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"ARE YE NOT MUCH BETTER THAN THEY."

BY MRS. E. R. STEINHAUER.

Sometimes unnerved by doubt, we helpless lie,
And call to God to speak,
Our uncrowned work, has brought the bitter, Why,
Art Thou so silent, though the days go by?
Answer our prayers, and tears, 'ere courage fly
For now our hearts are weak.

We rise and listen, but we only hear
The whisperings of the air,
All's bright without, within all's dark and drear,
All's peace without—within all's restless fear
Faith leaves us, and we say, "God is not near,
He does not hear our prayer."

If He our pain, our fear, our weakness, knew
This stillness He would break,
And our dark sky glint with the rainbow's hue,
Nor wait till these doubts, from our struggling grew,
But a token send—like the asked-for dew,
That fell for Gideon's sake.

We turn away—all heavy with our grief,
And bear our own distress,
God's thoughts so high, but ours so far beneath,
Read not His ways, in each slow-budding leaf,
And lose the answer told for our relief,
"God works in quietness."

The summer skies bend low in noiseless might,
And earth fulfils her troth,
The sun in quiet majesty gives light,
Repeating still, "nor day shall cease, nor night,"
While silent forests cover from our sight,
The pulse-throbs of their growth.

If Nature's every want, God fills each day
So silently and free,
Shall He do less for us? or turn away
And leave unmet the want which makes us pray?
Shall God feed flowers? but say to man's want, Nay
I'll answer all but thee?

Fisher River Mission, Manitoba.

HOLY FAMILY.
Muller.

THE KING'S OWN.

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Nay, 'tis God's Son!"
'Tis but an outcast—"Nay, the King's Own!"
Naked He slumbers—"King's cover His."
Landless and houseless—"But His mother's kiss?"

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Hark, the white wings!"
Manger born, kine-keeping—"Wide heaven sings!"
Crownless His head is—"See, then, the thorn."
Out of night's black void—"Golden the morn."

'Tis but a Jew-baby—"Saviour and Son."
'Tis but an outcast—"Nay, the King's Own!"
Road-worn, barefoot—"But the loving waves part,"
Houseless and homeless—"Here, then, my heart."—*Independent.*

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1906.

CHILD SLAVERY.*

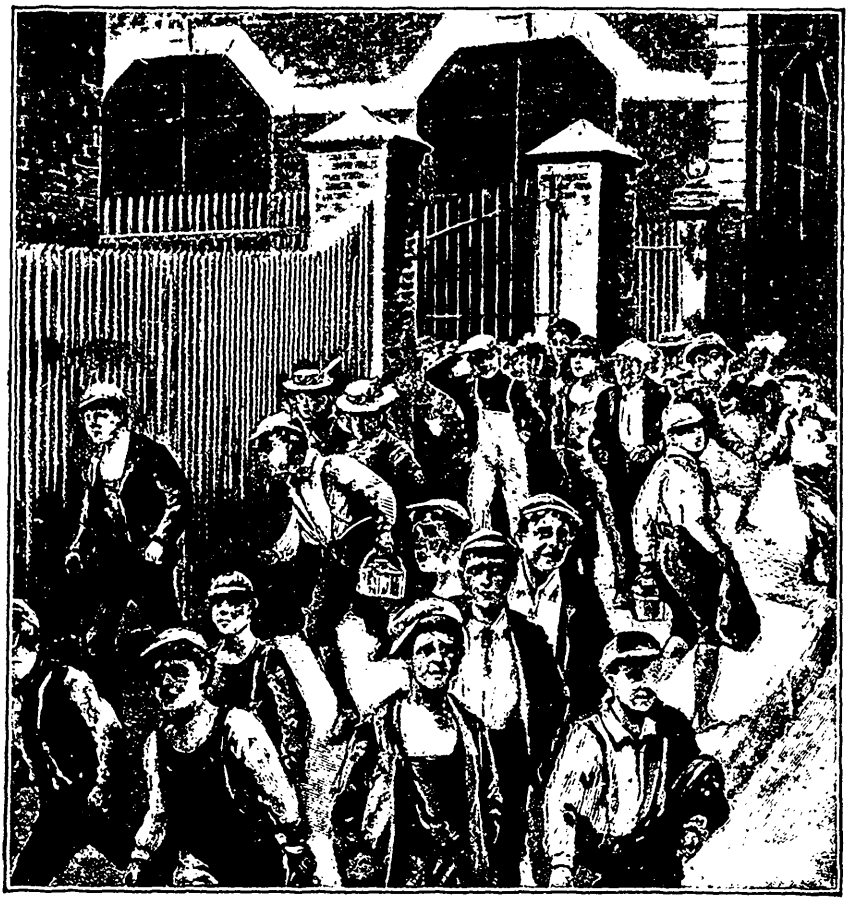
BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

CHILD TOILERS IN THE BUNKERS OF A COAL MINE.

IN ancient Sparta every man felt himself responsible for the welfare of every child in the community. Had we in the United States such consideration for the good of the race as stern old Sparta cherished in her flinty constitution, we would tear out of our civilization the cruel and wasteful fungus of child-labor, a fungus that destroys the present and threatens the future.

Two and a half millions of children under fifteen years of age are now at long and exhausting work in the offices, shops, mills, and mines of the Republic. In Pennsylvania alone there are at least one hundred different kinds of work at which children are employed; and, unhappily, it is into the cheap and dangerous work that the children always swarm. They are doubled over the coal-breakers, breathing black coal-dust; they are racked in the cotton-mills, breathing damp lint; they are strained in furniture factories, breathing sawdust; they are parceled in glass

* Abridged from the Cosmopolitan Magazine.



THE NOON HOUR AMONG THE "CHILD SLAVES OF THE MILLS."

factories, breathing dust of glass; they are crowded in soap factories, breathing dust of alkali; they are herded in felt factories, breathing dust of fur; they are twisted in tobacco factories, inhaling the deadly nicotine; they are bent over in dye-rooms, soaking in the poisonous dyes; they are stooped in varnishing-rooms, absorbing noxious fumes; they are stifled in rubber factories, where they are paralyzed with naphtha; they are choked in match factories, where they are gangrened with phosphorus; they are huddled in type-foundries, where they are cramped with the poison of lead.

Not until this generation of invention has the world known such a ravishing of the future, such a sucking of the marrow of the nation. And this child-ruining goes on, hour after hour, almost without protest in this boastful era of this richest land of time.

It is in the glass factory, perhaps, that the child is pushed most hopelessly under the blind hammer of

OFF TO THEIR SLAVERY AT DAYBREAK.

greed. Go to the glass works, and, amid the roar and the glare and the torrid heat, gaze on the scorching and shriveling children clustered about the red-hot hives of the furnaces. By night and by day they are there, running constant chance of being burnt and blinded by fragments of molten glass splintering through the room—little workers always wilting in the fierce heat, always breathing the powdered glass sleeting through the air. Gaze on the haggard, hurrying young creatures harried through hours of intense, monotonous work, their bodies parched, their sleep-robbed eyes blinded by the intolerable glow of furnaces and seared by the insufferable heat, the tissues of their tender bodies, inside and outside, rankling with the cruel fog of the powdered glass.

Think, comfortable reader, how you would feel if forced to work in the hottest days of summer, when men are prostrated even while walking across a quiet street; think how much you would feel like working in the heated chamber of the Turkish bath, where an attendant gives you iced water to sip and keeps a cold pack on your head; and then think of children working in just such deadly heat from ten to sixteen hours by day or by night.

Thousands of children by day or by night are at work at this intense and prostrating labor in glass factories. O Dollars, how diabolical are the crimes committed in thy name!

There is a legend of a Chinese bellmaker who gave his daughter to the porcelain vats that he might cast a bell that would vibrate the delight and the despair of perfect music. Looking on the exquisite purity, the delicate radiance of the manifold things of glass that minister to our need, and thinking on the human life burnt out in the glass factories that these beautiful bright things may be—these crystal drinking-cups, these praying windows, these heaven-searching lenses—one feels that, like the mad Chinese bellmaker, we may be sacrificing for this

loveliness something more precious than we get. Beauty is dear at the price of flesh and blood.

One might think that with all the capital at hand, with sales of glass-ware assured by increasing demand, with all the experience of the ages behind us in methods of working, with all the new machinery pushing into the factories—with all these things one might think that ungrown boys might be spared from this cruel craft; that the children need no longer go into the roaring ovens. Yet no other industry, except the

BEARING A MAN'S BURDEN.

textile, gathers so many children into its crater of death. Seven and a half thousand boys are in this vortex of Vesuvius, about thirteen per cent. of all the glass-workers of the nation.

Every motion is hurried; every boy is a darting automaton in his little rat-run of service. No halting, no lagging, no resting; nothing waits. The "carry-in" boy, loaded and anxious, has, perhaps, the most mulish task of all. He must carry the red-hot bottles or chimneys on his asbestos shovel, with always an added danger of the slipping ware or the spattering glass; must hurry with his unstable, tormenting load on a slow run. Men can seldom be found to do this dangerous service. Indeed, the blower prefers to have boys at his command, for his work is piece-work, generally, and upon the speed and sureness of his assistants depend his returns. Men are not so easily impressed as boys with the need for speed, nor are they so amenable to the curt persuasion of the oath; and each urgent, eager blower is the tyrannic Setebos of his bench, whose will is instant law.

In one factory observed by Mr. Owen Lovejoy, the distance from bench to oven was one hundred feet, and the "carry-in" boys made seventy-two trips an hour. In eight hours they thus ran twenty-two miles, half the time with a dangerous load, always in a Sahara of heat, always in a withering drift of glassy dust. It is a pity that some of the college men in their useless circling of the cinder path to cultivate "wind," could not step in and relieve some of these ten and twelve-year-olds, reeking with sweat, stumbling in sleep, at their pitiless work in this deadening Afric atmosphere.

After the bottle, or tumbler, or chimney is made there may still be much business for little fingers in etching, polishing, tying, and packing. One factory pasha "points with pride" to the persistence and patience of a weak and wizened boy whose task is tying glass stoppers on bottles. When only ten years old the child began his monotonous, machine-like, ten-hours-a-day work at his low stool. He gets through with three hundred dozen bottles a day. Hour by hour his shoulders are arching, his chest is hollowing, his limbs are withering, his face is growing empty, his eyes are becom-

ing lustreless. He gives his strength, his youth, his all—and he gets four and a half dollars a week.

Since the era of machinery has added child-labor to the evils of civilization, child-labor has been synonymous with child-robbery. Joy, health, education—the present and the future—are all staked on this throw of the moment, in the game where Greed plays with loaded dice and the little player loses all. Statistics show that many of the children of the glass factories are absolutely illiterate, while many have the merest smattering of knowledge. Day-school is impossible; night-school is beyond their energies. And yet education is vaunted as the supporting granite of our national life. Should we not, in merest fair play of assassins, give the child command of the tools of education that will give him at least a fighting-chance in the fortunes of the world? As it is, parents, often illiterate themselves; society, busied with pay-rolls and poodle dogs; and factory owners, itching for dividends, all conspire to take the child in his pinafore and melt him into dollars and cents.

Said one complacent superintendent of a great glass-plant: "I shall oppose every attempt at improved child-labor laws. Some people are born to work with their brains and some with their hands. Look at these," pointing to a line of "glass" boys already squeezed dry of the juice of life, "they are not fitted to do anything else." In this same spirit, defending the infamous traffic in children before an educational committee of the Springfield legislature, the superintendent of the Alton glass works declared that child-labor "is necessary to the interests of commerce." What is this new god Commerce, throned upon his pyramid of skulls? Have we among us a monstrous Something, a measureless Maw that must be continually crammed with the youth and strength and virtue and joy of our children? Is this civilization? Then let civilization perish! Let the walls of cities crumble; let the ancient deserts return!

This contempt for children accords with the preparation which John Spargo reports of a glass factory, in his excellent book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children." The factory was bristling with cordons

BEFORE THE TRUANT OFFICER.

of barbed wire. Asked the reason of this hideous hedging, the superintendent blandly replied, "It keeps the young imps here when we've got 'em in for the night-shift." Only one more turn of the screw would put chains on the legs again, as the Nottingham cotton manufacturers were wont to hold their runaways in England's obsolete factory infernos.

Night-work, now made possible in so many trades by the brilliancy of electric light, allows glass factories

to run two shifts of boy-labor. Hence sixty per cent. of the thousands of boys at the "fire" work at night every other week, always in the abnormal, monotonous heat, and always at the highest nervous pressure in alertness and exactness. There can be no relaxation till after the shift is over. What wonder, then, if utter exhaustion and intense thirst make boy and man turn to stimulants! Very often one boy is kept running all night to fetch drinks from the ever-present saloon. Very often the glass-worker degenerates

AGED BEFORE HIS TIME.

into the confirmed sot, as does many a worker at some of the other frightful trades of civilization which race him at demonic pressure for a few hours, only to leave him limp and lifeless, so that he turns blindly to the false and futile revival at the ever-convenient corner groggery. What wonder that the enforced "laying off," for a day, or a week, to gather strength, adds to the ranks of vagabonds at the saloon counter! and that "hands" are scarce at the factories after the debauch that always follows pay-day! What wonder that in such environment, and with such piteous provocation to drink and "remember their miseries no more," we find young boys even going the drunkard's way! Of one hundred and eighty-five boys in an Indiana glass factory only ten at the end of a season's "fire" were not confirmed drinkers of intoxicants. Ho, all ye who fight the drink-evil! Do ye not see in these things proof that intemperance has a social cause and must have a social cure? The groggery will no longer be the refuge of the hopeless when we have rooted out the hopeless drudgery of the world.

