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THE SPIRIT VISITANT OF TEMAN.

Job iv. 13-21.

BY MARGARET G. CURRIE.

'Twas in the far-off Patriarchal Age,
At midnight—haply of the solstice bland,
To Teman's palmy land of chief and sage
There came a spirit from the spirit-land,
To couch of strong Eliphaz grave and grand,
A poet seer, an olden king uncrowned,
A princely trafficker of stainless hand
His camels, treasures on their bunches bound,
Fared India-ward o'er sandy solitudes profound.

Safe were his asses in their nightly stalls,
His flocks in fold, his herds on pasture-sward
And he at rest amid his divaned halls,
Feared not Sabean or Chaldean horde,
Nor starry deities whom they adored;
His home-born servitors, a valiant band,
Profoundly slept, with ready spear and sword
To guard from prowlers of nigh desert land
The horned and fleecy droves that passed beneath the hand.

The prophet-chieftain knew before he waked
A pure, ethereal visitant was near,
His flesh crawled white, his bones and sinews quaked,
His hair stood up, instinct with that wild fear
That thrills the hearts of men when ghosts appear.
Eliphaz shuddering owned how weak his race,
The spirit's insight how divinely clear—
The draped form luminous but veiled the face,
A silent voice was heard that filled the eery place.

"Give ear to me awhile, thou Temanite,
I know the mysteries I may not disclose,
My phantom feet have trod the land of light
Beyond death's swelling stream that darkling flows,
I come commissioned thy secure repose
To break, that I man's nothingness may show.
And might of God who doth all fates dispose—
Even as the seraphs that before Him glow
I at His mandate stand, or at His bidding go

"Shall man be purer, juster than the Lord,
Who when archangels thought to wrest His crown
Rebuked their arrant folly, His strong word
From glittering thrones supernal cast them down.
Then why will feeble man provoke His frown?"
The voice was tender though with touch of scorn,
The spirit, mortal birth's weak hour had known,
Had entered life with wailing, and forlorn,
Tho' now exalted high among the sons of morn.

"Calamity, strife, pain vex all their days
These frail, but proud, illustrious sons of men;
Each hastes to death with sorrow and amaze
Yet, dying, questions, 'Shall I live again?'
Gone is his pride and excellency, when
Before the moth, falls from its stately height
His beauteous dust-foundationed house, a fane
Of sacred walls erect and windows bright."
Thus spake the ghost august, and vanished in the night.

Fredericton, N.B.

GROUP OF INDIANS.

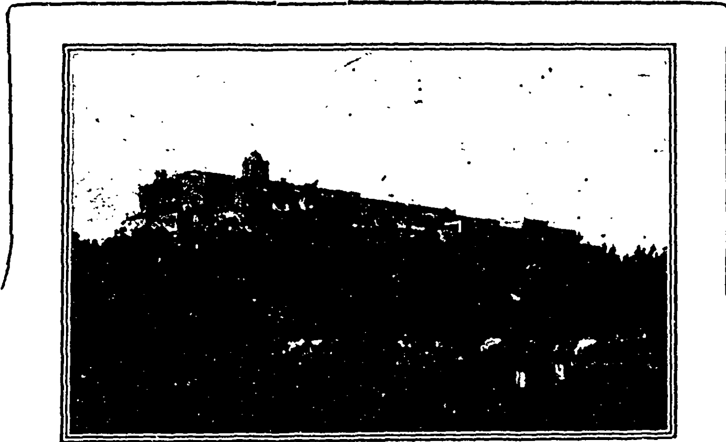
THE VEGA CANAL, MEXICO.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1905.

METHODISM IN MEXICO.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.

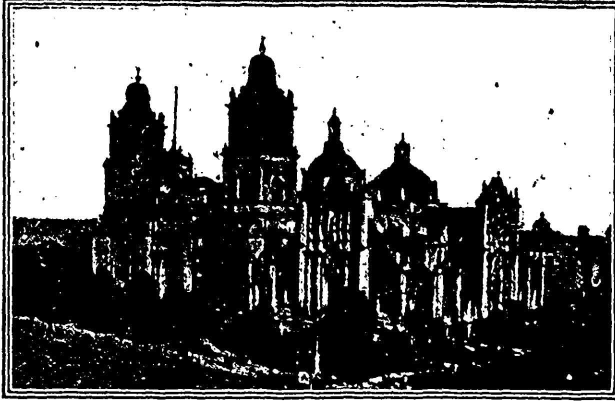
TO found a great mission in two hemispheres is a privilege seldom permitted to one man. Dr. Butler returned to America after the successful founding of the mission in India. But about 1873, when he was past fifty-four years of age, American Methodism listened to the cry of Mexico at her very threshold, and the veteran Indian pioneer was invited to again go forth and become the father of a mission. The aborigines of Mexico, as is well known, boasted a high degree of civilization, but in 1572 the Inquisition asserted its cruel sway over the land. Spain, it will be remembered, entered Mexico in 1515, about a century before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and it was not till 1821 that Mexico escaped from her bondage. Even then, for over thirty years, the hand of clerical despotism was hard upon the land. It is estimated that the Church at this time owned one-third of the real estate of the country. In the year 1857 the Indian president, Benito Juarez, drew up the famous Laws of Reform, known as the Magna Charta of Mexico. These laws guaranteed liberty of conscience and also sequestrated the property of the Church, appropriating large portions of it for schools, hospitals, and libraries.

A MAGNIFICENT AVENUE NEAR THE PALACE, CHAPULTEPEC.

Naturally the hierarchy were aroused; a plot originated for placing Maximilian of Austria on the throne of Mexico. Supported by Austrian gold, French troops and the blessing of the Pope, this descendant of a loyal Catholic house crossed the sea and set up his court, driving Juarez to the frontier. The hands of the United States were, at that time, tied by the Civil War, but at its close the French Emperor, Napoleon III., was gently reminded of "the Monroe Doctrine." Unwilling at that time to risk a quarrel with the United States, he withdrew the French troops, and the patriot army forthwith recaptured the government for their president, Juarez. Monasteries and nunneries were being secularized everywhere for the good of the nation when the Protestant forces came into the field.

In February of 1873 Dr. Butler arrived in Mexico. He reached the capital by way of the first railroad that had been opened in the republic, and which had just been completed, This road is still considered one of the marvels of modern engineering, climbing as it does eight thousand feet

BORDA GARDEN, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO.



CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

above the sea in a run of two hundred and sixty-three miles. Starting from the coffee plantations of the tropics, the traveller gradually ascends till he meets with the more familiar vegetation and flowers of the temperate zone. In a space of two miles, as the crow flies, the railway requires a run of thirteen miles. The same Indians who offer fruits for sale at the one station, take the foot-path and greet the passengers with a smile at the next. It is interesting to note that so rich are these Mexican hills as to produce one-third of the silver of the world.

Dr. Butler was much impressed by the politeness and courtesy of the Mexicans to strangers. As an illustration, the guide, in speaking of the flags captured by the Mexicans, after a hard fight, from the United States, in the war of 1847-48, spoke of them as "left by the American army."

Arriving in Mexico City, he was confronted with the difficulty of securing a suitable place to open his mission. Bigoted landlords were unwilling to rent to a heretic. Finally, a man owning a small house on a side street consented to let it for a sum large enough to purchase pardon for his lapse from orthodoxy. Two rooms were thrown together to serve as a school-room and chapel. When we consider that at this time only three per cent. of the population of Mexico could read and write, we shall better understand something of the work before this mission. Said one of their political leaders about this time:

> "My people are to-day in a far worse condition than they were when Cortez burned his ships behind him in the harbor of Vera Cruz and marched to the conquest of Montezuma's empire; worse fed, worse clad, worse housed and more ignorant than they were that day."

Humboldt wrote of them:

> "I have seen them masked, and adorned with dangling bells, perform savage dances around the altar while a monk of St. Francis elevated the host."

The Abbe Domenech, chaplain of the French forces to Mexico, declared: "The Mexican is not a Catholic; he is simply a Christian because he is baptized. In all Spanish America there are among the priests the veriest wretches—men who make an infamous traffic of religion. One of the greatest evils in Mexico is the exorbitant fee

demanded for the performance of the marriage ceremony, often a sum that a Mexican mechanic, with his limited wages, could scarcely accumulate in fifty years. Priests vowed to celibacy who are recognized as fathers of families are by no means rare. The people only rail at the conduct of their pastors when they are not content with one wife."

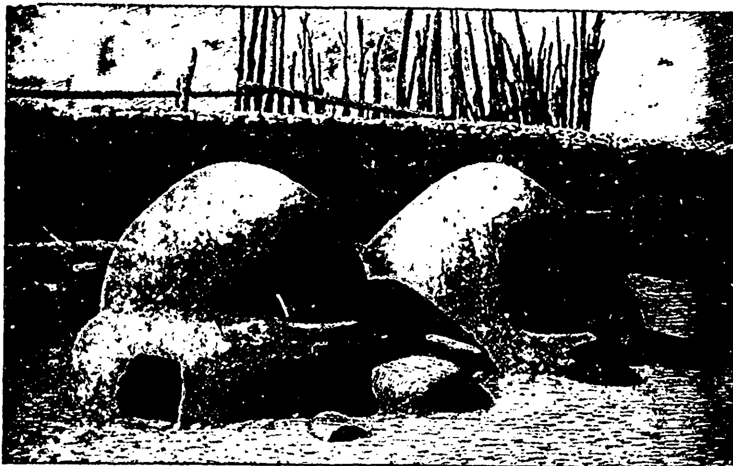
Yet this same land is filled with magnificent churches, the cathedral of Mexico City being the largest on the continent.

PATIO OF HOTEL ITURBIDE, MEXICO.

It early became evident to the Spanish conquerors that the Indians objected to the worship of the Virgin that the conquering armies had borne into the land, so a legend soon supplied them with a Virgin of their own. The story is as follows: To an Indian, Juan Diego, living on a rocky plain, there appeared thrice the Virgin of Guadalupe and commanded him to go to the archbishop, requesting that a shrine be built her on this neighboring hill, bidding him carry, as a proof of his commission, the roses which should bloom in the desert. Juan Diego gathered in his coarse cloak the miraculous flowers, but when he opened the cloak, lo, instead of the roses was a beautiful painting of the Virgin! His story was then given credence, and a shrine erected for the Virgin of Guadalupe, henceforth to be the chief object of adoration in the land. The miraculous portrait is still shown the faithful. And so devoted were the followers of the rival Virgins that if they met in the streets on the days of their processions, they often came to blows.

With the growth of the mission larger premises became necessary. But fanatical property owners were unwilling to either rent or sell property for heretical purposes. It was learned that the Chiarini Circus had failed, and the great building in the heart of the city was for sale. Dr. Butler strove to get the building that crowds were wont to frequent. But an old lady, whose signature was necessary, preferred seeing the building burned to being occupied by heretics.

Finally Dr. Butler chanced to run across an Irish soldier who had served under Havelock in India, and on presenting him with a copy of his book "The Land of Veda," the Irishman was so won over by Dr. Butler's tri-



OUTDOOR OVEN, MEXICO.

bute to their gallant commander Havelock, that, Catholic though he was, he consented, with Irish warm-heartedness, to take the mission funds and purchase the Chiarini Circus for the Society.

This splendid property had once been a part of the palace of the Emperor Montezuma. After the conquest it became part of the noted Franciscan convent. On its sequestration it was sold to a theatrical company. Thus the palace of an emperor and the cloisters of the monks was at last made a home for Methodism.

The following paragraph appeared in one of the Church organs of the city when the purchasers became known. It reads:

"*Each Time Worse.*

"It is said that the Protestants have purchased the Chiarini Circus. As is known, this place is formed out of a patio of the monastery of San Francisco. You will wander lamenting around that place which was sanctified by the presence of the sons of San Francisco and which is profaned on a descending scale by rope dancing, immoral shows, licentious balls and the ceremonies of a dissenting sect which is the enemy of the Church. It is a real profanation, but it cannot be remedied, for power protects the profaners."

But, in spite of all rebuffs, Protestantism had come to spread its open Bible in the shadows of the two majestic mountains. It was an inspiring view from the front windows of the Mission—that of the hoary peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztoicihuatl.

"They stand, those regal mountains, with crowns of spotless snow
Forever changeless, grand, sublime, as ages come and go.
Each day the morning cometh in through the eastern gate,
With trailing robes of pink and gold, and still they stand and wait
For that more glorious morning, for the more joyful sounds:
Lift up your heads, ye gates of gold!
The King of Glory comes"

Even more interesting is the story of the Mission building in the city of Puebla, which is really the ecclesiastical capital of Mexico. Here their purchase chanced to be none other than part of the Institution. For three hundred years this brutal institution crushed out all freedom in the land of Mexico; and when, at its sequestration, it fell into the hands of the Republican forces, those from whose homes loved ones had mysteriously disappeared rushed to the doors, demanding the right of search. But only

ANCIENT AQUEDUCT, MEXICO—CACTUS IN THE FOREGROUND.

a few survivors were found. Finally some one noted the thickness of the walls. They were sounded, and found to be hollow. Openings were immediately made, and what was the horror of the onlookers! In the narrow cells of the partitions, manacled to the walls, were the ghastly skeletons of their lost ones, wearing the very garments in which they had seen them last.

Two such bodies are still on exhibit in a glass case in the National Museum.

"At the time of the sequestration a German Jew bought a portion of the Inquisition, and from him it passed into the hands of Dr. Butler. In speaking of his purchase he says:

"'Both in India and in Mexico I have made all sorts of purchases for our Society, but when we stood beside this man on dais of the examining chapel of Puebla, and realized that a Jew was offering the Inquisition for sale to a Methodist preacher, this seemed about the most extraordinary transaction in real estate that we had ever known.'"

A band of loyal members was soon gathered, and their joy was great at hearing the gospel in their own tongue. A cheering feature of the work was that a few zealous and sincere-hearted priests had their eyes opened to the light and henceforth became co-workers with the Protestants. One, Father Rodriguez, went to remonstrate with a village cobbler for reading the Bible. "Did you ever read it yourself?" asked the wise cobbler. The priest admitted that he had not, and accepted the loan of the cobbler's Bible, and was led to see he had not been teaching the truth to his people. Shortly after he joined the mission and became one of their most successful preachers.

The public press did all in its power to crush the Protestant faith, of which they wrote: "Protestantism is the *carte blanche* for sin. They adore the devil, and sing hymns in honor of Belial." In spite of such and more

ADOBE VILLAGE, MEXICO.

vigorous forms of persecution, the mission grew and flourished, and the founder was pleased to testify that the government throughout extended the splendid protection which its constitution afforded.

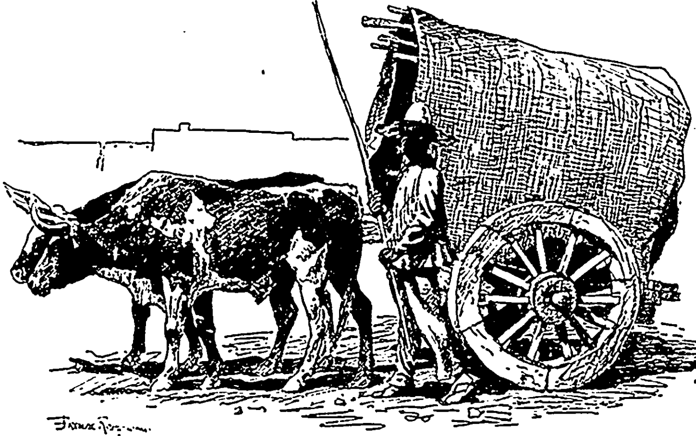
One means of reaching the people was by keeping Bibles constantly open in the windows of the mission book store. Here passers-by, who dared not own a Bible, could pause and read for themselves the Word of life. Certain of them were noticed coming every day to read the freshly-turned page, and sometimes they would even come in and ask that another page be turned that they might finish the chapter.

The exclusion of the Jesuits in 1873 by "The Pernicious Foreigners' Act," cleared, to some extent, the path of the missionaries. Dr. Butler had looked forward to five years' service in Mexico, but six were granted him. In the evening light, on the flat roof of the mission house, the beloved old man, who was the founder of a mission in two hemispheres, could often be seen enjoying an hour of quiet. Here the little ones from the orphanage used to make their playground, and "grandpapa's" appearance was always hailed with shouts of joy as they ran to be cuddled in the folds of his study coat.

In 1879 a serious form of lung trouble compelled the veteran missionary to leave the scene of his labors, but not before he had seen the mission established on a firm foundation.

Nine years later he saw Mexico again for the last time, but it was Mexico redeemed. The membership of the churches had doubled; the mission property was thrice its former value; the Bible was open to Mexico, and Protestantism was no longer persecuted in her streets. A splendid public school system had been inaugurated; railroads had been built, banks established, and penny postage had replaced the unheard-of rates of previous years. There still remains much to do, but the aged missionary saw as the fruit of his toil a harvest of a hundred-fold, and seeing it, we know he left the rest with God.

To-day the statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church report eight



BULLOCK CART, MEXICO.

male missionaries and their wives, seven missionaries and 51 native workers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, 23 ordained and 27 unordained native preachers, 73 native teachers and other helpers, 2,873 members and 2,676 probationers, with 10,688 adherents. The mission property is valued at $551,430.

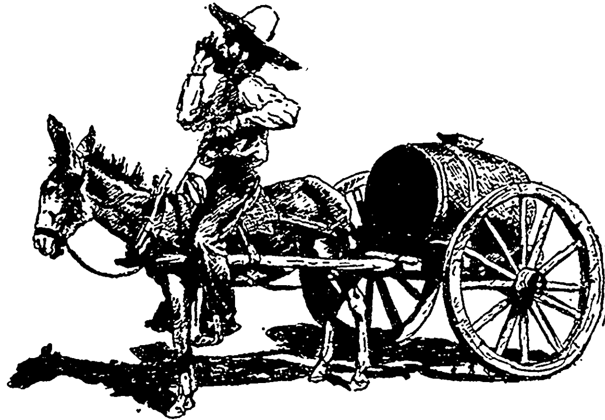
WOMAN VENDING FRUIT ON A STREET CORNER.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reports 13 foreign male missionaries, all of whom are married; 53 native travelling preachers, 47 local preachers, 75 stations and circuits, 5,783 members, 116 Sunday-schools, with 3,862 scholars, a hospital at San Luis Potosi, and one at Monterey, and mission property valued at $165,867.

The Methodist press alone has printed about 70,000,000 pages of religious literature since it was established. The Presbyterian press, it is believed, has done more. The Bible and Tract Societies of London and New York are engaged in the work of distributing Bibles and religious literature. The American Bible Society maintains in Mexico thirty colporteurs, many of whom are as devoted men as ever toiled for Christ or won a martyr's crown. These men distributed in twenty years of work a total of 659,362 copies or portions of Holy Writ.

The old Franciscan monastery in the city of Mexico is now the headquarters of the Methodist mission, the seat of its printing press, from which pours forth a flood of Christian literature, the home of its missionary societies and schools, the residence of Dr.

John Butler, son of its sainted founder. Here in English, German and French, the Word of life is preached on the Lord's Day, and bright-eyed, nimble-witted Mexican children are taught to read the Word of life and sing the songs of Zion.



THE WATER-CART.

MEMORY'S LANE.

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

I know a lane, where the brier rose
  Leans o'er the old stone wall—
And the scented blooms from an apple tree
  Like tinted sea shells fall.

There's a turnstile too, 'twixt the winding lane
  And the meadow with blossom white,
Sweet stars that the queen moon spilled from her boat—
  On the sleeping world, one night.

Where cornflowers open their pretty blue eyes,
  And poppies flirt with the sun,
While all of the grasses are gleaming with gems,
  That fairies from dewdrops have spun.

Ah! Yes! there's a brook, it ripples and smiles,
  Past banks where the fringed gentian peeps
But the song that it sings to the violet, I ween,
  She safe in her little heart keeps.

Aye, this is the lane that memory paints,
  Where my flower of love once grew;
For down by the stile I met a sweet maid,
  With eyes like the cornflower's blue.

Her cheeks were flushed with the pink of the rose,
  Her lips wore the poppies red,
And sunbeams were playing at hide-and-seek
  'Midst the curls on her golden head.

Lightly she tripped through the meadow sweet,
  While the breeze softly kissed her brow;
Then she laughed—and her laugh was the song of the brook—
  Methinks I can hear it now.

But alas for the passing of summer dreams,
  We met, and we parted for aye,
Now lonely I walk here in memory's lane,
  While she rides on the world's highway.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE page of history on which the record of slavery is written is one of the darkest in the annals of mankind. Indeed, it has been in all ages the crime of the strong against the weak, of the conquerors against the conquered. Slavery appears in the Chinese records of three thousand years ago. The Phœnicians swept the coast of Europe to kidnap slaves, white or black. Slavery was an established institution of the Hellenic "heroic age." In the Greek Republic there were ten slaves for one free man. During the highest civilization of Rome the sound of the lash was heard throughout the vast empire. The wayside was often studded thick with crucified slaves, and the wail of the victims pierced the patient skies. Often the slaves, in culture, learning, and physical beauty, were far superior to their owners. Sometimes wealthy masters had twenty thousand slaves, and so absolutely were their lives at his disposal that Vidius Pallio fed his slaves to the lampreys in his fish-pond, and on the death of —— four hundred of his bondsmen were slaughtered.

Besides filling all the more menial offices, slaves occupied the positions of librarians, readers, reciters, story tellers, journal keepers, amanuenses, physicians and surgeons, architects, diviners, grammarians, penmen, musicians and singers, players, builders, engravers, antiquaries, illuminators, painters, silversmiths, gladiators, and charioteers of the circus, etc.

The population of Corinth, one of the most luxurious cities of Greece, were all sold into slavery, as were those of the great cities of Carthage and Capua. The conquests of Sulla, Lucullus, and Pompey glutted the slave markets, so that men were sold for four drachmæ each, or about sixty cents. The Gallic wars of Julius Cæsar furnished half a million slaves, and the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, ninety thousand more. Thieves and debtors were sold as slaves. Parents even sold their children into bondage for gain or to save them from starvation. The Mosaic legislation concerning servitude was very mild, containing important limitations of the rights of masters.

In the early days of the Roman Republic there was one door open to liberty, that of the army. Before a slave could be a soldier he was emancipated. Manumission was often practised by wealthy masters, especially at the approach of death. In the reign of Claudius, Gibbon estimates there were sixty million slaves in the empire. Servile wars often broke out, as that under Spartacus, which were ruthlessly suppressed, and slaves by the thousand crucified.

Slavery brought its unfailing accompaniment in the moral degradation of the slave owner. It was one of the chief causes of the decline of Rome. The Christian Church did much to mitigate its horrors, and on its ruins the feudal serfdom was established.

The rapid development of the power of the Turks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries nearly synchronizes

* Abridged from Withrow's "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century."

with the origin of negro slavery. The low, light vessel of the Mussulman corsairs also scoured the coast of Europe and swept off into captivity multitudes of white victims, who were held for toil or for ransom, or to replenish the harems or man the galleys of the Turks. Cervantes was for five years an Algerine captive, and formed a project to release twenty-five thousand Christian slaves of Algiers. When Charles V. captured Tunis he found twenty thousand Christian slaves, and at the battle of Lepanto twelve thousand manned the Turkish galleys.

The discovery of America and the immense maritime and commercial enterprise that followed led to the enormous growth of the slave trade. Under ruthless Spanish rule the conquered Indians perished by thousands in the mines and in the fields, and the negro slaves were imported to supply the reckless waste of lives.

The most enlightened nations in Europe took part in this traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. Queen Elizabeth is charged with sharing the profits of Sir John Hawkins, the first Englishman who conducted a regular slave trade. Charles II. and James II. were members of slave trading companies. The French, the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, were engaged wholesale in this nefarious trade. Many hundreds of thousands of hapless victims were brought from the Guinea coast to supply the plantations of the Antilles and the mainland of North and South America. Kidnapped in their native forests, or torn from their homes, or conquered in war, they were driven often hundreds of miles, in fettered coffers, to the slave coast, a *via dolorosa* marked by the bones of those who fell by the way.

The horrors of the "Middle Passage," as it was called, were akin to those of Dante's dream of hell. Hundreds of hapless wretches were crowded between decks of the slave ship, as close as they could lie, or sit, or crouch, often bound by galling fetters. Often, under battened hatches, they stifled and starved, and cursed and died. Small wonder that pestilence often broke out, and when they were brought on deck for air, they sometimes, manacled as they were, leaped in the sea, less unkind than the cruelty of man.

After the slave trade was under ban they were sometimes flung overboard to void the evidence of their crime. Whittier, the poet of the slave, thus describes a scene of such wholesale slaughter:

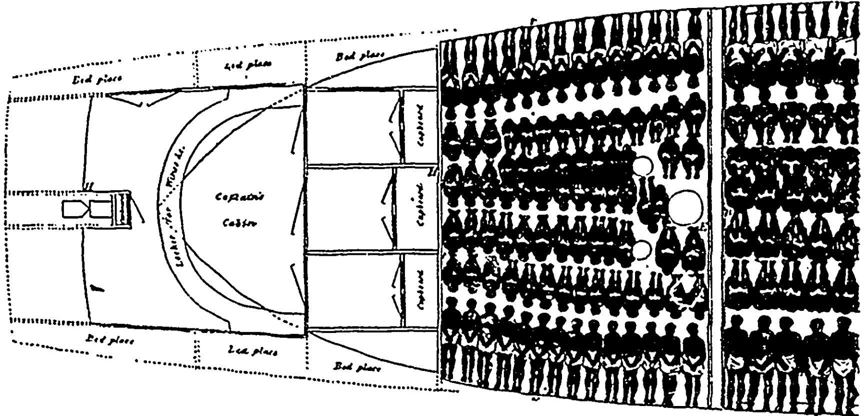
"All ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
"Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
"Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed.
"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growled through that matted lip—
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell!
The ringing clank of iron—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
The hoarse, low curse, throat stifled—
The starving infant's moan—
The horror of a breaking heart
Poured though a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came;
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,



THE HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

And the heated brow of fever
  Cooled in the soft sea air.

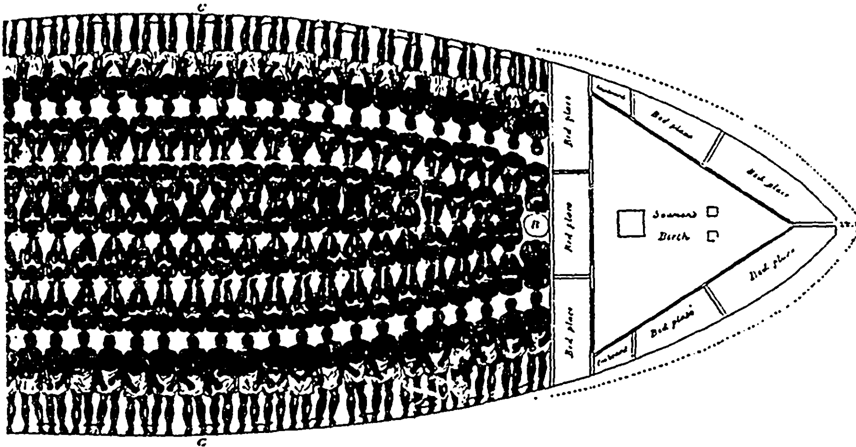
"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
  Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fettered and blind, one after one,
  Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above—
  Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
  His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
  Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
  From ship-deck and from sea,
The last dull plunge was heard—
  The last wave caught its stain—
And the unsated shark looked up
  For human hearts in vain.

One of Turner's masterpieces portrays such a tragedy, the tapering masts of the slave ship outlined against a lurid sky, the long swell of the sea remorselessly overwhelming the struggling, fettered victims. Small wonder that John Wesley, in almost the last letter he ever wrote—one to Wilberforce, the friend of the slave—denounced this traffic in the bodies and souls of men as "the sum of all villainies."

The first country beneath the sun to abolish slavery was the Province of Upper Canada. At the very first meeting of its legislature, after the organization of the province, in 1792, the holding of the bodies of men as slaves was prohibited. In 1776, it was resolved by the Continental Congress that no more slaves should be imported into the United Colonies. But when the constitution was formed in 1788, Congress was prohibited from interdicting the traffic. The State of Georgia had, in 1798, prohibited the guilty traffic, which had been generally condemned, as it had been persistently pursued for four long centuries.

In England the slave trade was early denounced by a few individuals, but it was regarded by most men as a perfectly legitimate branch of commerce. The last Act of the British Legislature regulating the slave trade was passed in 1788, the same year that the first parliamentary movement for its abolition was made. The Quakers were unanimously opposed to the slave trade, and many philanthropists, statesmen, and especially the British poets, denounced its crime. Among the most noted of these was Granville



HUMAN FREIGHT PACKED BETWEEN DECKS OF SLAVE SHIP.

Sharp, who for half a century fought for the emancipation of the slave.*

Clarkson began his anti-slavery labors in 1786, soon to be joined by Wilberforce in a moral crusade, not to be ended till the slave trade and slavery throughout the British Empire were abolished. The Duke of Clarence, in the House of Lords, denounced them as fanatics and hypocrites, but Fox and Pitt, the chief of the Ministry and chief of the Opposition, joined their ranks in 1790, and soon the leading members of the House of Commons of both parties became abolitionists.

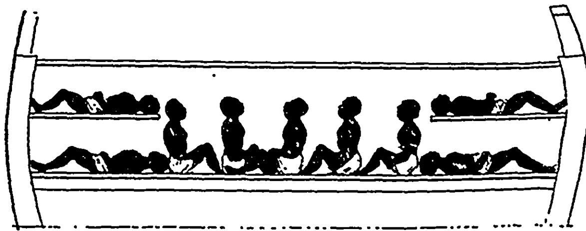
Year after year the Act for the abolition of the slave trade was passed by the Commons but thrown out by the House of Lords, till at length, in 1806, under the Fox and Granville ministry, the abolition of the slave trade was brought forward as a Government measure and carried in 1807.

* Early in the eighteenth century Chief Justice Holt had ruled that "As soon as a negro comes into England he is free. One may be a villain in England, but not a slave"; and later: "In England there is no such thing as a slave, and a human being never was considered a chattel to be sold for a price."

