feet of Jesus and say, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' "

In 1800 he married Miss Pybus. The objections of her family to a marriage with a poor clergymen who openly avowed super-liberal principles, were overcome by the ardor of her love. In those days of morbid romances dealing with married infelicities it is refreshing to read that they lived happily ever afterwards.

In 1802 that iconoclastic quarterly journal, The Edinburgh Review, was founded. Sydney Smith, drawing the curtain, admits the spectator behind the scenes. "Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted (in Edinburgh) were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintained opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Palace, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was 'Tenui musam meditamur avena,' 'We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.' But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal."

Lord Brougham corroborates: "I at once entered warmly into Smith's scheme. Jeffrey, by nature always rather timid, was full of doubts and fears. It required all Smith's overpowering vivacity to argue and laugh Jeffrey out of his difficulties."

For a quarter of a century Sydney Smith's pen traced its brilliant way on the pages of the Review, and ever against the civic wrongs of the Catholics, the compulsory marriages of dissenters in the Established Church, the oppressive game laws, the trial for life of persons without aid of counsel, the delays of the Court of Chancery, the traffic in human beings, "came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.' "

His criticism of Ruskin's "Modern

Painters" was prophetic. "He said it was a work of transcendent talent, presented the most original views in the most elegant and powerful language, and would work a complete revolution in the world of taste."

Preferment for a clergyman of England's State Church could not be attained in the land of Knox, and the autumn of 1803 saw the Smiths settled in London. Although Sydney Smith wrote reminiscentially: "I well remember, when Mrs. Smith and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney coach (a vehicle, by the bye, now become almost matter of history), when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul."

They were a social success in the metropolis. The attendance at a course of lectures delivered by Sydney Smith before the Royal Institution, on "The Understanding and Taste," is described by an eye-witness as follows: "Albemarle Street, and a part of Grafton Street, was rendered impassable by the concourse of carriages assembled during the time of their delivery. There was not sufficient room for the persons assembling."

That Sydney Smith's Whiggery told against his professional advancement he understood well, and he paints the following monochrome picture, sombre in hue, of existing conditions: "From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain Liberal opinions and were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate—a long, hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, bishops, made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholics and Protestant dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla."

However, in 1806, through the influence of Lord Holland, he was presented with the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire. For two years he held this living as a non-resident rector, and during this period he published his famous letters over the pseudonym of Peter Plymley, in which he advocated the removal of the political disabilities under which the Catholics labored. In this political contest the flashing lance of his wit thrusts and parries, but makes no false moves nor gives any quarter to his antagonists. In arraigning the injustice of excluding Catholics from the higher places in the professions he interprets human nature with ludicrous truthfulness: "Look at human nature. Your boy Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being Chancellor? . . . Do you think the fathers and mothers of the Holy Catholic Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each case, that the sweet little blockhead will, in fact, never get a brief. But I venture to say there is not a parent from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honors of the state."

The enforcement of the Clergy Residence Bill sent the Smiths from London to Foston. Sydney Smith's labors in this parish form one of the longest and most interesting chapters in this unusual life. This light of London's literary aristocracy adapted

himself to his new surroundings with an optimism that said: "In short, if it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can possibly avoid it, I will never be unhappy." He who had been "a diner-out, a wit and a popular preacher," suddenly found himself village parson, village comforter, village magistrate, but like his Master, he was a commoner in heart, and his plans for the betterment of the poor were as altruistic as the most modern. They included allotment gardens for potatoes and the support of a pig. He taught his needy parishioners how to feed themselves comfortably with nourishing soups made of rice and pease and flavored with ox-cheek, at a penny a head. Behind these lessons lay the greater thought than the mere satiation of hunger: "I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life, and that character, talents and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre."

After twenty years of whole-souled service in Foston, Sydney Smith was appointed prebendary in Bristol Cathedral. The following year the cause for which he had striven and sacrificed, namely, the emancipation of the Catholics, was won and almost at the same date he changed the living of Foston for that of Combe Florey in Somerset. While at Combe Florey his hopes and ambitions for a bishopric died down, and he wrote: "Nothing is more improbable than that I should be made a bishop," although subsequently, when Lord Grey became Prime Minister, he added, "I think Lord Grey will give me some preferment if he stays in long enough, but the upper parsons live vindictively and evince their aversion to a Whig ministry by improved health."

Lord Grey did recognize his services by the presentation of the residentiary canonry of St. Paul's. Sydney Smith thus relates his experience on being presented at court: "I went to court, and, horrible to relate, with strings to my shoes instead of buckles —not from Jacobinism but ignorance. I saw two or three Tory lords looking at me with dismay, was informed by the Clerk of the Closet of my sin, and, gathering my sacerdotal petticoats about me (like a lady conscious of thick ankles) I escaped further observation."

While at Combe Florey his pen was busy in the cause of reforms brought to the front by the Whigs through the introduction of the Reform Bill. Of the "pocket boroughs" he said: "The thing I cannot and will not bear is this: what right has this lord or that marquis to buy ten seats in Parliament in the shape of boroughs and then to make laws to govern me?"

Now that we have vantage-ground commanding not only the battle but the glorious finish of Disraeli's life, it is interesting to read Sydney Smith's account of his appearance in the political arena: "The Jew spoke for an hour. The boys called out 'Old Clothes' as he came into town, and offered to sell him sealing-wax and slippers."

With that epoch-making movement started at Oxford by the Wesleys and their associates Sydney Smith had no sympathy. *Mistaking the accidents of* Methodism for its essence, he thought to check it by ridicule. He would fight the dissenters' political battles, but of their mysticism, enthusiasm, or what he considered manifestations of fanaticism, he would have none. But of Mrs. Fry he wrote: "*I am glad*

you liked what I said of Mrs. Fry. She is very unpopular with the clergy; examples of living, active virtue disturb our repose, and give birth to distressing comparisons; we long to burn her alive."

His temperance sentiments are those of the twentieth century. Late in life he records: "I am better in health, avoiding all fermented liquors and drinking nothing but London water, with a million insects in every drop. I have no gout, nor any symptoms of it. By eating little and drinking only water I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe."

The burden of increasing years was borne with a merry heart. "Mrs. Sydney has eight distinct illnesses and I have nine. We take something every hour and pass the mixture from one to the other," he sportively wrote.

Missionary efforts were treated with levity: "The advice I sent to the Bishop of New Zealand, when he had to receive the cannibal chiefs there, was to say to them, 'I deeply regret, sirs, to have nothing on my table suited to your tastes, but you will find plenty of cold curate and roasted clergyman on the sideboard,' and if in spite of this prudent provision, his visitors should end their repast by eating him likewise, why I should add, 'I sincerely hoped he would disagree with them.'"

Religious principles were held sacred. To Jeffrey he wrote: "I must beg the favor of you to be explicit on one point. Do you mean to take care that the Review shall not profess or encourage infidel principles? Unless this is the case, I must absolutely give up all thoughts of connecting myself with it." His last sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral was characteristic. The subject was the profanation of the Lord's Day. He advised worship, self-examination and preparation for death as the best use of its hours. The motto of his life was, "Be good and be happy." He died on the 22nd of February, 1845. He emphasized the really important in life, and his talents, including his wit, were always at the service of the downmost to ennoble and to enhearten.

Aylmer, Ont.

A POEM BY MR. GLADSTONE.

Lord, as Thy temple's portals close
  Behind the outward parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
  So bind it here, thy flock among;
The fickle wanderer else will stray,
Back to the world's wide, parchèd way.

Here, where Thine angels overhead
  Do warn the Tempter's power away,
And where the bodies of the dead
  For life and resurrection stay,
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blessed the air.

O lead my blindness by the hand,
  Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here, or now, to understand,
  Yet even here and now to taste
How the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

CHAPTER III.

A GREEK ENTHUSIAST.

SINGULAR friendship existed between the elderly Friend and Elizabeth Hogarth. "Bess," as the Cobbs called her, had no intimate girl friends, no one of her own age to whom she told all her moods. She said girls were silly, and they thought her erratic, bluestocking, and too "superior" in her airs and graces. David Fenton knew her as she was: proud, earnest, guileless as a child, capable of practical work, equally capable of absurdities. She would sometimes play with him as a child jests with an indulgent parent. Again she came to him in the depths of youthful despair, and poured out her troubles, her defeated aspirations, and her "divine discontent" with what he knew was the too much plum-cake and honey of her existence. She could have and do what she liked, so she did little and wanted nothing that money could buy and everything it could not. Sometimes he tried to make her see these were the "growing pains" of every earnest young nature, but oftener he sent her artfully about some work for somebody else, and she was happy again.

He had spoken to her of John Welles, but he thought it rather unlikely that she knew any one whom John could have as a pupil, so he did not refer to him again beyond giving her his address and recommending him most highly as a teacher. She retained the impression that John was an elderly married man. What David did, however, was to try to interest her in Dorothy Hakes. He wanted to find the girl a situation, but over and above that he wished to send Elizabeth on some errand to the hospital. He thought the sight of its inmates, the smell of carbolic acid, the suggestions of lives outside her perfumed parlor would be a healthful remedy for the aforesaid divine discontent. He was greatly pleased therefore when it fell out about a week after his visit to New York that there was a vacant place in the Hogarth kitchen, and Mrs. Hogarth at once urged Bess to go to the hospital and bring back this Dorothy if she seemed at all suitable for a servant.