And where is the liquor drinker, unstable at the nerve-centre, always deteriorating in morals, who does not rapidly gravitate to profanity and and other sinks of perdition? So well do the older glass-makers know the evils attending their trade that a parent will not let his own son enter the glass works. "I'd rather see my boy dead than working here," declared one glass-blower. "You might as well give a boy to the devil at once as give him to the glass factory."

Is it not strange, therefore, that only the sons of dead glass-makers, or helpless children "run in" from orphan asylums or "reformatories," are in the glass works? Orphan asylums in New York City and Philadelphia have long been fountains of supply for these pools of Erebus. Boys with their own so-called homes—those joyless shanties for bolting down food or snatching a little sleep—are often swelled into premature importance and insolence by the too early acquired independence of wage-earners. But worse is the state of the betrayed "reformatory" boys utterly without home.

One of the saddest phases of all this child-labor is the fact that the

little ones are frequently thrown out into the society of callous and hardened men—men reeking with "ugly curses and uglier mirth." It is heart-sickening to see a boy limping along with his burden of glass, puffing a rank old pipe, *blasé* as a Bowery loafer, and joining, perhaps, in the mechanical curses and lewd jests of the hour. So the boys of the glass works tend to become a band of Ishmaelites. Society, which lets them drift into these reeking sewers of service, cannot receive them when they come out with souls befouled. The factory owner has no use for them but to grind their labor into his dividends. All he wants is the marrow of their bones. Abandoned by society, the boys tend to become the foes of society. Thus, year after year, we are creating the very criminals and vagrants we cry out against in our pulpits and public prints.

The factory blasts the moral nature, blights the mind of the child, and sows through his body the seeds of disease. Death always sits at the right hand of Mammon. The shadow of the grave falls first upon the night-workers. From five or six in the evening until two or three next morning is an average night-shift. By day or by night, the boys, leaving the reek of the furnaces and ovens, pass in a perspiration from the superheated atmosphere into the cool of out-of-doors—sometimes into the icy cold of winter. Mothers of boys who go into this devouring work complain that the children are nearly always sufferings from colds induced by these tremendous changes of temperature. For, of course, being at low vitality, they are often chilled at once. Sometimes the yawning saloon gives them its destroying comfort and shelter; sometimes they crouch beside the furnaces; sometimes they lurk in empty doorways. A child of fourteen, a little old worker with seven years in the glass works to his credit, was found recently by a school-teacher in Pittsburg, with his head buried in his arms, fast asleep on a doorstep. His hands and clothes were covered with factory burns. His home was far from the works, and the exhausted little fellow had been sleeping for hours out in the chill night.

If the boy of the glass works lives through these strains coming during the most excitable and perilous years of his life, he is likely to be a nervous wreck, if, indeed, he is not a victim of the dread plague of civilization, tuberculosis. Nervous dyspepsia, rheumatism, pneumonia, and tuberculosis dog his steps. The lungs being forever lacerated by the imbedding of the flying spicules of glass which are continually inhaled, the system being depleted by overstrain and lack of rest, the path is made easy for the waiting bacilli, and often the tragedy is brief. The step is short from the crimson purr of the furnace to the chilly walls of the grave. Is it Christ or Mammon that stands to-day on the corners of the streets, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not"?

The National Child-Labor Committee demands that no child under fourteen shall be employed in any glass factory, and that no child under sixteen shall be allowed to work at night.

Let there be one law for the nation. This is the need of the hour. Do you doubt it, friend? Then watch the steady westward march of the glass-makers. Observe how they always follow the line of the least resistance offered by the child-labor laws. Everywhere this modern Moloch follows the scent of the unprotected child.

With a uniform child-labor law the

mills which now rely on the nearly costless small boys will be compelled to put in up-to-date machinery. In Toledo, Ohio, and Muncie, Indiana, there are factories where machinery does nearly all the work. By preferring man to Mammon, work is beginning to grow endurable in this beautiful and increasingly necessary industry. Let there be an irresistible surge of earnest wills to hasten the day that shall shut the gates of the glass mills in the faces of the children now flung hourly to the purring tigress of the oven.

Harriet Washburn Stewart writes thus of her personal examination of child-labor conditions in the State of New Jersey:

"From the half hour's conversation one learned more of the duplicity of the human race than could be forgotten in a lifetime. The inspector is evidently striving to do the right as he sees it; but he is contending with a tide of shiftlessness, drunkenness, and disregard for word or oath which it seems practically impossible to stem. Not long since, a father, himself robust and stalwart, brought his little son to secure a permit for mill employment. 'But,' said the inspector, 'you must have either a birth or baptismal certificate.' This the father agreed to produce, and in few days the certificate of baptism was on hand, a close inspection of which brought out the fact that after it had been procured, the figure '3' in the date 1893 had been obliterated by the use of some chemical, and a '1' inserted in its place, thus representing the child to be fourteen years old instead of tewlve, his correct age. The instance is but one of many. So prevalent became this form of imposture, that the parish priests, in making out certificates, are obliged to place the seal of the church over all figures, in order to avoid erasures.

"'Do you believe the greed of the manufacturer is the root of the child-labor in New Jersey?' I asked.

"The reply came quickly: 'Not so much as the greed of the parents; the manufacturer is indifferent, and the work must be done. To many of these parents a child means, at worst, another mouth to fill and body to cover; at best, a factor towards filling their own mouths and covering their own bodies. A foreman yields to the importunities of the parents, takes on the children under age during school vacation, and then keeps them, unless the vigilance of the inspector results in a prosecution. If you want to find conditions that will make your heart ache,' continued my informant, 'go to the jute mills and then down to the flax-spinning mill. However, let me tell you, before you start that you can't get in, and I don't propose to help you.'

"I had heard dark whispers of this same flax-spinning mill. Within these walls, it was said, was 'the wet spinning-room,' where the floor was kept under water, with gutters on each side to carry off the surplus flow, and where little girls and young women worked with bare feet. I presented myself before the manager in charge, only to find admittance firmly refused. At another mill a visiting card won access to the presence of the manager, but his jaw squared uncompromisingly at a request to be permitted to go over the mill. 'No, ma'am; no woman has been through this mill yet, except the sanitation inspector, and we wouldn't let her if we could help ourselves.' A little further persuasion succeeded, however. I was pledged to speak no word to any child. It was a needless pledge. The deafening roar of machinery, the intense heat, the swaying, hurrying forms seen through a cloud of loose lint, all made conversation impossible

to an unaccustomed visitor. My eyes, however, were open, and, passing by the grown workers, they fixed upon the little figures flitting here and there, light-footed and agile, doffing, piecing, winding, and trundling the finished spools in baskets from section to section. I cannot say they were not fourteen years old; but they were, with scarcely an exception, pallid, slender, and under-sized; all dirty, and usually ragged; stoop-shouldered and sunken-chested, while each bore

"... the emptiness of ages in his face.

"Glad to leave the tumult and the lint-laden atmosphere behind, I returned to the office, claiming as a reward for previous silence the privilege of conversation with one frail-looking little man, whom I had marked in the spinning-room. In a moment he stood by my chair. He had been taken on by special permit, pending the arrival of a birth-certificate (which I subsequently learned was mythical). Not above twelve years of age, I know; broken shoes; frayed, out-grown, much-soiled trousers; a ragged shirt, streaked with dirt, these completed his costume. Above the delicate frame rose a well-shaped head, though covered by an unkempt shock of hair; his features, though thin and pinched, were clear-cut and pure Angle-Saxon; and the steady gray eyes which gazed wistfully into mine, were brimming with glorious possibilities.

"'I can't write, nor even read; I don't know the letters,' he said. 'Mother says I am fourteen; I don't know. Once I went to school a little while, about five or six years ago, but I've forgot what they told me. I've got four brothers and sisters littler than me. I can't go to school; I have to work. I get t'ree dollars and t'irty cents a week. We used to live on a farm, but father couldn't pay any more, so we lost it. I liked to work on the farm.' 'But, Sammy, what are you going to do when you're a man?' There was no answer, but the steadfast eyes brimmed over."

Owen R. Lovejoy, Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, writes thus of labor conditions:

"Not all glass houses employ little boys at night. Not all coal breakers are dense with clouds of dry dust. Not all telegraph offices employ little children to carry messages at midnight to houses of vice. Not all children in Southern cotton mills work through a twelve-hour night.

"Nothing is gained by exaggeration; much is lost. It is enough that some of the two million are toiling all night in glass houses; that some coal breakers compel little boys of ten years to work in clouds of dust so dense as to completely hide the light and fill the lungs; that some little girls of eight years toil through a twelve-hour night in Southern cotton mills; that some of the little children of New York are crushed in body and soul in the slavery of sweat-shop labor. The truth is bad enough. Let the picture be drawn with simple accuracy, and we may hope to arouse, instead of sentiments of pity, the sense of social justice; an appreciation of the relation of this system of our social institutions. A demonstration of the loss to society, the injustice to the laborer, and the dwarfing of the progenitors of our coming generations, will be more effective than specific pictures of little children who suffer from the wrong.

"The fact that the volume of child-labor is increasing becomes especially significant when we consider the effect of the system upon that most fundamental of our social institutions—the family.

"The ignorant, the weak, the inefficient, the little children are profitably substituted for stalwart men. The wife and the child enter the factory and other wage-earning industries, not to assist the father in earning a livelihood, but rather to compete with him and drag his wages down.

"The words of a Southern mother contained a volume of economic philosophy of which she was quite ignorant, as she said: 'The cotton mill is a mighty nice thing, 'cause a right little girl can make as much money as a big one.' The 'much money' referred to was from 18 to 40 cents a day. This mother has six children working in the mill while she works both at factory and home. The father's precarious employment yields only enough to pay for his personal maintenance. There are glass factories that virtually refuse employment to men who will not promise to bring small boys to work with them. There are Southern cotton mills in which parents sign contracts to send all their children to work upon reaching a certain age."

Arthur Shadwell, who has made an exhaustive study of "Industrial Efficiency," in two large volumes (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $7), speaks thus of labor conditions in one of the greatest industrial centres in the world:

"Compared with the inferno of Pittsburg and the lesser but still more grimy and dismal hells of the Monongahela Valley—Homestead, Braddock, and the rest—Sheffield is clean and Essen a pleasure resort.

"If Pittsburg is hell with the lid of, Homestead is hell with the hatches on. There is nothing but unrelieved gloom and grind on one side of the fuming, groaning works where men sweat at the furnaces and rolling mills twelve hours a day for seven days a week; on the other, rows of wretched hovels where they eat and sleep, having neither time nor energy left for anything else. Only those who worship the god of gold can pay homage to the lord of squalor who sits enthroned on the Monongahela. The money made there carries a taint with it."

"TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

Rejoice! rejoice, O ye who are lost!
For the Saviour cometh to seek and to save you!
Have cheer, O ye who are tempest-tost!
For blast and billow in vain would crave you.

And ye who bound in the prison be,
The Freeman comes your souls to deliver;
Lift up your voice with those made free,
And praise His mercy for ever and ever!

And ye that hunger, 'tis He who calls;
Rejoice! 'tis the Shepherd come to restore you!
The Star hangs over Bethlehem's walls,
And the House of Bread is open before you.

Rejoice! Though your sin be of crimson dye,
Though the arrow of pain to the core be driven;
The Cross is red that thou passest by,
And the healing leaves, they fall from Heaven.

Rejoice! O sinner, where'er thou art!
Believe—it shall fall, that chain which bound thee,
Immortal Love, makes whole thy heart;
Thy Redeemer is come; The Restorer hath found thee.

—*Pastor Felix.*

IS IT AN ANTI-IMPERIAL PLOT?

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

A TREMENDOUS sensation has been created in Germany by the publication of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe's volume of memoirs. These, says The Independent, give an intimate account of Emperor William's quarrel with Bismarck, and the Emperor is greatly enraged over the disclosures, and is credited with having in preparation his own version of that extraordinary event. The revelations of these memoirs are not a little offensive in both Russia and Great Britain. The Emperor has expressed his indignation at the publication of a private interview of his own with Chancellor Hohenlohe. The excerpt from the diary which contains the interview with the Emperor gives a report of a conversation between the Emperor and Prince Hohenlohe. "For a whole hour without stopping, the Emperor told the Prince the whole story of his breach with Bismarck."