The abolitionists then began to labor for the removal of slavery itself. A society was formed "for the mitigation and gradual abolition of slavery throughout the British Dominions." Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton—immortal honor to their names!—were leaders of this moral crusade. The philanthropic sect of the Quakers strongly supported the movement, and one of them, Elizabeth Heyrick, published an epoch-marking pamphlet entitled, "Immediate, not Gradual, Abolition." Her appeal fell on sympathetic ears. But the colonial authorities resisted every scheme of amelioration proposed by Parliament. The Abolitionists "abandoned the doctrines and measures of gradualism and adopted those of immediate and unqualified emancipation on the soil."

As was eminently fitting, this humanitarian appeal exerted a controlling influence on the widened franchise in the election of the Reform Parliament in 1832. The government avowed its purpose to bring in a Bill for the abolition of slavery. Their measure, brought forward in April, 1833, proposed an apprenticeship of

twelve years for the slaves and the payment out of their earnings to their masters of fifteen million pounds. The friends of emancipation vehemently remonstrated against the intolerable injustice of making these victims of oppression for twelve long years continue to coin their sweat into gold, during which interval many thousands of them must die in bondage. The Bill was finally modified by a reduction of the apprenticeship to six years and a provision to pay the masters twenty million pounds out of the national treasury. This Bill received the Royal assent August 28th, 1833.



SECTION OF SLAVE SHIP—BETWEEN DECKS.

The day of emancipation was fixed for August 6th, 1834. Throughout the British West Indies, on the eve of Emancipation Day, the slaves—there were 600,000 of them held in bondage—assembled in their churches and chapels to spend the night in praise and thanksgiving. We have heard a witness of some of these scenes describe their pathos and their power. With jubilant psalms and hymns, with sobs of emotion and shouts of joy, the slaves welcomed the "Day of Jubilee"—the hour when their shackles fell off and they stood up no longer chattels, but men. Throughout the islands the anniversary is still observed as a day of solemn joy and gladness.

The apprenticeship system did not work well. Antigua and Bermuda rejected it. In some instances the local legislatures abolished it, and in 1838, two years before its appointed expiration, it was brought to an end by Act of Parliament. Britain had still more than twelve millions of slaves in her East Indian possessions—not men dragged from their homes across the sea, but the serfs of the soil, the subjects of conquest. These, too, she emancipated by parliamentary enactment in 1843.

France was as much committed to negro slavery as England, but on account of her less extended colonial possessions had not so many slaves. The French Revolution affirmed the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity. In 1791 these rights were extended to the mulattoes of Hayti, but were withdrawn the same year. Under the famous Toussaint L'Ouverture, the negro patriot, the black population revolted and affirmed their liberty. In 1801 Napoleon Bonaparte resolved to restore slavery. Toussaint was treacherously kidnapped at midnight and carried to France, where he died in prison in 1803. In attempting to suppress the insurrection the French force was almost destroyed by yellow fever. Hayti had a troubled career as a republic, an empire, and again a republic, with results which fail to demonstrate the fitness of the negroes for self-government.

In 1815, during "the Hundred Days," Napoleon ordered the abolition of the French slave trade, which finally ceased in 1819. Slavery itself was abolished in the French colonies, without indemnity to the masters, in 1848. The same year Denmark abolished slavery in its colonies. Sweden had already done the same the previous year, and the Netherlands in 1860. Spain agreed in 1814 to abolish the

slave trade in 1820, but long continued to maintain an oppressive form of slavery in her West Indian and Philippine colonies.

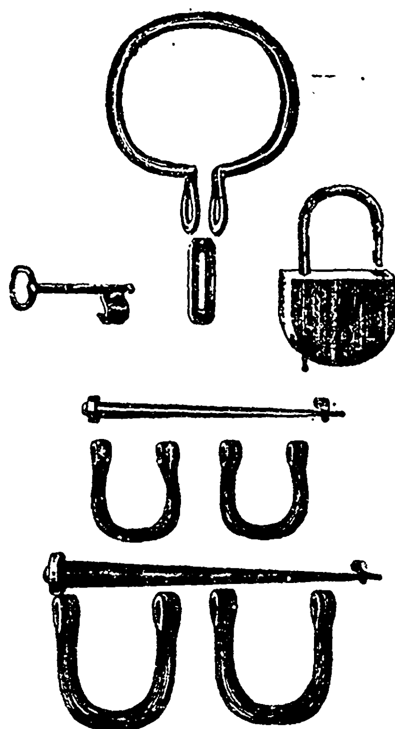
In the United States the slave trade was prohibited by law in 1819, but it was long illegally maintained, although it was declared to be piracy in 1820. Negroes were kidnapped in the African villages, driven to the coast, endured all the horrors of the Middle Passage, and were surreptitiously landed in the ports of the slave states. The first conviction for this crime took place in 1861, when Nathaniel Gordon was executed at New York for the crime of piracy.

Both Great Britain and the United States made vigorous efforts by means of watchful fleets to suppress this nefarious trade. Many slavers were captured and their cargoes freed. Yet so great were the profits of the accursed trade that numerous cargoes were landed on various parts of the American coast.

Upon the breaking out of the American civil war the trade ceased to be profitable, and soon almost entirely disappeared. In Brazil it flourished with considerable vigor till 1871. For years a strong agitation for its abolition had been maintained, with which the amiable and liberty-loving emperor, Dom Pedro, sympathized. In 1871 a law of gradual emancipation was enacted. It is estimated that, before the abolition of the slave trade, no less than 40,000,000 Africans were deported from their own country, chiefly to the mainland and islands of the continent of America.

At the first census of the United States, taken in 1790, the slave population numbered 697,897, every state except Massachusetts having its share. The force of public opinion, however, soon led to their emancipation throughout the northern states.

The great plantation system of the southern states, the invention of the



IRON FETTERS PUT ON NECK, ARMS AND LEGS OF SLAVES.

cotton gin, and the reign of King Cotton, the need of black labor in the insalubrious rice swamps and cane brakes, and the brand of social inferiority placed upon labor, fostered the growth of slavery till, on the outbreak of the civil war, there were nearly 4,000,000 persons in bondage. Many of the fathers of the American republic, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and many others, were opposed to slavery as a system, though some of them themselves holding slaves. They expected it to pass away before the advancing power of civilization.

Societies for its abolition were formed in many of the states. Benjamin Franklin was the first president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society,

founded in 1775. In 1790 he sent a memorial to Congress bearing his official signature, praying that body to "devise some means for removing the inconsistency of slavery from the American people," and to "step to the very verge of its power for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow men." Similar associations were formed in other states, chiefly in the north, but including also Maryland and Virginia.

To their honor be it said, the poets, great writers, and many eminent statesmen of both Great Britain and America were the uncompromising opponents of slavery. Cowper, James Montgomery, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, in many a stirring poem denounced its wrongs, portrayed its evils, and demanded its abolition, and those who survived its fall rejoiced in its overthrow.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.*

A sweet old-fashioned garden, by the dusty road it grew,
With tiger-lilies nodding in the sun,
And poppies dressed in scarlet, bending o'er forget-me-nots,
Whose pilgrimage had only just begun.

The phlox was running riot, with the gay nasturtium's bloom—
And asters whispered to the marigold;
While the hollyhock a-tremble, wooed the morning-glory coy,
Where chrysanthemums had shivered in the cold.

A stately old sunflower, that had leaned against the wall,
And laid her head against the window-sill,
Stooped o'er the flowering almond, and listened to the hymn
That was chanting through the pines upon the hill.

Beside the porch, a fuchsia crept, to breathe the infant's breath,
And cockscombs set the blue-bells all a-ringing,
Till the oleander, frowning, shook her petals on the ferns,
And the velvet-hooded dahlia stopped her singing.

Then the autumn plants grew silent, to Sweet William's great delight,
And geraniums clasped the castor beans, in fear,
While daylight, softly waning, from her chalice spilled the dew,
'Till it glittered on the rosebud, like a tear.

But the magic moonbeams shining, silvered all the sleeping flowers,
And the garden old, grew wondrous strange and white,
While 'neath the fence a pansy crept, and silent kissed my feet—
Then I plucked it—shut the gate—and said—"Good night."

* The writer of this poem is a Nova Scotia lady, kinswoman of the Rev. Arthur Lockhart, "Pastor Felix," a favorite contributor to this magazine. She has won distinction as a contributor to the leading magazines of New York and is now living in Seattle, and goes this year on a literary exploration to Alaska. We congratulate the writer on her well-earned success.—ED.

AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

IN no other age has the great commission given to the Church by our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," appealed with such force to the awakening conscience of the Christian world as at the present time.

This is a crisis period in the world's history. It is a hour fraught with much danger to every material and moral interest. Never was the need so great for a mighty aggressive comprehensive campaign of evangelism.

The unparalleled prosperity of the past few years, particularly throughout the American continent, has brought about a spirit of intense worldliness, such a craze of self-indulgence, luxury, and wealth worship as was perhaps never known. Coupled with this spirit of commercialism, which has driven its talons deep down into the very heart of men, is an inordinate seeking for pleasure. The age is borne away by its love of amusement, everything must be amusing, nothing takes unless it is entertaining. There is excess in all directions, an excess that begets a craving, a craving that can only be stimulated by more of the same thing, the stimulant must be made stronger as the craving grows stronger, until in the end the appetite is beyond the power of being satisfied.

Unfortunately, this spirit of mammon worship has not been confined to the unchristian world, but has insinuated itself into the Church of God, until many of the very elect have been deceived, betrayed, and carried into the whirling vortex.

Never before in the history of Christianity has the divine authority of Jesus over individuals and society, and over all the powers of man, especially the Christian man, so needed to be emphasized. When something like ten hundred million souls are waiting their only chance to hear the Gospel, idleness, apathy, and indifference on the part of the Christian Church is surely a capital offence.

While this is a critical period, a period attended with danger, it is also a day of unequalled opportunity and possibility. There never was a time when so much could be accomplished for God and humanity, when so large and inviting a field opened up before the Church—never before did the restless, unsettled multitude need a strong hand to guide them as now. Never was the call so urgent to go and "possess the land." A tremendous responsibility, I repeat, rests upon the Church of God. Aggressiveness has been the need of every hour, the obligation to preach the Gospel to every creature has rested on every generation of the Church. But never before has it been so powerfully re-enforced by the manifest workings of God in preparing the way for the world's evangelization. Never before was such a wide interpretation put upon the great commission.

Did it ever occur to you how Jesus seemed to trust the limited intelligence of His people when He bade them, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel"? They do not understand its scope, but He takes it for granted that sooner or later His words will be understood. In the first instance He spoke to a narrow-minded, bigoted, intensely sectarian people, and yet He told them that this message must be given to all nations, that the field was

the world. With few explanations and little amplification of the great thought, He seems to have thrust it out among His disciples, having the utmost faith in its own inherent vitality. During all these centuries the Church has been considering this great commission, and it is only now that its full significance seems to have dawned upon us.

To the immediate followers of Jesus, the world at most meant the narrow limits of the Roman Empire. To our Christian ancestors in the old lands it meant, at the furthest stretch of the imagination, the Eastern hemisphere. The courageous Italian, with his band of intrepid followers, who braved the dangers of the unknown seas and brought to light a new continent, gave a still wider significance to the Lord's words, but even their discoveries did not exhaust its meaning. To-day, so far as its geographical significance is concerned, we, I think, have fully interpreted this great commission. No extension of geographical knowledge, no addition to the widening limits of our horizon, finds anywhere a tribe or nation that is not included in the field of Christian evangelism. Nevertheless, I feel compelled to say that, though extensively we have grasped the meaning of Christ's command, yet intensively we are only touching its fringe, for to this old word, "Gospel," must be given still wider interpretations, newer applications, until it not only renovates, cleanses and purifies the unregenerate heart of man, but creates a new environment, social, political, and commercial, excluding in a very large measure motives that are low and base.

The Church has an imperative duty to individuals. While we cannot lose sight of the fact that she has a duty to perform for society, a duty too long obscured and neglected, but upon which emphasis is now being placed as never before, yet she has first of all a duty to the individual man, to carry a personal Gospel, a Gospel of pardon, of free and full salvation to every man, without regard to class or caste, to race or color, a Gospel that saves to the uttermost, uplifting, enlightening, transforming, the very power of God.

Methods may have to be varied to meet the changed conditions. In the great awakening that is assuredly coming, many of the methods, honored of God in former days, may be wanting; in a large measure the ground of appeal may be altered, for men can no longer be frightened into religion by the thunders of Sinai or the flames of hell. A higher set of motives must and will be appealed to, but to preach a Gospel that saves to the uttermost the man, and the whole man, from everything that is low and base, selfish and sinful, must be the great end sought. Let the Church lose sight of this imperative overshadowing duty and she has ceased to truly and fully represent the teaching of Jesus. "Social Regeneration," "The Reconstruction of Society," "Back to Christ," "The Brotherhood of Man," and other high-sounding, soul-stirring titles, are pregnant with truth too long ignored, but the first great obligation resting upon the Church is to point the guilty soul to "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, to the learned and the ignorant, to the rich and the poor, to the high and the low, to black man and white man; preach it in the biting chill of the North and in the broiling heat of the South, amid the sands of the East and the nations of the setting sun; preach it under the indescribable thrill and inspiration of an assembled multitude; preach it to the solitary wayside traveller; preach it to the aged sire, the rollicking boy, the busy man in the strenuosity of

life's duties, and to the mother in the home; preach it in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, for the essential message of Christianity is that of salvation from sin.

In this it is essentially distinguished from all other religions. It has undoubtedly furnished the source and inspiration of all that is best in character and conduct, in art and in literature, in culture and civilization, but all this has been secondary and incidental to its main purpose of saving men. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins," said the angel to Joseph. Later, Jesus, defining His own mission, says: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Salvation is what the human soul wants when brought under conviction of sin. "What must I do to be saved?" is ever the cry of an awakened soul.

> "Salvation! let the echo fly the spacious earth around,
> While all the armies of the skies conspire to raise the sound."

Now, let us look at some of the essential factors in a campaign of aggressive evangelism.

First, let us stop proclaiming to our people, from pulpit and platform, that the days of revival are past. Let us rather pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee." The day of revival is not past, and never will pass so long as human nature remains the same and souls are unsaved. Paul's words to the Corinthians are applicable here: "Ye are not straitened in us. Ye are straitened in your own bowels." "Ye receive not because ye ask not."

We have so persistently suggested this fallacy that we have convinced ourselves and our people that it is folly to expect again to hear the old soul-inspiring cry of the convicted and awakened soul, "Men and brethren, pray for us." Brethren, let us give up this insane notion and offer again in faith the prayer, "Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love; may each soul be rekindled with fire from above." The triumphal march through the land of such men as Torrey and Alexander demonstrates most clearly that men can still be reached by the soul-saving truths of the Gospel of Christ preached and sung by men whose hearts are filled with divine love and fired with a passion for souls.

Second, let us cover ourselves with sackcloth and confess with shamefacedness that the mighty onrushing tide of worldliness, the disturbing, unsettling speculation in the theological and philosophical realm of thought, the transitional period in which we are living, have conspired, if not to loosen the moorings of our faith, to at least bring about a condition of "spiritual inertia."

Third, we need to seek earnestly the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We are safe in saying that never was the Church so highly organized; never the equipment so perfect; never was so much money consecrated and used in the great undertaking to carry the Gospel to every creature; never did the Church recognize so fully its world-wide obligation. And yet is there not a danger that we forget 'the hiding of His power"? "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." There have been times in the past when the Church has grown and trusted in her wealth; when she has grown numerous and trusted in her numbers; when she has grown respectable and trusted in her respectability; when she has bristled all over with the outward form of activity; when she let go her hold upon God. What we need to-

day more than money, more than numbers, more than social standing, is the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Christian Church of the first century had no wealth, no social standing, no high-sounding names and titles, but it was charged with the mighty power of God, and under the searching truths of the Gospel men were pricked to the heart, and cried, "What must I do to be saved?" "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The sound as of a mighty rushing wind we may not hear, the tongues of flame we may not see, but that of which all these outward symbols were the indication we may know and must know if we are to witness a great forward movement.

Fourth, the minister as a factor in this campaign of evangelism. The responsibility rests pre-eminently upon the Christian ministry as the divinely appointed leaders in the effort to save men. We cannot shift the responsibility, for if the watchmen see not the opportunity, the duty, the danger, who else can be expected to see it. In the last analysis the desired results will depend upon the fidelity of the individual minister. His action or inaction will determine the attitude of the Church to this great question. How great a responsibility, then, rests upon the preacher of the Gospel who is seized of the overwhelming importance of the work to which he is called. What wonder if he trembles and staggers under the pressure of his obligation? What wonder if, in his conscious weakness, he shrinks for the moment from the task, and cries, "Who is able for these things?"

But with the command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel is also the further command, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye shall be endued with power from on high." By the power of the Holy Ghost an all-consuming love for the souls of men kindled at the Cross of Christ and ever kept burning on the "mean altar of our heart," will make the work of saving men an easy and a delightful task.

> "Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart with boundless charity divine,
> So shall I all my strength exert, and love them with a zeal like Thine,
> And lead them to Thy open side, the sheep for which the Shepherd died."

No task can be too appalling, no witness bearing can be too difficult, no message can be too stern and uncompromising for those who are baptized with the power of the Holy Ghost.

A great door is open before the Church. From the divine side there never was so bright and promising an hour for our Christianity. From the human side there is a widespread anticipation of a great coming revival, surpassing all others of the past. The need of such an awakening is acknowledged on all hands to be the greatest. From every quarter comes the call and the encouragement to an immediate forward movement that is not merely of the emotional and temporary type, but one that will work a change, if not in the aims and purposes of Christian effort, yet in its scope and intensity.

THE NEW AGE.

When navies are forgotten
 And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
 Beneath the eagle's wings.

When memory of battles,
 At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
 And creeds have found one fold.

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
 With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
 Of sects and swords and guns;

Then Hate's last note of discord
 In all God's world shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
 In the victory which is peace!

—*Frederick Lawrence Knowles.*

THE YOUNG MAN PROBLEM.

IT is a healthy sign of the times, and augurs well for the future to see the Christian Church addressing herself seriously to the task of winning young men for Jesus Christ. That, and nothing short of that is the problem we are attempting to solve. It demands an immediate solution, for, in a pre-eminent degree, this is a young man's age. The opportunities, responsibilities and temptations of young men were never so great as they are to-day. Young men are thrown into an arena where they must face greater dangers than men ever faced before, they must struggle with sterner antagonists and fight fiercer battles than any who have gone before them.

It may, with equal truth, be said that this is a young man's country. Our virgin prairies are being changed to fertile fields of golden grain, largely by young men, and it is remarkable, too, how large an extent the business of the West is being transacted by them. From their ranks also are being chosen the standard-bearers of both political parties.

A glance over the average congregation in a Western church also reveals how few old people there are. In the Assiniboia Conference bald heads are scarce and gray hairs are few. And yet one phase of the young man problem is, how few are offering themselves for the Christian ministry. The Church on this side of the Atlantic, to a much larger extent than on the other, is experiencing increasing difficulty in securing the right kind of young men for this work. For her own sake, then, and much more for the sake of the young men of Canada, it behooves the Christian Church to grapple with the problem until it is solved.

The difficulty of the problem does not arise, we are glad to now believe, from any hostility on the part of young men to Christ and His Church. Nor can we say that it is the result of indifference. The fact is, young men make up, to a very large extent, our congregations. They lend us their ears. They come within range of the Gospel arrow. I know that many of them are actively interested in sport. Large numbers are straining every nerve to succeed in business.

Are we to conclude, therefore, that they have no interest whatever in the great principles that the Church stands for? I do not take that view. Without a doubt, the marvellous material quickening which is now taking place is having its effect in a corresponding numbness of the finer and more delicately constructed part of a young man. And what Lord Goschen has called "the mania of muscularity," is fraught with the gravest consequences to the young men of the nation, but the real difficulty does not lie in either direction.

Whatever and wherever the Church succeeds in making young men see that the ideal Christian life and the ideal manly life are one and the same thing, then and there the young man problem will be largely solved. Explain it as we like, and lay the blame where we may, the reason why scores of young men hold aloof from Christianity is a feeling that, somehow or other, a profession of religion will rob them of some of their true manliness.

It will accomplish no good purpose to inquire as to how this impression has arisen—possibly there has been a misrepresentation on the one hand and a misunderstanding on the other. Earnest men are everywhere seeking to remove the misunderstanding. Thomas Hughes sought to do it by writing on "The Manliness of Christ," and in these days such men as R. J. Campbell and George Jackson are doing it by discussing before crowded audiences of young men their intellectual difficulties in a frank and honest manner; whilst the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, and those associated with him in the Polytechnic Institute, from the side of the physical and athletic standpoint, have sought to overcome the difficulty.

Years ago the Y. M. C. A. movement was charged with being responsible for producing a type of goody-goody, sickly, effeminate and sentimental young men, from whom many turned away in disgust. There may or may not have been some ground for the criticism, but, at any rate, there has been a marked change of policy of late years, the gymnasium has become an integral part of the institution. Indeed, to such an extent has this become the case that the critic finds it in his heart to say that they have avoided the one danger only to fall into another.

One great peril, however, lies in not appreciating that this problem is one that may be approached from many paths. No one can deny that great things have and are being accomplished along the line of social service. Young men are being attached to the Church, saved from the perils which beat their paths by the seven-days-a-week interest that some large-hearted men are manifesting in them.

To a young fellow who has just come to the West, or to one who has been struggling with the problem of whether he shall shiver in a half-warmed room in a boarding-house, or go for an evening to the pool-room, bowling-alley, or hotel, it means more than we can estimate if we can find him genial company, wholesome reading and healthful amusement. The writer thinks he can see some connection between a crowded pool-room and an empty church, between a brilliantly-lighted bar-room and a dark church. If we locked the doors against young men six days of last week, it is a wonderful tribute to the latent good of their better natures that they entered on the first day of this.

Christian Athletics.

Have we yet made it clear to these young men that athletics may and ought to be engaged in from a Christian motive? There is one thing, and only one thing, that will sanctify, hallow, and develop the physical as well as mental and moral life, and that is the great Christian motto, "For Christ's sake." I like to think that the early apostles, on the sea of Galilee, before the day of Christ, were strengthening muscle and sinew, battling against the storms, handling the ropes, guiding the tiller—they were laying up a store of physical force and energy which, in the days to come, were to be consecrated to carry the cross of Christ throughout the world.

Coming to modern times, why was it that Keith Falconer wanted to excel as a cyclist, and become the finest amateur cyclist in Great Britain? Because he was set upon getting that physical power which should stand him in good stead when he stood in the fever-stricken haunts of Aden as a missionary. Why was it that C. T. Studd and Stanley Smith resolved to excel with bat and oar at Cambridge University a few years ago? In order that they might get the physical skill

and power that should enable them to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ out there in the centre of China.

One great means of "keeping under the body," is healthy outdoor exercise. "My belief is," says W. J. Dawson, "that much vice is the result of suppressed perspiration." It is your solitary moping young man, imagining it wrong to kick a ball or handle a bat or throw a stone, that is having a terrific struggle which none but he and God know anything of.

If our young men take their athletics as a means to an end, they will get the maximum of benefit and enjoyment from them, for this is their place in life. They then become a real rest after toil, a real change after the monotony of "the daily round and common task," and a part of that play after work for which we are made. They send us back with a keener zest and increased fitness for the life-work to which we are called, so that it is not too much to say that a young man may swing a bat, feather an oar, throw a stone, all to the glory of God.

If he understands there is a Christian motive for his athletics, he can engage in them without being caught in the wild feverish excitement, sometimes well bordering on madness, which is paralyzing all the higher activities of thousands of young men, and making innocent recreation a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence.

It would be incalculable value if we could only get our consecrated young men to enter these summer and winter sports from a high Christian motive, and thus redeem them from vulgarity and profanity, and cut them loose from the pernicious and demoralizing influence of the bar-room and gambling den. Indeed it appears to me this is our only way of influencing and purifying recreation. A wholesale denunciation will only drive young men from us. But once organize this mighty force of young life under Christ's leadership, and the kingdom of amusement and sport will then become what it ought to be—the Kingdom of our God and of his Christ.

There is another section of our young men, a smaller section, I grant, who have held aloof because of *intellectual difficulties.*

They think it would scarcely be manly to announce themselves as professing Christians when they are in doubt about some of the articles of the Christian faith. These men must also be met on their own ground. We shall not only fail to win them, but we shall cease to command their respect if we are not prepared to intelligently discuss their difficulties and to give a reason for the hope that is within us.

I know there are doubters and doubters. To the man of corrupt, unclean life, playing fast and loose with the law of God, who comes whining about his difficulties and the like, there can only be one answer, "Go, read your decalogue; that, at least, is simple enough."

But let us be very careful that we do not summarily dismiss the young man whose doubt is a process of intellectual growth, for to some men intellectual difficulties are a necessary part of their probation.

It has been openly stated that the late Charles Bradlaugh received his first impulse towards infidelity from the harsh and unsympathetic treatment of clergymen, to whom, in the perplexities of his youth, he turned for guidance.

The writer of this paper makes it a practice to announce his Sunday evening subjects through the local press, and he has observed that when he announces some such subject as "Man Immortal." "Is the Will Free?" "What of the Future?" that

a class of young men come to hear him on those occasions who are seldom seen inside his church on any other.

If our preaching betrays that we do not sympathize with the young in their intellectual difficulties, no wonder if they turn away to find explanations and solutions from teachers who will lead them further astray; but if they feel, that in their minister they have one who knows and has grappled with their difficulties, and who can meet them on their own ground, they will eagerly drink in his every word. Our young men are not prepared to accept the *ipse dixit* of any minister, neither do they consider it to be manly to dismiss their doubts with an appeal to the authority of the Church. Rather—

> "He fought his doubts, and gathered strength
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of his mind
> And laid them; thus he came
> To find a stronger faith his own."

Our young men are fast becoming acquainted at second hand, through magazines and the religious philosophical novel with what recent scholarship has done, and the doubts that have been raised by these means are put to the pulpit for treatment. An ostrich-like policy will never do, and the denunciation and cheap raillery at the so-called higher criticism which, however, satisfying to the operator and conforming to the faith of some of the elder members of his audience, is simply disastrous in its effect on young, eager minds.

Equally mischievous is the opposite course, which accepts the most startling results of criticism wholesale, and pours out an undigested, shapeless mass on the heads of the congregation. In contrast to all these methods, there is a great need for positive and constructive Biblical teaching. It will be heartily welcomed by intelligent young men, and the lack of it is a real hindrance to faith.

But, after all, the average young man has a bigger problem on his hands than his recreation and doubts. Back and behind everything else is the question of his spirtual nature. "What must I do to be saved?" There is the sin of his own heart which, like a huge tidal wave, submerges and overwhelms the tiny breakwaters with which he has sought to stay it. We are safe in taking that for granted, in spite of his apparent apathy about religion, and his absorbing enthusiasm in the pleasures around him, he wants to know the secret of a victorious life. He may be a victor on the field of sport. He may rejoice in his mental prowess that these only intensify his unrest, if he be vanquished in the arena of his soul, and led by the devil captive at his will.

We can never solve the young man's problem simply by clubs and brotherhoods. Let us never allow these to be substitutes for the Gospel, for a favorable social environment will never, of itself, satisfy a spirtual craving. The real battle of every young man is one in which Jesus Christ is his only hope for victory.

If the young man waits until you clear up all his mysteries and solve all his intellectual problems before he accepts Christ, his chances are small.

> "I have a life in Christ to live,
> But ere I live it, must I wait
> Till learning can clear answer give
> Of this and that book's date?
>
> "I have a life in Christ to live
> I have a death in Christ to die;
> And must I wait till science give
> All doubts a full reply?
>
> "Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
> Is raging wildly round about,
> Questioning of life and death and sin,
> Let me but creep within
> Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
> Take but the lowest seat.
> And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
> In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet:
> Come unto Me, and rest;
> Believe Me and be blest."

THE PASTOR AS MISSIONARY LEADER.

BY THE REV. R. P. BOWLES, B.A., B.D.

HAT a pastor may be, and should be, a leader in all the missionary activity and zeal of his church is surely evident to all It is too palpable to need any demonstration.

And yet, is it not so manifest as frequently to be passed by as a commonplace or ordinary matter—one of a great number of duties, and carrying with it no special claim or significance. In the homiletics taught the theological student in college I do not know that any particular accentuation is given to this matter. In the ordinary estimate made of any pastor's success I do not know that his part in kindling missionary enthusiasm in the churches to which he ministers comes in for marked valuation.

Knowing the duty and admitting the very high privilege of his position, are there not many pastors who nevertheless give little earnest and direct effort to this great department of the church's activity? Among the reasons why, as pastor, we fail of any pronounced leadership in this work, the following occur to my mind; perhaps I may say, are largely read out of my own experience:

1. Missionary leadership is not a popular sort of leadership. I do not mean to say that missions are an unpopular theme in the church, or that Missionary Days are unacceptable to the people. While there are not a few who think the theme an old and hackneyed one, which has lost its former glory, yet there are not a few in our Church whose deep and special interest in the day atones for the indifference of others. What I do say is that missionary sermons are not as likely to create any deep interest in the community as themes which deal with matters closer to hand.

The sensational preacher does not choose missionary subjects. The popular evangelist preaches for weeks and conducts a successful revival and does not probably so much as allude to the subject of missions. If one would gather a crowd and make for himself as a preacher a great following, and if he seeks to bring before his people the themes most congenial to them, he instinctively chooses others and leaves missionary subjects alone. The desire to be popular (and I use the word as equivalent in meaning to the more prepossessing and pious phrase, "find favor in the sight of the people") tends to turn the preacher to other themes and other activities. In a word, missionary leadership does not lead the way to popularity in the church to-day.