Elizabeth had been very restless and moody for a few days, and to her mother's satisfaction, she agreed to go; for she "had an errand" of her own to accomplish.

What this errand might be Mrs. Hogarth did not presume to ask; in fact, she did not care. She had long ago settled it that Bess was "very intellectual," and "such folks are full of hobbies." She was rather proud than otherwise that Bess had a library all her own, full of books that she, Mrs. Hogarth, never would have opened in her own youth, when "Thaddeus of Warsaw" or "The Children of the Abbey" met all her needs of heart and soul. For the last five years Elizabeth had, much to David Fenton's secret amusement, been possessed by the desire to know simply everything. She had a retentive memory and keen insight, so she did learn choice bits and "elegant extracts" of art, history, science, religion, and nobody could tell what all. It was only insatiable curiosity masquerading as eager scholarship, but the pretty actor was playing that it was all real and so believing it to be. She had learned much French and German, too, some Spanish and Italian, had struggled hard with Latin, and once in a high flight had purchased a Sanscrit grammar, a Hindu drama, and an Icelandic dictionary. They cost her thirty dollars, being books never, strictly speaking, popular; but they filled her soul with awe, and she had pondered deeply on several paragraphs that she was perfectly able to comprehend.

About the time David told her of John Welles, Bess was mentally scourging herself for being superficial. She had not "mastered" one single branch of human knowledge. The Icelandic dictionary seemed to weigh tons, and to be solidly seated on her conscience. She had the nightmare in Sanscrit after an evening of humiliation. When she got very blue she took to her Bible, being with all her whims a conscientious Christian girl. It

occurred to her while reading the Gospels how helpful it would be if she could read the New Testament in Greek. She was gloomily reflecting that, soon after buying a lot of Greek books, she had been possessed with a wish to study into the theories about the Central American ruined cities. Those fascinating gods, Quetzalcoatl and Mictlantenctli, had superseded in her imagination the deities of Olympus, and the dust had covered her Greek books.

Suddenly she received an inspiration. It was this: She might take up the neglected study with this impecunious old professor who was David's friend. She could go into the city two or three times a week to recite. True, he asked for boys as pupils, but surely would prefer a quiet, well-behaved young lady who would have some regard for the probably shattered nerves of the unfortunate old gentleman. Her money would be as good for him as if she were a boy. No sooner had she come to this conclusion than she was all aglow with enthusiasm. If she knew her Greek Testament well she would receive new light on the Scriptures; if she heeded what she learned she would grow spiritually. Finally, she resolved not to tell David until she had commenced her lessons with his venerable friend.

The morning after her decision Mrs. Hogarth asked her to go for Dorothy, and she readily promised.

It was another lovely day in late September, and Elizabeth took pleasure in making haste slowly. The car from the ferry went past Macy's shop, and "superior" as our heroine was considered, she well knew where to find pretty laces, ribbons, sashes, and the novelties the girls delight in. It was afternoon before she arrived at the hospital. David had sent her to the nurse with whom he was best acquainted, and had previously asked her to take Bess around the great castle of misery. Unaware of the fact she would willingly have been spared a sight of various wards, but she could not with civility shake off the pleasant nurse who seemed determined to take her to Dorothy Hakes by way of the sick and suffering.

As they passed bed after bed in which lay women with wan faces, some no older than herself, Bess's really tender heart melted with pity. She felt half conscience-smitten to reflect that in a moment she would walk out into the sweet light well, strong, with everything these had not. Some lessons are quickly learned. Certain half feverish and wholly sentimental discontentments with her condition came to mind. She had called them yearnings after the unattainable. Actually when the nurse stopped to speak to a consumptive girl coughing her life away and wearing an unbleached nightdress marked "Bellevue Hospital," Bess's eyes ran over with tears. She would have liked just then to have beaten Elizabeth Hogarth, and she called herself most honestly a miserable sinner, all the more wickedly sin-deserving that she wore a dainty gown and faultless gloves.

Greatly to her relief they finished the tour of bare, clean corridors and wards with long rows of cots, coming at last to a little room where Dorothy Hakes was sewing together surgeon's bandages. Her prominent eyes stood out like green-glass marbles at the unexpected appearance of what seemed to her a beauty arrayed in purple and fine linen—at least in a soft cashmere, elegantly fitted. But she rallied her forces when Miss Hogarth explained the reason of her visit and questioned her as to what she could do.

"Wall, that depends. I'll tell ye first off I ain't no fashionable cook, able to make croketts and mayornace—not yet, but I can l'arn. I ain't a fool. What I can do every time, if I have the wherewith, is to make bread and riz biscuit light as a feather; doughnuts, riz and soda sort both; can cook all sorts of plain meat, vegetables, roast poultry, make pies (old style), and three kinds of cake, not saying gingerbread and cookies. Washing and ironing is understood, of course, and keeping things all clean and ship-shape. I'm a Protestant, and I needn't work out if I'd live on my relations down East, but I won't if I know it."

These sound somewhat like great and swelling words, but as Dorothy uttered them in her simple, hearty way they were not too self-assertive. Elizabeth stated exactly what her mother required, and Dorothy thought she could satisfy requirements. She was not at all unpleasantly familiar, neither was she servile; although younger, less angular and independent, she reminded Bess of Martha Cobb. When it was decided that she should return with Bess she explained: "All my things were burned up, but, luckily, I had a little money with me. I've got fixed up pretty decent since, but it won't take me long to pack, I reckon."

Then, after consultation with the nurse, she left her bag to be sent by express while she took only what could be carried in her hand. Bess had thought to have her await her at the ferry-house,

but seeing how perfectly respectable she appeared when attired in a new gingham, a plain dark hat and lisle-thread gloves, she said: "I have a business call to make down town, and you can go with me."

Once in the street the girl kept respectful silence, but by her interest in everything going on showed that the city was new to her. They had taken a car down Second Avenue, and when they got out Bess was confused about the locality of the Welles house, but found it after inquiries at a corner grocery.

The bell was promptly answered by a neat but stupid young maid who stared when Elizabeth asked for Mr. John Welles.

"He won't be in till later, miss," she finally answered.

"Then, perhaps, I can see Mrs. Welles, if she is at liberty."

"Yes, Mrs. Wells is to home; will ye walk into the parlor?"

"Please say it is a friend of Mr. David Fenton," said Bess, handing the maid a card from her pocket-book. A dainty little affair was this last, and much admired by Dorothy, who seated herself on the edge of a hair-cloth covered chair and gazed about at the big mirrors, the carpet strewed with huge bouquets, and the time-worn splendor that struck Bess as rather pathetic, but exactly what people getting older and poorer would carefully preserve. The back parlor was evidently used as a library, and long book-cases filled three sides from floor to ceiling.

"I would like to take my lessons in there," thought Bess. "I can see the waving tops of green trees through the blinds, and it looks cool and peaceful."

Her satisfaction was complete when little Aunt Hannah appeared with a white thread-lace cap on her tight, white curls. She was a lady to her finger tips, and would have detected an impropriety in the Queen herself had she lived at court, but she was as unworldly as a child of ten. With Shakespeare she believed too that nothing can "be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it." She greeted Bess cordially as David Fenton's friend, and pleased with her bright eyes and smiles, she begged her to take off her wraps and let her order her some cake and a tiny glass of wine.

Bess of course declined, talked with her of David a moment or two, and then explained her errand. She said David had told her that Mr. Welles was about to have a few pupils, and that she wished to take Greek lessons. At first the old lady supposed she was making application for somebody else, her younger brother, perhaps, and she exclaimed: "Yes, John has two new scholars, real nice boys, sons of Judge Brewster. One has been delicate and so got behind in his class; the other is a little dull."

The old lady loved to talk, and she had questioned her nephew hitherto, so that she knew exactly what hours the boys recited, what they paid, and all details. These she innocently prattled on about until to her secret surprise she discovered that Bess was herself the proposed pupil. Tact kept her from hastily expressing what she felt until she rapidly reasoned that after all the thing was not so strange. Young ladies now were going to college, making doctors and lawyers of themselves. This seemed a very nice, intelligent young woman, and she had brought her maid with her, which was very proper and thoughtful. In her day girls did not run about alone. She told Bess that she heard John say he wanted one more pupil. He might not be in for an hour or more, but if Bess did not care to wait she would faithfully report the interview and he could communicate with her.

"Very well, then, Mrs. Welles, if you will be kind enough to say to the Professor——"

"Oh, dear me, nobody calls him a professor!" cried Aunt Hannah, with a silvery laugh.

Bess was rather surprised, but went on: "If you will tell him I am very anxious to go on with my Greek. I have studied it a little off and on, but there is no one at Summerwild who can teach me. I like coming into the city twice or three times a week, and I will conform to any hour before late afternoon. Of course, I must go home before dark. As to terms, whatever his are will be all right. I will leave my address."

To all of this Aunt Hannah smiled approval, and graciously followed the charming young person and her wall-eyed companion to the front door, where they bade her a courteous adieu, all mutually pleased.

While Bess was looking for a cross-town car, Dorothy ventured to ask:

"Are there many Greek-talking folks hereabouts?"

"No."