The Chancellor wanted to renew the expiring Socialist law and, if the new Reichstag did not vote it, to dissolve. If disturbances ensued Bismarck meant to act energetically. The Emperor opposed this policy, "because," he said, "if his grandfather (William I.) after a long and glorious reign had been compelled to take action against rioters no one would have taken it amiss. But with himself, who had not yet achieved anything, the case was different. He would be taunted with having begun his reign by shooting down his subjects. He was quite ready to act, but he wanted to be able to do it with a good conscience after trying his best to remedy the legitimate grievances of the working classes." Bismarck had worked

CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM, AND HIS WIFE THE DUCHESS CECILIE.

against the labor edicts of the Emperor in the Ministry, and he had also tried to influence diplomatists and foreign powers against the Labor Conference. The last three weeks of Bismarck's Chancellorship were, in any case, full of disagreeable discussions between the Emperor and the Prince. It was, as the Emperor himself put it, "a beastly time" (*eine hanebuchene Zeit*). The final interview of Bismarck with the Emperor was so violent that the Emperor afterward said: "He was very near throwing the inkpot at my head."

The denunciation by the Emperor seemed rather overdone even for such an autocrat as he, and all the more enigmatic because he seemed to play in the narrative of the strong man on which he so greatly prided himself. But behind all this it is shrewdly suspected there is an under motive. It is even declared that the publication of the book was part of a plot by the Kaiser's enemies to undermine his influence and crush the autocratic power he has wielded since the overthrow of the first chancellor.

That such is the case is the widespread opinion of disinterested persons who have analyzed the incident, which is now convulsing the country and which may be truly described as the paramount sensation of the decade in Germany. There is no other grounds, upon which, the political experts may account for the relentlessness of the younger Hohenlohe in exposing to the world such damning characters in the fatherland's inmost history.

Pub'ic sentiment, which at first inclined to the view that the Kaiser had emerged from the incident with credit, has veered in the other direction in consequence of the publication of fuller details and especially of the quotation of the Kaiser's assertion that he might possibly lock Bismarck up in the fortress of Spandau. This of itself was

THE CASTLE OF SCHWERIN, THE HOME OF THE DUCHESS.

enough to reverse the tide and turn it in favor of the Iron Chancellor.

It has been known for some months that the Kaiser had been combatted by one of the most powerful and influential cliques that ever undertook a court intrigue. It includes a brilliant array of princes, grand dukes, generals, admirals, and editors, who among them have contrived to sow dissatisfaction on an unprecedented scale in all classes of society with Emperor William's methods of government. It was these "pessimists" the Kaiser had in mind in his Breslau speech in September when he advised them to get out and stay out of Germany. With the intricate system of secret intelligence with which the Kaiser is surrounded, it is almost inconceivable that he could have been kept in ignorance of the approach of the Hohenlohe publication, and thus deprived of an opportunity to stop it.

The Kaiser is regarded as being all the more angry at the issue of this book as a menace, not only to his own authority, but to that of the Crown Prince, who he hopes will, in due course of time, inherit the power of the Hohenzollerns. The succession to the royal imperial throne has been made seemingly more sure and stable by the birth of an heir to the Crown Prince and Princess. Where such tremendous interests are at stake as the stability of an empire, such an event is always of prime political importance. The marriage of the young people was one with which the Emperor was particularly well pleased. It was essentially what royal marriages often are not, a love match. The Crown Princess is the daughter of the widowed Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—who was the Russian Princess Anastasia. She was born on the 20th of September, 1886. She is tall and slender, with masses of dark hair and wonderful eyes, and her manners, which are gracious and natural, have already endeared her to the people.

As a future sovereign of the German Empire she has been made doubly welcome to her prospective subjects from the fact that she is of the same royal house as the much-beloved and idealized Queen Louise

ROYAL CASTLE OF BABELSBURG, POTSDAM.

of Prussia, the great-grandmother of the present Kaiser. She is also the third of the house of Mecklenburg to become Queen of Prussia and prospective Empress of Germany. All of this to the German mind presages good fortune to the house of Hohenzollern, and to the Germans as a people, and added to this, is the fact that she loves her future homeland with sincerity and enthusiasm, which might be prophetic of a life of happiness for the young Princess as well as her people.

To crown her many graces of person, the Princess has the superior charm of an educated mind, and reads and speaks English, French, and Russian with fluency. She is also an accomplished musician, but she takes as much pleasure in all housewifely arts as in any of the others, and in the field, is a fearless rider and an excellent shot, so that in all respects it would seem that she will be a most congenial consort for her royal husband, whose tastes for all active sports are well known. The Princess before her marriage lived at Cannes, France, in the "Villa Venden," which was purchased by her father, the late Archduke Franz of Mecklenburg, who was ordered to France by his physician with the hope that he might regain his health there, but who unhappily met a tragic death instead, by plunging over a balcony to the street below. The shock of her father's death made a deep and sorrowful impression upon the mind of the young girl, and she has thrown it off only with difficulty.

The Crown Prince has had a severe and thorough training for his future position as German Emperor. Everything was conducted with military precision. He was accustomed to rise early, and immediately after a simple breakfast, he had to put in several hard hours of study with his various tutors. He was fond of music, and received a good musical education, playing both the piano and violin well. An old sergeant-major gave him his first lessons in the military art, while the Kaiser himself took charge of his instruction in horsemanship. All of the Emperor's children are good riders, and are taught, as soon as they can sit on a horse, to ride over hurdles,

ditches, and walls. He is the master of a trade, as are all of his brothers. It has long been a custom of the Imperial house to have all the sons learn one of the mechanical trades, carpentry, typesetting, etc.

The charming Palace Babelsburg in Potsdam, formerly the residence of the old Kaiser, and which has not been opened since his death, save upon the occasion of a grand ball which was given there in honor of the then Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, is being remodelled and prepared to receive them. The dining-room will accommodate one hundred and fifty guests.

From a romantic point of view, there is everything about this villa-palace to make an ideal home, and surrounded by its daintiness and charm, with a nation's love and interest centred in them, and a future full of great possibilities for country, home and personal happiness, what richer life of earthly fulfilment could await two young people whether they be sovereigns or not?

CHRIST WITH US.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew Him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I can not find Him anywhere.
Would God that Heaven were not so far
And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the gray stones of a street
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup.
When lo, the Christ I thought was dead
Was in the little one I fed!
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies;
And now which ever way I turn
I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Where ever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
'Tis mine to roll away the stone
And warm His heart against my own.
Here, here, on Earth I find it all—
The young archangels white and tall,
The Golden City and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors!

THE HERITAGE OF POWER

BY THE REV. WM. M'MULLEN,

Assistant Editor of the Christian Guardian.

OWER is the possibility of work, and may be the prophecy of success.

It is energy in solution. Electric marvels, the swing of the tides, the rush of the tempest, the rythmic motion of the rolling stars, in fact, all energies that ever rocked this earth or gave birth to sea or star or man, at one time lay hidden in some causal *power*.

Power is the ability to *do*.

This is what Christ promised His disciples. This is the Church's richest heritage, and it comes with the advent of the Holy Spirit. It is of such importance that Christ said to His disciples concerning it: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; *i.e.*, the Holy Spirit's presence in the Church is more necessary than even the bodily presence of Christ.

If the Church is ever to do her work she must possess this power.

Now, the Church possesses, uses, and needs, many other kinds of power, but none of them can ever become a substitute for this.

We need the power of human thought; we need the thinking men, whose farsighted gaze sweeps into coming centuries, and whose clear vision commands a vaster horizon than that of ordinary man. The Church has no place for ignorance or folly, and its ranks should contain the wisest men of the age. In pulpit and in pew we need, and seek, the men whom nature has marked for intellectual leadership, and yet—the presence of such men, even in great numbers, will not make amends for the absence of the Spirit's power.

We also need, and, thank God, we have, the men of abounding vitality, the red-hot apostles of a shirt-sleeves religion; the men of tireless energy, whose presence is a sufficient guarantee against a sleepy church. Such are the organizers, the pioneers, the church builders and church fillers, the reformers, the iconoclasts, the sixty-miles-an-hour men. And yet even Boanerges needs the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

We need also the power of oratory. We need the silver tongue, the mouth of gold, the Whitefields and the Chrysostoms; the persuasiveness that is well-nigh irresistible, the cultured eloquence that charms and captivates, and the rugged strength that, unaided by the graces of the schools and all untaught in arts of rhetoric, yet carries all before it, and sweeps an audience off its feet. And we need also the men of sterner mold, whose eloquence is like the vivid lightning smiting some giant iniquity with keen-edged axes of fire; that wins the admiration of good men for its strength and fearlessness, and the undying hatred of evil men for its fidelity to truth; whose words sting like a lash, and whose fiery philippics scorch like molten metal.

Every reform has had such men, and probably needed them. We cannot persuade some demons; we can only exorcise or punish them.

But, after all, we may gather

earth's Chrysostoms into the Church until the pulpit blazes with oratorical splendor, and yet we would need as much as ever the Pentecostal gift. Eloquence is power, but not *this* power.

In the matter of scholarship, also, we may be misled. Education is not the antidote for sin.

Now the Methodist Church is not the apostle of ignorance. She understands too well the value of culture and the importance of hard study, and she would bind no fetter upon the seeker after truth; and she knows, and asserts because she knows, that study, even Bible-study, is not sufficent for salvation. The road to heaven lies not through the schools. College halls are not in competition with the upper room. Paul needs his Pentecost just as much as Peter.

Where, then, do we stand? We believe in the power of intellect and the efficacy of toil; we believe in the magic of eloquence and the elevating influence of the schools; but we believe, above and beyond all else, in the promise of the Father, the conscious indwelling of the mighty Spirit of God. This is our priceless heritage; in this lies the strength of the Church; and for many long years this privilege, yes, this duty, of being filled with the Spirit of God, rang clear and strong from well-nigh every Methodist pulpit.

Are we mistaken when we deem that this note is struck less often than of old? And yet, theoretically, our theology is unchanged; and there lives no man in our Methodist itinerancy who has not avowed his belief in this experience, and his expectation of enjoying the blessing in this life. And it seems but fair to ask that no man remain in our ministry unless he believes and preaches at least our cardinal doctrines.

"But," someone asserts, impatiently, "the men who preach this doctrine and the men who profess this experience, are no better than others. They are, in the main, a set of cranks and back numbers, who have fallen hopelessly behind in the race, who cannot read the signs of the times, and who are really unworthy of notice."

This may or may not be true, or it may be so true as to satisfy a man, given to snap judgments, in condemning both the doctrine and its professed adherents. But we have no desire to engage in a controversy upon this point. Heated discussion does not usually prove a stimulus to piety; and statements may be sweeping and strong without being accurate.

The fact is patent to all, and lamented by all good men, that amongst some prominent exponents of this teaching fanaticism of an alarming type has developed, and members and even ministers of our Church have been found teaching strange doctrine, and their perversion of the truth has awakened repulsion, and even disgust, in the mind of the community. We should see to it, however, that the perversion of the truth on the part of these erring brethren is not followed by the rejection of that truth on our part. As honest Christians we must face the question, "Is there a Pentecost for us to-day?" and no folly of others can excuse our indifference or neglect.

The Word of God seems clear, "The promise is to *you,* and to your children," and we must settle the matter with God.

To the ministry it is a question of gravest import. If there be a baptism of the Holy Ghost, it necessarily ranks all other qualifications; and its absence becomes the blunder of blunders.

The Methodist people expect of

their ministry a certain degree of culture and education, and they are not usually disappointed; they look for Christian manliness in Methodist pulpits, and they do not often fail to find it; but, above all, they look for spiritual leadership, and there must be no failure here. Our traditions, our discipline, our vows, all demand a Spirit-filled ministry; and probably this will precede any great awakening or any permanent improvement in the spiritual condition of our people.

And what applies to the ministry applies, with scarcely diminished force, to the people.

What, then, is this Spirit-baptism? It is not possible to reduce it to any stereotyped theological or psychological formula, and no man can possibly explain its sacred mysteries; but its reality cannot be doubted. Its manifestations of divine energy and its development or reproduction of divine life and love, are sufficient evidence to its blessed reality. What it is we may not be able to define, yet that it is we may possess abundant proof.

What are the hindrances to the Spirit's descent? That there are such is all too evident. Do we know what they are?

Unbelief is probably one of the chief causes. Part of the Christian world has persuaded itself that there is no such thing, that Pentecost is a myth; and the upper room has few recruits from such ranks. And yet, in that upper room, victory dwells, and joy and peace, unknown elsewhere. Here men are crucified, and saints are born.

The cure for this unbelief lies in honest search. Faith is less than willingness in the search for truth. The question for the Christian now is not heaven or hell! but higher or lower life? Power or poverty?

Another hindrance lies in our busyness. Some Christian workers have so much to do that even prayer seems in danger of being crowded out. Many have been so busy in the multitudinous tasks of their nerve-racking life that they have never found time to tarry at Jerusalem.

"My hands were growing feverish
And burdened with much care,
Trembling with haste and eagerness
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came and touched my hands
With healing in His own,
And calm and still to do His will
They grew, the fever gone.
'I must have quiet hands,' said He,
Wherewith to work My works through thee.'"