2. Again, missionary leadership as pastor at home seems to lack in heroic and striking qualities. To be a missionary leader it seems that one must surely go far and endure the isolation and hardships incident to it in distant lands or in the newer parts of our own land. For a pastor with a fat salary and a well furnished parsonage and a fine church attended by the *elite* of society, for him to call himself a missionary leader seems paradoxical, if not, indeed, impertinent. The people have a notion of this sort, too, and should the pastor go beyond a certain limit in his advocacy of missions, they say, "If he is so interested in missions as this, why is he not in China?"

Thus the pastor who aspires to

leadership has the wind taken out of his sails. He who purposed an attack is thrown on the defensive. If, to do away with these objections, he should decline the large salary, in the interests of missions, many will regard him as fanatical on this subject, an extremist, and will decline to follow his leadership. Leadership—real leadership—in missions, while one remains at home, is certainly not an easy achievement.

Moreover, missionary leadership at home lacks certain dramatic and spectacular qualities which attach to leadership in other matters. Were one in the field, face to face with the institutions and forces which oppose Christianity, would not one be moved by the very things he saw, and by the very opposition, to put up and maintain the fight? "Now while Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him as he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." The missionary leader at home does not see the idolatry of the city and so does not feel that stirring of the spirit within him which urges to the battle.

Against what does the pastor lead to-day when he would command his congregation to missionary activity? Surely it is against ease and ignorance and indifference. And I confess battle against such things lacks all dramatic and soul-stirring qualities.

When one leads against the liquor traffic he meets with an opposition which is like enough to arouse him; at times there come in the battle critical moments when it is either signal failure or glorious victory. The forces are pitted against each other and it is real battle. It is so also in evangelistic work. One seems to meet the Devil face to face. If there was open and active opposition to our missionary work, if men were challenging us to prove our claims and our right to plead this cause, then, it seems to me, at least this leadership were an easier thing to aspire toward and maintain. But when our greatest enemy is a nerveless, supine indifference we are not stirred in spirit; we are apt to become soft, careless, easy-going, and quite unfit for genuine leadership.

Let the pastor remember, as against these things, that all missionary considerations should appeal to pastors, preachers, heralds of the cross, with double force. If divine love, universal atonement, Christ for all the world; if human guilt and human brotherhood and uttermost need; if these and other motives of missionary activity move any one, surely they will move us with more than ordinary urgency. If loyalty to the great command, "Go ye into all the world," is in any hearts, it is surely in ours. Impossible it is for us to consider ourselves called of God to the work and office of the ministry and exclude therefrom this leadership in missionary work. Would it not be Hamlet with Hamlet omitted? I take it to be of the very essence of our calling. To fall away from this is to fall out of the ranks of Christ's true ministers. To fail in this will surely, some day, if not now, be counted signal and shameful failure. Let us talk direct and straight to ourselves. None of us may expect to lay down with joy his charge if he has been, for any cause or any reason, negligent of his duty to the missionary enterprise of the church. Every minister is under vows to push forward this work.

With some pastors this sense of missionary obligation is vital and distinct. It dates from their earliest impressions of a divine call to preach Christ. They did not take it for granted that their call was to remain at home, but prayerfully and with deep earnestness they considered whether, indeed, they should not preach Christ in the regions beyond.

It were well if every young man offering himself to the ministry gave

himself to prayerful consideration to determine whether he should remain at home or go abroad. Such a period of consideration for the purpose of determining the sphere of his life-work will baptize his whole ministry with a missionary spirit. It has been so in many instances. Indeed, if any one entering our ministry in these days overlooks the large field of foreign missionary work, it may be feared that through all his ministry that field will receive slight consideration at his hands. One of the most hopeful assurances that in years to come, more perhaps, than in years gone by, pastors will be missionary leaders, is the fact that our theological colleges are alive with missionary zeal as perhaps they never were before.

I fear, too, that it must be said that there are not a few pastors who have not a very vivid or distinct sense of their obligations to lead in this work. And so it comes to pass that sometimes the true missionary spirit in the church declines and the pastor is quite unconscious of what is happening. Appeals for the cause at home—for better churches and more costly furnishings, for our colleges, perhaps for our choirs—these seem to have free course and are glorified, while the missionary is allowed to come in at at inopportune times and without sufficient preparation of the minds of the people. Sometimes there is no literature distributed. The annual reports are treated in a slighting manner. Circular letters are thrown into the waste basket unread. New movements or departures are subjected to harsh and censorious criticism, and in many little ways lack of sympathy is displayed.

To avoid such a condition let the pastor remember how serious are the consequences of lack of zeal on his part. He is, by his position, where any coldness of his will give a chill to the whole church. Warm-hearted, zealous workers will lose their zeal because of the apathy of the pastor. An indifferent pastor means an indifferent church. In this, it seems to me, more than almost any other phase of the church's life, the proverb, "Like pastor, like people," is true.

The pastor is the *sine qua non* of any forward movement in missions. Dr. Sutherland may plan and administer; Dr. Henderson may preach and lecture; with new device and new scheme and new circular letters, Dr. Stephenson may keep stirring up our Leagues. The General Board may make appeal after appeal. The General Conference may devise special funds and plan larger things, but if the man who lives in the parsonage is dull and careless nothing will be done. In the last analysis of church organization the responsibility for missions is on the pastor. The pastor who refuses to carry that responsibility has no business in the ministry and should resign his commission at once.

That such is the position of the pastor relative to missionary work is not only an inference from the character of his office. The same conclusion can be reached by any general deduction of facts, for it is a palpable fact that the itinerary of some Methodist preachers marks a path of kindling and glowing missionary enthusiasm and increasing missionary givings, and the itinerary of some others shows as clearly a path of declining zeal and givings. Facts are at hand to convince any one that the power of the pastor in this matter is exceedingly great. It is really wonderful how some pastors have revived missionary interest wherever they have gone. It is pitiably true that some pastors have been a wet blanket to missionary fire on their fields. I have in my mind instances of young men who, going out from our colleges full of zeal for this cause, have wrought marvellous changes on their fields. Sometimes

missions of long standing have suddenly become self-supporting. In others missionary givings have doubled and trebled. A new life has been infused into the church by these devoted, whole-hearted missionary leaders at home.

The reflex influence of increased life in the missionary cause is something no pastor should overlook. It will be in every way a blessing to the church, while the pastor himself will be repaid many times in his own heart. Many a pastor laboring on a small field, and feeling the discouragement of his limitations, will by this be brought into touch with the ends of the earth and get something of the uplift of the great sentiment, "The world is my parish!"

A pastor who is a missionary leader will give constant proof to his people of his interest in this work. They will feel his interest and will be inspired by him to aggressive zeal and to greater liberality. He will show it in his conduct of the public services on the Lord's Day. In leading the congregation in prayer he will remember this cause and will direct the minds of the people to special prayer for its success. It is inexcusable on the part of the pastor that in the public prayer the missionary work and workers of the church should be conspicuous by their absence. Every Lord's Day prayer should be offered for the coming of the Kingdom throughout the world, special blessing entreated for those who represent our Church in the distant lands and difficult home fields.

2. If he be a real leader in this work he will preach in such a way as to create and increase interest in it on the part of the people. This he will do either by special missionary sermons or by being quick to see the relations of the great themes of the Gospel to the missionary purpose of the Church. The missionary cause will always rank with the greatest social and philanthropic movements of the day. It will furnish a concrete form of love and brotherhood and liberality and Christian zeal. It will furnish illustrations of faith and courage and consecration. And so continually the preacher will keep this great matter before the minds of the congregation.

3. The wise pastor will bring this matter into his prayer-meetings and into the Sunday-school. He will try to keep it to the front in the League. He will mention it to his Quarterly Official Board. He will give his sympathetic and cordial support to those women who labor in the Woman's Missionary Society.

4. He will endeavor to interest by private conversation the more prominent members of his church, and will, perhaps, find some who will join with and help him to push forward this interest. In some churches there are missionary leaders other than the pastor who in many most practical ways further this cause.

5. The pastor who leads in this should make the Missionary Day the most important anniversary of the year. He should intimate to his congregation, several Sundays in advance, that the anniversary is at hand. By wise announcement in the press, by circular letters sent to the individual members of the congregation, he will see that the church is prepared for the day. Let it be spoken of as one of the glad days—a veritable feast day—the brightest anniversary of the year.

6. The pastor who leads will not fail to provide practical expedients for the increasing of the offerings of the people. Envelopes will be provided. Collectors, wise, tactful and energetic, will be appointed. An intimation from the pulpit will prepare their way for them, and so the returns in money will express the zeal and interest of the people.

7. The wise pastor who leads will

not overdo this matter. He will use superlatives with discretion and avoid wild and extravagant statement. He will not surfeit his people with missionary sermons. He will not create the impression that he is a faddist by failing to see the relative importance of other movements in the Church. He will not substitute for true missionary appeal bitter tirades on penuriousness. He will not parade the gifts of his people to his cause before the congregation or in the press. He will not seek to gain his ends by temporarily exciting the sensibilities of his people. He will not profess an interest in the cause which he does not feel, nor exhort his people to a liberality in which he himself has no part. He will not be spasmodic, but persistent, in this work.

Toronto, Ont.

THE VOICE OF A RUSSIAN JEW.

Translated by Alice Stone Blackwell, from the Yiddish of David Edelstadt,* in the Woman's Journal.

Hated we are, and driven from our homes,
Tortured and persecuted, even to blood;
And wherefore? 'Tis because we love the poor,
The masses of mankind, who starve for food.

We are shot down, and on the gallows hanged,
Robbed of our lives and freedom, without ruth,
Because for the enslaved and for the poor
We are demanding liberty and truth.

But we will not be frightened from our path
By darksome prisons or by tyranny;
We must awake humanity from sleep,
Yea, we must make our brothers glad and free.

Secure us fast with fetters made of iron,
Tear us like beasts of blood, till life departs,
'Tis but our bodies that you will destroy,
Never the sacred spirit in our hearts.

You cannot kill it, tyrants of the earth!
Our spirit is a plant immortal, fair;
Its petals, sweet of scent and rich of hue,
Are scattered wide, are blooming everywhere.

In thinking men and women now they bloom,
In souls that love the light and righteousness.
As they strive on toward duty's sacred goal,
Nature herself doth their endeavor bless;

To liberate the poor and the enslaved
Who suffer now from cold and hunger blight
And to create for all humanity
A world that shall be free, that shall be bright;

A world where tears no longer shall be shed,
A world where guiltless blood no more shall flow,
And men and women, like clear-shining stars,
With courage and with love shall be aglow.

You may destroy us, tyrants! 'Twill be vain,
Time will bring on new fighters strong as we;
For we shall battle ever, on and on,
Nor cease to strive till all the world is free!

MY WILL.

Good friends, when I am dead, bear to my grave
Our banner, freedom's flag of crimson hue,
Stained with the blood wrung from the toiler's veins;
There, 'neath the crimson banner, sing to me
My song, "At Strife," the song of liberty,
Which in the hearer's ear clangs like the chains
Of the enslaved, Christian alike and Jew.

Even in the deep grave lying, I shall hear
My song of liberty, my stormy lay;
Even there shall I shed tears for every slave,
Christian or Jew; and when the swords I hear
Clash in the last grim battle's blood and fear,
Then, singing to the people from my grave,
I will inspire their hearts, that glorious day!

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*The poet, David Edelstadt, was of note among the modern Russian revolutionary writers, of Jewish descent, and wrote in both Russian and Yiddish. He recently died.

METHODISM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE REV. J. H. WHITE, D.D.

ON Thursday, May 11th, of the present year, just as the first session of the British Columbia Conference was drawing to its close in Wesley Church, Vancouver, there passed to his reward, full of years and honor, Rev. Cornelius Bryant, the first member of the Conference to begin, continue and complete his ministry on the British Pacific coast. The previous evening, as the brethren assembled in the city, Mr. Bryant had been among the first to greet them, and all had rejoiced that he appeared to be in rather better health than usual. On the Conference programme his place had been appointed as leader of the Sunday morning love-feast. To him also had been given the duty of preparing the Pastoral Address for the year. To those who met him he expressed his delight in the prospect of meeting the brethren and his expectation of a most blessed Conference in which he hoped to take part. But the Master had other and more glorious plans for his servant. During the night he was stricken, but rallied in a few hours and spent the next day in company with the members of his family, who, by a remarkable coincidence, were all gathered in the city. He was bright and cheerful all day, and full of hope that by Sunday at the latest he should be able to get out to the services. But it was not so ordered. At about five o'clock in the afternoon he was again stricken into insensibility, and in a few moments his spirit took its flight. Bro. Bryant was to spend his Conference Sunday among the glorified in heaven.

The tidings of his sudden translation produced a profound sensation of mingled awe and gratitude. On Saturday morning a most impressive memorial service was held, and the body, accompanied by his oldest ministerial friend, Rev. E. Robson, D.D., was taken to Nanaimo to be interred in the family plot beside his faithful wife, who had preceded him by four years to the better land. As the casket was tenderly carried on board the steamer "Joan," a large concourse of his friends and fellow-workers stood on the wharf, amid a softly falling spring rain, and sang a hymn of praise to God.

Mr. Bryant had the unique distinction, which none can ever share with him, of being, so far as is known, the first member of the Methodist Church in British Columbia. In 1857 the young man, then only nineteen years old, came out from England by a long and tedious voyage "round the Horn," to teach the little colonial school at Nanaimo, a new camp which had been opened by the Vancouver Coal Company. Nanaimo was at that time on the very outermost verge of civilization, and for crudeness, roughness and wildness could be hardly be matched in America to-day. It was surrounded by large tribes of heathen Indians, soon to become more barbarous and degraded by contact with vicious white men, many of whom seemed to think that they had got entirely beyond the range of the Ten Commandments or the restraints of common decency. The drink curse soon became rampant, the Sabbath

was generally neglected, and even those who had been accustomed to and who longed for better things were in danger of lapsing into careless and listless disregard of the claims of religion.

To this community came the tall, slender young Englishman, who had been brought up in the Wesleyan Church, and upon his second Sunday in the place he gathered together all who would come and read the service of the Church of England, being commissioned thereto by the Rev. E. Cridge, now the venerable and beloved Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. To the reading of prayers he soon added exposition of the Scriptures, and maintained the service until he was relieved two years later by the coming to Nanaimo of Rev. Arthur Browning, of the first band of Canadian Methodist missionaries. Until 1870 Mr. Bryant fulfilled his ministry as a local preacher at Nanaimo and at all points that could be reached from there by canoe. Always of delicate frame, he endured the severest buffetings of the winter's storms of rain and sleet, frequently slept on the beach with no protection but the spreading branches of a tree or of a canoe sail, and took long walks by trail or through the trackless forest, rejoicing that it was his privilege to preach the Gospel to the lonely settler in his log shanty. In 1870 he entered the ranks of the regular ministry, and from that day to the day of his death was intimately connected with every movement of Methodism in the Pacific Province. He served the Church of his choice on all sorts of fields, both in the white and Indian work, was honored with every position of trust in the gift of his brethren, and to the end of his life continued to grow in the esteem, love and veneration of all who knew him.

From the landing of the lonely boy who, with nothing but his Bible in his hand and indomitable courage and faith in his heart, stood forty-eight years ago as the sole representative of Methodism in British Columbia, to the Church of to-day, with its thousands of members, its tens of thousands of adherents, its scores of circuits and missions, and its well-equipped college, is a far cry. The temptation is sometimes strong to say, "The former days were better than these," and to indulge in lamentations over the decadence of Methodism. In order that our faith may be strengthened and that we may better realize what God hath wrought, let us take a few bearings.

Two years after Mr. Bryant's coming, or in 1859, the first band of Canadian Methodist missionaries arrived and began work, two in the colony of Vancouver Island, and two in the Fraser Valley, in the then colony of British Columbia. Within a year Methodism was represented by three fairly well organized churches, each with its fringe of distant appointments, and one large mining mission field. A beginning had already been made in mission work for the salvation of the Indians and Chinese, but for many a long year the workers were few and the outlook often discouraging.

Even in those days of small things, however, the Gospel proved to be "the power of God unto salvation" to many. Camp-meetings were held, remarkable revivals of religion accompanied by marvellous manifestations of Divine power, took place among both whites and Indians, and many were "turned to righteousness." The results of this early work may be seen in many parts of the Province to-day, while hundreds of redeemed spirits are before the throne of God who will praise Him to all eternity for the ministry of the early missionaries.

In 1887, when the British Colum-

bia Conference was organized by General Superintendent John A. Williams, D.D., Methodism in British Columbia was represented by six self-supporting churches, nine domestic missions, eight missions to the Indians and two to the Chinese. The total membership was 1,975, of which two-thirds was on the Indian missions. Ministers and probationers numbered twenty-three, and the total amount raised for all purposes was just over $19,000.

At the last Conference the following returns will indicate the advance made in eighteen years: Members, 6,877, of whom about one-fourth are Indians, Chinese and Japanese; self-supporting circuits, 26; domestic missions, including a mission to Scandinavians, 44; missions to Indians, 19; to Chinese, 5; to Japanese, 4; ministers and probationers, 91; total paid agents (exclusive of the representatives of the W.M.S.) 104; total moneys for all purposes, $118,020.

In connection with almost all the Japanese, Chinese and Indian missions, both Sabbath and day-schools are conducted, while for the latter there are several boarding-schools for both girls and boys, as well as the large and well-equipped Industrial Institute at Coqualeetza, which is generally admitted by unprejudiced observers to be the best of its kind in the Province. Among the forces of Methodism on the Pacific Coast should always be included our Columbian College, the only institution west of Winnipeg which gives a full course in Arts and Theology. The College is growing rapidly. In fact, its very progress is becoming almost an embarrassment, owing to the need for extension. During the year three acres have been added to the beautiful property of the College in the heart of New Westminster, and as I write carpenters are busily engaged in enlarging the old and erecting a new building. The staff is also being strengthened for next year by the addition of several new teachers. The enrolment for the year has exceeded 160, and a matriculation class of thirty-three is writing on entrance examinations for Toronto University.

In estimating the present standing of Methodism in British Columbia it must not be forgotten that the denomination is relatively weak in numbers as compared with other Provinces in the Dominion. In numbers the Church of England is far ahead of any other. Next in order come the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches, very nearly equal. About ten thousand behind these comes the Methodist Church. Yet it is also a fact that in all the communities in the Province, cities, farming districts and mining camps, Methodist places of worship are generally as numerous, and congregations usually as large, as those attending upon the ministry of any other branch of the Christian Church. The fact is that British Columbia contains a very large non-church-going population, among whom are many thousands who may have an hereditary attachment to some particular denomination, which comes out in the census-taker's enumeration, but who are rarely found in any religious gathering. Surely Methodism, with its warm-hearted revivalism, its joyous service of song and its preaching of the grand fundamental doctrines of salvation, has a message for these unchurched masses, as well as for the more or less unevangelized Indian tribes and the numbers who are constantly coming to us from the Orient.

The desire to be rich and the love of pleasure, combined with temptations to other and more degrading

lusts; constitute with us, as in other parts of the Dominion, the great obstacles to spiritual religion. These things undermine individual piety, break down the family altar, and often despoil the sanctuary of God. Our people are restless in disposition, and are widely scattered over an immense territory. A large number in the aggregate are wholly or partially shut off from the religious privileges, associations and restraints of more thickly settled countries, and from the refining influences of home. A widespread revival, the result of the earnest and loving preaching of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," is the most urgent need of the hour.

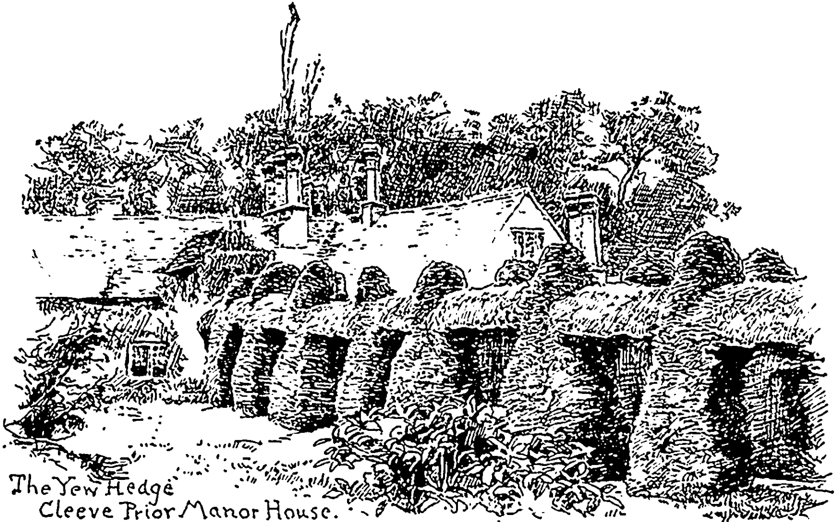
British Columbia is now experiencing great commercial and industrial development. Her mineral and timber resources, as well as the wealth of the sea, are attracting much attention. The great fruit-growing possibilities of the Province are also coming into general notice and are bringing us a large and increasing number of the best class of settlers. Among these people are many of Methodist training and affinities, who are proving a source of strength to many of our mission fields. Railroad corporations are very active in extending their lines throughout the Province. The Grand Trunk Pacific is about to push its way to the sea, and the next few years will doubtless witness a very great material advancement. We have an independent congregation in Dawson and three mission stations in the vast Yukon Territory. We also have a mission on our list in the great Atlin country, said by those who have visited it to be rich in mineral wealth and in agricultural possibilities, and to be one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

At our recent Conference we were only able to send one representative to the whole of this important region. A very urgent call also came to us from the Bulkeley Valley, into which settlers are pouring, and which is said to be one of the finest agricultural districts in the country. To this call, also, we were unable at the moment to respond. In fact, in British Columbia as in the entire West, seed-time and harvest are overlapping each other, and the laborers are confronted with vast opportunities which, when not taken as they present themselves, pass for ever by, or leave the Church to conduct a discouraging stern chase for years to come.

The Methodism of British Columbia is looking forward hopefully to confederation with all "who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." We are especially growing in love and fellowship with our nearest of kin, the great Presbyterian Church in Canada. A delightful spirit of fraternity and common interest is drawing us together, and in many places practical co-operation is put into our work on mission fields. But we still feel that we have a mission to this country in which we have done so many years' work and where the Lord has graciously blessed His Word spoken through us. There is work for all to do, and it would be a poor spirit indeed that would suggest the relaxation of effort because there is talk of union. If the federation shall come about in the order of God's providence we will go into it with all our hearts, but we want to go in with every sail set and every rag drawing for all it is worth. And nothing will so speedily bring about a real and lasting union on right lines as for each Church to do with all its might, in loving cooperation with all fellow-workers and with Christ-like zeal for the salvation of lost men, the work which the Master has committed to its trust.

RURAL ENGLAND.*

BY VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT.



The Yew Hedge
Cleeve Prior Manor House.

THE last few decades have brought many changes to the inner life of England, changes which are inevitable as the social network becomes more closely interwoven, and as the pressure of existing conditions becomes more widely diffused. Some of these new phases are watched for, worked for, and hailed with delight as they sweep confidently along; others are of slow and subtle growth, and creep in, apologetically conscious that they are treading on time-honored preserves, yet having no alternative, for they are driven by the relentless spirit of the age. It is by this latter method that village life in England, that essentially English institution, is being steadily transformed. Before it enters altogether on its new phase of existence let me try to set down in outline something of its inwardness as understood by those who have lived in its midst.

To fill in the background of the picture, we must for the moment turn back to the far-off pages of our history. In early Saxon days and among the Celtic tribes of Ireland and Scotland, land was held by the clan; the chief was the leader of the clan, and all-powerful in many respects, but he was not the owner of the soil. The Normans brought with them the feudal system, and the Conqueror made over great estates and the people who lived thereon to his favorite nobles, on the understanding that when called upon they would provide him with money and with fighting men. Gradually the feudal system, never in accordance with the feelings of the English people, merged into the manorial system. The large estate

* Abridged from The Outlook.

In Stoneleigh Deer Park.

still remained, but only about one-quarter of the land was held by the lord of the manor; the rest was divided up among his tenants, who, while they owed him service, had clear rights of their own.

Here, then, we get the beginning of the farmer class, so essential a factor in village life; and the next step in its evolution can be traced when the serf, or slave of the soil, first asserted his claim to some degree of liberty, and won for himself the right of "free labor"—that is to say, the right to hire himself to whom he would, instead of being bound to one place and one master.

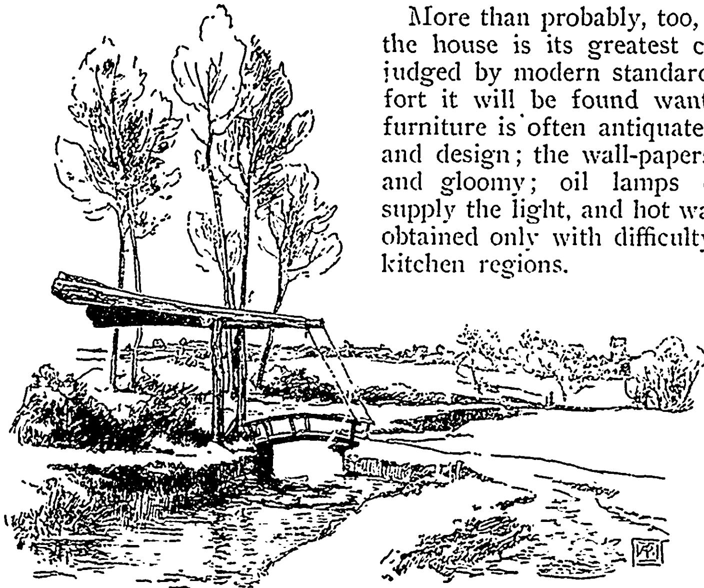
The Black Death which ravaged England in the middle of the fourteenth century, and which gave to the laborer an abnormal market value, largely brought about his emancipation. In the struggle that followed, there were many checks, many seeming defeats, but mighty forces, at first unrecognized, were gathering together. The New Learning and the Reformed Religion marked a milestone along the road of freedom.

"For the first time men opened their eyes and saw." As a result of the Puritan Revolution the power of Parliament grew and extended. The rights of the press, the right of petition, the publication of debates, coupled with an increasing political intelligence, were some of the factors which led up to the early Reform Acts of 1832. The later Act of 1867 practically completed the emancipation of the laborer, and gave him a vote.

The Ballot Act protected that vote, and the Education Act began its work of levelling up.

Yet through all these changes three distinct classes continued to exist, as indeed they still exist in the average village. Their relations to each other alone have changed.

The lord of the manor, his household, his tenants and their laborers, still practically compose the population of the village, and while much of the old feeling of subserviency and dependence has passed away, and each individual stands secure in his rights as a man, a warm tie of mutual interest and good will binds all together, and their daily contact with one another creates that real bond of fellowship, that close sense of responsibility, which is entirely lost sight of where men are crowded together. Now and again a political agitator, usually a town dweller, makes his appearance on the village green or joins the group round the blacksmith's shop. The villagers listen to him in a



SWING-BRIDGE NEAR WELFORD.

More than probably, too, the age of the house is its greatest charm, and judged by modern standards of comfort it will be found wanting. The furniture is often antiquated in shape and design; the wall-papers are prim and gloomy; oil lamps or candles supply the light, and hot water can be obtained only with difficulty from the kitchen regions.

stolid manner, but somehow his fiery denunciations and his rousing appeal fall flat. The laborer of many years ago had grievances and was inarticulate; to-day he has but few, and the remedy for these lies largely in his own hands. Labor is scarce, and he knows his value.

As we come to the more immediate foreground of our picture, the country seat of the squire stands out as the chief point of interest. It may be an Elizabethan manor, or a solid Queen Anne building, or a block in uncompromising Georgian style; it may be called the Court, the Hall, the Park, or the Place. Its actual form and name matter but little; looked at in the light of village perspective, it overshadows everything else. Probably it has passed from father to son through many generations, as is testified to by the date and coat of arms over the doorway, and the formidable array of ancestors, the trophies, and the weapons of warfare that look down from the walls inside.

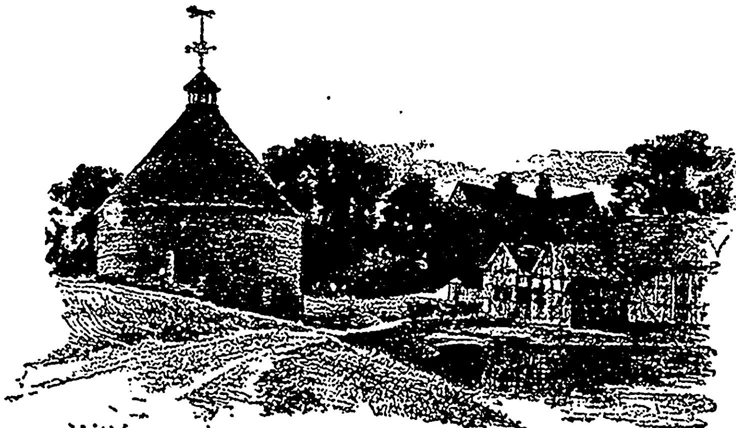
And yet—what an air of dignified possession there is about it all! The smooth green lawns, the splendid trees, the long, shady walks, the walled fruit-garden, and the far-stretching park breathe a quiet, conscious strength that needs no other recommendation. Already there is much change in this direction. The young squire of to-day is not content with the old régime. Either he has married money or possibly has made it; at any rate rate he spends it. London workmen have transformed the Court, the angular chairs and sofas have given place to luxurious lounges, the shabby old library is gorgeous, and everything is brought up to date. But the villagers shake their heads, and are not altogether dazzled by the improvements in the house and garden.

The old squire had spent the greater part of his day among them. They had seen him every morning as he rode off to administer justice from the magistrate's bench; they had always

RUINS OF NEWNHAM, REGIS CHURCH.

watched for him as he came back after a day's hunting, and waited for his cheery nod and passing word. On Sunday morning he had always been seen at church in the foremost pew, and after service had held quite a levee in the churchyard. The children looked forward to his constant visits to the school, and there was not a man or woman in the place who would have been afraid to stop him in the road, or seek him out in his library, if they had occasion to need his help or advice. In the shooting season all the cottagers were sure of their gifts of rabbits; at Christmas time liberal portions of beef and plum pudding were distributed; and in the summer time came the flower show, with the sports, and the band, and the children's treat.