"Oh, I thought maybe there was—there's a lot of Pollacks and such come over lately, or I didn't know but perhaps you was goin' to teach some in Sunday-school, like heathen Chinee."

Bess took pity on her, and replied to her unspoken question :

"I want to read Greek. The New Testament was originally written in Greek, and I would like to read that and some wonderful poems."

"O-oh! Sakes alive. Well, I don't read mine half what I orter in plain English. Our old minister to home he give me a soft-shell one, real Russia leather cover, and I promised to be more faithful. I am awful fond of poetry though. I can sing 'Curfew shall not Ring To-night' from beginning to end,"—saying which Dorothy let out of her a succession of guttural sounds which caused Bess to hustle her on the platform of a passing car, fearing she might ring curfew then and there. She trod on a fat man's toes and almost sat in his wife's lap, which naturally brought her down to present realities.

The next thing in order was to pay their fare, and to Bess's consternation her pocket-book was nowhere to be found.

"If you have not dropped it or had it stolen, you have left it in the old lady's parlor," whispered Dorothy, "for I surely seen you take your card out of it. I noticed how pretty it was. Don't worry now ; I have got two dollars in my old purse, and that will get us home. Or do you want to go back to the house ?"

"No, it is no use if I have lost it in the street," said Bess slowly. "If I left it there, my card is in it and they will know. Anyway, I spent so much this morning there can't be but a dollar or two in it. The book itself is pretty ; I would be sorry to lose it, but never mind ; lend me, please, the two dollars, and I will return it as soon as we reach home."

It was about sunset when they got to Summerwild.

"Oh, my! there is a lot of outdoors about it, ain't they ? Well, I always liked the country," commented Dorothy. "I'd orter, seeing I was born and brought up to twenty-seven on our little farm. Hills, they look natural ; but these houses—villers, I suppose you call them—ain't much like farm housen. Ours don't bust into viranders and portercoachers. If we women folks get a wood-shed for hot-weather cooking out of the oven, we're thankful. Mar and I were ten year or more squeezing ourn out of par."

"Mr. Fenton lives there," said Bess, pointing to the Cobb cottage. "He is the salt of the earth, if anybody is. And that house with the bay-window—the one across the river—is ours."

"That—wall, it is real swell. I only hope I'll suit your mar. I mean to do my best."

"That is all any one can be expected to do," remarked our wise Elizabeth.

"My! ain't this air sweet ? Seems to me I never want to smell carbolic acid again or hear the word hospital" ; and Dorothy went sniffing the evening breeze with her somewhat abbreviated nose well up and her big eyes turning to all the points of the compass in her desire to see the settlement.

Mrs. Hogarth, who was naturally timid, was rather overcome by her new maid's energetic "I-have-come-to-stay" air. She herself had the gift of continuity in conversation, but Dorothy's fluency enabled her every time to come out ahead when they engaged in domestic dialogues. However, after a few days, the good lady had no further misgivings about Dorothy's ability to cook, wash, and iron.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELLES HOME.

John Welles did not return home until midnight the day of Elizabeth Hogarth's visit. He had warned Aunt Hannah never to be alarmed if he were absent the whole night, for, if a profitable bit of reporting came in his way, he eagerly followed it up. The editorial chair was his goal, but in the meantime all was fish that came to his net.

This night he softly turned his latch-key, and went as silently as possible up the stairs and past the sleeping rooms of his father and his aunt. At the head of the second flight of stairs was his brother Clarence's room. John stopped there a moment, noticed that the door was not latched, and so pushed it gently open. It was bright moonlight, and every article in the room was visible. All John heeded was the smoothly spread unoccupied bed. He went out, leaving the door wide open, and entered the next room. He was tired enough for sleep, but lighting the gas he drew from his pocket a bundle of papers and busied himself with them, saying to himself, "I will sit up until he comes in. I never get a chance to talk with him in the daytime, and he must not go on as he is going."

He dropped into a chair with a movable writing-desk in its arm, and labored to fix his attention on his work. He succeeded so well that he was all-absorbed

in it when the clock in a neighboring tower struck two. Just after came the sound of carriage wheels, loud laughter, and male voices singing. The carriage seemed to stop, the noise suddenly subsided ; then came a fumbling and rattling of the door-key and knob. It opened and there was low laughter, with a pushing, rustling scramble. They shut the door, the carriage started off, its inmates bursting into singing, shouting, and merriment, gradually growing fainter as they were lost in the distance.

"He has come home drunk," groaned John, in a tone half grieved, half disgusted. He waited, fearing to disturb his father if he went down, and thinking that Clarence, as once before, would lie on the parlor sofa until daylight. But, no, he heard him, in a minute or two, start up the stairs. The halls were dimly lighted, the stair carpet thick, and he came softly. He was nearly up to his room when he made a misstep and fell sprawling on the landing, with what in the silence of the night seemed a great noise. Almost immediately John heard his father ringing the little call-bell that he kept at hand in case of need. It took no time to get to Clarence, pull him to his feet, then, hearing Aunt Hannah coming, John went on to his father's room.

"For pity's sake! What is that noise in the house this time of night?" scolded the old man. "You boys must think it no matter whether I get a wink of sleep or not once in the twenty-four hours."

"I am very sorry, father, that it woke you up. I have been out later than usual to-night, and—and—"

"Well, you needn't come home head first if you have," grumbled his father, who would as soon suspect David Fenton of a "spree" as his John. "Now you are here, just give me a drink of that crust coffee and throw something across the foot of my bed ; the night is cool."

When John had done as requested and gone out, he heard Aunt Hannah talking in Clarence's room, and his heart sank. It was a new and a very great grief to him that his only brother was surely getting very intemperate ; but he hoped the evil was not past cure. He had kept the knowledge from his aunt and his father, knowing that neither of them could do anything to stay the boy's downward course. The feeble old man would only vent his feelings in reproaches, wailing, and bitter words, while the knowledge would make wretched his last days. Clarence had been the idol of father and aunt ever since he was left to them a lonely, motherless baby.

"Why, Clarence, speak to me! Are you hurt, or are you ill?" Aunt Hannah was saying as she ran here and there in search of a match. She found one and lighted the gas as John appeared. Clarence had sunk into an easy-chair ; his face was very red, his eyelids drooped over his sleepy eyes and his arms hung limp over the chair.

"Oh, go to bed, aunt ; you'll get the rheumatism. Nothing the mat—mat—matter with me. Got belated, that's all—was sort of chilly—took something warming—gone to my—my he—ad," and Clarence half settled himself for a doze, blinked at Aunt Hannah in her queer night costume, and tried to rouse himself and act as if nothing of any consequence had happened. Poor Aunt Hannah's face was a study. It expressed first the gentlest concern, then mingled horror and disgust struggling with astonishment. She walked about Clarence as if she saw him for the first time. Her nostrils were keener than her eyes.

"John!" she gasped, "he smells horribly of brandy! Isn't he the worse for liquor?"

"Not a bit the worse, auntie—only a little befuddled. Don't you fuss; trot right away to bed, and I'll meet you, love, in the morn—morning," hiccoughed Clarence, beginning to undress.

"I want to see you in the morning," said John sternly ; then turning to his aunt he said : "Yes, Clarence has been drinking, but he is in no state now to realize the shame of it. Come, Aunt Hannah, you will take cold."

The poor old lady burst into tears.

"Oh, come now ; don't take it that way, sweetheart," muttered Clarence in maudlin tenderness, as John led her out of the room shivering from head to foot.

"I can't go to bed, John," she expostulated. "I must hear the whole of this, and know how long it has been going on."

"Then go down and put on something warmer and I will be in your room in a moment or two," said John.

When he went, taking care that his father could not hear him, he found her sobbing alone in the moonlight. Seating himself by her side he said : "I know this is an awful shock to you, Aunt Hannah, but you must not despair. Clarence is young and can't yet be a slave to this habit."

"Oh, John, is it a habit already?"

"I will tell you all I know, Aunt Hannah. A year ago New Year's Day Clar-

ence and I made calls, though not together, nor, as a rule, on the same people. He visits in a very fashionable and rather fast set, but toward night we happened to meet in a friend's house away up-town. There were a lot of pretty girls receiving calls with the hostess, and we were urged to stay and dance in the evening, as were others who came. Clarence was full of his fun and the merriest of the whole, but he drank so much champagne that it took all my will and powers of persuasion to get him away before he disgraced himself. He solemnly declared the next day that he was never before so overcome; but being New Year, very cold, and having tasted wine at a great many houses, he had gotten more than he realized. All the same I was troubled."

"I remember now," put in Aunt Hannah, "you talked so to me, John, about putting temptation in men's way that after that New Year I made coffee for my table. Your father said I was 'getting fanatical in my old age.' Yo all the old New York families of my day and prime used wine at dinner. You said times had changed; that men lived faster, and it was not safe. Was it for Clarence's sake you made me promise not to have it any more on the table?"

"For his sake at first, for I saw he drank three glasses to a half-glass of father's. Father cared nothing for it, and never missed it unless he had a friend here. It was that way with me, but Clarence's doings, and the career of young fellows who are far worse than he is now, have convinced me that we Americans can't drink wine, beer, or intoxicants without doing it to excess. At least where one man can, two cannot. Well, ever since, I fear, Clarence takes champagne wherever he goes, and he is a great favorite."