Efficiency is not determined by lapse of time, but by expenditure of power. Silent hours are often fruitful hours. Back of busy hands should be a heart baptised. The upper room is our best investment.

But the greatest hindrance lies probably in the half-surrendered will. If we wish to climb to the top of the mountain, we must leave the luggage behind. If we want the heavenly breezes to fill the house, the windows must be open wide. It is only as the soul swings fully into its God-appointed path, that it feels the full grip of the divine attraction. The electric light burns brightest when the carbon is purest. When the Christian world gets right with God it gets power from God.

But, perhaps, someone says: "This is too old-fashioned. We have long outgrown such teaching. The race advances and Methodism must lay aside her worn-out beliefs and readjust herself to the new conditions."

This is often asserted, and may be true or grossly untrue, just as it applies to little things or great. We have outgrown some of our petty regulations; and our beliefs must feel the force of the great thought-currents of the day; but sure-

ly no man will be bold enough to assert that we have outgrown the Christ, or the Cross, the Resurrection or Pentecost! The childish things are being left behind, but the essential manhood that underlies childhood is not outgrown.

Is it not a fact that all that is looked upon as permanent to-day belonged to yesterday, and the ephemera are of to-day? The courage of Hector, the wisdom of Plato, the self-sacrifice of Moses, are not outgrown; and never will be. The setting of the diamonds changes with the passing centuries, but the jewels themselves shine still with undimmed lustre. When the Church shall have outgrown Pentecost, she will have lived too long.

One hopeful feature in the religious situation to-day is the manifest and widespread determination (seen in most of the churches) of Christian men and women to test for themselves the full measure of Christ's power to save. Keswick conventions and similar gatherings are but a symptom of the intense longing of the religious world for a life of greater power. The Christian world is awake to its need, and is slowly awaking to the glorious possibilities that faith reveals. The world asks not to-day whether the teaching be Methodist; it only asks if it be true.

But the Spirit-filled life of to-day, to be of greatest value, must develop certain characteristics.

I. It must possess Sanity and Intelligence. Men have a right to expect sober-mindedness in Christians; and even saints need common-sense. One defect, that has been all too common in some of the religious movements of our day, has been the tendency to repudiate common-sense, and from this has sprung, as an inevitable result, fanaticism of a most offensive type. When men, even godly men, turn their backs upon reason, disaster lies not far ahead.

Now we would not plead for a silent, frost-bitten type of religion, for we believe in a religion that can sound the deepest depths of man's emotional nature. Nor are we pleading for a religion that believes nothing it cannot see, and sees nothing but what is visible to the unopened eye, for we believe in a spiritual, a supernatural religion, in the transforming power of the divine touch, that neither education, culture, nor moral development can successfully imitate.

We believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost; but we believe that the holiest is the sanest, and the highest point reached in the spiritual ascent of man is not higher than the divine reason.

The whole universe is pervaded by the divine thought, and highest intelligence characterizes all God's work; and religious life, in as far as it is the product of the Spirit of God, is, to that degree, intelligent and sane. There is no such thing as unintelligent Christianity. Unintelligent stamps it as unchristian.

Does that mean that so-called unintelligent men are incapable of becoming Christians? Not so, but Christianity will increase their intelligence, and, in time, will redeem both individuals and communities from the reproach of ignorance. The ignorance of a Christian is not Christian ignorance. The fanaticism of a Christian is not Christian fanaticism.

The doctrine of the blessed life must be redeemed from the reproach some of its friends have incurred, and its sanity, its conformity to highest intelligence, must be maintained. Sanest living is the best reply to the reproach of fanaticism.

II. Another characteristic of our Pentecost will be its intense Humanity.

Our Lord cared for the bodies of men; and so must we. The other—worldliness that forgets man's social, physical, and intellectual well-being is not Christianity. Pentecost is too big for church walls; it must pervade all society.

The higher life touches the loaning of money, the employment of labor, national and international politics; in fact, all human relations. "A square deal for every man" is a vital part of its creed. And the leaven must be mixed with the meal. The old idea of separation from the world for the sake of greater purity, must give place to the Christian idea of interest in the world for the sake of its regeneration.

And we may not shrink from this work for fear of blundering. Men learn by their blunders. Saints are but men; and because they are men they may be unwise; but we ask of no man that he be always wise, we only ask that he be always true. And while we strive to regenerate society, we must not be led astray by enthusiastic theorists who think society can be made sober and honest; and its poverty, ignorance and vice be swept away merely by changes in our social polity.

There is no remedy in the political materia medica that has not been tried somewhere; and there is none that can honestly claim to be a cure for the sin and suffering of the race. Now, we do not undervalue the commercial benefits of municipal and governmental ownership of public utilities; but sin is not exclusively the product of either poverty or ignorance, and culture and riches are known to be altogether inadequate remedies for the sins of to-day. Political panaceas are not without value; but they are all too feeble for this work. But where they fail the religion of Jesus succeeds. And it must be incorporated into law and wrought into business; it must permeate our pleasures and sanctify our home life; until the whole life of man is leavened by it. It may be all too slow a process for our hurrying age, yet it has the strength of sun and stars behind it, and moves with the resistless sweep of a planet.

The highest religious life of to-day must express our highest social and political ideals. It should be impossible for a spirit-filled Christian to act unfairly or dishonorably in business or politics. It should be impossible for him to vote a whiskey ticket; or pay his workmen less than a living wage; or hide his sins under a corporation blanket. Spirit-filled men must march in the van of all true social reform.

III. But another characteristic of the higher life to-day should be its Charity. Bitterness is not born in heaven, and the spirit of continuous fault-finding, and refusal to co-operate with those who have not reached our spiritual altitude, are not the offspring of heart purity. Spiritual pride will spoil best endeavor; and, in contending for what may be an unpopular truth, we must be careful lest we drift into a censoriousness that may prove fatal to our influence for good. There must be no spiritual four hundred, no holy upper-ten, but a constant close companionship with others, that shall make salvation easier for them. Men are not usually blown into the kingdom by spiritual cyclones, but are wafted thither by gentle breezes, or drawn thither by cords of love. Gentleness has its own power, and few men are driven higher by spiritual anathemas or holy curses. The song of the sanctified soul is more effective than the

dirge. Religion should be worn on the cheek and in the eye, as smiles and glad welcomes.

Then, we must be constructive. We may have our views as to the use of tobacco, the wearing of jewels, and such like things; and, we should not be afraid or ashamed to express them; but we had better take care lest we lead men to think that religion consists chiefly in plainness of apparel and abstinence from tobacco. The aim should be, not so much to get men to give up certain things, as to receive certain things. The emphasis lies on the command, "Be filled with the Spirit." Let us keep it there. If these other things stand in the way, they must go, but their disappearance is not the essential thing. Above all let us encourage and not discourage men. The spirit-filled man should be a sunny, sweet-souled optimist, carrying heaven with him wherever he goes.

This, then, is the heritage of the children of God; a power the mightiest needs, and that the weakest may receive; a divinely-promised gift for all ages and for all men. It is not opposed to highest scholarship, but the friend of all truth and the active agent in all reforms. It brings fearlessness in right-doing, and loving tenderness towards sinful men. It is the Church's greatest need, and the Church's richest blessing. For this, to-day, the Church is lifting up her voice in prayer. In many an upper room in Europe and America, in heathen Asia and in darkest Africa, the prayer is ascending for greater power, for a mightier Pentecost.

God heard the prayer of one hundred and twenty disciples long ago, and the cloven tongues appeared; will He not hearken to the prayer of millions of His children now?

Think not we have heard the last hallelujah in our churches, and that eternal silence shall henceforth brood over God's people! Do not dream it, brother! The holy fire is still burning; and when the mighty Spirit shall fan it into more vigorous life, whole continents shall be swept by the revival flame. The windows of heaven still open to the touch of faith; and the vastness of its treasure shall thrill the heart of the Church with holy joy.

The Church is on its knees for a world-wide Pentecost. Will *you* not join the praying host?

Alvinston, Ont.

IS THE GOLDEN CALF WORTH WHILE?

BY OWEN E. M'GILLICUDDY.

In this day of toilsome working—
  With increased, yet grasping wealth—
With continued call unslaking
  Of the greed for moneyed pelf;
Is there nothing to withstand it,
  Can there be no other aim,
Is a man not worth the mandate
  That was sent when Jesus came?

When they who have drunk, indiscreet,
  Of the brimming bowl of Life,
Have drained the lees—bitter-sweet—
  The good with the bad of strife;
Have yearned for and sought their highest,
  Have given and taken their share,
Must the great God say, "*Thou diest!*"
  After struggle and wear and tear?

Oh! ye poor, unhappy mortals—
  Oh! ye weak, besotted slaves—
Cease your striving for rich portals;
  Give some love to him who craves;
When this little journey's over,
  When life's little tale is told,
Will man, then, before his Maker,
  Tell his Lord about his gold?

Ottawa, 1906.

THE CHURCH, THE MILL AND THE MAN.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

SAID one of our Canadian ministers in his pulpit not long ago, "If no one comes to you seeking sympathy and help you may rest assured it is because you have none in you to give. The bee goes to the flower which has honey."

So we may rest assured that when the laboring classes find something in our churches that is a help to them they will come to us fast enough. We shall not be able to keep them away. Men flock where they can get something—like sparrows to a spill of wheat.

But just what does the church of to-day in many cases mean to the working-man? He has driven the nails in her rafters, with his own hands; he has laid the bricks in her walls; he has placed the shingles on her roof; amid the clamor of the factory he stood six days weaving her carpet or planing the boards for the floor. The great edifice is completed at last. The Sabbath morning comes. The workman ventures timidly into the purple and scarlet-windowed sanctuary. He has unfortunately seated himself in one of those churches whose mission is to "coddle the saints." He hears a deal of announcements concerning church societies and meetings that he supposes everybody else around him belongs to and attends. He hears a call for funds for some branch of the work. He does not feel that any of it in particular concerns him, "the stranger within the gates." He notices the names of the pew-owners on the back of the seat before him. He has a feeling of out-of-placeness in the perfumed and silken hush—in the place that other men have paid for and seem to own. But the music makes him forget himself for a while. Then the sermon. He does not understand it all. He is not much interested in some of the things the minister is explaining. Once or twice he is even a little drowsy. The air is not as fresh as it was up on the roof when he was nailing on the shingles. Still there are portions of the sermon that he catches and comprehends. The minister is talking of the brotherhood of man. He can understand that. But the service ends. The people walk out in a stately procession. Some of them seem to know each other and are cordial enough. But no one notices him. Down at Jack Shaw's tavern "the boys" were cordial enough the few times he has gone there; and the workingman is naturally a social being. His heart turns to the social place as the sunflower to the sun.

To be sure there are places in that same church where kindly hearts would have given him a warm reception, but he didn't happen to get into one of those hospitable corners.

Next Sunday he takes a suburban car and spends the day with his family out in the fields and by the lake. Something in the wide places of creation lays a hand upon the soul within him. He hears a dim whisper of God in the tree-tops; of some muttered promise he is conscious in the first star yonder in the West. For his hand may be hard but his soul is no stone. And with these broken revelations he turns homeward.

The house of God is alight. He

passes it. It has nothing for him. Those people in there they are worshipping in a temple he has built with his own hands; they are worshipping a God they call the Father of all men and they—but what do they know about loving all men as brothers? He smiles contemptuously. He disdains our kind. He will none of us.

He leaves the velvet pew to the capitalist. He joins the ranks of the labor unions. Yet it is yonder in the church where lies the solution of the labor question.

It is at this critical juncture that Samuel Plantz, the president of Lawrence University, has come forward with his book on the Church and the Social Problem.* He has given us the calm, clear reasoning of a mind with the power to forecast results, a mind unbiased in the favor of the laborer or the capitalist. Of the rights and the wrongs in both classes he has taken, we believe, an unprejudiced view. In the last chapter of this commendable work, Dr. Plantz deals very practically with the question of "how the church may help solve the social problem."

He denounces strongly the removal of down-town churches after their members to wealthy and suburban districts. That might be a reason for moving a club, but not a place of worship. The church should stay with the people down-town to educate them to appreciate Christian ethics and Christian living. He points out that if the people can come down-town to theatres, to lectures, to do shopping, to do business, they can also come down-town to church and to do religious work.

St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Stephen's, St. Margaret's, Westminster, none of these great edifices are in fashionable districts. To move after the well-to-do "implies that the religious advantages to be given to the community may be measured by the ability of said community to pay for them." If the Church of Rome can afford to have her best churches in the poor districts and can have the rich and the poor meet together within her walls, why cannot Protestantism? To take an illustration from Canadian life: Not long ago, in a Toronto wholesale house a Protestant remarked tauntingly to a Roman Catholic:

"Look at the rough-looking lot of people one sees going to your churches."

"Yes," said the Romanist, proudly, "ours is the only church that all classes of people attend."

Is it not possible that this is one of the secrets of the continued life and growth of the Roman church? She has held out a religion neither for the cultured nor for the uncultured, but for both.