The squire's lady had looked after the old and the sick, to whom she gave freely of such gifts as blankets, baby-clothes, and good soup. To these might be added the good advice which she had also distributed freely, yet with such genuine interest in the persons



WELFORD WEIR AND CHURCH.

concerned that, so far from offence being given, her intervention was considered in the light of a compliment. Her daughters had been no whit behind her. Save for six weeks spent in London during the season, or an occasional shooting party, they had lived quietly at home, with few dissipations beyond their hunting, the county balls, and the garden parties given by their neighbors. So they taught in the Sunday-schools and in the evening classes at the reading-room; they managed the Band of Hope and the Girls' Friendly Society; they trained the choir and looked after all the boys and girls, finding them places when they were old enough to leave home, and keeping in constant touch with them.

And the squire's sons? Well, they would always be Master Jack, Master Ted, and Master Harry to the end of the chapter. In the holidays they were here, there, and everywhere, adored alike by the old women, the grooms, the keepers' beaters, and the village lads, and when they went back to school or college the place was declared to be "sadly still without them." Ay, and when Master Ted died of fever out in India the whole village was in mourning, just as, when Miss Ethel married the good-looking sailor son of a neighboring squire, every inhabitant gladly subscribed towards a beautiful silver salver, and, in addition, dowered her with warm good will.

So the old people shake their heads to-day and say, "Things aren't what they were."

Master Jack has "done well for himself," of course, and smartened things up wonderfully, while his wife is a "fine-looking lady enough," who wears dresses that cost a small fortune. But then they are so seldom at home, and when they are they have so much grand company that there is not any time for them to go in and out of the cottages. The Christmas gifts are made just the same, but the distribution of meat is presided over by the housekeeper, and the villagers miss the homely face and friendly greeting of their old benefactress. Altogether something is lacking—that close personal touch, that intimate relationship, so hard to put into words, and yet so all-pervading.

The position of the parson in the village depends to-day more on the extent of his own popularity than on

LAWDFORD MILL.

the little world around them.

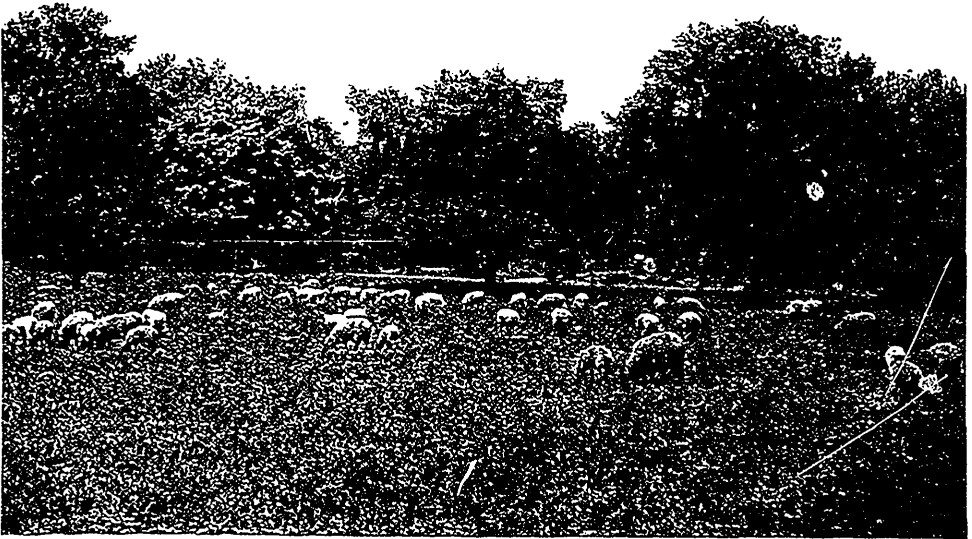
Nevertheless, in spite of some failings and limitations, theirs has been a great humanizing, uplifting work; they educated long before the government took over the task; th.y sowed the seed and made ready for the harvest when there were but few laborers in the field; and to-day, in so far as they loyally face the new conditions, they still wield a great and good influence amid their flock.

The parson who is a welcome visitor in every house need have no fear that he will be defeated when he stands as a candidate for the Parish Council. On the contrary, if he have but tact and sympathy, he will find himself instinctively appealed to as the moving spirit in everything that makes for righteousness and improvement. The villager loves to follow a lead and is shrewd in marking out a leader. The farmers and their families form a little society of their own.

Market day is the great event of the week, and the farm-house gig is well

his office, for he holds by no means an undisputed sway. Almost every village has its Nonconformist place of worship, though the church, the rectory, and the schools make an imposing little group. And who can ever adequately describe all the patient work that has been performed, all the comfort and help that has been given tc the poor, the sinful, and the solitary, by these country parsons who, year in year out, have stood on outpost duty. Often scholars themselves, they have lived lonely lives, cut off from all intellectual intercourse; wretchedly paid, they have struggled with many adverse circumstances. Perhaps they have clung too closely to the old order of things; perhaps they have been too prone to count those of other creeds as wanderers to be reclaimed and exhorted, rather than as followers of the same Master, though choosing another road; perhaps they have been too zealous in preaching the glories of the life to come, and have acquiesced too readily in the low standard of daily life accepted in

CATTHORPE CHURCH.



"FORTY FEEDING LIKE ONE."

packed for that occasion with the womenkind of the household. Once in the town, a series of meetings and greetings takes place; the little shops are besieged, and the enterprising tradesman who decks out his window with the latest things in hats and furbelows does a thriving business. Meanwhile the farmer and his sons make the best bargains they can at the cattle market or in the corn exchange; and they, too, gather up most of the news from the countryside as they seal their transactions with a pint of ale.

Home life in the average farmhouse is simple and comfortable. The boys and girls receive a good education at some neighboring grammar school, or, if more ambitious, at a boarding-school, and the sitting-room at the farm contains a fair number of books, and various efforts in picture-painting. Thanks to the energetic educational work of the County Councils, butter and cheese making, poultry-rearing, and other agricultural industries are becoming once more a fashion, so that Emmeline and Mabel no longer disdain these precious arts, and in many cases remain at home instead of seeking occupation further afield as useful companions or mothers' helps. Their mother, in her small way, is to the farm laborer's families what the squire's lady is to the whole village. A good mother and a good wife, hard-working, shrewd,

and level-headed, she mainly keeps the home together, and finances the fortunes of her family. If her tongue is a little sharp, or her temper a little short, it must surely be forgiven her, for between the weather, the crops, the ailments of the cattle, the little weaknesses of her husband, good-hearted fellow though he be, and the ambitions of her children, her life is far from an easy one, "more a field of battle than a bed of roses."

Every village has its stock characters among the inhabitants, and, in attempting to describe them, one well-known form after another rises to my mind. There is old Harris, a great-grandfather now, yet still patiently breaking stones on the road; his wife died thirty years ago, but he lives in the same little cottage where he has been for more than sixty years, and an elderly widow daughter looks after him. Then there is Betsy Capper, who from time immemorial has "enjoyed bad health," and periodically "takes a turn for the worse. She is a cheerful old body, and though she will probably live for many a long day, she is "poor old Betty" to every one in the village.

Next door is the abode of the Hawkins family. A dozen boys and girls are squeezed in there—"fair terrors," the neighbors call them! Mr. Hawkins does not take kindly to work, and prefers putting in his time at the "Bull's Head"; Mrs. Hawkins scolds and cuffs, cleans and chases her offspring relentlessly.

The Parry family have a bad name, and it is easy to see that gypsy blood runs in their veins. They are the bane of the keepers, the trial of the schoolmaster, and the black sheep of the village. They do very little work, and their cottage has a most neglected appearance, but on Sundays the girls turn out in showy colors, and anxious mothers watch them closely.

Mrs. Williams is a widow who has brought up her family single-handed and well; her girls are all in good situations, one of her boys is a corporal in the Guards, another works on the threshing-machine, and a third, with whom she lives, is an under-gardener at the Park. Jim Glover is the parson's odd man, and his wife is the village nurse; they "hold their heads high," and their daughter Clare is apprenticed to a dressmaker in the town, while their son Herbert Walter is one of the young gentlemen behind the counter at the Universal Grocery Stores. Mrs. Tomlins keeps the little shop, and her customers are sure of getting full value for their money, in gossip at any rate. John Price and

BIDFORD BRIDGE.

his sons own the carpenter's shop, and do all the odd jobs of the village; Mrs. Price has the reputation of possessing a very sharp tongue, which perhaps accounts for the fact that her husband is always known as "poor old John."

Ben Thomas, the blacksmith, is "mighty powerful" in his speech, and at election time comes out as an ardent Radical. He has a seat on the Parish Council, and used to sing in the church choir, till, not approving of the innovations introduced by a musical curate, he transferred his allegiance to the chapel; his son Joe is of a less fiery character, quite the most popular young fellow in the village, where he is a leading light in the Cricket Club, and on the Institute committee, and "Old Ben" is secretly very proud of him, though he bullies him consistently and keeps his nose to the grindstone.

AT SET OF SUN.
"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

Figures such as these stand out, but there are many others of whom I might write—simple, hard-working men and women whose pleasures are few, whose outlook is strictly bounded, and yet who plod away, amazingly contented with their lots. There is not much room for adventure or romance in village life; the more eager spirits break away to find or lose their souls in great cities, and for those who stay behind there is just the daily round to the rhythm of the seasons, and in the face of wind and weather, sunshine and storm. How to relieve the monotony of this life, and so make it more attractive to those of the coming generation, who will not face the old humdrum existence, is one of the most vital problems of the present.

"God's finger touched but gently when he made our England," says Mrs. Browning, so rounded are the contours of hill and vale. A visitor from the New World is especially struck with the noble park-like scenery which spreads on every side. A recent American traveller thus describes his impressions of this old historic land, with its stately parks and mansions, its quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, the hawthorn hedges just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures:

Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge in the early dawn, wrote his exquisite sonnet beginning,

"Earth has not any thing to show more fair,"

and the words echoed in my mind all the two hundred miles between Liverpool and London. Scenery wilder, grander, more impressive is to be found in many lands: but search the

"YONDER IVY-MANTLED TOWER."

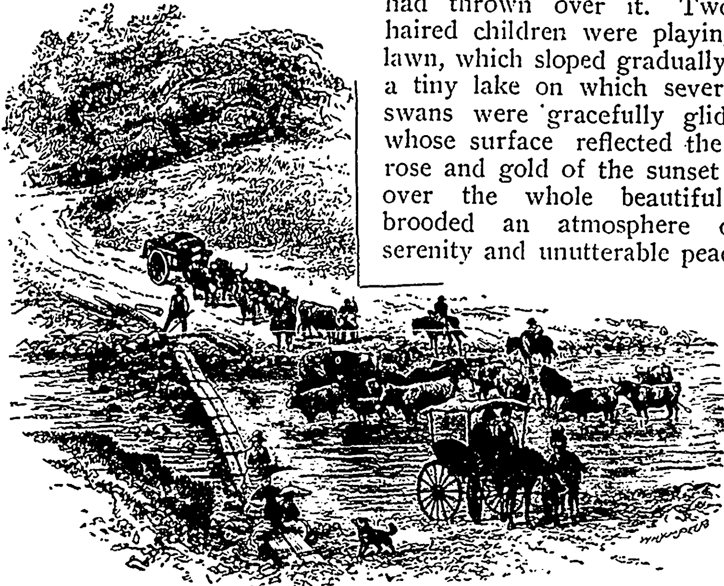
wide world over, and you will see nothing to equal the rich beauty of an English rural landscape. With us it is common for large farms to be cared for under the disadvantage of small incomes; here immense wealth has been lavished on small areas, giving a result that is a perpetual feast to the eye. Land is incalculably more precious than in the New World, yet clumps of noble trees have been left standing here and there in the fields, as well as in the picturesque hedgerows, serving as divisions between them.

The superlative finish evidenced on every hand made it seem incredible that the whole stretch of rolling country, as far as the eye could reach, had not been laid out as a great park by some wonderful landscape gardener. There stood the gray stone church, ancient and hoary, and smothered in ivy, and a rectory a fitting match for it in each particular, and between them the "country churchyard," bearing every mark of the one which inspired Gray's immortal "Elegy." Through clustering foliage showed tantalizing glimpses of one of "the stately homes of England," and at a respectful distance below rested the irregular street of tiny thatched cottages, and the quaint old inn with the swinging sign—"The Dun Cow," "The Angel," "The Dumb Bell," or some other title equally appropriate. Lastly, half a mile or so from the village, lay the homestead of the tenant farmer, the dusky purplish-red of the walls, and the lighter hue of the tiled roof, contrasting beautifully with the deep, rich green of the surrounding fields, which enviable tint, by the way, is due to the moisture of the much-abused English climate.

The number of very pretty little country homes, quite remote from any other habitation, was especially noticeable, and memory will always retain a strong impression of such an one, a model of quiet beauty. The picturesque, many-gabled old house, its latticed windows framed in ivy, and its porch covered in honeysuckle, was embowered in an old-fashioned garden, round which ran a hedge, its original prim lines well-nigh obliterated by the rich broidery of pink blossoms which a tangle of briar roses

"THE BREEZY CALL OF INCENSE-BREATHING MORN.

had thrown over it. Two sunny-haired children were playing on the lawn, which sloped gradually down to a tiny lake on which several snowy swans were gracefully gliding, and whose surface reflected the dappled rose and gold of the sunset sky, and over the whole beautiful picture brooded an atmosphere of calm serenity and unutterable peace.



AT THE FORD.

SPIRITUAL MYOPIA.

BY R. BOAL.

High on the mount of fame a spare old sage
Stood looking backward o'er the plain of life;
His learned eye though keen, a spiritual cataract
Obscured his vision, and he saw no trace
Of an omniscient God in Nature's works.
Deep thoughted soul, clear-eyed in things of earth,
With practical brain of academic skill,
Brain that wrought out the subtle finished tale
Of lives of great souls famed throughout the world,
Victor in many a controversial tilt,
Learned in humanities and classic lore,
Soul that had revelled in the richest thought
That the great minds of every land brought forth,
Soul, that depending on the bodily eye,
Could dimly feel, but could not see the light,
The Light that never was on sea or land;
Admired the teacher, but abjured the faith,
Saw beauty in the wondrous form divine
But failed to take the offered bread of life,
A lonely sciolist, on the barren hills
Of hopeless, dreary, cold, agnosticism!
Ignoring finally that one glorious voice,
For mortal man, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

West Montrose, Ont.

THE "GOOD ANGEL" OF BULGARIA.

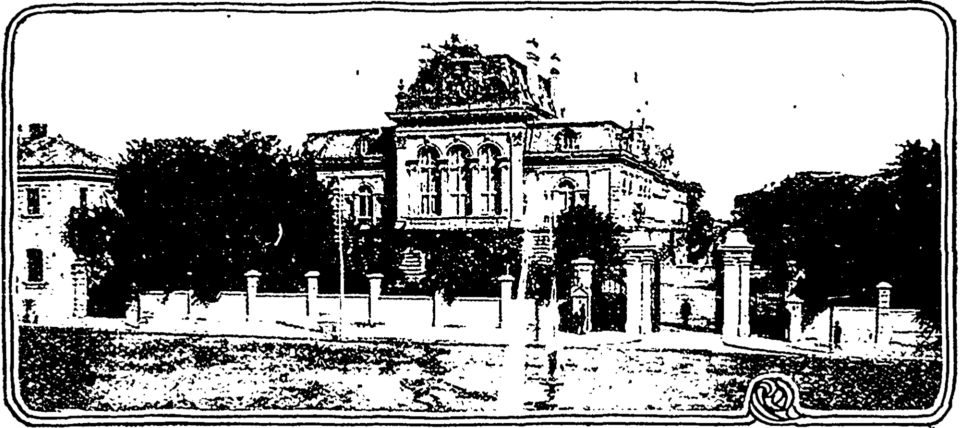
BY EVANKA S. AKRABOVA,

Philippopolis, Bulgaria.

MRS. MARY BAKHMITEFF.

A NAME which will be engraved in golden letters upon the pages of Bulgarian history, and which will always be an inspiration in the Bulgarian heart toward truer, higher aims of life, is the name of an American woman, Mrs. Mary Bakhmiteff, wife of Mr. G. Bakhmiteff, the present Russian Diplomatic Agent at Sofia, Bulgaria. Mrs. Bakhmiteff's father, General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, attained distinction in the Mexican war. During General Grant's presidency, General Beale was appointed United States Minister to Vienna, and there Miss Beale met Mr. Bakhmiteff. Since their marriage, her husband has served his government as military attache of the Russian Embassy in London; later, as Second Secretary of the Embassy in Athens, Greece; Charge d'Affaires in Lisbon, Portugal, and to-day as the Diplomatic Agent at the court of Bulgaria.

The few years of Mrs. Bakhmiteff's



THE ROYAL PALACE AT SOFIA, BULGARIA.

life in Bulgaria have their eloquent story to tell. As soon as she entered the country, she showed unmistakably her interest in the life and character of the people, and made them feel in every way possible that she did not intend to remain a stranger among them. She opened her elegant home to the Prince, the statesmen, and the women prominent in society, and included them all in her generous hospitality.

Although much beloved and admired by those in the higher walks of life, she finds the greatest delight in relieving the needy, rescuing those that are ready to perish, and in comforting and uplifting the oppressed and down-trodden. The Bulgarian people quickly recognized Mrs. Bakhmiteff's magnanimity of soul. As she was visiting the Alexander Hospital at Sofia, one day, by invitation, she was shocked at the condition of some of its wards. Inquiry revealed that this was due mainly to insufficient funds. Laying the matter to heart, she turned to Russia for help in securing competent nurses from the Red Cross. Seven nurses were speedily sent by the Dowager Empress and the Czarina; five of these entered the hospital wards, and the remaining two served as instructors of young Bulgarian women, who took the course in nursing. More than thirty graduates are already blessing the hospitals and homes of the land with their services, while three have recently been sent to the Far East, with two surgeons and all the equipments for a camp-hospital, for the relief of the Russian wounded.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff's visit to the Alexander Hospital not only revealed the need of better care of the patients, but also the fact that there was no children's ward, no special beds nor clothes for the little sufferers. To supply this lamentable lack, she promptly suggested a ladies' sewing society, to meet the needs of the neglected children, at least as far as their clothes were concerned. The ladies willingly met her suggestion. They quickly organized themselves as a society for hospital aid, with forty members, wives of the most prominent men of Sofia. Their second meeting was held at the residence of the first lady-in-waiting at the court, Mrs. Petroff Chomakoff, and the third, at

the Russian Consulate. By a unanimous vote, Mrs. Bakhmiteff was elected president, a position she still holds.

Prince Ferdinand, on learning of the newly organized society, which had taken the name of his first-born daughter, Her Royal Highness Princess Evdokia, at once sent one thousand francs to its treasury. Fifteen small bedsteads were quickly ordered from Vienna, and the first ward for children was opened in the hospital. Now there are five wards, with sixty children's beds, all daintily furnished, and clothing for as many little patients. Only the poorest children are admitted. The government doctors and nurses attend them, thus relieving the society from all expense for these services. The ladies find great pleasure in visiting the children, and their president allows no day to pass when she is in Sofia without blessing the small patients with the sight of her loving face and the sound of her voice.

When she learned that the largest number of sick children came from the poorest quarter of the city, where they lived in unwholesome dwellings and had no suitable food, Mrs. Bakhmiteff proposed to the society to open a day nursery in that section, and thus help to give a good start in life to as many children as possible. The society gladly acted upon this suggestion also, and the first day nursery in Bulgaria was opened last year, providing accommodation in the beginning for fifteen children from six months to three years of age. No charge is made for any child. The membership of this philanthropic society of Bulgarian women now numbers 135, and its yearly income is six thousand francs. In token of his appreciation of the services which Mrs. Bakhmiteff has rendered to his nation, Prince Ferdinand has decorated her with a beautiful cross.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS EVDOKIA.

When, three years ago, Miss Stone, the well-known missionary, was captured by brigands in Macedonia, who held her for ransom, it was Mrs. Bakhmiteff who, under God, finally became one of the indispensable factors in her rescue. When Miss Stone was given up for lost, because all endeavors to find her put forth from the time her capture had become known had up to this time utterly failed, it was this able-minded, tender-hearted American woman, mistress of the imposing establishment of Russian diplomacy at Sofia, whose heart became strangely moved on behalf of the captive. She had never heard of Miss Stone until that time, and as she read in the daily papers of the kidnapping, her heart began to burn within her to help to save her suffering countrywoman. She chanced to meet an acquaintance of the captive, who interested her still more by the terms in which she spoke of her, and at the same time mentioned the fact that the court stationer at Sofia, Mrs. B. J. Kasuroff, a woman of fine character and great influence, was a former pupil of Miss Stone, and also a

MRS. B. J. KASUROFF.

dear friend of hers. Mrs. Bakhmiteff lost no time in making an errand to the court stationer, to obtain the information for which she was now eager. Finding Mrs. Kasuroff, she plunged into the subject which lay so close to her heart, and was soon revealing to her the absorbing desire of her soul. "I am almost insane," she exclaimed; "I cannot eat, sleep, or think of anything else but of that unfortunate Miss Stone!"

Mrs. Kasuroff, who had neglected her home, business, social duties, everything, in her anxiety to do something to save her lost teacher and friend, received the diplomat's wife as one divinely sent to her. No pleasanter task could have been asked of her than to give information of the one she almost reverenced. Hope sprang up in her soul that, somehow, this lady of rare ability might become the means of rescuing the beloved sufferer.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff had felt great pity for Miss Stone, but now admiration for her was awakened. She visited Mrs. Kasuroff daily, often several times a day, to try and contrive some means to reach the captive, to find out whether she was alive or dead. "If only she is alive, she will be saved!" said she to her Bulgarian friend, showing how determined she had now become to rescue her. As for Mrs. Kasuroff, the Russian Consulate was opened to her at all hours in those days of extremity, and together the two loving women worked to save the third, who was in the grip of the brigands.

During those terribly anxious days Mr. Mason, the American Consul at Berlin, accompanied by a newspaper correspondent from the United States, visited Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff. A bright thought flashed across the mind of the quick-witted wife of the Russian diplomat, and she went with it straight to Mrs. Kasuroff. "I am planning," she said, "to give a dinner-party in honor of Mr. Mason, to which I shall invite all the consuls in Sofia, and learn their opinion on Miss Stone's case."

Queen Esther of old gave a banquet to save her nation; why should not Mrs. Bakhmiteff give one to save her countrywoman? While the guests were enjoying her feast, the hostess introduced the subject of the captivity, which was then baffling the combined efforts of the United States, Turkey, Bulgaria and Russia. From the discussion which followed Mrs. Bakhmiteff concluded that a letter must be written by someone whose handwriting Miss Stone would recognize, but that no name should be signed; then that a sum of money should be paid to someone who would risk the hazardous undertaking of going to hunt in the mountains of Macedonia in the hope of finding some traces of the bandits who held the captives, and to learn if the unfortunate women were still alive. Mrs. Bakhmiteff had decided to send

the bodyguard of the Consulate out into the city for this purpose.

Early next morning the American correspondent went to Mrs. Kasuroff, and presented the request from Mrs. Bakhmiteff that she should write a letter to Miss Stone. "Write a letter to Miss Stone!" exclaimed Mrs. Kasuroff, completely bewildered, "How can I write? I do not know whether she is dead or alive!"

"Oh, yes, you can write one," said the correspondent, reassuringly. "Just write as you would if you knew she were alive."

Mrs. Kasuroff wrote as her heart dictated, hardly daring to hope that it would ever reach her captive friend. She took the letter to the Consulate, where it was read and approved by Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff. As they were agitating the perplexing question how to find a man who would dare to take the letter, a circumstance recurred to Mrs. Kasuroff's mind which at least suggested a solution. One day a rough-appearing fellow had seemingly put himself in the way of one of her friends, and had boasted in loud tones that if money enough were given to him to make it an object he would undertake to find the brigands who held the captives! No one knew anything of the man, whether he could be trusted or not; but it was decided to risk it. When the man was spoken to, and consented to go if two hundred francs were paid to him, Mr. Bakhmiteff threw down three hundred francs, saying, "Let the man go, and go this very night."

Meantime, Mrs. Kasuroff wrote to her friend:

"Particulars I cannot write you now, but it is sufficient to assure you that I have done all that I possibly could, and have felt all the time not I was acting, but another power has moved me from within. I am only looking how God hath put it into the hearts of others who have never known Miss Stone to work perhaps the hardest of all for her to be saved. Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff are trying as much as her own brothers would try if they were here. I feel that if Miss Stone is alive she will be saved."

A little later, when new difficulties appeared, Mrs. Kasuroff wrote to the same friend:

"A few nights ago I could not sleep, and got up and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Bakhmiteff. She has sent it to her mother in Washington, with the request that without delay it be given to Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President."

After a waiting, which seemed interminable, the strange messenger

MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

returned, bearing a written word in Miss Stone's own handwriting! Both she and her companion in captivity, Mrs. Tsilka, were alive and well! The joy Mrs. Bakhmiteff and Mrs. Kasuroff experienced at the success of their attempt was too great to be expressed in words. This was early in November, two months after [illegible] capture. Negotiations were commenced with the brigands, the ransom was finally paid, and the captives freed.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff passed on to other deeds of mercy. Terrible troubles befell the poor Christians in European Turkey when, in the autumn of 1902,

unable longer to endure Moslem misrule, they rose against the Turkish Government and fought for their rights to live as men. Instead of following the armed insurgents to the mountains, the Turkish troops and bashi-bazouks fell upon the helpless women, children and aged people in the villages, burned up their homes after pillaging them, and massacred thousands.

Those that could escape crossed the mountains and found safety in Bulgaria. Destitute, cold and in need of all things, they found sympathy in this warm-hearted American woman. She was the first to go to their relief at Rilo Monastery and other points on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier. For this purpose she left her home in midwinter, and, accompanied by a government official and a corps of nurses, undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty miles by carriage, to visit the sufferers, and personally to give them, from Russian bounty, food, warmth and clothing. She heard their sad tales, understood their miseries, and with their tears her own were often mingled. She established, from her own purse, a refuge in Dubnitza, provided it with all needful facilities, and left nurses in charge. Only a few months ago she gave twenty-five thousand francs more from her private purse to the refugees.

Her recompense of reward is: She is not only followed by the fervent prayers and blessings of all whom she has succored, including the ransomed captives, but has gained the hearts of a people on both sides of the Rhodope Mountains.

A VICARAGE GARDEN.

BY JAMES RHOADES.

I love your garden's green repose,
  Shut safe from outer dust and din,
The jet your wayward fountain throws,
  The fish beneath of golden fin;

The sweep of sward, the beds of bloom,
  The stately cedar's solemn shade,
The arched lime alley's cloistral gloom
  For lonely meditation made;

The terraced walk, the ivied wall,
  The music of the floundering mill,
And, like an arm embracing all,
  The ridge of Chiltern's chalky hill.

Here, faithful to her wedded vows,
  All day the mother-thrush will sit,
Wee masons toil among the boughs,
  Or tiny lovers flirt and flit;

And sometimes, from his reedy bound,
  Borne faintly past the poplar-stems,
Comes, half a silence, half a sound,
  The murmur of the travelled Thames.

Yes, happy bowers, I love you well,
  Nor least I love you for that here
Sage Wisdom and the Graces dwell,
  With mirth and hospitable cheer;

While hope and aspiration bright,
  And faith, with eyes upon the goal,
And love of all things fair, unite
  To deck a garden for the soul;

Where th[illegible] perennial fountains spring,
  That in the heart's waste places play,
And on dead Summer's face can fling
  The smile of everlasting May.

LONDON CHARITIES.

CROWD AT KILBURN CHURCH, LONDON, SEEING FRESH-AIR CHILDREN OFF.

NO city in the world equals London in the number, extent and munificence of its charities. It has four hundred hospitals, not to mention other houses of mercy. Hospital Sunday is a very noteworthy institution. Charity sermons are preached in most of the churches and collections for the hospitals are taken. During the week following public collections are also received, and many high-born dames become collectors for these institutions of succor of the suffering.

No city in the world has greater need of such succor. There are multitudes who live on the border line of poverty, and a temporary stoppage of work, caused by a heavy frost or snow in winter or by dull times in summer, makes multitudes cross that border into the region of utter destitution.

But much of this poverty is due to drink and the unthrift which it causes. The public-house is the great social wen in which the malignant humors of the body politic gather. It is the ulcer which drains the body of its life. In certain regions of the city at almost every street

PRINCESS OF WALES.
The Patroness of many London Charities.

LONDON WAIFS AT PRINCESS MARY VILLAGE HOMES.

corner the gin palace raises its brazen front. In the poorest neighborhoods these man-traps most abound. In Bethnal Green, one of the poorest slums of London, a policeman said to the present writer: "From the place where I stand I can count seventeen public-houses." The testimony of experts is that most of the poverty is caused through drink, that when times are good and wages high much of the earnings goes over the bar. Sometimes even in the uttermost depression the donations of charity go the same way, and the greatest care must be exercised to prevent this wilful waste and the woeful want it causes.

When an appeal was made to Canadian generosity last winter to relieve the distress at West Ham hundreds of pairs of boots were bought for poor children. Each of these had to be perforated with four holes and the pawnbrokers warned not to accept any so marked. Even the clothing furnished by the school boards to the children were indelibly stamped "Loaned" to prevent its being pawned and the proceeds spent in drink.

But this vice, these sad conditions in no way discount the generous character for the sick and suffering, the hungry and the fallen. The following account describes the methods in which these charities are maintained:

London is a mass of humanity, pitchforked together by a seemingly careless fate. Every man is a stranger to his next door neighbor. Yet in no city, so much as in this very heterogeneous London, does public charity manifest itself on so liberal a scale, or in so many varied forms. Charity in London is, indeed, a business led by royalty, and followed up by the masses.

That July is the busy season in the business of providing for the poor, is evident even to the casual eye of the tourist. In the principal streets, banners, just like political banners, are stretched from house to house. In the houses of the rich, charity concerts are held almost daily. Bazaars are at that time held in many great public buildings, such as the Crystal Palace and Albert Hall. A dozen fresh-air funds are being applied to

COTTAGES AT THE PRINCESS MARY HOME.