"Oh, John, think of it! Such a brilliant young man starting out in such a promising way. Then, too, now when everything depends on his own exertions."

"That fact may save him, or help to do it. He learned to love wine in Europe when he had nothing to do and plenty of money to spend."

"Have you reasoned and pleaded with him as a brother ought to?"

"I have used every argument man could use; he will not admit there is any danger. I have begged him to drop out of the circle he frequents and devote himself entirely to business, or at least to amuse himself in safer ways."

"And can't you prevail on him to do it?"

"I cannot. Some poor young men would have been coolly dropped by the men he is most with; for all their amusements cost more than Clarence can possibly afford; but he is too good company to be spared. They like his fun."

"He may not be able to afford great sums," said Aunt Hannah, more severely than John had ever heard her speak, "but he gets a good salary, and you know, John Welles, that not a dollar has he given toward the household expenses these many months. You are supporting him, and it is not just to you and very unmanly in him."

"I know, Aunt Hannah; but you must remember his past. He never knew the worth of money until he lost his allowance from father. I tried to make him see that he ought to share the responsibility with me; but I only hurt his feelings. He is very generous, and he told me that he had been put in what I suppose were trying places for such a fellow —places where he would be considered mean if he did not pay. The trouble is he leaps and looks afterward. That yachting club and his two weeks' vacation cost him about half a year's salary, or that, with half a dozen other things, but extravagance is nothing to drunkenness," sighed John. "I was going to say," he added a minute later, "that he won't break away from his fashionable friends because he is wonderfully smitten by a Miss Grace. She is the daughter of one of the partners in his place of business, is very gay, rather pretty, and——"

"And what, John?"

"Oh, I don't know if Clarence is serious, or if it is only a flirtation. He says her parents expect her to marry a millionaire of their acquaintance."

"But for this failing Clarence is good enough for a princess," remarked Aunt Hannah.

"And this, Aunt Hannah, may not be the ruin of him if he will listen to reason. You talk to him yourself to-morrow. He loves you and never had any other mother that he can remember."

"Yes, John, I will," sobbed the little lady, "but we must pray for him, you and I, for I am afraid he does not pray for himself."

"I do it every day of my life—every time I see a young fellow enter a barroom, and that is not once a day, by any means. Now I insist on your going to bed or you will be ill to-morrow."

"I shall not sleep; but go, dear boy, you need all the rest you can get. You are our only prop now."

"Oh, keep up a brave heart, auntie. We know where to put our trust," and comforting her with an unusual kiss (for John was not demonstrative) the elder brother left her. It was long before he slept. He loved Clarence most sincerely, but he knew him as neither father nor aunt could know him. This was not his only failing. He was fickle, recklessly prodigal of money, selfish when it was any matter of duty or self-sacrifice or the least unpleasant. In boyish days he got into mischief and John took the blame. In college John took the honors and Clarence had the fun. Now John was the useful and he the ornamental member of society. It was late to make him over; but John Welles resolved that, God helping him, he would do his best to be his brother's keeper. He fell asleep at last, but poor Aunt Hannah did not close her tearful eyes in slumber again that night. She remembered with remorse her sometime offers of wine and cake to callers; with no pledge or white ribbon she joined in heart once and for ever the noble army of total abstainers, and she betook herself mightily to prayer. It was intolerably painful for her to think that this awful curse of drunkenness could be fixed on the little golden-haired, bright-eyed darling she had received from his dying mother's arms. What would they do without John?

She thought, too, of her poor stricken brother. Querulous as he was from age and physical causes, Joseph was a God-serving man, and both he and Hannah looked back on a long line of patriots, statesmen, and Christian gentlemen. A drunken Welles she had no more reason to remember than a dishonest one, and it was the comfort left to them now in their comparative poverty that no man, woman, or child had suffered loss by Clarence's father.

It was no wonder that in the day that followed poor Aunt Hannah totally forgot Elizabeth Hogarth and her message for John. When she might have remembered who can tell? The next day but one, however, John in crossing the parlor noticed something glitter in the sunshine on the carpet. It was the clasp on Elizabeth's pocket-book, which after picking up he turned over and over in his hand. E. H. was the silver monogram on the cover, so with the thought that it could not belong to any of the family he opened it and read the card. Learning nothing in this way, he took it to his aunt.

"Dear me, John!" she exclaimed. "It belongs to the young girl—David Fenton's relative or friend. There, how sorry I am, but I have forgotten to tell you anything about her," and begging his pardon the old lady told him of his visitor and her errand. He looked surprised and not pleased.

"Why, I particularly told David I wanted boys preparing for college."

"Well, don't girls go to college now-a-days?" asked Aunt Hannah.

"Oh, yes—Harvard Annex and that sort of thing—I don't care about sex in education, as the phrase goes; but I can bring boys to my time and convenience, using no ceremony. With a girl——"

John left the sentence unfinished, but Aunt Hannah understood him partially.

"Oh, this seemed a very sensible, nice one. She particularly said you could arrange to suit yourself if only her lessons were in the daytime. She was very pleasing and had a maid with her."

"Rich girl, then, and able to pay well. Queer in David, but he is a level-headed old Quaker, and would not send me an undesirable or troublesome pupil. How old did you say?"

"Oh, not old at all," replied Aunt Hannah, who counted among her friends "girls" of forty, and who, like all women long past youth, are innocently accurate. I should say fifteen or sixteen, and very ladylike. I took a great fancy to her."

"Well, then, here goes. I will take her on your recommendation, Aunt Hannah, though I don't hunger and thirst for the girl. I think, too, David must know what he is about. She wished positively to have lessons, did she, and was not 'just thinking about it'?"

"She asked me decidedly to have you write her and tell your hours and terms, and she would come to you by appointment," answered Aunt Hannah, a trifle piqued that John should think she had not fully understood the situation.

They were in the sunny, old-fashioned library, so John seated himself at the seventy-year-old "secretary," with its mahogany claws and innumerable pigeon-holes. He wrote Miss Elizabeth Hogarth a very formal note stating details in regard to lessons, and setting an hour for her coming on the following Tuesday. He pictured her to himself half unconsciously as a stout, black-eyed, aggressive young thing, whose schoolmates called

her Libby and accounted her "the smartest girl in the class." This had probably fired Libby's ambition, and she was fitting for some woman's college or a seminary masquerading under that name. Well, success to her! This is a free country.

Elizabeth was much pleased with the letter. She read it twice over, and said to herself, "He is as nice in his way as his dear old lady wife, I have no doubt. I hope he will wear a black skull-cap, and I wish he would have knee-breeches and silver buckles like old Colonel Peck, but that is too much to hope for. I can fancy him taking snuff out of an inlaid box with a vanilla bean in it, and calling me madam with that sort of courtly politeness such old-time gentlemen always have. I shall just love the old scholar. He is not a Quaker, but all David Fenton's personal friends are different from modern stylish folks. I will take him in flowers, and get him—even his handwriting is quaint and belongs to the time when people leisurely wrote twenty pages for a letter, sealed and sent by post," and the imaginative young woman gazed at the penmanship of a man who reported news at the rapidest rate his fingers could accomplish in order to "get it in before midnight."

Tuesday came more like a belated summer day than one by the almanac should come six weeks later than summer. Mrs. Hogarth had known of so many unique pursuits undertaken by Bess that she would not have been surprised to hear that she had engagements with an astronomer in Greenwich Observatory—if the place is frequented by star-gazers. All she said, when told of the Greek lessons, was: "Well now, Bess, every time you go into the city you can return a few formal calls. We owe little visits to ever so many people. To-day you want to go to see Wilcox bride?"

"Oh, I do detest such inane interviews. The Wilcoxes and I have not two ideas in common." Then, knowing how much her mother longed to know how the bride looked, dressed, if she meant to keep house or live with the old people, etc., etc. Bess relented and promised to call at the Wilcoxes before her lesson. This necessitated a more elaborate toilet, but that was easily effected, and Miss Hogarth never looked prettier than when she sallied forth that Tuesday afternoon. She did the Wilcox duty first, and discussed the weather and saw the bride's wedding gifts, took notes with reference to her mother's questions later, and at last was free to seek her teacher.

Again the pudding-face maid opened the Welles door and stared, but this time informed her that "Mr. Welles was in the libr'y, would she please walk in?"

Bess pleased and entered with a sudden access of timidity. The professor might be after all so learned as to be a terror. There was only a young man in the library. He glanced up from his book with a surprised, questioning look as the maid let her in and departed. He acknowledged her presence, of course, courteously, and Bess bowed just civilly enough, then seated herself, and silence ensued. The young man was evidently puzzled, for Bess looked uncommonly stately in her visiting attire. He arose, saying, "I beg your pardon, but you wish to see——?"

"Mr. John Welles—the old gentleman."

"Mr. Joseph Welles; he is confined to his room, having had a stroke of paralysis con——"

"Paralysis—since Friday. Oh, how sad! But I thought——"

"Oh, no; not so lately. He was stricken down last spring," replied John, without one idea of his own stupidity. But how could he recognize his "Libby?"

"It is Mr. John Welles I mean. I am sure that is his name; the Greek teacher."

"I am John Welles, and I beg a thousand pardons, if you are Miss Hogarth," exclaimed John, feeling as if he were whirling rapidly.