Dr. Plantz does not feel that it is sufficient for the church in the fashionable district to build a mission among the poor. You cannot divide the church militant and preach the unity of the church triumphant. Christ came not to the lower classes. He came not to the upper classes. He came to all. It is this allness that is the very core of Christianity. It is doubtful, anyway, if our cultured classes can continue long to respect the church that purveys to them instead of seeking all mankind.

This little incident may illustrate the point. A prominent High Churchman in the city of Toronto engaged a Methodist servant girl. The girl went to the Metropolitan church. E're long, the Rev. Dr. Cleaver called upon her.

"Why, where did you take Dr. Cleaver when he called?" asked the astonished churchman when he heard it.

* Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 356. Net $1.25.

"Into the kitchen," answered the maid.

"Take him into the drawing-room next time he calls," said the head of the house.

But the man was unable to get away from the impression of the popular pastor of one of the largest churches in the city seeking out a stranger and a servant girl and sitting in his kitchen.

"I'll go and hear that man preach," he decided forthwith. And he did.

Is it not possible that by seeking the sometimes forgotten ones, the more favored in our cities might be moved to a greater respect for Christianity and thus stimulated to prefer the pew to the pillow or the novel on Sunday morning.

The writer learned of the above story through a Presbyterian who was a friend of the High Churchman. We humbly beg Dr. Cleaver's pardon for thus publishing a leaf from his life "unbeknownst" to him.

Dr. Plantz believes that the church has a great educational work to do among both classes. The upper classes need educating to the fact that the church is not a place of entertainment, but that it is a place wherein to do God's work. It is a working institution. It is not enough to dole out charity. The masses of people, especially of the working classes, do not want our charity. They are stung by it. And after all the only true charity lies in helping people to help themselves. The working classes are distinctly social beings. It is useless to preach love at them from the pulpit and withhold the gloved hand in the pew.

"The Church will not get an influence over the proletariate by the Sunday sermon or the Thursday prayer-meeting," says Dr. Plantz. "It must practice as well as preach. It must help find men and women work; train incompetent persons to earn a living; visit the sick; help released prisoners to find situations; seek to bring fallen women back to a virtuous life; care for neglected children; support deaconesses to go about speaking encouragement and doing helpful deeds; it must administer charity, soothe the pillow of the suffering, and speak to the dying of the mercy of Christ. Benevolent activity is as much a part of the work of the Church as instruction or worship. Activity, we said, not mere giving. Giving is a noble Christian act, but it does not excuse us from getting to work in the community.

"No man or woman is likely to be an anarchist, or, in an unwise sense, a labor agitator, who has been the subject of personal mission work by any Christian worker, old or young."

The author also feels that the pulpit needs to readjust its methods and become more practical in its teaching. He quotes a criticism from the Rev. Waldo C. Cherry:

> "It is said the sermon to-day lacks timeliness. The minister is not up-to-date. His message smacks too much of the cloister and the literary, and not enough of knowledge of men and affairs. . . . It has too much of the quality known as 'other-worldliness' and lays not enough manly, ringing emphasis upon the facts and duties of the life that now is. We have much acute and accurate thinking in the pulpit, much elegant diction and faultless logic, but our sermons do not 'hit men where they live.' It is said, also, that the sermon to-day fails to sound the heroic note with enough insistence. It is the call to do and dare and suffer for a noble cause which has drawn men in every age; the heroic spirit which is ready to be brave and self-sacrificing and manly in the world of men for the sake of principle and faith."

While the author's criticism on the ministry is true, no doubt, of the Church as a whole, yet we believe no ministry has been more faithful in looking after the laborers who enter its doors than has that of our own

Canadian Methodist churches. We could name scores of our own pastors who can make themselves quite at home by the evening lamp in the laborer's cottage. We know of city pastors who rarely call at the homes of the wealthy, but who are frequent guests in the little narrow streets.

Nevertheless, there has, perhaps, been too much reticence in the pulpit on these very vital questions that agitate modern life. We have lifted up the cross. But we have lifted it and left it on the hills of Golgotha. We have forgotten to bring it to the corner of King and Yonge and the streets of Winnipeg. Dr. Plantz feels that the Church has a great mission in educating both the laborer and the capitalist, each to the other's rights.

The Church can instil into the laborer a sense of justice to his employer, teach him that the property of the capitalist is not the result of avarice, but often rather the result of superior industry and intelligence; that the taxes of the well-to-do sustain the public institutions, which the poor enjoy; that the majority of the men of means are among the hardest workers in the community, the carrying forward of a great business being a strain on the forces of life of which the handworker knows little; that frequently mills are run at a loss that the men may not be thrown out of employment. The Church can lay bare to the laborer the folly of the inflammatory, socialistic literature that is being scattered through his ranks asserting that everyone who amasses money is a criminal. The laborer can be taught not to shirk, not to do slovenly work, not to lean on his pick-axe and spend his time reiterating, "Less work for more money." The Church must further teach him that no man was ever made happy by wealth, that happiness is from within, not from without. It can maintain the right of men to work free from the dictation of labor organizations; that if labor cannot win by fair means it will make no real progress by foul; the term "scab," the resorting to force and vicious epithets, these and other like mistakes should be sympathetically but firmly treated.

The Church should awaken in the working classes a desire for self-development, for trained minds, for high-souled living. "The reading clubs, women's meetings, debating societies, gymnasium classes, lectures, entertainments, games, night school, cooking schools, are features which mean the reconstruction of the life of whole neighborhoods."

But behind all this effort the moving thought must be the Master himself. Says Dr. Frank Gunsaulus: "The solution of the great problems of to-day is a religious one. . . . We have tried everything else but Christ. But labor, smutty and begrimed, will become calm at last, not by might, power, the sword, or by arms, but by Gethsemane and Calvary."

Too often the Church has been identified with the cause of capital. But if the capitalist were far-sighted there is nothing he should dread more than the separation of the Church and the working classes, or the division of classes in the Church. When the Church takes the side of capital, capital's last hope has fallen; the clouds on her path are dark.

But the capitalist, like the laborer, has much to learn from the Church. If the Church be true to her colors she must speak with no uncertain voice concerning the importance of stewardship, the evils of the tenements, the sweating system, child-labor, etc. It must remind the employer that great charities cannot cover petty injustices. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Moreover, the duty of the employer is not discharged with the payment of

the wage. He has opportunities among his men that no one else has. "If these men of means had used their money for the common good, if they had bettered the condition of the poor, built colleges and hospitals, erected habitable tenements, made factories pleasant and sanitary, we should have had no social problem, and no clashing of classes in society."

To be sure, there are workmen who are lazy, untrustworthy, and worth next to nothing to their employer. Just here the labor union with its uniform wage system has brought discredit upon its ranks. But, however small may be the desserts of the idle, there is, nevertheless, a vast army of laborers industrious and anxious to provide for their homes and families. That such men should have been compelled through many centuries to labor for a wage insufficient to support a home decently—this can hardly be Christian justice. The labor union had to arise to assert the laborer's wrongs, however imperfectly or unwisely, because the Church had slept through them and was willing to sleep on.

It is surely not just that the toiler should miss the stimulus of books and pictures and music and airy rooms in the place he calls home. Neither is it just that charitable organizations should have to send his children out of the city in the summer for a breath of nature. The man who toils honestly all the year has a right to the privilege of giving his own children their holiday as well as himself. Were there more justice in the world there were less need of charity.

You say this class of people do not appreciate such pleasures? All the more reason they should be educated up to them. And it is a terrible misconception, that the working classes do not appreciate the beautiful in literature, art, music and nature. There are blunted souls to be sure in every class.

But if these means of self-development should not be denied the toiler, what shall we say when not only these are absent, but when the wife and mother is forced to leave her highest duties and supplement her husband's wages by outside work?

To be sure there are women who so mismanage their husband's wages that no amount is sufficient. And this last is often the explanation. Among such women the Church has a great work to do. There are women, moreover, to whom the tinkle of silver is sweeter than the voices of home. They leave the little ones on the doorstep while they earn money for bric-a-brac and upholstered furniture, and thus make the little home more stuffy and unhealthful than it was before. It would doubtless pay the capitalist to become familiar with the home life of his employees, to hold up a high ideal of such life. It would mean in the end better men and better work.

What applies to the home applies to the factory also. Says our author:

"This sense of responsibility for his men which the employer should feel should lead him to look after the health of his employees, the sanitary condition of his factory and mill. Many factories are almost death-traps. They are poorly ventilated; machinery is poorly protected; the light is bad; the dust is abundant; they are not properly warmed or cleaned; there is nothing attractive in or about them. These matters mean much for the happiness and well-being of the workers. They ought to be one of the first cares of the employer. No one can tell the evils that the working classes suffer from these causes, the thousands who are yearly incapacited for toil, and their families thus reduced to poverty. Every employer is morally bound, and if he be a Christian is religiously bound, to provide comfortable places for his men to work; places properly warmed, ventilated, lighted. Money spent in these directions, health, cleanliness, decoration, add to the cheerfulness and contentment of the working class, and will be more than compensated for in the service which will be rendered."

Dr. Plantz believes that a remedy

for much of the industrial trouble lies in a co-operative system. He says:

"The present wage system, for example, being on a competitive basis, because of the number of laborers, will force wages down to a point where the workingman will have little chance to improve his condition or to any proper extent develop his personality. This can be done by co-operation, a system in which the laborer is taken into partnership with capital. If the profits of the year equal a certain per cent. on the money invested, the laborer, in addition to his wages, shall have a certain share in the returns. If nothing is made above salaries, repairs, and expansion, he shall have none. A reserve fund should be created, so that, in an unfavourable year, capital may be protected against loss. The value of this method is, that it checks the evil of monopoly and enables all classes to prosper together. It makes extravagant and illegitimate profits impossible. It links the lower and higher classes together by common interest, and will effectually do away with class conflicts, thus bringing the peace which is so much needed for permanent prosperity into the industrial world. It will give the laboring class a chance to rise in its condition as is possible in no other way. Ambition will be stimulated. Work will be better done, and the profits of business will accordingly increase. It will bring the Christian principle of altruism, if not of brotherly love, into trade."

In short, the capitalist must learn that the world does not exist to make him rich, but to perfect the race, that "all human business should be so conducted as to help establish the kingdom of heaven."

Finally, for capitalist, as well as for laborer, there is one solution of the conflict and that is in the shadows of Gethsemane and Calvary. His grievances are not less than those of the laborer he employs. Both need alike the healing of the Master's "Peace, be still."

"The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." And until they do come and so "meet together," the pulpit can not deliver aright the message of Golgotha.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"The stately camels stoop the knee
Before—a stable-gate:—
O He whose name was first on high
Is lowliest in His birth,—
And He, whose star is in the sky,
Hath but a crib on earth:
And they, the wise, have trod the wild,
To bow before—a little Child.

"So guided by that eastern ray,
The lowly and the poor
May gather precious truths, to-day
Beside that stable-door—
That not unto the highest here,
The biggest place is given;
And they who serve below may wear
The starry crown in heaven,
And shining things still keep the road
That leads the Christian to his God!"

LOVE AND LAW.

THE most sublime divination ever made by men is the declaration that God is Love. The audacity of it in a world devastated by sorrow and a society ruled by force is evidence of its truth. Through clouds of ignorance, amid cries of anguish, in the presence of victorious crimes and enthroned and sceptred wrongs, compassed about with apparently overwhelming evidences of moral chaos and spiritual wreck, the genius that is in the soul of the race flashed a sudden light on the very heart of the mystery and found Love seated there, immortal, invincible, omnipotent. Since that heroic word of faith was spoken there have been two thousand years of strife and misery and confusion; society has been shaken again and again by destructive forces and rebuilt only to be wrecked afresh! the old order has passed and the new has come only to become old itself and yield to the pressure of the later need; the world has been lifted for the first time into a light of knowledge of its races and their conditions well-nigh complete; and men are appalled by the work to be done before human conditions are made wholesome and safe.

Through all the confusion without and within, the vision of Love enthroned has never faded from the thought and faith of the spiritually-minded. Not only have all other explanations of the universe seemed incredible, but to reason itself have come great confirmations of the truth of the sublime divination, as through clouds and darkness science has discerned the outlines of an order, not fixed and arbitrary, but vital, ascending, passing on through the passion for self to the passion for others, and predicting the other great truth that love and law are spirit and method in a sublime progression of creative energy.

The apparent antithesis between law and love has not only led to numberless confusions of thought, but is due to a confusion of thought. Law has been set before the mind of the race as austere, inflexible, divinely inexorable; the very structure of the moral order, the very fibre of the moral nature, something so august and sovereign that the gods have bowed before it; a force behind all forces as the Fates or Norns watched in deep shadow behind Zeus and Odin, and measured their span of life with relentless fingers. Love, on the other hand, has been pictured as a beautiful emotion, a divine impulse, a cherishing tenderness, a yearning over men which forgot their offences in its passion for helping them, but lacking divine rigor of righteousness. Law commanded, but love persuaded; law punished, but love pardoned; law enforced obedience by terrible penalties, love stood beside the culprit and bore the penalties with him. Good men of logical mind have not only failed to understand the nature of Love, but have been distrustful of its integrity and doubtful of its power to govern.