TEA-TIME AT THE PRINCESS MARY HOME.

This does not include $3,000,000 for loans. This is at the rate of nearly $2 a head for each person in the population of England. For the poor relief last year the British taxpayer paid the sum of $12,000,000. All the vast remainder of the $70,000,000 for the poor came in the form of voluntary contributions.

Now we turn to the businesslike manner in which the voluntary contributions are raised. It must be remembered that practically all the hospitals, orphanages, homes, relief funds, shelters, rests, etc., are not under state or municipal control, but that these enterprises act independently. Hence the necessity for independent appeals. It is most interesting to note that the principal method of appealing by the various independent institutions is by advertising—especially in times of famine or widespread distress. In magazines and newspapers, both religious and secular, I see from day

sending children of the tenements to the country and the seaside. Hospitals are making good their annual deficits, and orphanages are raising funds to extend their operations. Princesses are acting as saleswomen at bazaars, and women of the middle class are passing around linen bags, to be filled with anything you choose to give for the needy.

First of all, I shall show that this wholesale giving to the poor on the part of Londoners is an absolute necessity; second, that the manner of enlisting public sympathy is not haphazard, but admirably businesslike.

As to the necessity. In this centre of the world's business, there are more abjectly poor people than can be found in all the remainder of Great Britain. The returns for the last week in last June show that 109,494 London paupers received aid during the year. On a single day the number of vagrants relieved was 1,200.

On "Hospital Sunday" an announcement read in the churches showed that the number of patients treated during the year reached the stupendous number of 2,289,578. To take care of all the poor in England and Wales alone last year, the enormous sum of $70,000,000 was spent.

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
Head of Association for Friendless Girls.

A DORMITORY IN ONE OF THE BARNARDO HOMES FOR WAIFS.

to day the advertisements of all sorts of charitable enterprises, setting forth their purposes, and appealing for funds "urgently needed," or, as they sometimes read, "painfully needed."

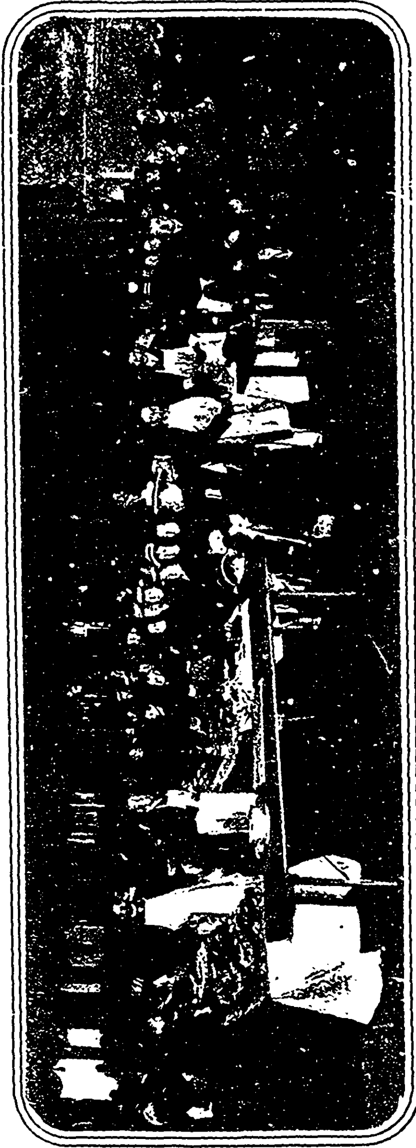
The principle of this form of eliciting public sympathy is that the money spent for advertising yields a far larger return than any other method of appeal, and is therefore not only a practicable business method, but a paying one.

In response to these advertised appeals come not only contributions in the form of mites from those who give of their little all as a Christian duty, but contributions in the form of vast sums from Christian philanthropists, many of whom give thus of their plenty while they still live, instead of leaving the money by will. The total of such philanthropic gifts last year exceeded $7,000,000. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who the other day celebrated her ninetieth birthday, has endowed in the course of her life no fewer than three bishoprics, nine hospitals, four orphanages, five children's homes, six homes for women, and probably a score of charitable institutions of a miscellaneous character. All appeals sent to her for assistance are examined by trained hands, and if their reports are favorable, the help is sent. I am told that some of the most prized treasures in her home are the gifts of the grateful poor.

A SCRAMBLE FOR SWEETS.

The lists of charitable bequests in Whittaker's Almanac for 1904, occupies a whole page, and it includes only gifts of $50,000 or more. Thus gifts pour in for every form of public beneficence in London; for every institution for curing disease, alleviating suffering, relieving the needy, or soothing those who have seen better days.

Most active, in the sense of personal attention and personal gifts, in caring for London's poor, are the



DISTRIBUTION OF BAKED MEATS, AT GUILDHALL, TO LONDON'S POOR.

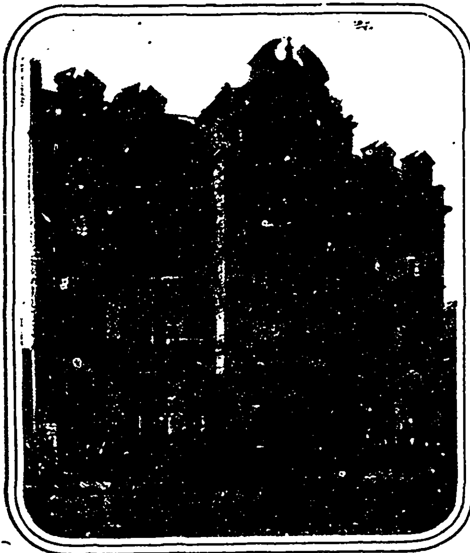
King and Queen. The King, especially, takes a particular interest in discoveries of a cure for cancer and tuberculosis; and if ever such cure is discovered, it will be due, in a large measure, to the encouragement he has given to research into the causes of these mysterious diseases. As for the Queen, her name appears as principal patron on at least half of the institutions named in the official list of London charities. She opens fairs, buys from the stalls, makes things to be sold, visits hospitals and homes; and, judging from the course of her daily movements as chronicled in the Court Circular, she certainly gives the most of the hours of her active day to the poor.

While the Salvation Army Congress was in session the Queen visited one of the halfpenny restaurants conducted by the Army, ate the halfpenny dinner, and said she liked it. It is reported that the King once said that whenever he saw the Queen looking through the newspapers, he knew that she was reading either about a children's home or a hospital; and that the happiest moment of her Majesty's life was when she could discover some new institution for the help of the poor, or for the cure of sick children. The Queen opened the great charity bazaar at Albert Hall, the greatest charity event of the season. She herself was a contributor, not only of money, but of a book-cover which she painted, symbolica. of the volume, The Christian Year, for which it was made. Moreover, the Queen often presents a prayer-book or hymn-book, with the cover worked or painted by herself, to those charitable institutions of which she is patron. The King presided at the anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School, and while chatting with two of the boys who stood behind the royal chair, he said: "I hope you and your friends enjoy the holiday I begged for you."

The Prince and Princess of Wales

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE BAR (COFFEE AND TEA-ROOM).

are no less active than their august sires. They gave a garden party for the benefit of the League of Mercy, raising about $50,000. Not long ago their Royal Highnesses gave an entertainment in aid of the Lifeboat Fund. Again, they journeyed far from town to open the new sanatorium in connection with the Hospital for Consumptives. Once more, they very quietly and unostentatiously visited the workmen's dwellings at Westminster. And every time these distinguished visitors appear at an institution, the visit signifies royal approval, and induces funds from Christian England.



THE "ROYAL SAILORS' REST."

After the Prince and Princess of Wales comes the activity of the King's sisters. Foremost among these is the Princess Christian, her favorite institutions being the Royal School of Needlework, the Windsor Nursing Home, the Royal Infant Nursery, the Cripple Boys' Holiday Home, and various fresh air enterprises. Then come two more of the King's sisters, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. Both have endowed many homes for children and shelters for women, and philanthropy may be said to constitute their lifework. Other members of the

IN THE PASSMORE-EDWARDS' "SAILORS' PALACE."

nobility who are active in charity work are Lady Somerset, who has of late devoted her time to establishing temperance rests, or restaurants, in the poorer sections of the city, to offer counter attractions to the public-house, for the poor wage-earner; the Countess of Aberdeen, an indefatigable worker in the cause of women breadwinners, and the Duchess of Sutherland, who is the "Angel of the Hospitals." Lord Avebury, formerly Sir John Lubbock, the scientist, now gives his attention to the improvement of conditions surrounding working girls. In the list, we must not forget Miss Agnes Weston, who has established practically all the sailors' homes and sailors' rests throughout England.

All these princesses and duchesses, noblemen and ladies, and rich people in private life, labor in person unceasingly among the poorer classes. Some confine their work to poor girls, fallen women, etc., and hence the present movement for the establishment of more homes for working women and friendless girls. The good Samaritans of London now perform their work for friendless girls through the Pimlico Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls. This association has established many preventive homes throughout the city, where servants and shop assistants out of work may live until they get a fresh start. Nurseries are maintained by the Association where mothers are given a home until they can find work whereby they can support themselves and their babies. The task of keeping in touch with the girls who pass through the homes is the most ardu-

THE ALEXANDRA DINING-ROOMS FOR THE POOR.

FRESH-AIR CHILDREN AT SPURGEON SEASIDE HOME.

ous part of the work, but each girl is made to feel that the ladies are friends to whom she can always turn for practical sympathy.

I referred in a previous paragraph to linen bags that were left at the doors of London households. This work is conducted on an extensive scale. Not a house is neglected; there is not a door at which a linen bag is not left, to be filled by the inmates.

In my house at the present time is one of those linen bags; it was left there a few days ago, and will be called for in due time. I am supposed to fill it with anything I don't want—such as old coats, shoes, hats, underwear, books, etc. This is a provision made for the poor of London by the Society for the Destitute. The bags are all taken to a central headquarter, where the contents are sorted and laid out for exhibition, just as goods in a department store. To this store come the needy to buy, for a penny or two, anything they want. The pennies thus gathered pay all expenses and the pride of the poor is sustained by the thought that the article is paid for, even though the sum is ever so small.

Now, mark the wisdom of this charity. Not a thing is sold in summer, when all the other charities and fresh-air funds are doing so much for the poor. Not until October is the store opened. Winter is then approaching, and a new coat, or a new pair of shoes is needed. The poor then buy, for a penny or two, clothing for which they could never pay elsewhere. I went to the store, or depot, as it is called, to ask about this useful charity. The manager told me some incidents worth repeating. One day, there came a poor girl with a timid request "for an old night-dress for my mother—she's dying of cancer." How the thin, anxious face brightened when she found that two half-worn night garments, formerly the property, apparently, of some rich lady, could be purchased for the modest sum of one penny. Then there came an old man, who earned, he said, a scanty living as a crossing sweeper. "But why have you not been to the mission lately?" asked the manager. "Because," said the poor man, "I know it would be disrespectful to appear in God's house in these rags, and for some weeks I have had nothing better. But now I have come to try to get a new coat." He got the coat.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.*

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

VIEW OF THE HOWARD RESIDENCE, HIGH PARK

IT was strange to find myself, far away in Canada, eight hundred miles and more from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, leaning against the iron railings which for a hundred and sixty years had enclosed the familiar space in front of old St. Paul's. For a century and a half they had stood about the very centre of the heart of London, amidst the ceaseless traffic of Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, with its roll of carriages and its crowds of people. How far away it seemed from the leafy stillness of the spot on which I stood, where the maple-trees were ablaze with gold and crimson, and the slope of the hills stretched to the great waters of Lake Ontario!

These railings had their history. Designed by Sir Christopher Wren, they were cast with special care long ago in Sussex, where the forests afforded fuel for the foundries of those times, and in the year 1714 were set up as the last and finishing touch of the great cathedral. Now they stand enclosing a tomb—granite boulders surmounted by a high Maltese cross—beneath which sleep John George Howard and Jemima Frances, his wife, in High Park, near Toronto.

Full of interest, and not without its

* Reprinted by kind permission of the author from The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

romance, is the incident of how these railings came to find their new home in the New World.

In the year 1803, in a village vaguely described as "twenty-one miles north of the city of London, England," was born J. G. Howard. At twenty-one we find him with a firm of architects in London—Ford & per with them in the Old Country, and in 1831 they determined to emigrate to Canada.

Fortunately Mr. Howard kept a diary of the journey, and those who are tempted to complain of the discomforts of travel to-day should read something of such early voyages to know how much they have to be

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Paterson, R.A. A little later he became engaged to Miss Jemima Frances Meikle, and their evening strolls led them often towards the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral. It may have been the trysting-place of the young lovers; at any rate, it came to be associated closely with the happy days of their courtship. They were married, but things did not pros-

thankful for. The young couple left London on June 26th; they arrived at York, now Toronto, on September 14th. Eleven weeks and three days was that journey! There is amidst the hardships almost a grim humor about the utter uncertainty of everything when vessels were dependent upon the fickleness of the winds. Their luggage on board the "Emperor

Alexander," Captain Boig, they went ashore to take leave of their friends.

Our stay, says Mr. Howard, was but short, as we expected the vessel to sail that afternoon. We were both very miserable after parting with our friends. We went on board, and began putting things to rights in the cabin. We found that we wanted several things which I ought to have got at Gravesend. The vessel did not sail that night, and the mate assured me that she would not sail before the next evening. We therefore took the opportunity of going on shore again in the morning. We had just made our purchases, and were going to take a walk and call on mother, when a waterman from the pier stepped up and informed us that the ship was under sail. I ran down to the beach, and to my utter astonishment found his words were true. She was sailing away at a rapid rate. We jumped into a boat, and gave the men five shillings. After an hour's hard rowing we came up with the ship, and sailed on with a fine breeze, coming to anchor off the Nore Light about midnight.

A FINE DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK.

The vessel, continues the diary, ran aground on the Spaniard Bank, off Herne Bay, which obliged us to wait ten hours for the return of the tide. Off Dover the wind dropped, and we were opposite the cliffs some hours. The captain, myself, and the rest of the cabin passengers, amused ourselves with snooting with my rifle at a bottle slung up to the yard-arm. Another gentleman and myself were standing on the poop when the boom jibed, and nearly swept us into the sea, which put an end to our shooting. The captain caught hold of one of my legs just as I was going over. . . .

Aug. 12th, Sunday.—Still opposite Anticosti, with a foul wind. At 11 a.m. sent a boat off to the "Emperor," a vessel bound for Liverpool with timber. Got from her two fowls and a

pail of potatoes. The crew gave bad accounts of the cholera at Quebec. They had lost six people. We have three or four ill; and if they are not well before we get to the quarantine ground, we most likely will have to stay there three weeks. The northern lights were very beautiful every night.

15th.—The boat was lowered, and the captain, myself, the doctor, and seven others, well armed, pushed off from the ship, the boat being stored with grog and provisions. I had laid in a good supply of toast and water. Words will not express my feelings on nearing the iron-bound shore. Huge rocks a hundred yards long by thirty or forty yards high ran out into the sea. Behind, the mountains, covered with spruce-firs and white birch-trees to the height of several hundred feet, rose like an amphitheatre. We at last found a landing-place, and by laying two oars side by side from the boat to the rocks, we all landed. . .

CYCLING IN HIGH PARK.

About 4 p.m. we put off in the boat with the intent of going on board, as the ship was beating up with a flood-tide against a foul wind about ten miles off. The captain was drunk, as indeed were all the men, except the doctor and myself. The sea was so high it came over the gunwale of the boat; so we persuaded the captain to put back, make a fire, and stay all night. There was one bottle of rum left, which I capsized. We gained the shore by getting up to our middle in water. The captain and the sailors rolled about in the sea with their clothes on, and were nearly drowned. The others pulled off their wet clothes and went bathing, which helped to sober them. We started along the beach, and lost two of our number; but by the help of our guns we soon found them again. We passed four Indian wigwams. We got two of the sailors to take the boat about four miles round to a small bay, or she would have been dashed to pieces. We walked along the shore, and reached the boat about 6.30 p.m. One of the men, in crossing a small creek, was driven out to sea, but saved himself by clinging to the rocks. His feet were badly cut.

The men being now nearly sober, we again put off in the boat, and reached the ship about 8.30 p.m.

When we got alongside a great many of the steerage passengers began hooting and hissing. Some of them got out their knives to cut the ropes that held the ladder, saying we should not come on board. One of the most noisy received a blow with the flat part of an oar on his face, which knocked some of his teeth out. This completely silenced them. They had been very mutinous all day, through the captain not being on board. We went to bed as soon as we got on board, and had our fly-bitten faces rubbed with vinegar and water. . .

26th, Sunday.—All well on board. The captain ordered all the steerage passengers to prepare themselves to go upon the island for the purpose of airing their bedding and washing their linen. About 3 p.m. the boats were manned, and the passengers landed. They all set to, and the rocks presented a most singular appearance from the various articles of clothing spread about them and the emigrants in all directions hanging them out to dry. At night they went into a humble shed (for it could not be called by any other name) and spread their beds on the bare ground.

A lamentable occurrence took place this evening. The passengers of the "Minerva," anchored near us, had performed quarantine, and were returning on board. When they came alongside their vessel, the ropes of the davits became entangled with the mast of the boat and swamped her. From the deck of our ship we could see upwards of twenty persons struggling in the water, only nine of whom were saved. The agony we felt at not being able to render assistance—all our boats being on shore—was extreme. One of our boats, returning from the shore, rowed to their assistance, and succeeded in picking up four, who were taken to the island.

29th.—Weighed anchor at 5 a.m., and made but little way. At eight arrived opposite the Island of Orleans, and at nine came to anchor at Patrick's Isle, six miles from Quebec, the tide and wind dead against us. A child had just died of decline, its death hastened by the privations suffered at the quarantine ground.

Sept. 1st.—A party of us went on shore with the corpse about 10 a.m., and were directed to the cholera burial-ground. When there we were obliged to wait for several hours for a priest. There were no fewer than seven or eight waggons with rough deal coffins waiting in the hot sun for the said priest. The coffins were nailed together of unseasoned inch-boards.

4th.—Went on board the steamship for Montreal. Arrived there on the 5th.

8th.—Left Montreal by coach and steamer for York.

10th.—Went on board the "William the Fourth," and arrived at York (now Toronto) at 6 a.m. on Sept. 14th, 1832—eleven weeks and three days from London!

Having only a garret with a skylight in the roof, and that nearly always covered with snow, and no fire in the room, both my poor wife and myself suffered very much from the severe weather.

My brother-in-law had taken a two-year-old colt in trade, and about the 1st of January wished to take it to Pickering to an old-country farmer of his acquaintance. A gentleman from Goderich was visiting us, and one evening after tea they proposed to walk to Pickering, taking the colt. They pressed me very hard to accompany them, and I agreed to do so if they would put it off until the next morning. They rather taunted me on my being afraid of the cold, so I agreed to start at once. We all three

started off. It was a bitterly cold night. When we had travelled about nine miles, we came to a place where a clearing had been commenced, and a large tree was lying, with a quantity of bush. On the road I had picked up a firebrand that had been thrown out of a small house. With this we made a fire against the lee side of the log. The blaze soon brought several of the neighbors to the place, and they chatted and sang songs until about midnight, when they took their departure, and we three settled ourselves, with our feet to the fire, to sleep.

My two companions had greatcoats; but I had not put mine on when leaving home. I think it was about 3 a.m., when I awoke with the cold. The fire had burned down, all but a few embers and a few half-burnt sticks. The pony was tied to a sapling about thirty feet from the opposite side of the fire, and every time the wind caused a little flame to rise from the embers it would flash across the eyes of the pony. The night was very still, and I fancied I heard the crackling of sticks in the bush to the left of where the pony was tied. I thought it might be from a bear or a wolf. There were several inches of snow on the ground so that I could see some distance among the trees, and after watching very attentively for some time I plainly saw a large black animal approaching the pony very slowly.

At first I thought it best to awaken my two companions; but fearing that I might be laughed at if it should not turn out to be a bear, and getting my rifle all ready, I waited for about twenty minutes, when the animal came within thirty yards of the fire. I was just about to let fly at it when it gave a grunt, and I plainly saw that it was a large black sow. I settled myself again and went to sleep.

I was aroused by my companions about 5 a.m. to continue our journey; but on attempting to walk, I found that my knees were frozen. The agony I suffered was terrible. I ought to have immediately rubbed them with snow; but none of us understood frostbites, and as a consequence I have for more than fifty years been obliged to wear woollen kneecaps. I tied handkerchiefs round the knees, and tried to ride on the pony; but as there was neither saddle nor stirrups, the pain was worse when my legs hung down.

We at last reached Mr. White's farm at Pickering; but there was no doctor nearer than York, so I had to wait until I got home, which I did the next day. Mr. White kindly drove me home in his lumber-waggon. It was several weeks before I could walk comfortably, and Dr. Widner said that I had had a narrow escape from losing the use of both my legs.

I resolved not to go out upon any other expeditions, but to settle down and make designs for log houses, frame and brick buildings, churches, villas and hotels, together with rows of shop fronts. I carried out my resolutions, and filled six large sheets of paper with my designs.*

Then came the growth of the city, and Mr. Howard slowly rose to be one of its foremost citizens, as he was one of its wealthiest. His park covers a hundred and sixty acres, and is now a generous gift to the city of Toronto.

He was in the habit of having the London Times sent regularly from home. It was in 1874 when, sitting one morning at breakfast with his wife, he took up the newspaper, and his eye chanced to fall upon an advertisement announcing the sale of

* The Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Queen St. West, Toronto, was built from Mr. Howard's design.

the old railings round St. Paul's Cathedral. He flung the paper angrily from him.

"What vandalism!" he cried, indignantly; "those rails flung into the melting-pot. Designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren, and they have stood for a hundred and sixty years in that spot! To think of it! And where you and I, my dear, have spent many an evening in our courting days. Never shall they be destroyed if I can prevent it—never!"

He seems to have been a resolute man, and not without some fierceness of manner in spite of, or perhaps because of, his generous soul, so I gather from those who knew him and who have told me the story.

At once he wrote to his agent in England to secure those r·ilings immediately, and ship them at any cost to him in Toronto. But before the letter arrived the rails had been sold to Mr. J. P. Hogarth, and some of them already turned to other uses. The rest were sent off to Toronto in the ship "Delta" in October, 1874. But the ship was wrecked, and the railings were sunk deep in the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Howard sent word at once that divers should be employed in order to bring them up. But the message came too late; the ice had set in, and nothing could be done towards their recovery until the spring of the following year. Directions were given to mark the exact spot where they lay, and in the April following the divers set about their work. The vessel had gone to pieces, and some of the railings were buried. Many of them, however, were found, and those were sent on to Toronto, and, after being renewed from the effects of their long immersion, were set up around a space occupying about one-eighth of an acre in his park; and it is within this enclosure that the proud old Englishman rests beside his wife. Engraved on a brass plate, and fixed around one of the gateposts of the old iron railings, is the following inscription:

Sacred
to the memory of
JOHN GEORGE HOWARD
and
JEMIMA FRANCES,
his wife,
John George, born 27th July, 1803;
Jemima Frances, born 18th August, 1802,
died 1st September, 1877. Aged 75 years.

On a brass plate fixed round the other iron gatepost is an inscription of which the sentiment is more admirable perhaps than its expression:

St. Paul's Cathedral for 160 years I did enclose,
Oh! stranger, look with reverence;
Man! man! unstable man!
It was thou who caused the severance.
Nov. 18th, 1875. J. G. H.

NOTE.—Mr. Howard's house is used as a museum of the paintings and drawings of the donor of the park. In the carriage-house is an old-fashioned coach in which Mrs. Siddons drove through England to her professional engagements. The quaint old garden and lawn, as shown in our illustration on page 349, command a magnificent view over the lake. On holidays the park swarms with picnickers who frolic on the lawns and gaze at the lonely tomb, most of them without knowing its romantic history.—ED.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

BESS, who knew nothing to Clarence's discredit, was as pleased with him as strangehs always were. He met her with the right mixture of respect and cordiality, he was very amusing with his lovely bride, and most pleasin his devotion to Aunt Hannah. He got her a footstool, teased her about painting her cheeks, and told Bess she had promised to go to the opera with Louise and him some night."

John had welcomed Bess in fewer words; but as Dorothy Hakes had said, his eyes looked "warmly interested," and he was evidently content to let Clarence do most of the talking.

"Oh, you study Greek with John, don't you?" broke out Louise. "Isn't it terribly dry? What do you want of Greek? All the languages I ever studied were the abbreviations in the back of the spelling-book, and French at Madame Bennois' finishing school. I don't know who ever was finished there but poor little Monsieur La Fleur, the teacher; we girls nearly put an end to him with our pranks. Do you like to study?"

"Don't be cruel, Louise," said Clarence. "John is a perfect tyrant. She never would tell you truth in his presence. "John is a perfect tyrant. She the fingers when she does not know her verbs, and he often keeps her after school to learn her lessons."

"Elizabeth always knows her lessons," put in Aunt Hannah, reprovingly. She slipped out of the door while Bess was thanking her, and Louise declaring "the like was never said" of her. Downstairs the old lady went again to make sure everything was put on the dinner-table in daintiest order, and then the family was summoned.

Of fashions about table service Aunt Hannah troubled herself no more than about Russian politics. Since she was old enough to sit at a table, she had been pleased with the whitest of linen, thin, old, gilded china, well-polished silver and food cooked as excellent housewives had cooked it for generations gone. Not less did it seem to her a matter of course, that all who sat around such a table should be genial, ready with pleasant chat, or converse worth listening to, and well did the old lady preside as hostess.

Clarence laughed long and heartily, uncorking meanwhile a wine-bottle that stood at his plate. There were but two glasses on the table, so he said: "Sally, bring a wine-glass for Miss Hogarth."

"Thank you, I do not take wine," said Bess.

"Ah, total abstainer, like John and Aunt Hannah! Well, we are temperate, Lu and I; but she has always been used to wine at dinner. Speaking of temperance reminds me of David Fenton. What does the good man busy himself about nowadays?"

Lightly shifting the conversation in this way, Clarence filled his wife's glass and his own. Bess noticed Louise's low comment, "I don't care anything about wine." She saw Aunt Hannah pour a cup of coffee, and put it at Louise's place, and Louise drank it, leaving her wine untouched. Later Clarence drank the contents of her glass, after a second filling of his own.

"I hope you will not think us rude, Miss Hogarth," said Clarence, as they went up-stairs, "but Louise is devoted to theatre-going and made this engagement a week ago."

"I would not let her stay at home for anything," said Bess.

"If Miss Hogarth would like to go out, no doubt I could find some place she would enjoy as much as this play," suggested John, but Bess evidently preferred to stay where she was.

"How queer," mused Louise; "I always thought when people came in from the country they wanted to see everything: Barnum's, Macy's, the Tombs, and Central Park."

"So they do," laughed Bess, "but those are natives from the 'interior.' You know I have only a half-hour's ride into city and have always been able to gratify

yearnings for—well, not the Tombs, but any other of its attractions."

"John, I am mortified that Bess is left for me to entertain," whispered Aunt Hannah. "Don't you think you could stay home this evening?"

"Certainly. It would be very rude for us all to go," returned John with promptness. So, after the bride and groom, with much fun-making, had departed, the rest betook themselves to the library. John had found that day on a book-stall one of the treasures he was always picking up.

"Aunt Hannah, I am going to read a little to you both from a book written in France in 1680, published in Dublin in 1768, and found in New York over one hundred years later. It is such a collection of letters as you might have written to your daughter Elizabeth, if Miss Hogarth had been your daughter."

Elizabeth took from him the old leather-bound book of "Letters from the Marchioness de Sévigné to her daughter, the Countess de Grignan," and turning the leaves, said :

"Yes, Aunt Hannah would write charming letters, I know by the one she wrote me, and she is just the sunny, unselfish, devoted sort of a woman Madame de Sévigné shows herself; but that daughter —you are hard to compare me with her."

"Her mother thought her adorable. She tells her of her perfections in every letter," said John.

"Well, love is blind; possibly Aunt Hannah might fill whole paragraphs with praises of my beauty, wit, understanding, and only the French know what—but I think her too sensible for that."

"I think," said John, noting that Aunt Hannah had gone to draw the heavy curtains—"I think you are not like any one but yourself, Elizabeth; but I thought of you when I read this old-fashioned verse on the title-page:

> "She strikes each point with native force of mind,
> While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
> Graceful to sight and elegant to thought, . .
> Her breeding finished and her temper sweet.
> When serious easy, and when gay discreet."

"A temper sweet applied to me," laughed Bess, to cover some embarrassment, "would be a poetic license of the boldest sort."

"Reading poetry?" asked Aunt Hannah, coming back to her easy-chair, and, forgetting the old book, she proposed that John read the "news" to them. He took at once the evening paper, and half reading, half narrating, gave all the noteworthy events of the times. Aunt Hannah listened, questioned, and once or twice nodded, for she was very tired. John had about exhausted the paper when Sally appeared, to say, "Mr. Welles wants you, Miss Hannah."

Left alone, John laid down his paper, and looked at Bess. He thought, "Sometimes she is 'gay' and sometimes 'serious,' but I know she is always 'sweet' and 'discreet.'" What he said was : "Once I heard a man say that he could not see why a man need hesitate when he wanted a wife, for 'there were only four kinds of women, good, bad, homely, and handsome.' I think he was the sincerest of blockheads, and unless he got a bad one who threw irons at his head, it really made 'no difference' to him—there being differences he could not comprehend."

Bess looked up with her eyes so full of surprise, John said :

"What suggested my train of thought was this : I was thinking that men did not read women's character as quickly as women seem to read one another's. My new sister, here—I do not make up my mind about her. She is good-tempered, never has been used to thinking of—anything but fun. What is she going to do with her life and in Clarence's life?"

"She is very beautiful, and why can you not fancy the old story-book ending will follow, 'then they married, and lived happy for ever after'?"