There never was an atom of guile about Bess. She exclaimed, in her turn, You!" in such utter astonishment that John suddenly felt firm on his feet again; his pride rather piqued.

"I mean—that is, I supposed Mr. Fenton's friend was an elderly man," she went on.

It was embarrassing indeed; a man of less tact would have laughed and angered his visitor.

John gently replied, as he pulled a chair toward the library table, "I am not old, but 'getting on,' so David seems to think. What a friend, in every sense of the word, that man is; he has known me ever since I used to search his pockets for chestnuts, and find them, too. He loaded up for our benefit, and how we youngsters adored him!"

He talked with the perception that Bess must have time to rearrange her ideas, for her cheeks were getting pinker and pinker. Elizabeth's mental processes were rapid. Lightning-like were now her thoughts. "I have been a fool to assume he must be old, but I have agreed to take

lessons. Will I not seem another sort of a fool if I make a scene and refuse? He is David Fenton's friend, and David praised him highly."

"I will help her if she wants to retreat," thought John. "I will assume nothing is settled." Thereupon he began as if her object in calling was merely to discuss possible future lessons. He asked how much Greek she knew, and begged her to excuse him while he went for a book. Her intuitions were even keener than his. She understood how delicately he was trying to save her from embarrassment, when a few minutes after, and before he returned, Aunt Hannah entered, a little flustered but extremely cordial. She got Bess a fan, talked fast, and picking up a bit of sewing, seated herself in a low chair by the window saying, with just a little too much of an effort at naturalness, "John is home so little that he lets his old aunt keep him company whenever he sits here. I knit and he writes."

John came back with the grammar (it looked much like a book he carried out with him), and during his absence Bess had come to one of her rapid decisions. She took it for granted that now she was to take Greek of whoever taught it on the premises, be it Aunt Hannah, the pudding-faced maid, or this absurd reality into which her ideal with knee-breeches and snuff-box had dissolved itself. Absurd, that is, by contrast; for as a young man there was no fault to be found with John. For the next hour they devoted themselves to the matter in hand. He examined Bess as to what she knew, and shocked Aunt Hannah by the plainness with which he assured his pupil that she had only a superficial notion of the language, and proposed to begin all over again.

There was no apparent embarrassment after the first, and Bess soon began to show the naive enthusiasm that every new undertaking awoke in her. She was quick, too—exceedingly quick of comprehension; and so the first lesson was quite a success. When it ended John left her entirely to Aunt Hannah, who showed her a tea-rose that had just blossomed, and before bidding her good-bye contrived to say: "Any time you are tired, dear, just stay a while with me and rest. You will always find me right here; the library is really the cosiest room in the whole house."

Miss Hogarth went home, if not exactly "torn by conflicting emotions," as the novels say, at least with her equanimity disturbed. She was provoked at herself, amused at the first surprise, pleased with her teacher after a fashion, and unreasonably vexed at her innocent Quaker.

As chance would have it, David Fenton was on the ferry-boat, and came to her side at once.

She talked of other matters for a while, then said, "Why did I get the impression from you that this John Welles, the man who wished pupils, was older than yourself?"

"I am sure I cannot tell thee. He is twenty-six or thereabouts—possibly he is thirty."

"It occurred to me that I would study Greek," said Bess, coloring in spite of herself, "so I wrote him, or rather made arrangements I could not withdraw from without awkwardness. I went in to-day for my first lesson, and behold! this stripling."

"Oh, John is more than a stripling."

"Well, he knows Greek and I want to study it. Do you advise me to go on?"

David Fenton was more surprised than appeared. He gazed thoughtfully at a purple feather on a Dutchwoman's pink bonnet, reflecting; then he answered with considerable emphasis:

"I would go on if I were in thy place." He waited a moment, adding, "I say it, having knowledge, I think, of John. Thee may have been led."

"Led?" echoed Bess.

"I mean—that is, John needs pupils; you provide him one, of course, and what difference does it make how old or how young he is if he knows what he teaches?"

She expected the Quaker would respond something like "Yea, verily," but he did not. It came to him suddenly, as he withdrew his gaze from the pink bonnet of the homely woman to the pinked cheeks of this pretty girl, that John's age might make a difference sometime in some way. He mused and then smiled benignly, while Bess felt as if she had somehow shifted the responsibility on David's shoulders. Her parents never disapproved of anything he did.

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

Current Topics and Events.

At the time of this writing, on the eve of leaving home, the end of June, the balance seems poised between peace and a continuance for a time of the war, which has brought such disaster to Russian arms and prestige. But the dreadful internal revolt in Russia will surely compel that nation to make peace abroad and grant liberty at home—thus out of seeming evil will come lasting good. The French Revolution of 1789 was accompanied by fearful excesses, but it was the dawn of a new day for France and for civilization. So the cataclysm in Russia will doubtless prove the beginning of a new era of larger liberty and brighter prospects for the long oppressed peoples of the great northern empire.

Unhappy Russia.

In the story of unhappy Russia on horror's head horrors accumulate. If the navy, the second bulwark of national defence, prove false, who can long count on the fidelity of the army ? Like a bolt out of the blue comes the mutiny of the "Potemkin" ; yet it is but the natural result of the greed and graft of the great officials, which are the cause of so much of Russia's disaster. If men are forced to eat rotten food, that their officers may grow rich on their sufferings, and are shot down like dogs if they remonstrate, small wonder that their comrades rise in revolt. The most menacing omen is that they had arms and ammunition, surreptitiously obtained, in their hands, and did not hesitate to use them *a l'outrance*. More menacing still is the fact that they trampled on the standard of the double-headed eagle, and ran up to the peak the red flag of revolt, and fired upon the hated and brutal Cossacks. They have certainly burned their boats ; turn back they cannot ; go forward in the desperate path they must. The red spectre stalks forth, and who shall lay it ! A house divided against itself cannot stand. Russia had better agree with her Japanese adversary quickly, and give her attention to the much-needed internal reforms.

These lines are written on the good ship "Tunisian," as she steams out to sea. We will be cut off from the world for a week, and must wait with bated breath till we get a Marconigram from the Irish coast.

KING EDWARD INCOGNITO IN PARIS.
—New York Times.

King Edward is very popular in Paris, where his visits have been very welcome. He stops at the Bristol, a very modest hotel in the Place Vendome, near that patronized by the Editor's Canadian tourist parties, and not more stylish in external appearance, whatever it may be within. The cartoonist, who must see the funny side of everything, shows the King travelling incognito. But the well-known face and figure are easily recognized in the workman's blouse, the soldier's tunic, or the garb of the man about town. His diplomatic visits have knit the long estranged nations in bonds of friendly sympathy and cordial good will.

William the Meddlesome has managed to stir up a perfect hornets' nest by his interference with the arrangements of France and England for suppressing anarchy and savagery in Morocco. Ger-

—Minneapolis Journal.

man trade is almost nil in that country, but it gave a fine opportunity for the self-assertion of the man who aspires to be the arbiter of Europe. After egging on Russia to conflict with the Japs he takes advantage of the disasters which have befallen the Colossus of the north to menace her Gallic ally; but the opportune and sturdy friendship of Britain seems to have preserved the peace of Europe. Long may the Island Empire and her wisely diplomatic king maintain the role of peacemaker of the continent.

One kind of reciprocity we can stand very well. Too long have bright and adventurous Canadians sought their fortunes in Uncle Sam's dominions. That is all changed now. Our exiles are hieing home, and many of their keen and thrifty American cousins, who know a good thing when they see it, as well as any, are coming with them by the hundred thousand. No longer is it true that Uncle Sam has farms for all. But Canada has, and bids all comers welcome to her broad domains.

Brother Jonathan's jug-handled offer of reciprocity can no longer attract the consideration of Miss Canada. She is no longer dependent on the favors of her Southern neighbor. When Jonathan tries to court her with his soft sawder, she lightly turns on her heel, and "Nobody axed you, sir," she says.

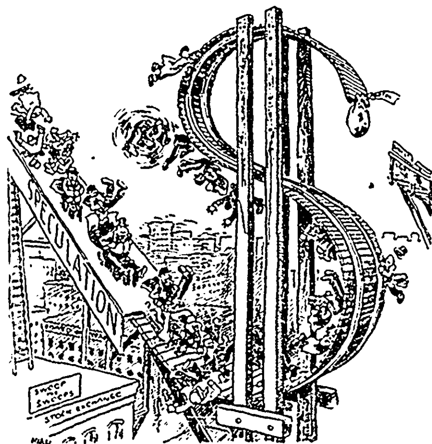
"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"Goin, to market, Sir," she said.

—The Inter-Nation, Boston.

THE CONSUMMATE FLOWER.

"The American Beauty Rose can be produced in all its splendor only by sacrificing the early buds that grow up around it."—John D. Rockfeller, Jr.

The remark above quoted is said to have been made by the millionaire Sunday-school teacher to his Bible-class. However true this may be in floriculture, its analogue is not true in trade. The multitude of victims of the Standard Oil Company can scarcely contemplate with satisfaction their sacrifice to the greatness of their successful rival. In trade, in politics, as well as in religion, the Golden Rule is the only solution of the problem of the keen commercialism of the age.



NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS: SWOOPING THE SWOOPS.

Apropos of the Bigelow case and other recent revelations in high finance.—Bradley, in the Chicago Daily News.