There have been a thousand misapprehensions of Love because its lower have been so often mistaken for its higher manifestations. Those who love are often blind, but Love is never blind; those who love are always weak through ignorance, but Love is open-eyed and strong. The mother who defeats the growth of her child by re-

leasing it from a distasteful discipline is not devoted but ignorant; the father who shields his son from the penalties that might arrest the downward tendency is not tender but cruel. Love neither evades nor conceals, because it seeks only the best, not the easiest or the most comfortable way for one upon whom it lavishes its wealth. Law apprehends the offender if it discovers him, brings him to the bar and punishes him. It sees only the deed and can punish only the doer; its vision and its power are wholly external. Love discerns what is in the heart, commands the offender to confess the offence which is still undiscovered, because by confession alone can the spirit be set right; forces the sinner whom it loves into the hands of law, stands beside him in the dock, bears with him the awful words of judgment, and goes with him to the prison, which is the only way back to honor and peace. Before law moved, Love saw the offence and gathered its awful sternness; after law has forgotten, Love bears the disgrace and carries the badge of shame and endures because it punishes only to save. Law takes the culprit to the cell and locks the door, Love goes into prison and shares the humiliation and misery.

For if Love is the most beautiful thing in the world, it is also the most terrible; God is Love because in his presence no evil can live; to all who are out of right relation with Him he is a consuming fire. Hell, whatever form it take, is not the measure of His wrath, but of His passion for purity. Law regulates the conduct, but Love cleanses the very springs of being; Law punishes, but Love compels the rebuilding of the nature. Love cannot pause until it has brought out the highest nobility in the spirit to which it gives itself.

> "Love is incompatible
> With falsehood,—purifies, assimilates
> All other passions to itself."

Because God is Love the universe must finally be cleansed to its outermost edge; because He loves men, there must come the suffering, denial, punishment, which constitute the education of the spirit into freedom and power.

If a man would live at ease, let him beware of Love. If he love a country, it may call him suddenly to hardship and death; if he love Art, it will set him heart-breaking lessons of trial and self-surrender; if he love Truth, it will call him to part company with his friend; if he love men, their sorrows will sit by his fire and shadow its brightness; if he love some other soul as the life of his life, he must put his happiness at the hazard of every day's chances of life and death; if he give himself to some great devotion, he must be ready to be searched through and through as by fingers of fire, to be called higher and higher by a voice which takes no heed of obstacles, to live day by day in the presence of an ideal which accepts nothing less perfect than itself.

For Love is a more terrible master than law, and they who follow must stand ready to strip themselves of all lesser possessions. Dante looked at the terrors of hell and heard the groans of purgatory before he found Beatrice waiting to walk beside him in the ineffable sweetness and peace of Paradise; for the keys of the heavenly place were in the hands of Love.—The Outlook.

The same expectant hush that lay
On Bethlehem so long ago—
Where evening shadows longer grow—
Shuts in this dim December day.

The old-time spell is on the land—
On sober fields and woods of brown—
Sweet mystery on every hand,
And so the Christmas Eve comes down.

SLUMBER-SONGS OF THE MOTHER MARY.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

Sleep, little babe, I love thee;
Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee!
How should I know what to sing
Here in my arms as I swing thee to sleep?
Hushaby low,
Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
Mother has only a kiss for her king!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only I know that I love thee, I love thee,
Love thee, my little one, sleep.

Is it a dream? Ah yet, it seems
Not the same as other dreams!

I can but think that angel's sang,
When thou wast born, in the starry sky,
And that their golden harps out-rang
While the silver clouds went by!

A ring of light was round thy head,
The great-eyed oxen nigh thy bed
Their cold and innocent noses bowed!
Their sweet breath rose like an incense cloud
In the blurred and mystic lanthorn light!

About the middle of the night
The black door blazed like some great star
With a glory from afar,
Or like some mighty chrysolite
Wherein an angel stood with white
Blinding arrowy bladed wings
Before the throne of the King of kings
And, through it, I could dimly see
A great steed tethered to a tree.

Then, with crimson gems aflame
Through the door the three kings came,
And the black Ethiop unrolled
The richly broidered cloth of gold,
And poured forth before thee there
Gold and frankincense and myrrh!

See, what a wonderful smile! Does it mean
That my little one knows of my love?
Was it meant for an angel that passed unseen,
And smiled at us both from above?
Does it mean that he knows of the birds and the flowers
That are waiting to sweeten his childhood's hours,
And the tales I shall tell and the games he will play,
And the songs we shall sing and the prayers we shall pray
In his boyhood's May,
He and I, one day?

For in the warm blue summer weather
We shall laugh and love together:
I shall watch my baby growing,
I shall guide his feet,
When the orange trees are blowing
And the winds are heavy and sweet!
When the orange orchards whiten
I shall see his great eyes brighten
To watch the long-legged camels going
Up the twisted street,
When the orange trees are blowing
And the winds are sweet.

What does it mean? Indeed, it seems
A dream! Yet not like other dreams!

We shall walk in pleasant vales,
Listen to the shepherd's song
I shall tell him lovely tales
All day long:
He shall laugh while mother sings
Tales of fishermen and kings.

He shall see them come and go
O'er the wistful sea,
Where rosy oleanders blow
Round blue lake Galilee,
Kings with fishers' ragged coats
And silver nets across their boats,
Dipping through the starry glow,
With crowns for him and me!
Ah, no;
Crowns for him, not me!

Rockaby so! Indeed, it seems
A dream! Yet not like other dreams!

Ah, see what a wonderful smile again!
Shall I hide it away in my heart,
To remember one day in a world of pain!
When the years have torn us apart,
Little babe,
When the years have torn us apart?

Sleep, my little one, sleep,
Child with the wonderful eyes,
Wild miraculous eyes,
Deep as the skies are deep!
What star-bright glory of tears
Waits in you now for the years
That shall bid you waken and weep?
Ah, in that day, could I kiss you to sleep
Then, little lips, little eyes,
Little lips that are lovely and wise,
Little lips that are dreadful and wise!

Clenched little hands like crumpled roses
Dimpled and dear,

Feet like flowers that the dawn uncloses,
What do I fear?
Little hands, will you ever be clenched in anguish?
White little limbs, will you droop and languish?
Nay, what do I hear?
I hear a shouting, far away,
You shall ride on a kingly palm-strewn way
Some day!

But when you are crowned with a golden crown
And throned on a golden throne,
You'll forget the manger of Bethlehem town
And your mother that sits alone
Wondering whether the mighty king
Remembers a song she used to sing,
Long ago,
"*Rockaby so,*
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring
Mother has only a kiss for her king!" . . .

Ah, see what a wonderful smile, once more!
He opens his great dark eyes!
Little child, little king, nay, hush, it is o'er,
My fear of those deep twin skies,—
Little child,
You are all too dreadful and wise!

But now you are mine, all mine,
And your feet can lie in my hand so small,
And your tiny hands in my heart can twine,
And you cannot walk, so you never shall fall,
Or be pierced by the thorns beside the door,
Or the nails that lie upon Joseph's floor;
Through sun and rain, through shadow and shine,
You are mine, all mine!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"PARADISE ENOW."

BY JOHN BAKER.

"A book of verses underneath the Bough,
A Cup of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Thus Omar sang, and thus, with love lit eye,
My love to me, wooing some kind reply:
Would that my answer to the Persian strain
Could banish from her bosom every sigh!

Yea, Love! the Wilderness beside the sea,
The pine-tree's breath the wave-songs down the lea,
The Book, the Bread, the Wine, and Thee—oh, bliss!
The Wilderness would sing if shared with Thee!

With blushing berries from the tangled brier,
With speckled beauties broiled on pine-cone fire,
We'll spread our feast on lichen-broidered rocks,
And Love!—Sweet Love:—what more can we desire?

Far from the haunts where Fashion weaves her wile
And snares her devotees in latest style,
How sweet to wander in the greenwood free
And view Dame Nature wearing God's sweet smile.

Wilt come? Wilt come? The wild waste waits us now,
The smell of Mint, the Barberry's scented bough;
Come! We two singing in God's Wilderness,
And Wilderness were Paradise enow!

HAAKON VII., KING OF NORWAY, AND THE QUEEN CONSORT MAUD AND SON.

THE ROMANCE OF NORROWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

KING HAAKON VII.

QUEEN MAUD.

THE recent separation of the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden is a reversal of current political tendencies which are all in the direction of integration rather than of severance. But there are historic reasons for this. From very early times these kingdoms were separate, and each proud of its history and independence. Norway especially was the mother of heroes, and its sea-kings carried the name and fame of its people far and wide.

The noble Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic civilization of the world to-day, the foster parent of social order, stable government, and religious liberty, is the result of the religion of the Bible grafted upon the sturdy stock of that old Norse ancestry whose honest blood flows in all our veins. Many elements of our character and history, of our popular belief and folk-lore have their roots far back in that ancient past. In the very names of the days of the week, the memories of Thor and Woden, of Friga and Tuesco, are perpetuated. It is especially befitting that the sons of "that true North," of which the English laureate has sung, should become familiar with the traditions which tell how the worship of the "White Christ" took the place of the superstitions of the dark Odin.

"Take a map," writes Sir Francis Palgrave, "and color with vermilion the provinces, districts, and shores which the Northmen visited, as the record of each invasion. The coloring will have to be repeated more than ninety times successively before you arrive at the conclusion of

the Carlovingian dynasty. The valleys and banks of the Elbe, Rhine, and Moselle, Scheldt, Meuse, Somme, and Seine, Loire, Garonne, and Adour, all the coasts and coast-lands between estuary and estuary, and the countries between the river-streams are trampled thick with foot-prints. The strongly-fenced Roman cities, the venerated abbeys, and their dependent *bourgades,* often more flourishing and extensive than the ancient seats of government, the opulent seaports and trading towns, were all equally exposed to the Danish attacks, stunned by the Northmen's approach, subjugated by their fury."

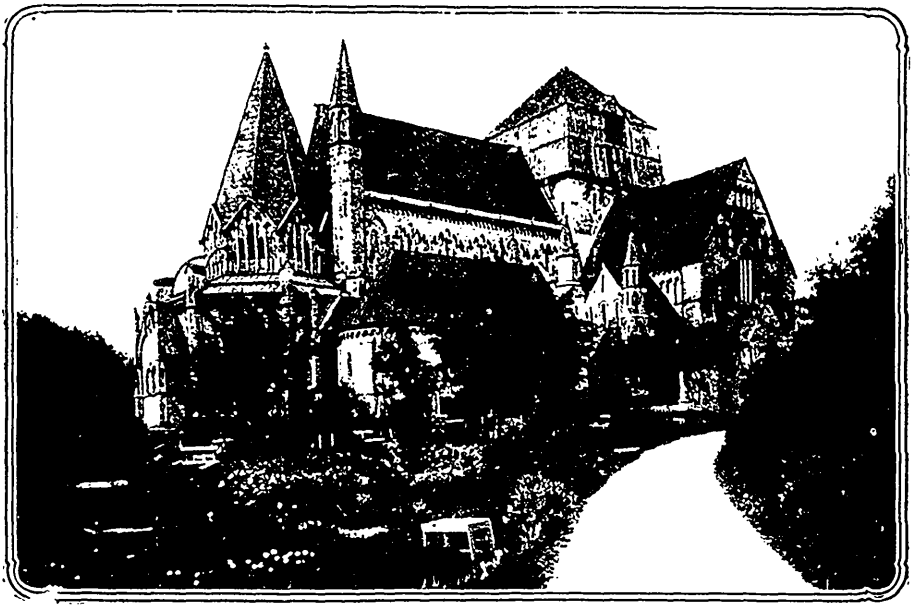
While these rude Northmen were thus extending their conquests from Iceland to Sicily, and even menacing Byzantium and Rome, there were men of the South who achieved over their victors more glorious victories than those of any sea-king of them all. Serge-clad missionary monks, with no weapons but their cross and missal, braved the wrath of the heathen to bring them to Christ.

One of the earliest attempts to introduce Christianity into Norway sprang from our own Anglo-Saxon Church. Haakon, the son of Harold the Fair-haired, King of Norway, was brought up at the court of our English Athelstan. He was there baptized and nurtured in the Christian faith. Succeeding to the throne of Norway, he sought to establish the Christian religion; and is remembered in history as Haakon the Good. At the Frostething, or assembly of jarls and chieftains, he proposed that all should "be baptized, believe in one God, and Christ the son of Mary, abstain from heathen sacrifices, and keep the Christian feasts." The pirates and the heathen faction strenuously opposed this apostasy from the old gods, and Haakon died without acomplishing much more than grafting some Christian superstitions upon the pagan Yule-tide feasts, traces of which still remain in the festivities of Christmas.

The Constantine of the North who made Christianity the religion of Norway, was King Olaf. This conversion he affected in true viking fashion by sturdy blows and battles, rather than by the more potent influence of reason and conviction. Hence that conversion exerted relatively little restraint over the warlike instincts of the nation, and it long continued by piracy and invasion to be the terror and the scourge of Europe.