"Because outside of story-book land they don't live happy ever after. Do not for a minute suppose that I mean that these two will be a quarrelsome couple. Clarence hates squabbling, and Louise seems very happy-go-lucky. I wish you would be her friend, Miss Hogarth," said John, earnestly. "She finds Aunt Hannah too old; her mother must be a weak woman, and Clarence is a wilful boy; there is no one to influence her wisely. She is anxious to board in a hotel. That would be the worst sort of a beginning for their future. Her being here imposes new cares on Aunt Hannah, but if she could be happy here it would be better. She does not know how to make a home, and surely she would do well to learn."

Bess had never found it hard to discuss abstract topics with John by the hour, but easily as she entered into the situation of affairs in the Welles family

life, she was at a loss what to say. Louise, as she had seen her that day, could not easily, even in imagination, be transformed into a very domestic character.

"Poor Aunt Hannah," sighed John, with a comical expression. "She is at her wits' ends. Louise laughs at her treasured relics; she shocks all her respectable old prejudices, and Flip—no words can tell how the dear old lady dislikes that pug."

Flip suddenly sprang from covert with a bark that made them jump.

"There now, Flip, you have asserted yourself. Subside and tell no tales. We think your mistress is a beauty and you the beast, if ever there was one."

"After that they talked of other things, but first Bess said, coloring a little:

"I am not much older than she, and possibly as foolish in some ways as any girl, but I will be a friend to your sister if I can."

Aunt Hannah could not come back for a long time, but they did not miss her. There were so many books each had lately read to discuss. Each cared to know what the other thought of pet theories and enthusiasms. Most of all, John seemed to enjoy drawing out Elizabeth's personal confidences. They were simple enough, mere facts about her past or explanations of how she spent her time nowadays, but he heard her with a light in his eyes that embarrassed her somewhat. The shaded light fell softly on Bess's pretty brown head; the pug sighed with content in his warm corner. John said to himself, "Oh, what an idiot the man was who saw no difference in women. Louise is very handsome, but I yawned endlessly the other evening while Clarence left me to entertain her."

It seemed impossible that ten o'clock had come when Aunt Hannah appeared to linger a few minutes before she took Bess to her room. She was not at all sleepy, and lingered about the warm, pleasant room, full of the ancient furnishing which Louise so disliked. She stood long at the window watching the throngs in the brilliantly-lighted street below. How remote from them she seemed in this quiet place! In a few years Aunt Hannah and the paralyzed father would be gone away for ever. The young people would flit, and this pleasant old dwelling would be torn down or turned into a factory. The cosy library, where she was having so many pleasant hours, would be full of noisy machinery and workmen. John would be—she wondered where.

The next morning, after breakfast, Louise carried Bess off captive, saying: "You are to be my guest until lunch-time. Aunt Hannah is busy every moment of the morning."

"What does she do?"

"Oh, she dusts, and puts rooms in order, and goes down to Sally half a dozen times. I don't see why she does not keep another servant."

Bess could always say plain truths with the directness of a child, who gives no offence.

"She cannot afford another; but why don't you help her mornings? It is easy to dust and make rooms tidy, and you could run up and down stairs easier than she can. She looks tired all the time now."

"Why, I never even made my own bed but once in my life, and a sight it was. The laundress happened to come up with some white dresses just as I finished, and she nearly laughed herself into convulsions."

"But things are different now. You have married a poor young man, and come to live where every one helps. I would learn, if I were you, how to do whatever Aunt Hannah does. I am free to confess I do not work much at home."

"But you mean if you had married John, for instance, you would dust and sweep and make puddings?"

"Marrying any man not rich I would help every way I could," replied Bess with less animation.

"John thinks Clarence had no business to marry me," remarked Louise, flinging open her door.

She swooped down on an easy-chair, swept out of it to the floor a rose-satin ermine-lined opera cloak, a fan and a half dozen small articles, then offering it to Bess, she seated herself on the foot of the unmade bed and rattled on:

"I know they are rather poor, for I got it all out of Clarrie how John thought neither of them ought to marry, but just to live along here, carrying on this house for the old folks. It was all well enough for John, who does not want or mean to marry, but not so fine for Clarrie. John said, as things are, he ought not to ask a rich girl to have him, that is, if he had proper pride, and to marry a poor one was increasing their burdens—at least that was the idea I got from Clarrie. I suppose I do more work, and Flip scratches up no end of dust from

venerable cushions. This is one reason I want to get away to a hotel."

"But a hotel is so much more expensive, and I heard Mr. Welles say only last night he wanted you to stay here."

"That was kind in him, for really, he does carry on the whole house just now. Clarrie spent more than he meant to on our wedding trip. It does seem queer not to have money enough. I try to 'conform to my present circumstances,' as papa Grace so hatefully tells mamma I must; but, my gracious! why, I walked all the way down from Thirtieth Street this week to save five cents car fare. There was a jet bead off my dress trimming that had got into my shoe and half murdered me, too, but I felt virtuous and stood it. Right here at the corner is a fruit store, and there was the most exquisite basket of California fruit. I paid three dollars for it, and never so much as remembered my circumstances until I got in and was hunting for that jet bead. Why does not John want us to go to a hotel?"

"He did not say, but I can imagine. Life there is the most unlike the life that ought to be in a home that can be lived. For a woman it usually means dress, idling about with all sorts of chance acquaintances, gossip, time to waste in the street, and for a man, a lot of temptations that he would be free from in his own four walls. Of course one can live in a hotel and spend time more profitably, or can make real home life there, but few do it."

"What I should do," said Louise, adjusting a buckle on her bronze slipper, "would be to wear my best gowns, go shopping, read novels, flirt, very likely, and have the best time I know how to have."

"Tell me honestly, is that really the best you can get out of life?" asked Bess, her clear eyes full of kindly interest.

"Well," mused Louise, gazing at the huge mahogany head-board, "I am not a heathen. I have got a Bible and a prayer-book, and I know the Ten Commandments. I go to church, 'ever and anon,' as Samantha at Saratoga says, though lately it has been 'mostly anon.' But yes, fun is the best I have got out of life so far. I might as well own it, if it sounds heathenish."

"Better," asked Bess diffidently, "than your love for your husband?"

"Oh, that was fun in its way. It was so exciting contriving to see him, to get rid of that old millionaire, and then running away, and our trip to Washington. Oh, it was lots of fun."

"We are naturally different. You are lighter-hearted; but for all that you can see, Louise, that life can't be all fun; sooner or later comes a time when there is no fun in it. Do you love your husband enough to live for and help him in a life that all the fun has gone out of?"

"I can't fancy such a life. Where Clarrie is, there would be fun of his making."

"But he might be very ill or wretched, or you might. You see what comes to others, and you are human."

"Of course. What did you ask me? O, I remember. Yes, I do—love—him better than having fun."

"Then that is what I meant. Love is the best thing in your life and in every life. If it is only love to a person, it can do a great deal for the one who loves and the other who is loved. But in the best and the only satisfactory life there is love to the Divine as to the human. If you are beginning with the human, make the most of it."

"How?"

"If you have the right kind of love for your husband, you want him to be good and happy. The New Testament tells of the Christ life, the purest ever lived. You can read about that and think what it means; you can influence Clarence for good whenever you see what good is."

"I know. Aunt Hannah spoke to me about drinking wine, and I have not touched it since. He does like it."

"That is well done for you, then," said Bess, warmly. "Don't preach or scold or lose patience, but be firm about that, and take Aunt Hannah and John for your counsellors. Then, to go back to what we spoke of before, you will be happier, both of you, if you learn how to make a house homelike. I would begin right here by helping Aunt Hannah."

"She would wish a hundred times I had not undertaken it," yawned Louise. "I am awfully lazy and untidy, and I hate bother."

Involuntarily Bess glanced about the room and thought how poor Aunt Hannah must suffer. The entire contents of the wardrobe seemed slung over chairs and tables. Every bureau-drawer was disgorging its contents. Flip was gnawing chocolate from a bon-bon box left on the floor.

"Let us put your room in order," suggested Bess.

"Oh, Sally will get along after a while —or whoever makes it straight. I de-

clare, maybe Aunt Hannah does it when I am not around."

"Then the old lady has too much to do. I would not let her, and if she sends Sally she has to do Sally's work. You ought to do this yourself," said Bess, amazed at her own boldness.

"It looks that way," said Louise, stretching her pretty mouth in a wide yawn, as she indolently rolled off the bed and began well-meaning but irregular efforts.

"Now, we have been solemncholy enough for one day; let me tell you about the play last night; it was simply killing."

Louise therefore began, and as she chattered Bess worked and directed her companion so that by lunch-time all was in order.

The ladies were alone together at lunch, after which Louise declared she was too sleepy to keep her eyes open and must take a nap. It was a relief to have her go, for in her presence neither Aunt Hannah nor Elizabeth could fall into quiet, sensible conversation or restful silence, as they felt inclined.

In contrast with this new-comer, Bess seemed an old friend, and knowing her to be David Fenton's favorite the old lady trusted her as she might have trusted a niece or a daughter. To-day Bess was a little preoccupied and let Aunt Hannah talk uninterruptedly about all the subjects of mutual interest. What she said was often familiar to Bess, who now scarcely kept the run of an account of David Fenton's last visit and conversation; she did hear certain things intermingled about John; then her mind wandered during a reiteration of Clarence's matrimonial affairs, and what David advised and John said.

"You know," suddenly remarked Aunt Hannah, "or have you never heard that he was to marry a very lovely girl who died just before the wedding? It was a terrible grief. He said after it he would never marry—but David may have told you."

"No, he never spoke of it," said Bess, turning the leaves of a book near her. She longed to hear more, but would not seem curious. So it was troubles of that sort that had made John so mature, self-reliant, and undemonstrative. She felt unaccountably saddened by the brief, pathetic little story. It all happened, of course, when the Welleses were rich. Life must seem hard to John. About the middle of the afternoon John returned, and the Greek lesson was in order. Louise and the pug invaded the library. Bess found it difficult to keep her mind on the lesson. John wondered at her preoccupation, and Louise finally cried out: "She does not always have her lessons. Rap her over the knuckles, John!"

He reached out, clasped her right hand and seizing a bronze paper-cutter, flourished it savagely for a second, then exclaimed: "If she will be good I will forgive her. I can't hurt her."

He held her fingers close just an instant longer than the jest required, and a pressure surely emphasized his last words, but the Greek lesson was rather a failure. John laid it to Flip, who evidently disliked a dead language, and Louise talked nonsense for the next half-hour as a compensation for her brief silence.

As early as Elizabeth thought it feasible she said it was time to start for home. She was cordially urged to stay longer, but as courteously declined. When the last good-byes had been said she saw John, in coat and cap, at the door.

"Don't wait dinner for me," he said to Aunt Hannah. "I promised the Cobbs to stop there after Sanford's lesson. You see, Miss Hogarth, you can't shake me off. I shall lecture you all the way to Summerwild for not having a better lesson."

It was a bleak, cold day, and the cars were full of people going home from down-town. Elizabeth was glad to be looked out for in the rude, jostling crowd. They could not get a seat, but his arm kept her in place until they reached the ferry. There was time for a long talk there, on the boat and in the steam car. With Aunt Hannah's story in mind Bess decided it was very, very sad for that lovely girl to slip out of life, leaving him so alone now and always. That was the reason he found his own home and Aunt Hannah so fully his charge. It was to be always his; Louise had, perhaps, never been told why John did not mean to marry.

"I fear we have tired you," he said, suddenly. "I hope not; for then you will not come again, and we want you."

Bess declared she was not tired, and her face grew brighter.

"What if—I mean," she said to herself, "that if Mr. Welles never marries we can be lifelong friends. I can talk to him as I can to David Fenton. There will be no wife to be jealous. Yes, I am glad he will not marry, otherwise he could not be anything to me."

It was not late, but was almost dark when they reached Summerwild. Mr.

Welles insisted on going quite home with Elizabeth. Possibly he would have made Paul Sanford wait for his lesson had Bess invited him to enter the home door with her, but she did not. In leaving her he said that if she were willing he would come to her for the Greek lesson every other time. If she were ill or the weather was stormy he would come any time.

When they passed the Cobb house the old man was at the window; espying them he was about to rap on the glass. John saw the motion and wondered at the old fellow's sudden disappearance. Later he learned that Martha in the rear energetically removed him.

Elizabeth also perceived Dorothy Hakes gazing at them from the dining-room with intense interest. When Miss Hogarth came in and paused in the hall to get warm, she murmured:

"Queer now a-takin' such a sight of trouble to read her New Testament in Greek, but Miss 'Lizabeth ain't any humbug. She lives pretty well up to the gospel in English, and that is the main thing. He is just sweet, if I do say it. I'd ask him in to supper and make it pleasant for him. There, she just nodded good-bye to him, and clips into the house as cool as you please."

Dorothy watched Bess during the supper, and was surprised to see her so quiet. She was not inclined to gratify her mother's curiosity about the Welleses, and could not remember what they had for dinner the night before; at least, she did not go into the particulars that Mrs. Hogarth desired to learn. She was decidedly ungracious, and, therefore, before bedtime was conscience-smitten. It really was none of Dorothy's business, this mood of Bess's, but she pondered it deeply, and before retiring decided it was in consequence of visiting where there were old people who had a "depressin' influence on the mind. Miss Elizabeth is as nigh being cross out and out as a real born lady can ever get—and how she do sigh to-night! Ketch me a-sighin' if my front hair would friz, and I had a black lace dress like hern. Folks never half sees their own blessin's. I don't s'pose I do mine," and Dorothy steadfastly regarded her lank drab locks in a cracked hand-glass. "Fire and tongs won't friz that hair—but it's hair; I'd be a 'nough sight worse off without any. My eyes ain't putty, either, but I sees lots out of 'em. My nose sorter looks as if it got well a-growin' and couldn't stop—but law! What's the odds!"

So saying, Dorothy extinguished her light and retired, to sleep the sleep of the just. It must be confessed she was that night much more contented and philosophical than was her mistress or her mistress' friend. The last went home perplexed.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER COBB'S ADVICE.

It was a great trial to Father Cobb that his eyesight was growing so poor he could not read very long at a time. Martha was always busy, and David Fenton, though kind, did not enjoy the books that were dear to the old man. He read him the Bible, but it was to Bess that the old man finally appealed. She it was who often came and read him the novels and papers which John provided, though she took care to visit him when Mr. Welles was not expected.

It was for such a season of reading one day that Miss Hogarth tapped at the door, and stepped lightly in out of the wintry air. Father Cobb dropped a paper, turned to greet her, and gallantly exclaimed:

"I do declare, Miss Bess, you are so nigh to bein' a beauty, the difference ain't worth speaking of!"

Naturally enough, the girlish face in the fleecy white hood took a brighter coloring; and when, a moment afterward, John Welles and the Quaker stepped in from an adjoining room, the compliment or the unexpected encounter animated her features into a justification of the old man's dictum. The two gentlemen had started for the city, but both stopped for a moment's conversation.

Now, we talk of feminine curiosity as if it was something which so transcended that form of it known as masculine, that the latter was dwarfed by comparison; yet no two women could have watched with greater interest than did Father Cobb and David Fenton the commonplace incident of a meeting between these two young people. They all vigorously discoursed upon the weather, of course. Why should we not discuss that much-decried topic? Is it not about the only thing we have new every day? David Fenton made a sage remark upon north-east winds, and demurely warmed his hands, while he took observations "out of the tail of his eye." He had caught the quick gleam across John Welles' face the instant the latter saw through the door the blue folds of Elizabeth's dress, and how he said, "Oh, yes, certainly," to

David's previously uttered words, which needed a decided negative in answer. Father Cobb prosed away about the predictions in the almanac ; but through his big spectacles he had noted John's first impulse to grasp the lady's hand, the sudden restraining, then the doing it. When all excuse for delay was past, the Quaker opened the outer door, and John Welles, with a face grown suddenly stern in its gravity, bade Elizabeth good-afternoon, like a man who recalls himself to duty.

"Come up closer to the fire, Bess," said the little old man, when they were left alone. "Martha'll be in before long ; she went on an errand somewhere. What a fine chap that young Welles is ! David has a mighty liking for him. I have myself. He sets me a-thinkin' of some old Scotch poetry I used to know, about 'a man of independent mind,' with a 'pith o' sense and pride o' worth.' He ain't got dollars, to be sure ; but he's just as them varses went on to say :

"'The honest man, though e'er so poor
Is king o' men for a' that.'"

Elizabeth was not ready as usual with an answer. She shaded her face, and said, "Yes, yes—Burns."

"Burns your face, does it," said the old man with great simplicity. "Wall, your cheeks is sorter red ; sit over t'other side of the fire. I was a-readin' before you come in—readin' a reg'lar love story. I like 'um. So does other folks, I reckon, or there wouldn't be so many of 'um writ. Simmer life down to the very essence that gives color and flavor to the whole of it, and you'll find that is love. Gold is good, beauty is good ; brains is better ; love is best. The grandest thing in heaven is love. The simplest thing on earth is love. Don't you believe me, Elizabeth ?"

"Yes, it must be true."

"'Tis true; you'll find it so. Try to grow outside of all love, and you'll have just the worth of a plant a-growin' in the dark—don't care how rare a plant 'twas to begin with, it'll pay dear for going without the sun before it gets through."

Miss Hogarth was not inattentive, but she did not answer. Father Cobb poked up the fire carefully, shook his head meditatively, and finally laid his tremulous old hand a moment upon Elizabeth's soft white one.

"God bless you, Bess, and keep you from mistakes. Life ain't ever long enough to sot 'um quite right again when once you've made 'um. Don't mind what other folks are thinking of, if you are only true to your own self. Look right into your heart, and let God look in after ye ; then, if ye ain't afraid of that last look, 'tain't nobody else's business what you see down there. Maybe some time you will find a love—such things have been ; if you should, Bess, remember what old Father Cobb told you : love is the highest thing in heaven, the best on earth. How is your mar, dear ?" he went on in his usual familiar tone, with only a side glance at the drooping head near him.

Elizabeth pushed the soft curling hair from her forehead, and answered this time with ease. Presently a loud stamping of snow-clogged feet at the door announced Miss Martha's arrival. She came in, followed by Dorothy, who had been sent to summon Elizabeth home for domestic reasons unnecessary to detail. The maid of the prominent eyes delivered her message, looking keenly around the room meanwhile, with her nose in the air like a hound's. It never could be said of Dorothy that, having eyes, she saw not ; neither did her sense of hearing suffer in the least from the tax upon her eyesight.

And now let us put back time, and go out from this door, not with Elizabeth and her maid, but with the two who went an hour before—John Welles and the Quaker. They plodded along through the deep snow in silence for a while, John trying to banish from his thoughts—what ? Who can read another man's heart ?

Now, the Quaker was not one of those people who, when they want to cross the road, go around the corner to do it. He came out occasionally with questions so direct, you could not tell whether childlike simplicity prompted them or deep designing. To-day he looked into Welles' face suddenly, and put a query with the calm sweetness of an inquisitive cherub : "Why dost thee not marry, John ?"

John stopped short in an ice-puddle ; understanding the situation before he did the question, he stepped on to dry ground, and asked : "Why should I—and whom ?"

"Is thy life never lonely?"

"Yes, very."

"It is not good for man to be alone."

"It is not good, but it may be necessary."

"Is it necessary for thee ?"

"It seems to me so."

That might have ended the matter if the cherubic questioner had willed. He did not. He dropped his lids over his mirthful eyes, and went on in a tone as peaceful as his placid face.

"Whom? Well, I would tell thee to seek out some woman of worth, one with a fair countenance and a cheerful heart, some one with tastes like thine own. She would make a happy home for thee. She would be a true friend to thy aunt, and I am sure thee would find solace and comfort in her companionship."

"You must not think that I have not thought of all that; but three things restrain me: I am proud, exacting, and just. If I wanted merely a housekeeper for myself, and a help for my aunt, I might easily find one; but such a woman would not fill out all the requirements you mention. I am exacting in that I want a wife—noble-minded, young and pretty and light-hearted, but with the refinement and tone given by a life of culture and freedom from care and poverty. I am just, in that I know it would be cruelty to ask such a woman to step out of a sphere where she enjoys this last, and come into such a home as I must give her; to give up scores of privileges that have made her lot full of light and beauty; to give up these solely that she may make life light and beautiful for me."

"Nay, nay, John Welles! I do not find thee just. I find thee full of honor, but most unjust to any woman who is worthy to become thy wife. A true woman's home is in her husband's heart; and if she finds that well furnished, she lives as in a palace; she feels herself the queen, although no one may see the crown."

"True in the abstract, but my mind must be set nowadays on money-making, not love-making."

"Tell me about it, John. I see something oppresses thee."

"Many things do. You knew of Clarence's marriage. Well, his father-in-law will not forgive Louise. At the same time he keeps his disapproval of Clarence from the partners (you know Mr. Grace is one of the firm where my brother is employed). I have kept it constantly before Clarence that by energy and faithfulness in business he may finally commend himself to Mr. Grace, and things will come right. Clarence sees the force of this, but—he drinks."

"Habitually and to excess?" asked David.

"Not through the day, but the moment business hours are over."

"Has his wife no influence?"

"Oh, he makes her promises, pets her, deceives her as well as he can. She does the best she knows how to do; she is a child herself in judgment and experience. Father is very nervous and irritable in these days, and poor Aunt Hannah is overburdened. It is, with all her efforts, an expensive family. Father, after his life of care for us, must in his last days have everything he wants for his comfort. Aunt Hannah always had plenty of servants, and knows only how to keep house in the old lavish fashion of an overflowing larder. A man feels too mean to live when he undertakes to talk economy to the woman who used to fill his pockets with her pennies when he wanted sugar-plums. Louise spends like a princess, and Clarence barely keeps her in pin-money. Debt I hate as if I were—a Quaker. Our house and lot would sell for business purposes at a good price and we might live in less room, but father is used to old ways and the old house; both he and Aunt Hannah would be miserable in cramped quarters. But don't let me fill your ears with complaints; there is a way out somehow."

"In God's law," said David.

"Yes, I was disheartened to-day as I came over here. I rushed through a side street to the ferry, being late, and I passed a basement where a black woman was washing. She had thrown up her window to let out the steam of soap-suds, and as I hurried past I saw over her wash-tub one of these dingy-framed illuminated texts: 'He leadeth me.' It illuminated me and the rough way ahead. If I can get another scholar in Miss Hogarth's place I will give her up—anyway, I think I will not teach her any more; she knows Greek enough now to go on by herself."

"And is it borne into thee that she had better go on by herself and thee by thyself in Greek—and other things?"

John did not answer for a while; then he said, "Sometimes the best does not seem to be for us—is a best that would make for selfishness and does not take in other people. I must take in other people. Yes, it is 'better,' in the sense of choosing a comparative good for all concerned."

David was silent until he shook hands with John at the station, then he said: "If He leadeth thee, my young brother, it will be to what He knoweth is the best."

(To be continued.)

"KHRISTO RADI."

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

IT was Friday morning, April 29th, 1904, on the banks of the Yalu, the river boundary separating north - eastern Korea from Manchuria. Down at Yong-am-pho, at the broad mouth of the river, lay the gunboats of Nippon, " Uji," and " Maya," watching each other. miles higher up, at Wiju, where the Yalu turned eastward, the two armies were watching each other .

Hayashi, the captain of the " Maya," and Craig, the American newspaper man, who had come up the river with him, were standing on the hills overlooking Wiju. The scene before them was a beautiful, and, seemingly, a peaceful one.

The Yalu here was two miles wide, and divided into three streams by two long, wooded islands, where the trees stood up vividly green and fresh-looking, against the sparkling blue water rippling over its sandy bed. On the northern bank the shore rose in steep cliffs, and beyond were the purple mountains of Manchuria.

Only on the slopes of the lower hills on the Korean side of the river was there any evidence of war, for the long valley beyond the river port of Wiju seemed black with men, horses, baggage and ammunition trains, and all the paraphernalia of an army on the move. Among the trees on those green islands of the river were the advance guards of the two armies, neither making any sign, only the soldiers of Nippon were waiting for orders, while the Russians watched to see what they meant to do.

Between them the river ran deep, swift and strong, but behind, both its northern and southern channels were easily fordable. Screened by their islands, men were crossing from both sides, the Russians wading waist deep in the river, while the smaller soldiers of Nippon struggled breast deep in the water, very hard at work with their pontoons for bridging.

Then from the Russian batteries, hid in the hollows of the northern hills, great guns roared and growled in thunder. But no answering cannon spoke from the southern shore ; Nippon was waiting. Only the blind boy with the red cross on his arm, who was with Hayashi, turned startled to his friend.

" They are fighting, Captain Hayashi," he said, " killing each other."

" No, Murray," answered Hayashi, " they are only wasting ammunition. You have to get the range of your enemy always, before you can kill him."

Again the distant cannon thundered uselessly, for they could provoke no answer from their silent enemy, and Hayashi said, smiling :

" Now, if Saxon instead of Slav held those northern heights, Mr. Craig, they would have been across the river before this, without knowing or caring whether we have heavy artillery or not."

Craig said nothing ; he was beginning to think that neither army meant to do anything but wait for the other to attack ; the soldiers of both lacked the careless daring of the Saxon, which would have sent them across that unbridged river and up those precipitous heights in the face of the enemy's fire.

Yet the Russian position was a terribly strong one. As the little party rode up by the river, they passed Wiju, and Hayashi pointed out to Craig where the river Aiho comes down from the north to join the Yalu, and at its mouth the rocky promontory of Tiger Hill jutting out into the bed of the Yalu. On this hill were Elbow Fort, an old Chinese fortress, modernized and strengthened by the Russians, whose guns now commanded up and down the river, making it the strategic key to their position.

And only that morning a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river just above Wiju, and fifteen hundred little men had crossed into Manchuria, only to be driven back again over the cliffs, down which they scrambled nimbly as cats, and into the river, but many of them never came back at all, while, broken by the shell fire, their bridge was drifting down the Yalu, a wreck.

Craig stayed here, while his companions rode on to the village of Syu-ku-chin, about ten miles above Wiju. Here a crossing had been effected by the soldiers of Nippon, and after a skirmish with the Cossack patrol, they held the position they had won undisturbed.

Murray's quick ears told him that great

numbers of men were moving near him, concentrating by Syu-ku-chin, but he said nothing, and asked nothing, as his pony was led down into the river.

"Captain Hiro has taken some prisoners, and needs your services as interpreter, Murray," said Hayashi, "he has 'phoned up that their knowledge of French is limited to oaths and curses, and that he does not know Russian."

"All right, sir," said Murray, as he dismounted in Manchuria, beside where a very small officer of Nippon was trying to question a huge Russian soldier.

It does not seem proper to have to look up at any one you are mentally looking down upon, and Hiro stood up so straight that he seemed in danger of falling over backward, and before him towered up the great Cossack, his big face blank with real or affected stupidity. Two small infantrymen, dwarfed into insignificance by their prisoner's bulk, stood a little distance behind him, and Hayashi laughed as he sat down on the ground to look on, while Murray went up to Hiro.

Yevgenii, the Cossack, was not at all unwilling to speak, though his answers were as lengthy as they were confused, and at last he spoke for so long together, that Hayashi interrupted, laughing :

"What is he talking about, Murray ? Giving you a history of Russian misrule in detail ?"

"I don't know, sir," said Murray ; "he seems rather mixed, but I think it is about a girl."

"The girl he left behind him, eh ?" said Hiro. "I don't see what she has to do with the present state of things, but tell him to continue, Murray, and we will see afterwards if there is anything in his story."

So Yevgenii talked, Murray sometimes questioning him sharply ; then he turned to his friends with a troubled face.

"Lieutenant Hiro," he explained, "the man did not understand you. He thought you wanted to know of something he did last Wednesday night. It seems that a party of our cavalry scouting in Manchuria, were pursued back into Korea by a detachment of Cossacks, who stopped at a village where the people had all hidden or fled, except an old woman and a young man, or rather, a girl whose short hair and boyish dress led them at first to mistake her sex. She seemed very friendly, going with them as guide quite willingly, but only to mislead them entirely, and then escape. They pursued her so hotly that she could not return to Korea, and they were searching for her among the Chinese villages when they were called to go on patrol duty here."

Hiro nodded.

"The Cossack brigade is divided into small parties of thirty and forty troopers each, who are watching the river. This division is, in my opinion, much impairing the efficiency of their services. But," continued Murray, "I would like to know why the forces of our honorable enemy do not seem to know that we have crossed the river here ?"

"Sergeant Malinoff, sir, who was in command of this party, was very angry at being called off from his chase of the girl, and when a Chinese boy came to him this morning, saying she was hid in his village, he went off at once, leaving only these few men here, who were taken before they could give the alarm."

"It was the same boy who signalled to us that the point here was unguarded. It looks as if this most honorable and virtuous girl had deliberately sacrificed herself to give us this advantage."

Hiro spoke approvingly, but Murray winced as if the calm satisfaction of the man's tone hurt him. As he went with Hayashi back across the river, he said :

"What are you going to do, sir ?"

"I was going to take you back to Dr. Toshio, and hope he will ask me to dinner," answered Hayashi, rather puzzled at the boy's manner.

"And about that girl, sir ?" Murray's voice was very low, "do you mean to do nothing ?"

"Murray, my dear boy, these are not the days of your King Arthur. I could not possibly leave my post to rescue distressed damsels, especially when I have no idea where they are. No, the only thing we can do is not to think of the unpleasant part of the case, it is depressing."

"Yes, sir."

"Murray, you must not think I am a brute."

Murray squeezed the hand he was holding.

"I know you too well ever to think that, sir."

"Murray, you are so very English. There is no nation more honorable, yet they do not think like us in all things. We, before everything, guard our women from violence and insult, because we know that on them depends the future of our nation. But when we are called to die for our emperor, we do not consider sex nor age. I envy this girl her glory

too much to be able to think of her as you do. Besides, she could take her life if she wished."

But Murray's face was still so troubled when they reached the hospital, that Dr. Toshio asked what was the matter. Murray told him briefly, and the doctor smiled.

"Quite a coincidence," he said. "I had a telegram about this same girl this morning."

"Who was she, sir ?" said Murray.