The get-rich-quick mania of the times is well illustrated by the above cartoon. Men rush into speculation, and often into peculation, exceeding the frenzy of the Darien and Mississippi Bubble. The excitement of the wheat pit and stock markets of Chicago and New York resemble more the orgies of the devotees of Diana of Ephesus than rational business methods. The gambling spirit of the racecourse and the card table are carried into the counting-house and the council boards of great fiduciary companies. Witness the plunging of Banker Bigelow and the frenzied finance of the in-Equitable Life and other stock companies. Such "swooping the swoops" leads to inevitable disaster, as is vividly shown in our instructive cartoon.

"GRAFT."

Will the modern Hercules conquer?—From Public, of Chicago.

The recent revelations of civic corruption in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and San Francisco show the great and widespread evil with which most civilized communities have to grapple. The graft and greed and fraud, which, vampire-like, suck the life-blood of the community for selfish and unrighteous gain, is one of the most menacing perils of the times. The success of Mayor Weaver in Philadelphia shows also how the snake of graft may be scotched if not killed. If one brave, bold man will use the big stick of law and authority, the people will rally around him, and the coward brood will skulk away in darkness and defeat.

LABOR UNIONS AS CAPITALISTS.

THE WHOLE THING IN A NUTSHELL.

Labor: "Hello, you get off of that!"
Capital: "What for?"
Labor: "I want it myself, see!"—Our Day.

That the working together in harmony of capital and labor for their mutual interests, says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, is the desired panacea for strikes and other difficulties is acknowledged by all. To attain this end some large manufacturing establishments have offered shares of stock to their employees at tempting prices, while others have arranged for bonuses of stock to be given to their workmen after certain periods of service. Profit-sharing plans in the form of gifts of stock would be attractive in a marked degree if the owning of the stock would in any way benefit them other than by the small profits they might receive on the stock. Regardless of the donations of any stock which manufacturers sometimes make, trade unionists could soon own a large interest if they would form a financial plan for obtaining shares regularly through the stock market, by forming stockholders' associations in their unions. Even if a controlling interest is not obtained, they would be entitled to a representative on the Board of Directors, owning collectively, perhaps, as large a block of stock as any of the largest stockholders.

It is only by making their interests common that both manufacturer and workman can work together to the best advantage. If there were no dividends, and losses instead of profits, then the men would, for their own good, be more satisfied to accept a cut in wages; but, as stockholders, they could demand that all of the salaries be cut, from the president down through the entire list to the poorest paid man or boy. Now it is frequently different; the salaries of the officials usually remain the same, and the cutting is done only at the pay-roll of wages to the laboring man.

There is another feature to this labor union financial plan which is well worth mentioning. At present, large insurance funds are raised in many unions for sick benefits, death claims, and funeral expenses. Large accumulations are also made for use as defence funds in times of strikes. Now, if the cause of strikes were largely done away with, these funds would buy a vast amount of stock and bonds of the works with which the men are identified. The interest from the stocks and bonds could be used for sick benefits, and, if a workman died, the union Purchasing Committee could buy his stock and pay the money to his widow or his heirs. This plan means to a workman a protection in time of sickness and accident, and it means an income for him in his old age when he can work no longer.

From the standpoint of the officers of the union and the present business agent, walking delegate, and agitator, so-called, the plan may be opposed; but if looked at right it means a still more secure position for him, with added duties. He then becomes the business agent of the union workman in a new and truer sense of the word. From the standpoint of the employer and capitalist at the works, it means better work from the entire labor force of the shop, as each man watches his neighbor to see that he does not shirk. If all the men have an interest in the stock of the concern, it means a greater output, and the saving of that vast loss to the business man whenever there is a strike. It means union of strength, of labor and capital. Their interests become one, and all alike are benefited.

In New York alone two millions and a half dollars per month in wages are lost to the wage-earners by the strike in the building trades, quite apart from the injury done to that business and to other businesses. One result noted is the increasing procession of discouraged and dejected men, women, and children who present themselves nightly for the dole of free bread at the New York bakery. At the same time, deposits in the savings

QUIT ROCKING THE BOAT.

banks are being rapidly withdrawn, while the prospect of a coming hard winter, when work in many lines must necessarily be suspended, gives rise to the most gloomy apprehensions. Capital and labor are urged to get together and end these pitiful conditions, but so far each party regards the demands of the other as intolerable. Such is industrial civil war, as wasteful and bitterly cruel to the innocent as any war could be.—Witness.

The cartoonist, in a somewhat exaggerated way, has shown the encroachments of greed upon one of the grandest exhibitions of natural beauty in the world. It was a wise thing when a few years ago the two countries, which are the national custodians of the Falls, agreed to preserve its immediate surroundings as a public park for ever. But the possibilities of long distance transmission of electric power is leading to a subversion of that plan. It is predicted that in a few years the American Fall will be entirely dry, and the Canadian fall very much diminished by the diversion of their waters to underground conduits. The erection of huge manufacturing establishments may add to the desecration of this great temple of nature.

Of course, no one wants to prevent the utilization of this enormous source of energy, which has been going to waste for ages. But it should be done with reverence to the rights of future generations of worshippers of beauty; that the energy of the cataract may be used to run the machinery of Toronto, Buffalo, and, perhaps, New York, and thus increase the dividends of the plutocrats, is no warrant for destroying the dividend of beauty beyond all price of those, who, in its contemplation, look from nature up to nature's God.

"The travelling platform appears to be the logical evolution of efforts to provide for continual increasing traffic. When the separate train or tram service is first installed, the trains are few and far between; as the numbers increase, the headway is reduced and the cars follow each other closer and closer; so that the introduction of the moving platform is really the merging of separate trains into one great train, covering the entire roadway, and rendered capable of ascent or descent without interruption of motion.

"It was Pascal who first defined a river as a travelling highway, and possibly the flow of the river may be repeated in the mechanical stream of the travelling roadway as the solution of a problem in transport which has become perplexingly difficult in many places."

NIAGARA FALLS—AS THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE WOULD HAVE THEM.

—From the Chicago Record Herald.

Religious Intelligence.

The International Sunday-school Convention.

A great convention—great numerically, great financially, great spiritually—was the International Sunday-school Convention, held in Toronto, with its delegation reaching well up to 2,000. The largest delegation on record previous to this is the Denver Convention's, 1,168. Just at noon as the bells of the city struck forth their chimes, one of Canada's most revered men, the Hon. Justice Maclaren, was called to the President's chair. It was a far call, he said, from lighting the fires in a log school-house of Quebec, in his boyhood, to the Presidency of the International Sunday-school Association. "You represent on this continent one and a third million workers—a greater force than the combined armies of Russia and Japan."

From the first a deeply spiritual tone prevaded the convention. The first service was a consecration meeting in the Metropolitan Church, led by the Rev. Dr. Tomkins, of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. It was an hour not to be forgotten in a lifetime. Great stress was laid on silent communion with God, and to it great place was given. The quiet half-hour was observed at noon during convention days. On Sunday morning at nine o'clock Dr. Tomkins conducted a prayer and praise service in the Metropolitan.

If any one thinks that the Anglican Church has no place for the class-meeting, and no capacity for using it, they should have been present at this memorable service.

As some one has said, it would be poor policy on the part of Methodism to begin to loosen her grip on our institution just when other churches are beginning to recognize its value.

We believe that these great gatherings where the lines of nation and denomination and even the color line is lost—we believe such gatherings have a greater place than any one realizes in the educative influences of the world.

"It beats any crowd to raise money I've ever seen," we overheard a New York delegate say, as subscriptions were being called out from every part of the floor and gallery. The convention had been asked to give $50,000 annually for the next triennium, that the work might be greatly enlarged. Field workers were needed, particularly in Japan, Mexico, and among the negroes of the South. At midnight of the day the appeal was made subscriptions had come in to the amount of $66,000.

"Make it $75,000!" was the call when the announcement was made next morning, and in ones, and tens, and hundreds, and a few thousands, the answers poured in till the $75,000 mark was overstepped in a very few minutes. Indeed, it seemed as though the flow of subscriptions could hardly be stopped. Clearly the Sunday-school is getting at the heart of the world.

One million five hundred thousand trained teachers for North America was one of the watchwords of the convention. The need of systematic training for such a line of work was much dwelt on. The relation of the pastor to the Sunday-school was another weighty theme. The seminary should give a large place to the Sunday-school in its training. The pastor ought to know what good teaching is, and how to train the teachers in his Sunday-school.

The most difficult problem for settlement was the adoption of the supplemental, or "advanced," lesson system. It is to be regretted that the uniform lesson system that united the English-speaking world, that united the several generations of the family in the study of one lesson, should have its influence in any way impaired. But though those desiring the option of supplemental lessons were in the minority, yet as Dr. Potts said, they were an "aggressive minority." It was a generous concession on the part of the convention to grant this option.

The temperance and missionary pulsa-

tions were strongly felt in the various meetings.

After an interesting "pull" between San Francisco and Louisville, it was decided to accept Kentuckian hospitality for the next convention in 1908. The next World's Sunday-school Convention will be in Rome in 1907.

Great World Convention in Europe.