Olaf was, for those days, a great traveller. He had visited the stormy Hebrides, England, Germany, Russia, and even far-off Greece and Byzantium. In Germany he met a stalwart priest, Thangbrand by name, "the most extraordinary apostle in history." The martial ecclesiastic won the heart of the viking by the strange gift of a shield on which was embossed in gold the figure of our Saviour on the Cross. In one of his many voyages Olaf touched at the Scilly Islands, where he was taught by a venerable hermit the mysteries of the Christian faith, and was baptized with all his pirate crew. Repairing to Ireland, he married, in Dublin, the sister of the Danish king of that country, who had previously embraced Christianity. Full of zeal for the conversion of his native country, he sailed with his warrior crew for Norway. The story of his labors and success is chronicled in runic rhymes in the "Heimskringla" of Snorri Sturlason, the Icelandic poet. The stirring tale has been repeated by Longfellow in a poem full of material fire and vigor, "The Saga of King Olaf." From this, in illustration of our subject, we shall quote freely.

As the brave sea-king approached



THE CATHEDRAL OF TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.

the rugged coast of Norway, he heard, or thought he heard, above the grinding of the glaciers and the rending of the ice floes, the stern challenge of Thor:

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

"Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-day!

"Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!"

Over the sea-swell came the stern defiance and fell upon ears that gave it eager welcome—so the ancient Skald represents under outward form the subjective phenomena of mind:

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and sifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

So Olaf set to work in stern warrior fashion to extirpate idolatry by the strong arm and sharp sword. "I command," he declared, at a stormy husting of the jarls and thanes, "that all Norway become Christian or die." As the Saga records it:

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!"

There in the temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

In carrying out this short and easy method with pagans, Olaf had a worthy ally in the priest Thangbrand, a notable specimen of the Church *militant* of the period. He is thus described in the Saga:

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

Olaf at length declared that he had everywhere made an end of the old idolatry and subdued his kingdom to the religion of the Cross.

"All the old gods are dead,
All the old warlocks fled;
But the White Christ lives and reigns,
And throughout my wide domains
His gospel shall be spread!"
On the Evangelists,
Thus swore King Olaf.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the jarls and thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Whereupon Olaf swore a mighty oath that he would conquer all the pagan vikings "or be brought back in his shroud." Dire was the conflict that followed, but it ended in the total discomfiture of the heathen and the enforced conversion, nominal at least, of the whole surrounding country.

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping
Up the streams of Saltenfiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

At the Yule-tide feast King Olaf sat with his berserks strong, drinking the nut-brown ale. It was a half-pagan assembly and the song of the Skald and shouts of the berserks were more in praise of Odin than of Christ. The choleric king was prompt to vindicate the honor of his Lord.

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of his sword, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Skald said, "This,
In the name of the Lord, I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

But not by such methods as these was the conversion of Norway to be effected. By the word of the Gospel, not by the sword of the warrior, were the souls of men to be brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ Jesus. We would not, of course, expect in the wild viking the toleration of the philosopher, the wisdom of the sage, nor the meekness of the saint. But it was not for this man of blood to build the house of the Lord. Nevertheless, he might, like David, prepare the way for that sublime result. The wise Master-Builder often uses strange means.

The end of this stormy life was in keeping with its wild career. "Worsted in a tremendous engagement with the united forces of Den-

mark and Sweden, rather than yield to his enemies, he flung himself into the sea, and sank beneath the waves." This was about the year 1000. His was the true viking soul. His life-wish was fulfilled. He died, as he had lived, on the sea.

> And the young grew old and gray,
> And never more, by night nor day,
> In his kingdom of Norroway
> Was King Olaf seen again.

Far away in the convent of Drontheim—so runs the Saga—the Abbess Astrid knelt in prayer upon the floor of stone. And above the tempest, amid the darkness she heard a voice as of one who answered; and in solemn cadence it chanted this response to the challenge of Thor:

> "It is accepted,
> The angry defiance,
> The challenge of battle!
> It is accepted,
> But not with the weapons
> Of war that thou wieldest.
>
> "Cross against corslet,
> Love against hatred,
> Peace-cry for war-cry!
> Patience is powerful;
> He that o'ercometh
> Hath power o'er the nations!
>
> "Stronger than steel
> Is the sword of the Spirit;
> Swifter than arrows
> The life of the truth is;
> Greater than anger
> Is love and subdueth!
>
> "The dawn is not distant,
> Nor is the night starless;
> Love is eternal!
> God is still God, and
> His faith shall not fail us;
> Christ is eternal"

Another Olaf, remembered in history as Olaf the Saint,* succeeded the wild viking. He invited Christian clergy to the country, and endeavored to banish paganism from his realm. But it still lingered in secluded valley and lonely forest, and the heathen faction stirred up perpetual revolt. The King testified his sincerity by permitting none to fight under his standard save those who would receive baptism and wear upon their shield the sign of the cross. In his last battle against the heathen he gave the war-cry, "Forward, Christ's-men!" but he was himself defeated and slain.

When Canute the Dane seated himself upon the throne of England and wedded an English spouse, he sent Christian missionaries to evangelize his Scandinavian possessions. Schools and monasteries arose, learning and civilization were diffused, and the worship of Thor and Odin gradually faded away, as the shades of midnight before the dawn of day.

The Scandinavian peninsula early embraced the Reformed Faith, and in the Great Gustavus presented a bulwark of Protestantism against the aggressions of Rome. Under the domination of a State Church, nearly devoid of spiritual life, Evangelical religion almost died out in the land. But English and American Methodism have successful missions in that country, and with the establishment of Sunday-schools and the increased circulation of the Scriptures are bringing rich and spiritual blessings to that old historic land, and in a remarkable revival of religion, has shown that the unperishable seed of the kingdom can still bring forth fruit after many days.

The latest chapter in this romantic history is one of picturesque interest. The new King of Norway, son of the venerable "grandfather of Europe," as the monarch of Denmark was called, chose as his official title the name of Haakon VII., recalling the early King Haakon the Good. In Queen Maud, daughter of our own King Edward VII., is found another

* The Church of St. Olaves in London, as well as others in Ireland and even in distant Constantinople, commemorated his name.

link with the old land, of which Tennyson sings—

"Saxon and Dane and Norman are we."

Their little son, the future king of Norway, bears the name of the great kings, Olaf the Strong and Olaf the Saint.

With quaint pomp and ancient ceremony, King Haakon VII. and Queen Maud were crowned King and Queen of Norway. In the ancient cathedral of Trondhjem, newly renovated and completed by a towering spire in honor of the event, the young king swore to protect the liberties of his country, and to govern in accordance with the principles laid down by the representatives of his people.

There can be no question of the popularity of the new ruler. He comes of Scandinavian stock, and is allied by birth to half the rulers of Europe. A cousin of the Czar, a nephew of the King of Greece and of the King of Denmark, a son-in-law of the King of England, and a great nephew of the King of Sweden, he will bring to the little kingdom of Norway all the advantages of blood relationship to powerful rulers. During his brief stay in Norway he has won the hearts of his people by his tactful behavior, his disregard of royal traditions, and the freedom with which he has mixed with them while preserving the dignity of his station. Besides this he is a practical sailor, who has passed through all the gradations, and is capable of commanding any kind of craft—a reputation dear to such a sea-loving people as the Norwegians. The coronation ceremony was exceedingly simple. As the King and Queen entered the cathedral they were received by the Bishop of Trondhjem, who saluted them with, "God bless your coming in and your going out now and forever." Proceeding up the aisle, the King knelt at the altar and the Bishop anointed his head and wrists with oil. Then the Prime Minister brought the crown and, assisted by the Bishop, placed it on the King's head. He was then invested with the orb, the sceptre and sword, the Bishop offering a suitable prayer at each investiture. The coronation of the Queen followed and was identical in form, save that the investiture with the sword was omitted. The choir sang, "God Bless Our Dear Fatherland," and the simple ceremony was at an end.

A CHRISTMAS BELL.

Had I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Out-ring,
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forged metals should be thus allied—
No iron pride,
But soft humility and rich-veined hope
Cleft from a sunny slope,
And there should be
White charity,
And silvery love, that knows no doubt nor fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then, to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be joy!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.*

BY MICHAEL MAC DONAGH.

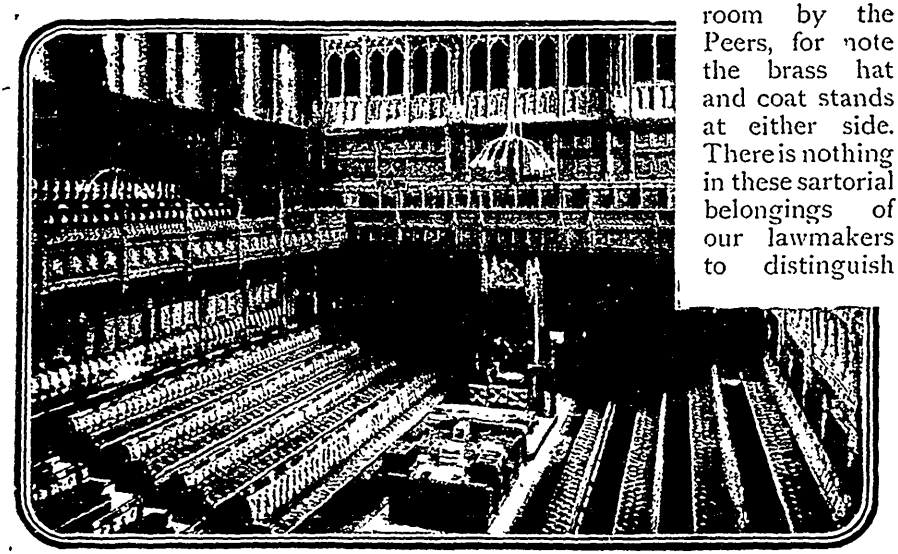
THE chance of spending a long night in the House of Lords does not often occur, for the sittings of the Peers are usually very brief. A quarter of an hour is not infrequently the length of a sitting. Sometimes a sitting may extend to an hour; on still rarer occasions, when an important subject is under consideration, it may be prolonged till seven o'clock—just in time to enable their lordships to get away to dinner—and perhaps on two nights of a session of seven or eight months' duration, a sitting will last till midnight. But it most frequently happens that the newspaper reports of the House of Lords open with the announcement: "The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack at 4.15 o'clock;" and after mentioning that some private bills were brought in, or read a second time, concludes with the line: "The House adjourned at 4.30 o'clock." The explanation of the brief and intermittent sittings of the hereditary chamber, is that as the Lords are practically debarred from initiating legislation of an important public character, it is only when the big bills come up from the Commons that something above unheroic, but very useful, gas and water measures claims their attention. They, therefore, may be said to have "got no work to do," for most of the session, and then in its concluding weeks there come tumbling into them from the Lower House numerous bills which they are expected to dispose of—by accepting them—with lightning rapidity.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

But let us suppose that we have been so fortunate as to have obtained an order for admission to the House of Lords on a night when the sitting will last for several hours. We enter the Palace of Westminster by the imposing Gothic doorway in Old Palace Yard, opposite St. Margaret's Church. Passing through the long magnificent hall, known as "St. Stephen's Hall" (the site of the old House of Commons), with its fine marble statues of Hampden, Selden, Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Grattan,

*Abridged from "Good Words."

and other national heroes of Parliamentary renown, we reach what is called the "Central Hall" (to which the public are admitted to interview members when Parliament is sitting), with its tesselated floor, its lofty groined roof, its harmonies of gold and colors, and its statues—indifferent effigies it must be confessed—of John Bright, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord John Russell, and Earl Granville. To our left is the entrance to the House of Commons; to our right watch the arrival of the Peers. The lobby, like the more famous lobby of the House of Commons, is a fine, commodious, square-shaped, antechamber. The walls, with their unglazed Gothic windows, are decorated to the groined roof, with colored armorial bearings and other heraldic mysteries. Those magnificently wrought brass gates, bolted and barred, at the far end of the lobby, guard the entrance to the Peers' Chamber. The lobby is also used as a cloakroom by the Peers, for note the brass hat and coat stands at either side. There is nothing in these sartorial belongings of our lawmakers to distinguish them from the garments of ordinary citizens. You notice at once the name "Lansdowne," and you see hanging from the peg a Melton overcoat of the same shape and material that are to be seen in thousands up the city any day during the spring months. The most magnificent overcoat in the collection is a fur-lined "Immensehoff," and over it is the name "Londonderry," while the bearer of the ancient ducal title of "Norfolk," the hereditary Grand-



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

the corridor leading to the House of Lords. Turning, then, to the right, and showing our orders of admission to the vigilant policeman on duty, we pass down the corridor, admiring, on the way, the beautiful historical frescoes with which its walls are embellished, and soon find ourselves in the lobby of the House of Lords.

As it is not yet the quarter past four o'clock, the hour the House opens, we wait for a few minutes in the lobby to look around us and

Marshal of England, is here represented by a solitary simple umbrella.