"Her fathers were all men entitled to wear swords," said the doctor, "and she was sent to the foreign schools and educated in western manners, for her betrothed was one of those young men we sent to learn in English schools and ships the naval knowledge of the West. Then when he came back he did not like the girl who had been prepared for him; with all his learning he had not learnt to control his imaginations; so the betrothal was broken, which left the girl in rather a hard position, for the fear that her foreign education might make her lacking in obedience, would probably prevent her being asked in marriage by any one else."

"The young man was scarcely honorable," said Hayashi, very softly.

"Do you think so ? He came of an honorable family, only he seemed to look on women as he might on geishas ; they were rootless flowers, just to adorn his home till they faded, their only necessary quality being that they should please his imagination. He never thought of marriage as a duty he owed to his ancestors, his nation, and to posterity. Nor of a wife as a deep-rooted plant, whose twining strength should hold his house together. No, marriage to him was a matter of personal pleasure, and a wife some pretty thing that pleased his fancy."

Murray felt that Hayashi had risen, and was standing up, as he said :

"Then you think O Noshi San may be in the enemy's camp now ?"

"I think," said the doctor, cheerfully, "that she is most probably dead by now, either by violence or self-slain. And now, Captain Hayashi, you are not smiling. Pray forgive me for telling such an unpleasing story, and let us talk of something that will amuse you."

"Alas, my duties compel me to tear myself from your enjoyable society," answered Hayashi. "Pardon me for having intruded my contemptible presence upon you for so long."

With low bows and mutual apologies they parted, while the doctor said to himself : "They say that love is either a disease or insanity, and certainly this case of Hayashi Yamato looks like the latter. When the flower was placed before him ready for the plucking he would have none of it, because he had not chosen it himself. Now, when others have uprooted the vine and crushed its blossoms, he forgets his foreign fancies, and longs for what he can never have."

But Hayashi smiled and talked to Craig as usual that evening, though his thoughts were on a scene that came suddenly to his remembrance.

It was in his mother's garden, ten years before. He was busy with his books in the first glow of the dawn, when up the garden path he saw a little girl come dancing, her lacquered wooden shoes clicking as she ran.

"Honorable house mistress," she said, bowing before her mother, "gift water of you I beg, for I must water my flowers, and because I left my pail all night by the well under the gnarled pine, a dainty thief with eyes as blue as the sky is now holding it in her arms."

"It is O Noshi San, Dr. Toshio's little daughter," said Madame Hayashi, laughing. "Yamato, take your bucket and go with the child to the well, and see what she means."

He went with the dancing elf-child to the well, and saw her bucket wreathed by a trailing morning-glory vine.

"See," said the child, laughing as she pointed, "the dear thief who holds my bucket. She is me, you know, for I am Noshi (morning glory), and I could not tear apart my own arms."

"The child is healthy and very pretty," his mother had said to him soon after that, just before he sailed for England. "Also she is quick to see beautiful things, and very gentle. I do not wish to see foreign flowers planted in your father's garden, my son, and you will please me by setting this little morning-glory by our door."

So obediently, before he left Nippon, he had formally betrothed himself to O Noshi San, and then in the years of separation, grew to dislike, not so much her, as being bound to marry her.

And now in his ears was running one of the geisha's songs—a sadly worded one —saying how in every woman's heart was a bird whose longing was for mate and nestlings in a nest. She might laugh and sing, but some day she would be tired of singing, and seek rest.

Had O Noshi San grown tired of singing, and so walked in ways not made for

women's feet? Had she sought to find in death the rest that life denied her? Hayashi held such thoughts down within him, for he knew it would cause his country inconvenience if he went mad or killed himself just then.

Murray was still at Syu-ku-chin, listening to the silent marching of thousands of men, crossing the river in the darkness.

"Very strange must be the management in the Russian camp," remarked Dr. Toshio to him. "They are trusting to the chain of patrols they have along the river, yet their hold on the chain is so indifferent that they do not know yet that here and there a link is missing."

"I would like to go to their camp tonight," said Murray. "Will you please give me leave, sir?"

"Condescend to explain yourself, Murray," said the doctor, a little sharply.

"I believe that it is my Lord Christ's will, sir, that I should find out about O Noshi, San."

"I cannot allow you to go, Murray."

"Yet, sir, I must obey my Master's orders, and if I go without permission, you will have a lot of bother dealing with me when I come back."

"Don't you think I might prevent you going?"

"If it is, as I believe, God's will that I should go, sir, only one stronger than He could prevent me."

"But what would you do if you went, Murray?"

"Speak the truth, sir, as I hope I always do. I would tell them who sent me, and what for."

"You would probably be hung as a spy at once."

"If such is God's will, sir, I don't mind."

"Then you cannot see where you are going."

"God will hold my hand, sir."

"Murray, discipline must be maintained, and so, in order to secure your obedience, I suppose I must send you into the enemy's lines to-night. You have the consecrated fanaticism of the early Christians, and the perfect chin—no, cheek, that is the word—of an honorable American newsboy—I was in New York once. You may get through, though I doubt it, unless, like some other uncivilized people, the Russians look upon lunatics as under the Divine protection."

So Murray went on a long, silent walk that night, among the northern hills, until, though he did not know it, he stood on the heights between the Yalu and Aiho, which the Russians had forgotten to fortify, though their useless patrols guarded the banks of both rivers below.

Here his guides left him, and waiting till even his quick ears could not catch the faint sound of their movements, he took out his flute, and began a popular Russian air.

Out of the silence came the sound of horses' feet, but as coolly as if he were in his own room, Murray walked on carefully, playing his flute. Then he heard horses reined up in front of him, and the sharp order to give the password.

"Khristo radi" (In Christ's name), he answered, and then was promptly and roughly collared, and the light of a lantern flashed on his face.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" demanded his captor.

"I am a Christian, brother," said Murray, meekly, "and on an errand for my Captain."

"What is his name?"

"The Lord Christ, even He who once was born in Bethlehem, brother."

"The boy apapers to be a lunatic," suggested the second man, "and he certainly is not a yellow Yaposha; he talks like a Russian and a Christian."

"But he looks like an English heretic," growled the other. "Now, you, where have you come from?"

"From Andreyevo, brother," said Murray.

"From where?"

"Why, Andreyevo, in Russia, where I was born," said Murray, pensively, "could I come from anywhere else, brother?"

"Well, and what is this errand you are on?"

"I tell that to those I am sent to."

"And who are they?"

Murray raised his hand, and began to count on his fingers, saying in a singsong voice:

"There were four men from Andreyevo, Yevgenii, Toporsky, and Luka, his brother, and Kuznetsoff. They ride with Sergeant Malinoff. To him and them is my errand."

Malinoff was evidently well known to Murray's captors, and the discussion ended with his being mounted behind one of them and taken to the camp across the broad, shallow Aiho.

Murray was quite at ease; he had learnt from Yevgenii the names of the men who were hunting Noshi, and he never doubted for a moment the truth of the intuition which made him sure of meeting her with Malinoff that night. As to how he was to save her from the Cos-

sack, his high-wrought faith in his God was far too intense to let a doubt or fear touch his soul.

There was the noise and smell of men all round them now; Murray knew that they passed the picketing lines where the horses were tethered, and just beyond he caught a whiff of incense from some camp chapel. Then he was dismounted and pushed into a building, filled with the smell of unwashed mankind, the smell of vermin, and other smells which were unnamable. And his companions left him hurriedly as a sudden uproar rose outside.

He heard men struggling, with yells and screams of rage, and the sound of heavy blows. There was a voice that cursed and called for help, then suddenly ceased. Then other men came up swiftly, there was a second savage struggle, and then they all moved further off, while the blind boy stood still shuddering.

He heard a crowd of men push into the room where he waited, swearing and shouting at each other as they spoke of the riot. Some newly-arrived reservists, it seemed, had got temporarily out of hand, and assaulted with fists and sticks an unpopular officer, beating him nearly to death.

Hot meat, soup, and tea mixed with vodka were brought in, and the men ate and talked, still of the mutiny, which it seemed was not an unusual happening in the camp.

"Did you say Bobrinsky was in it, Bulgakoff?" cried a man by Murray, leaning across the table.

"Do you mean to say you don't know what became of Bobrinsky, Yakovleff?" shouted the loud-voiced Bulgakoff. And as it seemed Yakovleff had not, Bulgakoff told the story.

"You know that Jew in Bobrinsky's company," he began, "and the hell of a life they gave him? Well, he was sent on outpost duty, and that was the last seen of him. Some said the yellow Yapasha had him, and others that they didn't have much trouble to do it."

"May I die of blue cholera," cried a man at the end of the table, "if that Jew was not a fool. Do you know what the Yaposha do to all the prisoners they take?" and the speaker trailed off into luridly worded details of indescribable tortures, until he was interrupted by Yakovleff banging his fist on the table, and demanding to know Bobrinsky's fate.

"Last week," said Bulgakoff, "when we were preparing camp here, we found the body of a man. The dogs or something had been at his face, and he wasn't pretty to look at; still he wore our uniform, and Bobrinsky and Shtraukh were detailed to bury him. So they dug a hole and got a bucket of quicklime, and Bobrinsky kicked the body in, saying, 'There's one of you in hell at any rate.' How that man did hate a Jew! Poor Bobrinsky, with all his faults he was a thorough Christian.

"Then Shtraukh, he said, 'That's not the Jew—you're a liar, Bobrinsky.'

"And Bobrinsky—you all know him—he yelled, 'Go and be a Jew yourself,' and kicked Shtraukh, who tripped and fell into the grave. And before he could scramble up, Bobrinsky had caught up the bucket of quicklime and thrown it over his head. The scream that Shtraukh gave was enough to wake the dead man. He is in hospital now, to be invalided home, blind, and as nice looking as the Jew he helped to bury. And Bobrinsky, he's underground, too, with four bullets in him."

Yakovleff sighed. "Poor Bobrinsky," he said, "he was a good Christian, and a good soldier. We will miss him if ever it comes to the battle. Now that man could fight like a devil."

Murray listened to them, those men whose idea of Christianity was compatible with an unbridled passion which could so savagely assault a comrade. "Yet," he thought, "as Maxim Gorky has said, "'Do not condemn this people for their abjectness, but do all you can to develop the white spots in their souls, for white spots there are.' If only their rulers were not so mad with this murder-lust of war, and want to keep the people down like brutes, just brutes who can fight, they might grow into what God meant them to be."

Yakovleff noticed Murray then, and catching him in his great arm, swung him up on the table, demanding that he should give an account of himself. Murray, who had forgotten everything in his pity for these men who truly "knew not what they did," answered by singing in their own language:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom to transfigure you and me.
As He died to make me holy, I could die to set them free. . . .
For His truth is marching on."

The soldiers stared at him stupidly, most of them being too drunk to under-

stand his words, but they all had that passion of the Slav for music, and with one voice they begged, rather than commanded, him to sing again.

Murray took his flute then, and played an air he had heard the village girls in Russia sing as they brought home the cows, and Yakovleff laid his big head on the table at the boy's feet and wept noisily for his mother, like the great unashamed child that he was, while Murray went on playing the tunes the men called for.

Cried one: "Play us 'The German Pedlar's Cat,' little blind brother."

And another: "Now, little brother, play 'Ludmila and the Stars.'"

Each man shouted for his favorite song, and, comic song or love song, Murray played one after the other. Only when there was a general cry of, "Now, 'The Yellow Yaposha,'" did he stop and shake his head.

"I am Christ's," he said, "and so I cannot sing your war songs, for He said, 'Love your enemies.'"

There were some growls at this, but Yakovleff paused in his weeping long enough to state what he would do to the man who interfered with the boy, and Murray started a village dance tune, which brought every man to his feet, and noisily and heartily they danced till they were called back to duty.

Sober or drunk, every man kissed Murray before he left the room, and Yakovleff said:

"I knew this Malinoff; he is just such another as Bobrinsky; even if he says black is white, one must not contradict him. He is only a little man who thinks he is big, for his captain is in love—with vint and vodka. All day he sits in his tent with his beloved bottles, and that is why the troop do as Malinoff says. But if life with those wild riders is ever too hard for thee, little brother, come to us, Battery No. 3, for I know that with thee to play to us we should always have good luck, and be able to return to our villages in holy Russia. Ah, why could not the good God have cast all these Yaposha into hell before they were born, and so saved us from being torn from our homes to kill them all?"

Murray did not say, and then he was left alone, to wait for Malinoff.

The Cossacks were not far off; they had had to ride hard to get back to the camp in time after their long hunt for their prize, the little girl who lay limp and inert on Malinoff's horse, like some trapped wild creature shamming death in the hands of the hunter. Really every fibre of her body was instinct with readiness to leap or strike if the chance came, though she did not expect to escape, and with oriental philosophy accepted the fate of death among Malinoff's men as inevitable.

They were in the Russian camp now, near a little shrine through the open door of which she saw the lights before a gorgeous gilded picture of Christ on the cross, and she wondered if she was to die, as Hypatia died, on the very altar of the Russian Christian's God. Suddenly Malinoff's horse gave a violent start.

A figure had risen up in front of the altar, dressed in the long glittering robes of a priest, and holding in its upraised hand the sacred icon of the cross. In the light of the tall candles its face looked weirdly beautiful. Its large, calm, blue eyes looking, Malinoff felt, past him and through him, as if he were not, and at something beyond which he could not see and dared not look towards. Beneath him the great stallion trembled as it had never done in battle.

Gently, but with the tone of one having absolute authority, Murray said in Russian:

"Noshi, my sister, my little love, come here to me, in Christ's name."

He raised the icon—threateningly, it seemed to the men—as he spoke, and Malinoff did not attempt to stay the girl, when, at the sound of her name, she flung herself off his horse, and running to the altar, knelt down at Murray's feet. He laid his hand for an instant on her head, then stretching it out in benediction, he said, solemnly, the men listening with bowed heads:

"May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, and the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost," his voice broke suddenly, and stretching out his arms, he cried, "God! have mercy on us. Christ! have mercy on us. We have sinned, we have sinned."

Tremblingly the men repeated the responses after him, and when at last they ventured to look up, the vision and their prisoner had disappeared.

"To the picket lines, quick," Murray had whispered, as behind the chapel he threw off his priestly robes and cut the cord on the girl's wrists.

The tethered horses looked up restlessly at the two who came out of the shadows near them.

"They are Russian horses. They don't know nor like us," said Noshi. She had

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taken her rescue as placidly as her capture, like the proud little daughter of the Samurai that she was.

Murray took off his coat and wrapped it still warm from his body, round the girl. Going to the nearest horse, a big black stallion, who was watching him with ears laid back, and a red gleam in his eyes, he held out his hand, saying:

"In Christ's name, brother, let us pass."

The horse sniffed at his hand; then, as if reassured, though puzzled, he let the boy stroke him, and then, though he looked suspiciously at Noshi, he let them pass, and quietly went on eating. The two passed on among the beasts, until, in the midst of the lines, they came to a heap of fodder, and sat down, hidden among the hay.

"No one will look for us here," explained Murray, "when they see the horses are all quiet, for they know that strangers among them would make them restless and afraid."

"Then evidently you are not a stranger," smiled Noshi, "because you have never learned to hate; the beasts know that you are God's, and even the devils that are in men sometimes believe and tremble."

Then, untroubled by any thought of what they would do in the morning, when the men came to tend the horses, that boy and girl went calmly to sleep among the hay.

They were still sleeping when, far up the Yalu, the sky became a pale gray, then changed to clear gold, while below it the river glowed in the tints of opal and pearl.

At Syu-ku-chin the Little People had already bridged the river, and one division of their army was among the hills on the northern bank, while two more were following. The Russians had made their great mistake in not preventing the crossing at Syu-ku-chin, and it seemed that, though nearly twenty-four hours had passed since the skirmish with the Cossacks, it was not yet known at headquarters, for the Russian lines were quiet, though as the rising sun lit up the slopes of the northern hills, Craig could see the soldiers of Nippon in thousands, streaming in single file along the bridle path traversing the lower slopes, and winding in and out among the ravines. After them came their guns.

"The Russians seem to have overslept themselves this morning," suggested Craig to Hiro. "Don't you think it would have been good manners to have told them you were coming, and that they had better get up half an hour earlier?"

"It might have been good manners, but it would not have been war," said Hiro, smiling. "The honorable enemy do not know of our position opposite Syu-ku-chin, nor that we have crossed the Yalu there, intending to attack their right where the shallow Aiho forms their defence, and the heights this side of it command Tiger Hill and its approaches."

Then round the spur of the mountain came the advancing lines, at last in view of the Russians on Tiger Hill. Instantly the guns of the fort opened fire, sweeping the face of the cliff with a storm of shrapnel and checking the advance.

Then from beyond the Yalu, the carefully masked batteries of Nippon spoke. It was the most dramatic moment in that first day's battle, when from out among the thick green of the trees on that island held by Nippon, before Wiju, came a rain of shell and shrapnel so terrible that on Tiger Hill men and guns were swept away, the ground was torn up, and solid rocks smashed to pieces.

From his point of vantage Craig could see the heavy gray-coated men laboriously climbing the steep ascent behind Tiger Hill in a vain endeavor to escape the leaden shower, and leaving the hillside dotted with their dying and dead. For from the heights beyond the Aiho came a heavy rifle fire, and the guns on Tiger Hill fort were silenced, for the gunners were all wounded or dead.

The Russians had been so sure that their enemy had field artillery only, that they had not masked their batteries, nor even chosen their positions very carefully, and for a time they were thunderstruck when the terrible howitzers roared out against them. Military experts had decided it was impossible for Nippon to bring her heavy artillery to the Yalu, and now she even had brought those great guns over the Korean mountains and across the flooded rice lands.

All along the Yalu the battle of the great guns raged. In front of the Russian position the air seemed full of puffs of white smoke, denoting the explosion of shrapnel, while the cliffs themselves, struck by shells from the heavy howitzers, looked like active volcanoes, belching forth clouds of black gray smoke from a dozen different places.

In answer to this the Russian shrapnel was streaming through the air. The green of the trees on Nippon's island was obscured by the smoke of their bursting

shells, clouds of sand raised by missiles striking the ground floated in the wind, while the booming of guns, and the deep thunder of explosions filled the whole valley. Yet with all this the Russian fire was doing very little damage. It was directed against the belt of trees that screened Nippon's batteries so well that not even the flashes when each gun was fired could be seen, and the little soldiers were working their guns from pits, where the Russian shrapnel, fired at random, rarely penetrated.

For in the Russian lines all was consternation and confusion, generalship was for the time paralyzed, only the sturdy, stubborn peasant soldiers stuck manfully to their guns. Certainly their fire was chiefly remarkable for its carelessness and inaccuracy. Still they stood at their posts, and the battery that acted quickest and best was one in which the men worked to the tune of "The German Pedlar's Cat," played by a blind boy who sat safe under an overhanging bank, with a little Eastern girl in a boyish dress curled up beside him.

Yakovleff, the gunner, had found those two that morning, unhurt among the dead and dying horses, for the men of Nippon, who had a very correct knowledge of their enemy's camp, directed their fire on the picket lines first, creating such havoc that but few of the batteries saved enough horses to move their guns.

Savagely Yakovleff had cursed the enemy; then he had carried Murray off—to play to them while they died, he said. And Murray had gone passively, feeling doubly the horrors which he could not see.

He did not understand how they had lived through that fire on the picket lines; he did not understand how they were living still. Overhead came the constant screech of the shells as they close their way through the air. On every hand was the whip-like smack of their exploding, and the swish of the scattering bullets, as they burst, now on the ground and now in the air. They seemed to his excited fancy alive, those screeching things, pursuing each other as if in a hideous competition to complete their mission of mangling and murder.

Suddenly he flung himself on the ground by Noshi; he felt the rush of air in his ears, splinters whistled past his head, and the earth trembled; he felt the moist mud pulsate against his cheek as he tried to press himself into the ground, throwing, with a quick instinct of protection, his arm across the girl beside him. Then something very near them died; the warm life blood splashed in his face; he felt and smelt and tasted it, and a shower of soft horrible fragments fell upon them. His shuddering hands told him that they were what war had made of a man, whom God had made in His own image.

And then, how he hardly knew, Noshi was dragging, more than leading him, out of the front of the battle. Death was above and all around them, and they stumbled over the dying and the dead, yet unhurt they escaped, and found themselves on the road to An-tung. Noshi could see the pagodas in the city from the heights where they were, and she drew Murray beside her to a little grassy hollow in the side of a hill.

"Here we are quite safe, I think," she said, "and we will wait till our men cross the river, and raise the flag of the sunrise on the Russian forts. Then we will go out to them."

"You are very sure they can do it, Noshi," observed Murray, "and I expect you are right, for I know the men of both armies a little. But what will they say in the West? They will never be able to understand you at all, Noshi."

"Yet they say they believe in a God," said the girl, smiling.

Toronto.

FEALTY TO TRUTH.

To be sincere,
To look with honest gaze at life,
To rise above all cheap dishonesties,
To hold the inner life unbound,
To reverence every other soul,
To keep thine own, amid life's soilures,
All unsmirched; this is to live,
Serene and calm, amid earth's stress and
strife;
To steer thy craft across the heaving seas,
Straight to the unknown port;
Thy sails, full fanned by urging breeze,
That men call Opportunity.

The silence of the starry skies,
The peace that folds the distant hills,
The freedom of the unbound wind,
The light of eastern skies aglow,
Shall to thy spirit minister,
As forth it leaps to gladly crown
The halcyon hours with fealty,
And front with steady gaze the larger truth.

Cobourg, Ont.

—*Idell Rogers.*

ON THE PIAZZA AT HARWOOD'S

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

WE had watched her daily since her coming, but she did not know it. And now they talked together if she found him alone, and always she had a bright nod for him as she settled into the nearest chair and opened her book.

He was an invalid slowly recovering from the disaster that left him partially paralyzed, a rolling-chair his vehicle and the piazza of the old house his present limit. He was well over fifty. She could not be more than twenty-five at most, he thought, looking at her with a certain wistfulness, for her face stirred old memories long buried; twenty-five, probably, for there was experience in her eyes in spite of their girlishness. He added as he made this statement to himself, that at the present day age appeared to be ignored at will, and more and more men and women marched peacefully toward the century line, with no marked or serious diminution of power or enjoyment.

The group on the most desirable portion of the piazza held one of that order; an old lady of magisterial presence, her determined countenance framed in puffs of white hair, her bright dark eyes hard still, and with absolute clearness of mind as to what she wanted or did not want. To her, various other old ladies in rocking-chairs, coming year after year to Harwood's, were in total subjection, and waited timidly her directing word as to the day's topic of conversation, and the people who might or who might not be admitted to the sacred circle.

The girl was a stranger and a presumptuous one, for she wore her pretty clothes with an easy unconsciousness that had roused instant antagonism in the old lady's mind—a girl coming from no one knew where, New York, perhaps, from the way she wore things, but it might even be Chicago, and taking a place near them with no perception, it seemed, that this group stood for Beacon Hill and its passing generation of owners by birthright. All else in the universe was mere tributary; really a quite irrelevant matter when one considered all that being born on Beacon Hill involved.

The girl in the meantime held her place. She had come in from the rocks, a book with leaves still uncut in her hand, and in her eyes the wide, clear look as of the sea itself stretching fair and calm to the far horizon line, a sapphire sheet under a sky blue as Capri. She had settled in this corner just so day after day for the hour before dinner, nominally reading, actually studying this unknown order with an interest that held a growing amazement.

The invalid watched them all and he knew. They had views, or at any rate the old lady had, though she suppressed summarily attempt at utterance of any but her own. "The Czar," the girl already called her, for never could there be more absolute autocrat, or more submissive subjects. As to the invalid, his rights were recognized up to a certain point, but he held his corner silently and was considered to be principally asleep. The girl had looked toward him pityingly, as she first saw him, and now smiled and nodded as she came out, but thus far she had made her brief stay without words and disappeared again, her grave, clear look on them all as she slipped away, yet little dimples at the corners of her mouth momentarily visible. The Czar had caught the look and resented it with fury, and her subjects wondered with her what order of being it might be that wore it. She had brought no letters, she named no endorsers. She simply came and went calmly as if the ground were her own, and no one to question.

This was defiance pure and simple, the old lady announced, and the invalid laid down his book as he heard, and gazed in some amazement at this singularly belligerent old person, who had risen and was driving her subjects before her like so many sheep.

"Twenty-three years at Harwood's," she said, "and never before have I been subjected to the insolence of an uninvited presence. I shall speak to Harwood. It is really intolerable. Some shop-girl in borrowed plumage, prob-

ably, who does not understand her place. She must be taught it."

She swept in, the voice that of an excited turkey gobbler, and now, as the invalid with a smile and a sigh took up his book again, the girl was at his side.

"What is the matter with that terrible old lady? Does she see red when she looks at me? It is actual active animosity."

The invalid nodded. What else could it be?

"Is it the Boston manner? My mother told me it was sometimes peculiar," she continued, "that I must not be surprised at singularities, but this old person really goes beyond that, you know."

She had seated herself beside him and looked up with a puzzled frown on her clear forehead.

"She is a very highly cultivated woman, I am told; in fact, I know it," the invalid said, with apology in his tone. "She is simply peculiar, that's all, and a singular stickler for place and recognition of her authority. The first thing her intellect does with any object is to class it along with something else. We all do that."

"Then she has classed me. Is that what you mean? But why?"—for the invalid nodded. "I am a person, not a class. A clam even, handled in that way—classed as just *crustacea* would have the right to object—to say as I do, 'I am myself, myself alone.'"

"That's it. You are 'yourself,'" and he bowed with charmed recognition of a charming fact. "You are also 'alone,' and as you present no credentials and need none, she puts you under the general head *crustacea*, or what you like. She demands a tag. It seems to be the way with the people at Harwood's. One of them, however, fell from her high estate sufficiently to be a fashionable teacher after her husband died; head of an establishment for turning out *replicas* of this order."

"Oh, a teacher," the girl said wearily. "I have met a good many this summer. And this morning I have been reading something that explains some of them."

"Read it, please," he said, for she had opened her book, then closed it with a smile.

"There is no reason why you should be bored," she said, then as she met his gentle eyes, opened it again. "It is a little hard on them, but it accounts for some of the strange lacks in this world of ours, doesn't it? You will see," and she read in a voice as simple and charming as her face:

"Their education has not consisted in the acquiring of a state of being, a condition of organs, a capacity of tasting life, of creating and sharing the joys and meanings of it. Their learning has largely consisted in the fact that they have learned at last to let their joys go. They have become the most satisfactory scholars, not because of their power of knowing, but because of their willingness to be powerless in knowing. When they have been drilled to know without joy, have become the day laborers of learning, they are given diplomas for cheerlessness, and are sent forth into the world as teachers of the young."

She paused a moment. "If they're trained in cheerlessness of course they grow old that way and resent its lack in other people. This group of old tabbies are not teachers, but could take diplomas in it. They sit here and scold and chatter like so many magpies, and I have waited and listened for something really human, and heard chiefly genealogies."

The invalid nodded; but his eyes still questioned, and after a minute she went on.

"I can see now what my father meant when he said the emotional temperament must be before keen moral perception can be. The Czar has, it would seem, no spiritual judgment; dwells on the surface of her world. And this is not said because she despises me with such singular heartiness, but because she is shut up with herself like a squirrel in a cage, and supposes as she whirls in her wheel that she is circuiting the whole round world itself. She is to all intents and purposes;—all the world she can see. It's a type, of course, but I thought it a vanished one."

"You, studying types at your age!" the invalid said involuntarily. "But that was part of the amusement, I suppose. Isn't it a little lonely to be here as you are?"

"It is something that has never happened before and I think I like it in a way. I misread a date, and came here a month, almost, too soon. I wanted to see this old house and the place, for my father met my mother here long ago, and I am seeing it all, and am busy with a task, the price of which would have to be a little loneliness. These people, it seems, take the rooms from year to year, and it bars out those who would be happier in all this beauty."

"Yes, it bars them out," the invalid said absently. "It is good you came. I have had a respite in looking at you, and there is something familiar in your face. You remind me of a friend of my college days——"

He stopped short, for the Czar was moving ponderously toward her seat, and having taken it, bent commanding eyes upon the pair.

"I trust you are not being exhausted by unnecessary conversation, Mr. Brower. This young woman unfortunately lacks the training that would make her see how unsuitable her presence is at this point and——"

"I can't have it! I can't have it!" a voice cried from the rear, and the smallest of the old ladies, a face like an agitated white rabbit, pattered close behind, and laid a shaking hand on the imperial shoulder. "Such a nice girl," she said, "and such pretty clothes that have been a treat to see. How can you, Deborah? How can you?"

"God bless her!" said the invalid, under his breath. "It's an insurrection."

"How can I?" the Czar began. "How can I not?"

But the girl had made an impulsive movement forward, and taken the white rabbit's hand. "Thank you so much," she said. "I thought you were different from the others."

"I have looked at you a great deal, my dear," the old lady said, holding to her as if for protection. "You look like a friend of my youth, a very noted man, my dear, but, perhaps, you have not heard of him—Governor Chauncey, who died a long time ago."

The girl paused a moment, and the dimples were in full evidence. "Yes, I have heard of him," she said slowly, "but I never saw him. He was my grandfather, and my father was named for him."

"What!" shrieked the Czar from her chair. "Don't fabricate! Mrs. Harwood said you were from the West somewhere. You're not. You can't be his——"

"I am Eleanor Clement, and my mother was Eleanor Chauncey," the girl said, and now, as she met the invalid's twinkling eyes, she laughed, a soft laugh compounded of many things. "Forgive me for being alive," she said. "I really can't help it;" but the Czar had beaten a hasty retreat, and the little old lady was in tears.

"She'll never get over it, never," she said. "I've often told her she was too severe to people. This is a great blow."

"It isn't a permanent one. She'll recover, for I am leaving this afternoon," Miss Clement said, "so you will have no more trouble. I suppose Madam Brewster has arranged for a reserved piazza in heaven, and that Beacon Hill has a special sealed compartment. But I am certain you will look over the top; perhaps even climb out, and I'll help you, if you like."