Among the notable assemblages of this summer was the World's Student Christian Federation, held in Zeist, Holland. Leaders of student work in thirty nations from the five continents and Australia were present. John R. Mott, in a decennial review, said the organization had united in one movement over one hundred thousand students and professors belonging to nearly forty nations. He emphasized the need of Russia's forty-seven thousand students, as yet largely untouched by pure Christianity, the accessibility of higher institutions in China, India, and Japan, and the inviting field offered for work among schoolboys and schoolgirls, toward whom the movement has only just begun to be directed.

Another notable gathering was the World Y.M.C.A. Conference, held in Paris, to which the United States and Canada sent forty delegates, Britain one hundred and seventy-five, and Germany headed the list with three hundred. Many of the addresses at the convention were delivered in three languages—French, German, and English—and the time taken to translate paragraph after paragraph necessarily retarded the usually lively movement of Y.M.C.A. gatherings. But when all, led by the German delegates, united in singing Luther's hymn, "A might fortress is our God," feeling rose to a high pitch, while the offering of prayers during the sessions, in Japanese, Italian, Greek, Swedish, Finnish, and Chinese made more apparent the international reach of the movement than even significant statistics could do.

A Great Man in a Great Place.

A great man in a great empire. We refer to Dr. Griffith John, whose jubilee was recently celebrated on two sides of the world. It marked the completion of fifty fruitful years in China. In connection with mission work in China are many names worthy of the highest honor, yet with common consent the foremost of them is that of the Welshman, Dr. Griffith John, who more than a half-century ago was stirring Wales as a boy preacher.

It was during this period of his life that he came in contact with David Griffith, a hero of Madagascar, and became fired with missionary zeal. He forthwith consecrated himself to Madagascar, but God's purpose was China.

Griffith John was married to David Griffith's daughter, and arrived in Shanghai in 1855. In a twelvemonth he had such a grip on the language as enabled him to preach the Gospel without foreign aid. From the first he was animated by the Pauline spirit, casting the eager eyes of a conqueror over the innermost provinces of unknown China.

In 1861 he fixed on Hankow as his headquarters. It has continued such for forty-four years, though his zeal never allowed Hankow to limit his labors elsewhere. His many-sidedness has been shown throughout his life. From the first he saw the importance of converting the lower classes; yet no one has shown greater tact in dealing with the official classes. No one has won more privileges from them.

Out of his work has grown a medical school, a girls' school, a high school, a divinity school, a normal institution, and many day-schools. Nor has he forgotten his own countrymen coming to China. The sailors receive from him a ready welcome. A homelike building in his own English garden, bearing the name, "The Rest," has grown up in this connection. But, says Dr. Harlan P. Beach, "his widest contribution to the uplifting of China has been through his literary gifts. The extent of this influence may be judged from the fact that last year, of some 2,500,000 copies of the publications of the Central China Religious Tract Society that were put in circulation, more than half were from his pen; while during the same period, nearly a million copies of his translations of the New Testament and of other parts of the Bible were circulated."

He has shown himself a Christian statesman, but, more than his intellectual gifts, it is his spirituality that makes him the power he is in China today, both among the natives and among the other missionaries, whose inspiration he has ever been.

Dr. Abbott.

Considerable discussion was created lately, not only in the columns of the religious but also of the secular press,

by some statements of Dr. Lyman Abbott in his sermon to the students of Harvard. Said Dr. Abbott:

"I wonder if you students in Harvard will understand me when I say that I no longer believe in a Great First Cause. To-morrow the newspapers will get hold of this and brand me as a heretic. My God is a great and ever-present force, which is manifest in all the activities of man and all the workings of nature. I believe in a God who is in and through and of everything—not an absentee God, whom we have to reach through a Bible, or a priest or some other outside aid, but a God who is close to us."

Later, when attacked by the press on the ground of denying the "First Great Cause," he made explanations that seemed to modify to some extent his previous statements:

"The old idea was that God was over and above the world, related to it as a mechanic to his machine. To-day we have come to the more spiritual view of God as the indwelling Spirit, who is in and of the entire universe. This permits of no doctrine of mediation. It brings each soul as near to God as any man has ever been, or ever will be, whether it be here to-day, on the isle of Patmos, or on Sinai. God is not an unconscious force, but a being who thinks, wills and feels. It is not necessary that God be somewhere rather than everywhere. The conception of the eternal presence is expressed better by the words, 'Our Father,' than by any other I know. A father dwells in his child, a king sits apart and governs through fear of punishment. It is because He dwells in us that God is our Father."

We cannot see, however, that this belief in the presence and fatherhood of God conflicts in any way with the belief in a Great First Cause. Nay, rather does it confirm such a belief.

It is unfortunate that a man of Dr. Abbott's abilities should make such misleading statements—especially to a body of students, should pose as a martyr, and seek the cheap notoriety of heresy-mongering. In an age that tends to the unifying of doctrine, it is unnecessary to throw out statements so liable to misinterpretation and provocation of doubt. With the amount of direct evangelical work to be done in the world, there is no call to provoke theological contentions on which to spend one's strength. After all, the "strong meat of the word" is in the Bible itself, not in what gifted men, however devout, say about the Bible, and it is encouraging to note that the Bible is being sold and read as never before.

A Nickel for the Lord.

Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, but when the plate was passed to-day he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and finding this poor little nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the Church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel.

On Saturday afternoon he met a friend, and together they had some refreshments. The cash register stamped thirty-five cents on the slip the boy presented to him. Peeling off a bill he handed it to the lad, and gave a nickel tip when he brought back the change. A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter!

And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave and paid fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord.

Who is the Lord?

Who is He? Why, the man worships Him as Creator of the universe, the one who put the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the Church militant.

And what is the Church militant.

The Church militant is the Church that represents upon earth the triumphant Church of the great God.

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this he put his hand in his pocket, and picked out the nickel, and gave it to the Lord.

And the Lord being gracious, and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man was not.

The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.—G. F. Raymond, in the Toronto Star.

Conference on Inter-Church Federation.

Preparations are going on for the conference on the federation of Christian Churches, to be held at Carnegie Hall, New York, November 15th to 20th. This promises to be a great event in Christian history. Delegates have been appointed from twenty-one denominations, with about 18,000,000 communicants. Among the topics on the programme prominence is given to the relations of a united church to evangelism, to the social order, to home and foreign missions, to religious education, and to the fellowship of faith. It may be found possible to form a federation representing all Protestant denominations through which the churches may speak on moral and social subjects of national significance.

The Growth of Missions.

The summary of the foreign mission statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past year shows that the society has 276 men and 227 women missionaries, besides 231 women, supported by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The missions report 905 native ordained preachers, 6,719 other native workers, 226,563 members and probationers, or 10,827 more than were reported the previous year. There are nine universities and colleges, twenty-one theological or Bible training-schools, 100 high schools and boarding-schools, and 1,804 other elementary or day schools. These schools report 58,632 students under instrucion. The 4,928 Sabbath-schools report 247,638 scholars. There are now 1,312 churches and chapels, besides 362 halls or other rented places of worship, and 644 parsonages or homes. The home Church, through the Missionary Society, expended about $970,000 for the foreign missions. The missions themselves contributed for various purposes over $700,000.

The summary of statistics of the domestic missions shows that the sum of $523,297 was appropriated from the funds of the society to aid 3,948 pastoral charges, which report 310,281 members and probationers, with $10,337,963 worth of property, and $1,245,345 contributed for self-support.

Comparison of Methodist and Roman Catholic Givings.

A good deal has been said about the splendid givings of Roman Catholics for Church purposes. Perhaps, it would surprise some of our readers to know that the total givings of the Methodist Episcopal Church for missions during the year 1903 were more than double the total givings of the Roman Catholics throughout the world for the same purpose. The Michigan Christian Advocate recently published a table showing the givings of Roman Catholicism in all countries of both hemispheres for the propagation of the faith. The total was $1,247,471. The total given by the Methodist Episcopal Church for missions during the same year was $2,551,578, thus giving the above-named balance. When we remember that this is only one section of one Protestant denomination, we begin to grasp the situation. The above facts are stubborn. Under the circumstances it is hardly appropriate for Roman Catholics to regard us, as they have sometimes, as a mere "sect," comparatively unimportant.

The Religious Press of the United States.

The New World, of Chicago, has taken the trouble to compile the following table, showing the number of American religious papers, with their aggregate circulation:

	No. of Papers.	Circulation.
Catholics	250	875,400
Methodists	113	753,200
Baptists	142	465,300
Presbyterians	46	415,100
Jews	45	238,900
Episcopalians	54	142,700
Disciples of Christ	22	127,200
Congregationalists	19	112,800
Lutherans	44	105,550
Adventists	15	41,180
All others	128	244,200
Totals	878	3,521,530

The Methodists and Baptists together, whose communicants number slightly less than the Catholic population, show a larger circulation by 338,000. A curious fact is the large number of papers supported by the smaller denominations included under the head "all others."

Mr. Colquhoun publishes a list of fifty-six magazines, not including religious periodicals, published in Canada, only one of which still survives. We think it not to the discredit of this Magazine, which is frankly both religious and denominational, that amid such mortality it has reached its sixty-first volume and thirty-first year, and is more alive than ever.

Book Notices.

"The White Peril: An Interpretation of the Significance of the Russo-Japanese War." By Sidney Lewis Gulick, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is a brief and in every way a satisfactory summing up of the situation in the Far East by a man who has not only heard and seen, but who knows how to see and hear below the surface the true and unseen things that make up the reality behind ephemeral phenomena. He looks at the White Peril, which threatens the whole of the East, in the form of the unscrupulous aggressions of the white man, through the eyes of the Japanese, and with the heart of the Anglo-Saxon at his best, in the Christian missionary. The philosopher was seen in his earlier work, "The Evolution of the Japanese"; the practical man of affairs is seen in this. He shows that the fear of the "White Peril" is no figment of fancy, no bogeyman to frighten Eastern children, but a very serious modern menace to the integrity of the Orient and to the peace of the world. He draws with a few strokes of a master hand the awakening of Japan and her wonderful transformation in the face of the national danger. He points out the rapid phases through which she has passed within fifty years, the secret of her successes and the splendid evidences of the reality of her adopted ideals, and the uplifting, purifying, influence of the present struggle, which is one of the most righteously patriotic the world has yet seen. He then makes a proposition for securing permanent peace by the exclusion of Russia from the Pacific, by means of a buffer state north of Manchuria, under the control of Great Britain and the United States. But to understand this the whole problem, as outlined in the book, must be studied: it is not to be incontinently rejected because unusual. We are living in a time when precedents are made for the future. The author covers very much the same ground, and in very much the same way, as in the two articles that have appeared in the May and June numbers of this magazine, "A New Problem for Missions." His solution is a proposition supplementary to that proposed in the above articles, but in no sense contradictory. The problem as to the salvation of Asia from the "White Peril," and of Europe from the "Yellow Peril," is an enormous one. It admits of many lines of mutually helpful plans of operation. This book is one of the very best contributions on the subject, written in a charming style, presented in print and binding that make it a pleasure to handle: it should be in the hands of all who are praying that Christ's kingdom may come to this sad old earth. C. S. E.

"Speeches and Addresses, Political, Literary, and Religious." By John Charlton. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. xi-499.

It is much, in the fierce light that beats upon a public man, to have "worn the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years." This the author of this goodly volume has done. He is everywhere known by friends and by opponents as "Honest John Charlton." He has ever been on the right side of every moral question—Sabbath observance, temperance, religion. He takes us at once into his confidence by reciting, in brief, his life story. His parents were sturdy Yorkshiremen, though he was born in New York State seventy-six years ago. At the age of twenty he came to Canada, and has been identified with its best interests ever since. His father's house was a place where religion was both preached and practised. The result is seen in the sturdy character which it developed. He takes greatest, honest pride in his legislation, known as the Charlton Act, for the protection of young girls. It took four years of parliamentary fighting, he says, to place that law on the statute book. He has given special attention to the transportation problem, which is fully discussed in these pages. He sturdily defends Britain's course in the South African War. Six papers discuss the fiscal relations of Canada, of which he was a profound student. Papers on religious subjects, platform addresses, on Lincoln, Livingstone, Washington, and a clever article on American humor, show the variety and importance of this book. It is handsomely printed and bound.

"The Christian Doctrine of the Lord's Supper." By the Rev. Robert M. Adamson, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-288.

In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and in the great sacrifice which it commemorates, is embodied the very essence of Christian doctrine. The frequent recurrence of its celebration make it much more prominent than even the sacrament of baptism. The errors which early crept into the Church in connection with the observance of this Christian covenant, and the idolatrous superstitions which followed, make the study of this doctrine and its development one of peculiar importance. The author studies the rise and growth of the sacrificial idea in the Old Testament, and its unfolding in the New. He traces the doctrine through the Greek Church, the development of reform doctrine, presents a constructive restatement of its meaning, traces it in the liturgies of the Church, in devotional literature, and devotes a chapter to its practical aspects. The book is a wise and thoughtful treatment of a very important topic.

"Outlines of the Life of Christ." By W. Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-241.

More than ever is the Matchless Life being made the study of the best mind and thought of Christendom. In this compendious volume is presented the substance of Professor Sanday's admirable contribution to Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible, under the title of "Jesus Christ." A survey of the conditions, historical and geographical, under which our Lord became manifest in the flesh, is first given; then follows the discussion of His early and later ministry, His teaching and miracles, and a supplemental chapter on the recent theories of the Nativity and the Infancy, and, finally, the verdict of history on this important subject.

"The Evangelistic Note." By W. J. Dawson. Author of "The Reproach of Christ," etc., etc. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 282. Price, $1.25 net.

We have presented in these pages an account of Dr. Dawson's evangelistic work in his own land and in the United States. This book describes out of his own heart the new joy which came to himself as he preached with unwonted power and success the Gospel of salvation to the uttermost in the midnight mission to the lapsed classes of Brighton. Previous to this Dr. Dawson had been more of the graceful litterateur than of the prophet. But a new note came into his life and sermons, a new commission to arouse the churches to their noblest duty, an aggressive evangelism, which is but the old message of early Methodism. These sermons have a literary grace, which is not always associated with a spiritual unction. They treat such important themes as the Social Significance of Christian Love, the Unavoidable Christ, God Waiting Man's Answer, the Seasons of the Soul, Christ Among the Common Things of Life.

"The Saintly Calling." By James Mudge, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 260. Price, $1.00.

Dr. Mudge is one of the clearest and strongest writers of American Methodism. His style is terse and strong and clear. We repeat our criticism of his book on "The Land of Faith," which applies as well to this volume: "There is a beauty of language and thought, without waste of words—short, bright, crisp sentences, containing the very meat of the Word." Philosophy is described as history teaching by example, so also is religion. Short chapters are devoted to typical characters. The great names of Jonathan Edwards, Wesley, Fletcher, Judson, Finney, Drummond, Moody, and Gladstone are supplemented by the stirring story of Cookman, Vassar, Charles G. Gordon, and others of the fellowship of saints.

"Burden-Bearing and Other Sermons." By John Rhey Thompson. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 261.

The grip of the Gospel upon the hearts and minds of men is shown by the continual issues from the press of successive volumes of discussion and exposition of the great verities of the faith. These, in this volume, are strong, clear, evangelical sermons, presenting the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel. One of the sermons has a special human interest, that on the death of Bishop Simpson, a man greatly beloved, who was greatly owned and honored of God.

"The Funeral: Its Conduct and Proprieties." By Joseph N. Greene. Cloth, 16mo, 109 pages. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c. net.

There is no occasion where any deviation from the proprieties or the correctness of things jars more or is more to be regretted than at a funeral—the one place of all where everything must be done "decently and in order." This little volume by Rev. Joseph N. Greene, just issued from the press of the Western Methodist Book Concern, makes the desired order both possible and easy. Suggestions are offered in the several divisions of the book to the undertaker, the minister, the bereaved, and the friends, and a comprehensive index makes any point instantly accessible. The mission of the book is, therefore, not to the few, but necessarily to the many.

"The Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus Christ Our Lord." By Alexander Whyte, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 340. Price, net $1.50.

Dr. Whyte has won a distinguished reputation by his six volumes of studies of Bible character and his vivid Bunyan characters. He is a master of the art of vivid portraiture and careful discrimination. The perennial interest of such "biographs" as he has written is attested by the continued demand for his books. This volume is, we judge, his masterpiece, as its subject is the great Master Model of mankind. The style is terse, strong, epigrammatic, illuminated with metaphors and and similes akin to those of the great Master of Parables Himself.

"The Life Everlasting." Studies in the Subject of the Future. By Rev. David Purves, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-265.

The solemn subject of last things is one that is of infinite importance. Nothing can be more helpful than the study of the glorious doctrine of the Atonement and the Resurrection and the Life to Come to aid in the guidance of conduct and building of character. An interesting section is devoted to Immortality and Literature, citing the attitude of science, the verdict of philosophy, the language of poetry. All these are corroborations of the teachings of the Word of God.

"Great Facts for Christian Living." By Geo. B. McLeod, M.A., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Truro, N.S. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222.

This volume is of superior literary merit, elevation of thought, and deep spiritual insight. Its chapters form a magnificent apologetic, defending the old truth of Christianity against the manifold assaults of recent times. They are rich in literary allusion and quotation, and their argument is logic set on fire with intense moral earnestness. We commend this book to our Methodist readers as a type of the vital and virile preaching of that Presbyterian Church with which we hope to unite our fortunes and our forces in the near future.

"Books for Bible Students." Edited by Arthur E. Gregory, D.D. "Studies in Homiletics." By Robert J. Wardell. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-204.

This is especially a book for preachers. It is a sort of manual on sermon construction. It describes methods, with examples of their application. It will be found very stimulating and suggestive in Bible exposition.

"Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1904. Part II. Thos. W. Gibson, Director. The Limestones of Ontario." By Willet G. Miller. Toronto: Printed and published by L. K. Cameron.

The Report of the Bureau of Mines of Ontario is devoted chiefly to the limestones of the province, some of these approaching in quality excellent marble, others possessing even greater economic value. Their record is clearly and concisely set forth.

"The Story of the Upper Room." By John Telford, M.A. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-248.

This is a devout and beautiful series of sermons on the farewell discourse of our Lord in the upper room where it was held "the last sad supper with His own." Mr. Telford possesses a keen insight into the heart of things, and into the Scriptures which he expounds. It gives new life and meaning to the tender story of the closing hours of our Lord's life and ministry.