"I shall never go into it, never!" said the little old lady, as if the opportunity has already been offered her. "Really, I should not," but the girl had vanished with a pat as she went, and the invalid, lying back in his chair, laughed wickedly, then opened his book again.

"I knew her mother in her youth," he said. "She is like her. I wish we had known."—Christian World.

AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now,
  The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes,
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
  Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist,
  The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show
  The shifting splendors of the northern lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
  And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at autumn's rustling step,
  The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

—*Albert Leighton.*

Current Topics and Events.

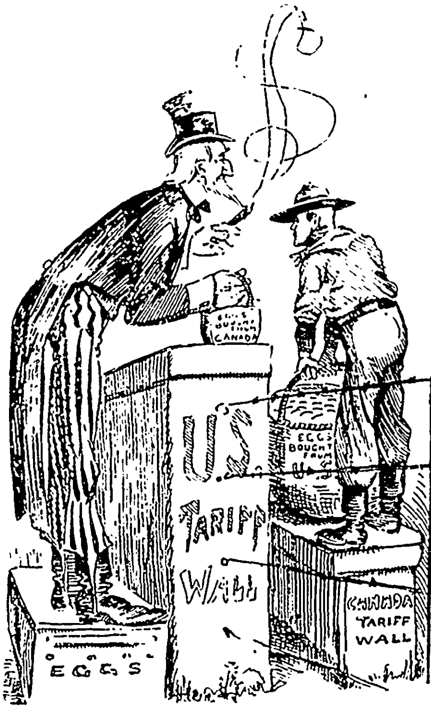
PEACE ON EARTH.

Peace! and no longer from her brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE DESCENT OF THE OLIVE BRANCH.

The greatness of Japan's victories in war have been exceeded only by the greatness of her concessions to the foe beneath her heel. The astounding result of the Portsmouth conference—what shall one say of it more than simply that it is astounding?

Anxious prognosticators who saw all nations becoming embroiled can now set their minds at ease. The world's prayer for peace has been answered, and wondrously answered, in the hour when the clouds seemed thickest and darkest. Indeed, it is almost as if the Unseen Hand had suddenly intervened and hushed the strife. The settlement, though manifestly unfair to Japan, is at least favorable to her in one respect: her neighbor will not, or at least should not, live in



Jack Canuck—It takes a very small basket to hold all the eggs you buy from me, Uncle. The basket I buy from you is eleven times as big, yet your family is much larger than mine.

Uncle Sam—I guess my hens lay better than yours, Johnny. (During the fiscal year 1903 Canada imported from the United States 534,485 dozen eggs and exported to the United States only 46,773 dozen eggs.)

the daily desire to wreak vengeance upon her. Those who feared Japan's victories would result in a big head for the little yellow man now see such fears were groundless. Japan has shown herself great as a warrior, and modest in her demands as a victor. Something of the feeling of the Russian peace party toward her may be gleaned from the following from an editorial by Prince Oukhtomsky, in the Viedmosti :

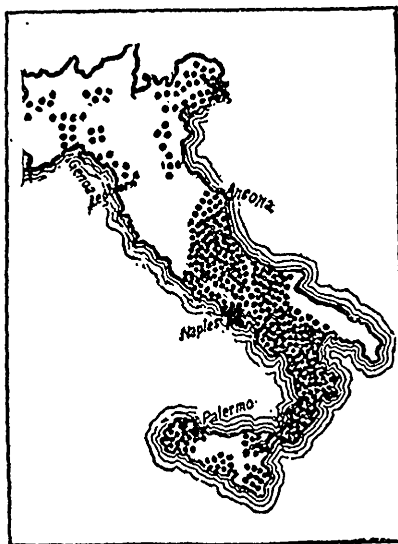
"Notwithstanding the difficult circumstances under which the negotiations commenced, M. Witte carried out his task with the greatest skill, and obtained from Japan the utmost she was prepared to give. But though M. Witte wrested out of defeat these advantageous terms, the moral advantage rests with Japan. She will be recognized in the eyes of the East and Europe as the victor, and she has acquired a predominant position in Asia, while Russia's prestige has suffered a correspondingly heavy blow."

Undoubtedly this will not express the sentiments of all parties in Russia. But whatever sentiments prevail, the great cause for thankfulness remains that homes are no longer called upon to offer their loved ones to the gory chances of war.

Says an American daily: "Had the Government insisted on an indemnity, it is clear that the war would have continued. The objects for which the war was waged already have been more than achieved, and to continue the war for a pecuniary consideration would not have been worthy of Japan."

Nevertheless one feels a good deal of sympathy with the masses of the Japanese people in their discontent with the terms of the peace, though it is a subject for much regret that in their indignation the Japanese have attacked the Christian Church that throughout the war has been praying for their welfare. We trust their blindness will be of short duration. It is evidently a case of a people loving their emperor enough to die for him, and an emperor loving his people enough to risk their displeasure rather than let them die.

Uncle Sam—I can make one mouthful of this, but it takes a good many mouths to eat all the butter I send over Canada's low taraff wall. (During the fiscal year 1903, Canada imported from the United States 505,113 pounds of butter, and exported to the United States 50,745 pounds of butter.)



SOURCES OF ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

Diagram showing excess of immigration from southern Italy and Sicily over immigration from northern Italy in 1900. Each dot represents 250 immigrants. From the report of the industrial Commission.

The accompanying cartoons illustrate Canadian sentiment on the jug-handled reciprocity that Uncle Sam practises with this country. He is quite willing to unload his dairy products, and everything else he has to sell, on us, but he is very unwilling to give us admission to his great narket. Hence he builds up a high tariff wall, over which it is almost impossible to lift our products, while our low tariff wall admits enormous quantities of his. Such unjust and ungenerous treatment is unworthy of a great nation. If Uncle Sam thinks he can coerce us into annexation, he never was more mistaken. He has driven Canadians to seek the great markets of the world, till they are independent of our next-door neighbor, though willing to trade with him so far as he gives us a chance.

THE BLACK HAND.

With the exception of Naples, Milan, and Rome, New York, says The Literary Digest, is reckoned to be the chief Italian city in the world. The New York Sun says that "an estimate of 300,000 to 400,000 as the actual Italian population of New York and the immediately contiguous territory is probably moderate." In comparison with this, Naples has a population of 565,000, Milan, 500,000, and Rome, 465,000.

What makes these figures significant is an epidemic of Italian crime in New York City that is inspiring some very serious editorial comment. The kidnapping of an Italian boy, who was held for a $50,000 ransom by a "Black Hand" band, and who was mysteriously returned to his home, baffled the New York police for two weeks, and other threats of kidnapping are keeping Italian parents in terror. Within a week five Italians brought to the police letters threatening them with death unless they paid sums ranging from $100 to $4,000, and begged for protection. Italian stabbings and shootings are matters of frequent report in the newspapers.

The Italian ambassador and the leading Italian citizens in New York deplore these crimes, and express a hope that the police will bring the criminals to justice. They aver that the vast majority of the Italians here are docile and orderly, and say that the criminals are able to carry out their plots only by terrorizing the law-abiding element.

The Broklyn Eagle remarks that the criminal class of Italians come from southern Italy and Sicily, while the immigrant from northern Italy is desirable in every way.

To say that the Italians are a criminal race is utterly false. They have their criminals among them, as have other races. A great majority of them, like a great majority of other races, are law-abiding, honest, hard-working, devoted to their families.

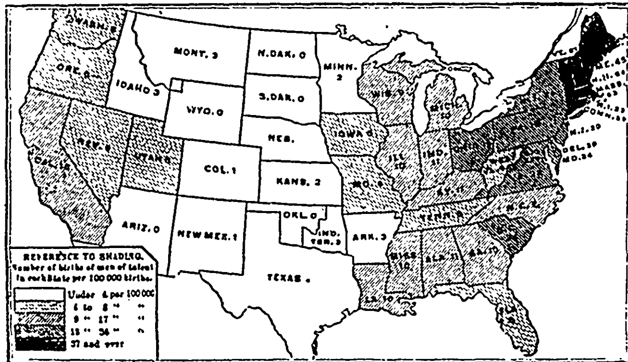
WHERE ARE THE MEN OF TALENT?

Some twelve years ago Senator Henry Cabot Lodge published in The Century a study of the distribution of celebrities in the United States. Taking a cyclopædia of biography for a criterion, Mr. Lodge determines, by states, the number of men of genius they had produced in the past. Interesting as were the data thus gathered, they failed, however, to answer the question, Where are the most intellectual people of the country—those who yield the highest percentage of ability? To supply this, I have selected a method altogether different from that of Mr. Lodge. Instead of considering the past, I have limited myself to the present. To find out the fraction representing the degree of intellectuality for each state, I have taken for the numerator the number of persons born in that state, living in 1900,

included in a directory of persons prominent in public life, the arts, sciences, and literary pursuits, and for the denominator the total number of persons born in the same state and living in the United States in 1900.

In the accompanying map the present birth-rate of talent in each state has been charted. One main fact can be seen by a glance at this map: a steady fall in the birth-rate of men of talent is met with in going from New England westward. While, in New England, out of every 100,000 births 54 are those of men of talent, in New York that number falls to 34, in Ohio to 19, in Indiana to 11, in Illinois to 10, in Missouri to 6, in Kansas to 2, in Colorado to 1. In the case of such western states as Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, the extreme paucity of men of talent is in part explained by two facts: a lack of suitable means of education for the present generation and an abnormal proportion of young people among the native-born. But if we remain within the zone which was filled by settlers in the eighteenth or in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and which includes such states as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois, that explanation fails and there remains the fact of a disproportion of about three to one between the east and the west in the present birth-rate of men of talent.

The fertile plains of the West contrasted with the poor soil of New England; a westward current of emigration from New England began. But while the Puritans had made the sacrifice of a part of their earthly possessions in order to satisfy their spiritual needs, the people who left New England for the West willingly sacrificed spiritual and intellectual advantages in order to acquire earthly possessions. The principles which presided over the two migrations were radically different. One of them being an immigration, the other an emigration, both contributed to bring about the same result. The positive, energetic, enterprising, "strenuous" people were those who left. The poets, the literati, the artists, the lovers of intellectual culture, are, by virtue of their all-absorbing ideal, less sensitive than other people to the attraction exerted by good and cheap land. Moreover, they needed a cultivated community which might understand and appreciate them. They did not take kindly to the idea of a life in the wilderness.



MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF TALENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE TALLEST SKY-SCRAPER.

Toronto is to have its first sky-scraper in the Traders' Bank Building on Yonge Street. Nowhere has this kind of structure reached such development as in New York. Soaring high above all surrounding buildings, beautiful in its graceful symmetry, the new home of the New York Times deserves the eulogy pronounced upon it, of an architectural triumph. The city contains many tall and many beautiful edifices, but the two qualities have been united in this remarkable structure with extraordinary skill.

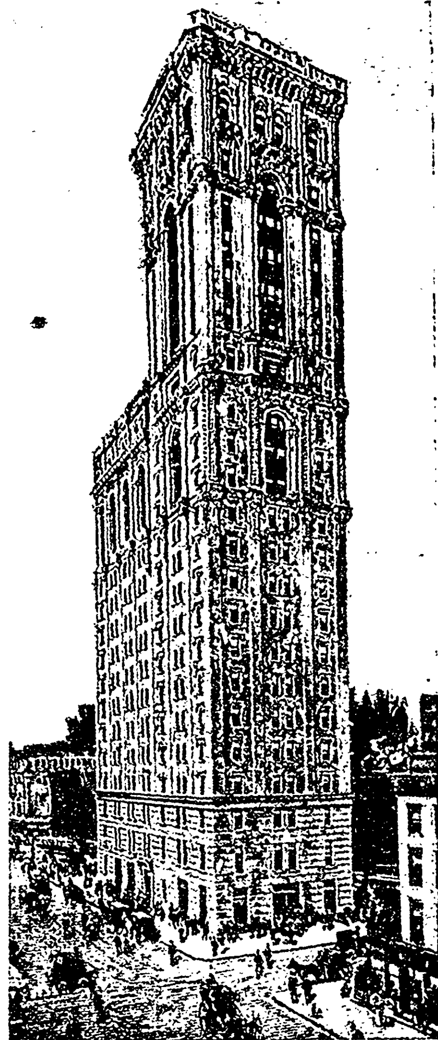
Figures give but an inadequate idea of the towering edifice, but in no other way can the facts be presented. In one sense it is the loftiest building in the city. Reckoning from the lowest floor of the basement to the top of the tower, it is

over 419 feet in height. Fifty-seven feet are below the level of the street, affording space for the presses and other appliances connected with the mechanical production of the paper. From the Observatory on the roof the visitor looks down on the whole city. He stands higher than the torch of the Statue of Liberty in the bay by one hundred feet, higher than the famous "Flatiron" building by seventy-two feet, and higher than the summit of the spire of Trinity Church by sixty-four feet. Only a few buildings in the whole world surpass it in height.

The superstructure is carried by the steel columns, set seventeen feet apart, resting on bases of cast steel. The plate girder carrying the north wall is the heaviest ever used in building construction. It is five feet high and about three feet wide, and weighs thirty tons. It consists practically of three gigantic built-up I-beams. The load transmitted through it to its two supporting columns has been estimated as 3,097,000 pounds. The building contains thirty-one stories, giving an aggregate floor space of 116,349 feet. The basement is occupied by the presses, which print not less than 144,000 sixteen-page papers an hour. Twenty-eight tons of plate glass have been used in the edifice. The number of red bricks required was 3,293,000, and there are over one hundred tons of plumbing.

The difficulty of erecting a building of a size so enormous was increased by the shape of the site. It is situated at the intersection of Broadway, with Forty-second and Forty-third Streets. Here is an irregular space of 143 feet on Broadway; 137 feet on Seventh Avenue; 58 on Forty-second Street, and 20 on Forty-third Street. The architectural advantage of building on this peculiar site is one of complete detachment. This detachment carries with it the drawback of unusual costliness of building, since every side of the edifice is equally and conspicuously in evidence and must be a finished front, but with the compensation of an abundant and secure supply of air and light, secure in spite of what neighboring builders may afterward do.

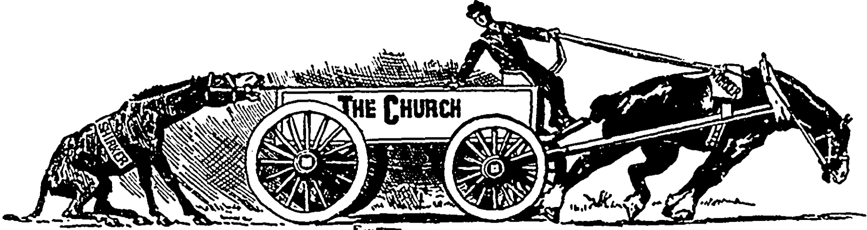
That so enormous a building, with such extensive and elaborate appliances, is needed for the production of a great daily newspaper, is probably not realized by many of the people who buy and read it. More necessary even than these are the skill and ability of its editors and contributors. They need to be ever on the alert, and, like the watchman set by the ancient prophet, they may say, "I stand continually upon the watchtower in the daytime, and I am set in my ward whole nights." (Isa. 21. 8.)



THE NEW "TIMES" BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

The Loftiest Newspaper Building in the World.

Religious Intelligence.



THE SITUATION IN A NUTSHELL.

The Church and the Workingman.

The problem of "The Church and the Laboring Man" is one that demands much consideration. The Presbyterians across the line have advanced a step toward its solution. They have established a "Department of Church and Labor" in the Board of Home Missions. Mr. Stelzle, who has been appointed Superintendent, has already done a great work in bringing ministers and labor unions together in about fifty cities, a work heartily endorsed by the General Assembly.

Through Mr. Stelzle's office in Chicago, Presbyterial sub-committees, to be appointed by the Church, can come into practical methods of co-operation in securing fraternal relations between the Churches and organizations of workingmen, based upon a good understanding of each by each.

Sharing with the Orphans.

That "there is no dearth of kindness in this world of ours," had a practical illustration lately when the New York Motor Club decreed an Orphan Automobile Day. A hundred machines were sent out, of various sizes, from touring cars to the lightest runabouts, and the orphans of a dozen institutions in New York City were conveyed to Coney Island, where a bountiful meal was spread. The little ones were whirl ' home again, tired but happy, in the evening. A squad of mounted police preceded the cavalcade, and from the steps of the City Hall the mayor reviewed them as they passed.

The owners of the machines cheerfully loaned them for the day. There are little ones in our Canadian cities living monotonous, institutional lives. It would do us all good to share our blessings with them in like manner.

In the Stricken City.

In spite of the great vigilance with which the outbreak of yellow fever was met in New Orleans, the dread monster has not shown itself easily strangled. But when we compare this outbreak with similar ones in decades gone by, we begin to realize the practical results science is accomplishing. Less than a half century ago such an outbreak would have meant commercial paralysis for the South. In this age the foci have been greatly limited, and in the case of the fever victims the death-rate is considerably lower than in the last epidemic. The mosquitos and the cisterns are objects of much attention. It will doubtless result in higher sanitary ideals among the foreign population, as well as among a certain portion of the home population.

Much sympathy is felt everywhere for the stricken city. Among the fever victims was Placide Louis Chapelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, who earned the deep gratitude, both of the Pope and of President McKinley, by his success in dealing with the problems of reconstruction in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Phillipines. His death is a touching story of his devotion to humanity. He contracted the fever while serving his fellow-men as a guide and pastor.

The German Studying Temperance.

Temperance sentiment is growing in the world. Even the German, with his proverbial fondness for the mug, is beginning to study the subject scientifically. Medical experts from all parts of the empire have been giving a daily course of lectures on the nature and use of alcohol at the Institute of Technology, Berlin. It is not a popular movement as yet, though the attendance at these lectures was large. The alcoholic question is being thoroughly studied, and experiments tried on men and animals. It is agreed among German medical men that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is accompanied by grave dangers.

The final chapter in the history of Bishop Potter's subway tavern should be an object lesson to those who believe there is any cure for the drink evil other than its removal. The "sanctified saloon," as it was called, has been handed over to a man who will remove the "water-waggon" sign and conduct it as an ordinary saloon. For some time the income from sales had not been sufficient to pay running expenses. In the words of one of the bartenders, it was found that "rum and religion would not mix."

A Life Spent for Others.

Some people who die deserve more than a passing notice, and among them we rank Miss Annie Macpherson, who died at Hove, Brighton, England, November 27th, 1894, in her eightieth year. Her work ranks very high among the forms of benevolence and has special interest to Canadian readers.

It is always inspiring to observe how God trains his workers for special service. Miss Macpherson was born in Campsie, Scotland. Her father, a specialist in education, took care that she should be sent to the best schools. While yet a girl, as his secretary in the Ockham Industrial Schools, she became familiar with the theory and practice of teaching, which proved of inestimable value in her subsequent life-work.

Further preparation awaited her, when, in Cambridgeshire, her heart was drawn out by the neglected condition of some hundreds of workmen there. She read Miss Marsh's book on "Work Among Navvies," and thus, with fear and trembling, ventured to attempt giving the rough men a tract during their meal hour.

THE LATE MISS ANNIE MACPHERSON.

This led to an evening school, in which she labored seven years, being greatly helped and guided in the principles of faith-service, by reading the "Life of George Muller."

She was led to visit Lady Rowley, and to attend the theatre services held by Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, where she met Miss Clara M. Lowe, who took her to visit some poor match-box makers in East London—another turning-point in her life.

The way being opened for a visit to New York, she visited the missions then being established in that city, among which was a Home for Destitute Boys. On this visit, the scheme which she so marvellously developed in the way of emigration began to form in her mind.

London, in 1866, was devastated by the plague, and among the match-box makers there was great sorrow and distress, death leaving many helpless orphans and widows. A fund of $100,000 was raised to feed the destitute and open sewing classes to aid widows. This was the starting-point of "The Home of Industry," with its many forms of evangelistic and helpful service.

Miss Macpherson was specially attracted by the street Arabs, many of whom meant to be honest, while others lived by thieving and begging. She made bold to ask a group of these boys to come and take tea with her; but was told: "We chaps don't want religion licked down our

throats." Subsequently two hundred were gathered in a room lent for the purpose by Mr. George Holland. After a good meal, a talk on "The Prodigal Son" moved many of the lads to tears. "That night," says Miss Macpherson, "I knew God had called me, and my life was consecrated to the work of reclamation."

A small house was rented, and thirty homeless orphans received. Others were taken (one for boys and two for girls), and all four speedily filled. Then a warehouse in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, previously used as a cholera hospital, was opened in February, 1869, as "The Home of Industry," and quickly filled, became the centre of a large mission work, with sewing classes, mothers' meetings, evening schools, Sunday-schools, for adults as well as for children. The Bible Flower Mission, which afterward spread all over England and America, also had its origin here.

In placing the rescued boys in situations, difficulties arose from the proximity of old haunts and companions. Already some fifty families had been sent out to Canada, but the emigration of boys had not been thought of. At length she determined that, if God sent the money—without direct appeal to any one—it would be taken as a signal to go forward. Early in 1870 a thousand pounds were sent in, and this decided her to transplant a party of boys in Canada, who set sail May 12th, 1870, under her personal care. At Quebec a telegram was sent to the government by the port official, describing the boys as well-behaved and likely to be of service on farms, and orders were sent to entertain the party and the lady, and to forward them on to Toronto. Homes were soon found, and two other parties—one of boys and one of girls—followed the same year. Up to 1903 seventy-six companies of children had been sent out, making a total of 6,500 transported, without one serious accident.

The first Distributing Home was a free gift from the town council of Belleville, Ontario. A second, opened at Knowlton, is used as the Distribution Home for the Liverpool children emigrated by Mrs. Birt, Miss Macpherson's only surviving sister. A third Home was opened in 1872, in Galt, but in 1883 gave way to a new Home at Stratford, Ontario. Miss Macpherson says:

"Our aim in all the work has been, not only the rescue of the body, but the salvation of the soul. The good seed has been sown in faith and prayer in our home training, and fostered in many a godly Canadian family. Many are now acceptable ministers. Some are in China, Africa, and other lands as missionaries. Large numbers are professional or business men, while the majority are quiet, steady farmers, active members of various Christian churches. For others we still pray and hope."

Besides this emigration movement, a large evangelistic and home mission work centres in The Home of Industry, Bethnal Green Road, London. First the Widows' Sewing Class. The weekly sixpence in many cases is the poor aged one's only regular support. The class meets each Monday, the members do two hours' sewing, have a plain tea and a sixpence each. A very large Mothers' Meeting has also been sustained for many years. The members are taught about practical home duties and the care of children and Gospel truth, and many have been won to Christ. An afternoon Mother's Sunday-school, also for those who cannot get to an evening service, has gone on for thirty years. As to the Sunday-schools, three floors are crowded Sunday afternoons.

Ladies from The Home of Industry have, also, with the help of voluntary speakers, for years kept up two open-air services. Former notorious pugilists, atheists, and drunkards, converted, bravely testify before their old companions.

One word as to the Bible Flower Mission. Twenty-five years ago a bunch of violets, enclosed in a letter to The Home of Industry, was passed around among the widows, that each might "have a smell," and then sent to a dying woman, who passed away clasping it in her hand. This incident led to the proposal that friends should be asked to send a few blossoms; and now once every week ladies unpack baskets of flowers, from all parts, making up posies and attaching text-cards, which are then taken to the sick and dying in hospitals, infirmaries and homes. A mission in Spain sprang out of a bunch of flowers and its text, given in an East End hospital twenty years ago.—Christian Herald.

A Missionary and Anti-Missionary Church.

Five miles north-east of Lexington, Ky., is the famous Bryan Station Spring, from which the heroic women carried water into the fort when they knew the thickets and cane-brakes all about them were full of savage Indians hid in am-

ush, waiting for an opportunity to attack the fort. This incident has made Bryan Station and its spring famous in history; but an incident just as important in church history has since been enacted on the hill just beyond the spring from where the fort stood. Here stands the Bryan Station Baptist Church. This church was built early in the nineteenth century, and was an anti-missionary church, where the celebrated Thomas Dudley preached for years; where the Dudley family, and other prominent Baptists and wealthy citizens of Fayette County, had their membership. But in the course of time the missionary spirit began to move among them. All are familiar with this movement among the Baptists—what contention, strife, and division it produced, till finally the whole denomination divided, and the Missionary Baptists became a separate denomination, which has greatly prospered.

Bryan Station Church was at first about equally divided on the question, and became two congregations, one missionary, the other anti-missionary. They agreed to divide the house and the time; the missionary element took the north side and two Sundays in the month, while the antis took the south side of the house and two Sundays. Things went on very well, the missionary side growing stronger and the antis growing weaker, till the house needed a new roof and other repairs. The missionaries endeavored to get their anti brethren to join them in repairing the house, but the antis were growing constantly fewer in number, and would not join in the repairs, till at last the missionary branch covered and repaired one side of the house; and thus it stood for years, with a good tin roof on one side, and an old, leaky shingle roof on the other. Finally, as the antis had grown so few as hardly to meet at all, the missionaries, in sheer self-defence, to save the house, covered the other side of the roof and otherwise improved the house. Now the antis are all gone; the last member, a grandniece of the great Dudley, passed away last spring, while the missionaries have a good, active congregation. The spirit of missions and the opposite made the difference.

Free to Worship as they Will.

A fitting concession at Eastertide was the Czar's gift of religious freedom to his subjects. For years the Orthodox Greek Church has dominated the religious policy of the Russian empire, nominally conceding freedom of conscience to rival sects, but forbidding them to make converts, and depriving their members of civil and military preferment. Of the 130,000,000 subjects of the Czar, it is estimated that 45,000,000 are "heterodox," that is, not affiliated with the State Church. There are 5,000,000 Jews, and 20,000,000 "Old Believers." Among the latter are found some of the wealthiest merchants and traders in Russia.

The decree is, besides, a boon to the 8,000,000 Roman Catholics in Russian Poland, the Lutherans of Finland, the Armenians, Moslems, and Buddhists. This decree makes lawful changes in faith for which hundreds of thousands of families have been stripped of their property and exiled to Siberia. No concessions, however, have been made to the Jews.

An Early Japanese Convert.

The Rev. R. C. Armstrong, B.A., writes: "I enclose a photograph of the oldest Christian in Hamamatsu. About twenty years ago he was baptized and became a member of our Church. He speaks of the work done here by our men in the past, especially by Dr. Eby, Mr. Cassidy and Mr. Dunlop. He has had a family of five, two of whom are at rest. All are Christians. His eldest girl is married to one of our pastors, Mr. Kawamura, who is stationed in Nagano. The boy is an active worker in the Church, and is quite promising. I asked his boy when he became a Christian, and received the reply that he grew up under Christian teaching at home and never got away from it. The influence of such a parent in Japan is very great, and when rightly directed is productive of good results for Christ and the Church.

An illustration of the intensity of the anti-religious feeling in certain quarters in France is the proposal to rename the holidays, so as to deprive them of all religious significance. Christmas, for instance, is to become "Family Day," while the great festival of the Assumption, so dear to the hearts of Roman Catholics throughout Europe, which falls on August 15th, will be called, if this measure passes, "The Feast of Harvest."

These proposals recall the grotesque calendar of the Revolution. It is hardly conceivable, however, that the French Ministry will allow such a suggestion to become law.

Book Notices.

"India and Its Problems." By Samuel Smith, M.P. London: Chas. J. Thynne. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a collection of very interesting letters written from India in the winter of 1904-5 to the British press. Mr. Smith has paid several visits to India. He is the President of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Society. He writes with the pen of one who knows present-day affairs in that land. He speaks in the warmest terms of the missionaries and their work, and of the energy of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

This on the temperance question: "The vast majority of the Indian people are by religion and conviction total abstainers, but the drink habit has been creeping into the country insidiously—partly from imitation of English customs, and partly, it is alleged, from the opening of liquor-shops against the wishes of the people. There can be no doubt that if the Indian people were allowed to choose for themselves, the public sale of strong drink would be suppressed in most localities. One is grieved to see that the general conviction of the natives is that the Government, for the sake of revenue, tempts the people to this ruinous habit."

"The More Excellent Sacrifice." Memorial-Day Sermons. By Rev. John W. Sayers, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 212.

It is a very beautiful and tender custom to observe in the month of May every year a memorial service for those who fell in the great conflict which resulted in the abolition of slavery in the neighboring republic. It was not merely a question of state rights, but of high moral principle which led to that four years' war. These sermons are not designed to perpetuate the memories of estrangement, but rather over the graves of the fallen heroes to plight fealty to the united nation in its career of peace and brotherhood.

"The Student's Chronological New Testament." (Text of the American Standard Revision.) With Introductory Historical Notes and Outlines. By Archibald T. Robertson. Author of "Life of John A. Broadus." etc., etc. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.00 net.

Bible students and Bible teachers have placed at their service a splendid apparatus for the prosecution of the noblest study that can engage the human mind. Reading the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, so far as that can be learned, certainly throws additional light upon the sacred text. The introductions to the books, with brief outlines, facilitate the study. We welcome every fresh incentive to the more diligent use of the Scriptures, which can make wise unto salvation.

"Outline Studies in the New Testament: Philippians to Hebrews." By Wm. G. Moorehead. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 249. Price, $1.20.

Those of us who had the pleasure of hearing Professor Moorehead, in his Old Testament studies at the Bible Institute, Toronto, will remember his lucid exposition of the Wisdom Literature, especially the pessimism of the book of Ecclesiastes, whose moral significance he so convincingly described. In this book he applies the same method to the later epistles of the New Testament. His chief aim is to point out as briefly and as clearly as possible what he conceives to be the design and fundamental truth of each of these inspired letters. The book cannot fail to open to the Bible student much of the riches contained in these Scriptures.

The late Mr. Noble, a distinguished Swede, left a large sum of money from the proceeds of which should be presented every year about $200,000 for the most notable achievement in literature, art, science. This year the literary prize is divided between a French and a Spanish poet. The prize in physics is awarded to Lord Raleigh, in chemistry to Sir William Ramsay. The prize for the promotion of peace is assigned to a peace society. It is remarkable that while several English scientists have received this prize, it has not yet come to this side of the sea. Though many American scientists have won distinction, yet none has attained this coveted prize.