While we wait in the lobby several Peers arrive. They have a private entrance from Old Palace Yard, close to the gigantic equestrian statue of Richard the Lion-Hearted; but evidently most of them prefer to reach their chamber by the public way which we ourselves traversed. Having divested themselves of their overcoats, with the aid of attendants in evening dress (distinguished as in the House of Commons by the broad bronze chains they wear across their breast), their lordships disappear through doors leading from the lobby

THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE.

to their private quarters, where, unhappily, we dare not follow them.

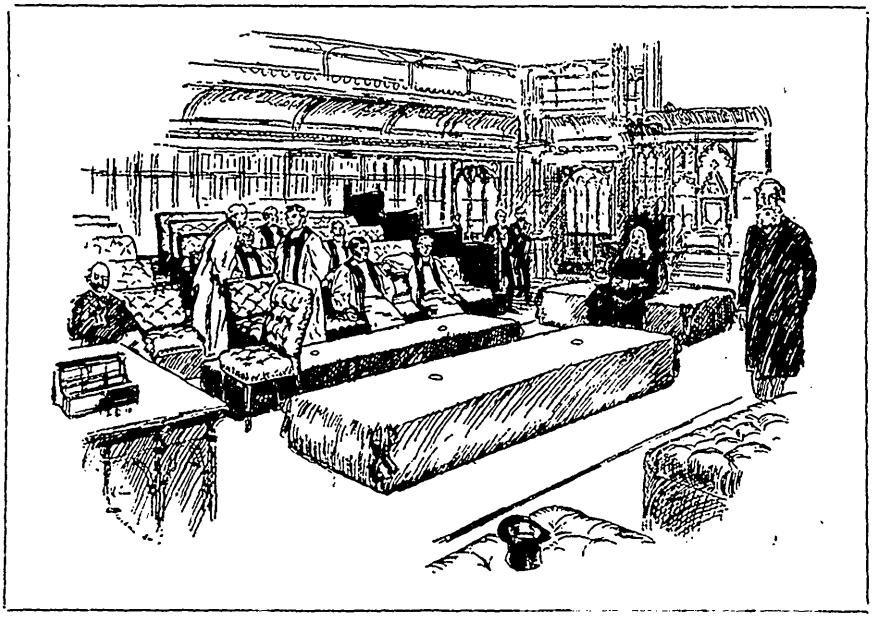
At a quarter past four o'clock the large brass gates are flung open, and at the same time we are directed to the staircase leading to the Strangers' Gallery. On our way up we see the following warning painted in bold letters on the wall:

NOTICE.

"Strangers are cautioned that demonstrations in the Gallery are out of order, and must be treated accordingly."

Here we are now in the gallery, which consists of six or eight tiers of benches, rising one above the other. Unlike the House of Commons, where the absurd arrangement of different galleries for the sexes prevail, ladies and gentlemen sit here together. Indeed, as the night advances we shall notice several other instances of a robust common-sense, or a less stickling for empty forms and etiquette, on the part of Peers as compared with the Commons.

The Lord Chancellor walks into the chamber without any ceremony, save that he is attended by the Mace-bearer, by "Black Rod"—the mercury of the House of Lords—and by the pursebearer, who carries in his hand a richly embroidered satchet, which is supposed to contain, but as a matter of fact does not contain, the Great Seal of England. In the Commons, the advent of the Speaker is heralded by messengers and policemen shouting in stentorian tones: "Way for the Speaker; way for the



THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE WOOLSACK FROM LORD ROSEBERY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Speaker," in the lobbies and corridors through which the right honorable gentleman passes on his way to the House; and entering the chamber through a door at its end, he solemnly marches up the floor, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and his chaplain, making, on the way, three low obeisances to the chair. But the Lord Chancellor slips into the House of Lords, unannounced, from the robing-room, immediately behind the throne, and takes his seat on the woolsack—a crimson lounge or ottoman, of ample dimensions, stuffed with wool (a survival of the time long, long ago when wool was the great staple trade of England), on which, behind, him, have also been placed the Satchet of the Great Seal —the symbol of his power and authority—and the Mace, which indicates that the House is sitting. The Lord Chancellor, like the Speaker, wears a big wig, the ample wings of which fall down over his shoulders, and a loose, flowing black gown, beneath which you can see his knee-breeches, black silk hose, and low shoes with silver buckles.

As a rule, no business is done until half-past four o'clock. The mighty and solemn Lord Chancellor during these fifteen minutes relaxes his ponderous strength and brings himself, as it were, into relations with ordinary humanity. He sits "twirling his thumbs," smiling blandly at large over the chamber, or nodding genially to Peers as they arrive, or perhaps a Peer joins him familiarly on the woolsack for a chat.

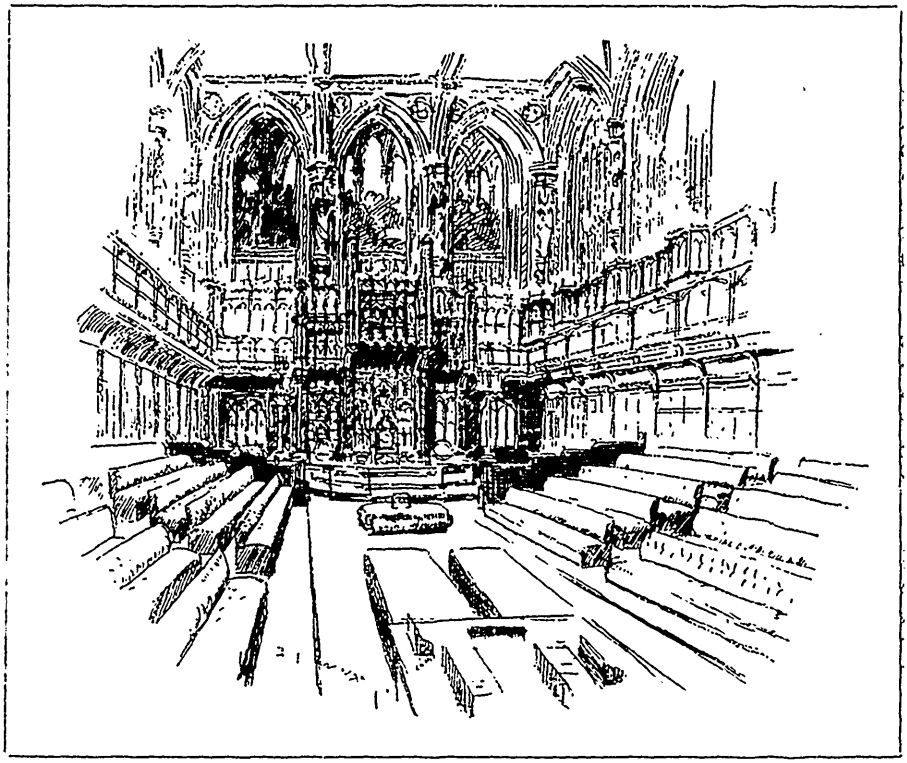
Let us meanwhile inspect the chamber. It is about one hundred feet long; and probably fifty feet wide. As you look around, for the first time, you think at once of that appropriate descriptive term "the Gilded Chamber," which is so frequently applied by the newspapers to the

House of Lords. It is a gilded chamber indeed! It is glowing in gold and colors, and yet the effect is not garish, for the hues of the superb decorations are subdued and harmoniously blended with rare artistic skill. Another impression that strikes you is that the chamber looks somewhat like a church. The solemn stillness and the subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow," as Shelley found it at Milan—prevail; and you experience that sense of reverence which inspires you as you walk the aisles of some ancient sacred edifice. Everything you see heightens this impression. The afternoon twilight falls softly through lofty stained-glass windows, with bright-hued figures of the kings and queens of England from the time of William the Conqueror. The flattering artist has made them seem like saints in their antique garments and with their sceptres in the hands; and so they gaze down at us with sanctimonious airs that are most edifying. In niches between the windows are large bronzed figures of the bold, and—many of them—wicked barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John; and they, too, look like so many patriarchs and prophets.

At the end of the chamber there are two imposing canopied thrones, gorgeous in gold, which the King and Queen occupies when Parliament is opened by royalty in person. The chairs, emblazoned with the Royal Arms, are cushioned in velvet with gold embroidery. Above the throne, set in archways, with elaborate gilt mouldings, are three magnificent frescoes depicting incidents in English history. Behind the Strangers' Gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the Peers—"Religion," "Chivalry," and "Love."

The throne is cut off from the chamber by an ornamental brass railing. Immediately inside this railing is the woolsack, occupied by the Lord Chancellor. In front of him are two other crimson lounges, then the table, containing volumes on Parliamentary procedure, and writing materials, with the three clerks in wigs and gowns, sitting at the far end, facing the Lord Chancellor, and with their backs, therefore, turned to the Strangers' Gallery. Then there is a desk for the reporters of the Parliamentary debates, who relieve each other every quarter of an hour. Nearer to the Strangers' Gallery again, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches facing the Lord Chancellor, which are known as "the cross benches." On the first of these benches sit the Prince of Wales, and the other Peers of Royal blood when present in the House. The remaining benches are used by Peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. Behind the "cross benches" and under the Strangers' Gallery is the place known as "the bar," where Mr. Speaker and the members of the House of Commons stand when they are summoned by "Black Rod" to the House of Lords.

The main benches, which are upholstered in vivid crimson leather, run up on either side, in five rows from the floor, as in the House of Commons. The walls, to a height of about ten feet, are lined with an oak framing, artistically carved, and containing shields with the armorial bearings of the various Lord Chancellors. Then a light gallery runs round the chamber, immediately under the windows, for the accommodation of Peeresses and the unmarried daughters of Peers. Two massive brass candelabra, with elaborate



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

branches, fitted with wax candles, stand at either side behind the woolsack; but the candles are for ornament, and not for use. The chamber is illuminated by six clusters of electric lights, dependent from the roof, and when these brilliant lights are turned on, the House of Lords, with its broad and lofty proportions, its fretted roof, its crimson benches, its magnificent oak carvings; its stained-glass windows, its frescoes and statues, its majestic throne, its blaze of gold, its wealth of colors, looks, indeed, a splendid and imposing chamber.

There are about five hundred and seventy Peers in the House, but the number constantly fluctuates. Unlike the House of Commons, where forty members must be present to "make a House," three Peers form a quorum, but if it should appear on a division that thirty Lords are not in atendance, the question is declared not decided. The two parties cross the floor, as in the House of Commons, on a change of Ministry, the "ins" sitting on the benches to the right of the Lord Chancellor, and the "outs" occupying the benches to his Lordship's left. The leader of the House and his colleagues in the Ministry sit on the front bench to the right of the woolsack, and the leader of the Opposition and the ex-Ministers on the front bench to the left. The Lords Spiritual, however, always occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and

close to the throne, no matter which party may be in office. There are twenty-six Spiritual Peers—the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twenty-four bishops—and they are picturesquely distinguished from the Lords temporal by their full and flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves. A notion still widely prevails amongst the people that in the House of Lords the Peers are always clad in magnificent robes, and that each wears a gold coronet flashing with jewels upon his brow. But of course that impression is erroneous. The Lords wear sober suits of customary black, like ordinary mortals, except at the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign, when they appear in scarlet robes, slashed across the breast with stripes of ermine, few or numerous according to the low or high degree of the wearer in the peerage; but the gold coronets flashing with jewels are figments of the popular imagination; at least, they are never seen in the House of Lords.

The Peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain benches are allotted to each of these grades of the peerage. However, except when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign, this arrangement of the Peers according to rank on the benches is not observed. Their lordships sit indiscriminately on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the party that is "in" or "out."

Debates in the House of Lords are brief in duration, but they are, as a rule, sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than in the House of Commons. Greater and more eloquent speeches are, it is true, made in the representative chamber. But there are also in the representative chamber long intervals of dull and pointless talk during a debate; while in the hereditary chamber a debate occupies much less time, and only the ablest and most distinguished Peers venture to take part in it. The names of not more than two dozen Peers are known to even the most assiduous readers of the newspaper reports of the proceedings in the House of Lords. And how quietly and reposefully debate is conducted here! To one accustomed to listen to debates in the House of Commons, where the speeches of the leaders on important occasions are followed with the keenest interest, and punctuated with cheers and counter cheers, with loud-voiced expressions of dissent or approbation, and, perhaps, with disorderly interruptions or uproarious laughter—the calm, serene, atmosphere of the House of Lords, the staid gravity of lounging listlessness of its members; the absence of any appearance of concentration, even when "burning" party questions are being discussed, seem strange and unreal. The Peers appear to think it bad form to disturb the solemnity of the chamber by anything louder than an occasional faint rippling laugh or a low murmur of "Hear, hear." It is not, indeed, an exhilarating atmosphere up here in the House of Lords, and if Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne needed the enthusiastic applause of supporters to nerve them to high oratorical flights, they could never have earned their well-deserved reputations as Parliamentary debaters.

But it is not alone the difference in the demeanor of their respective members that accentuates a contrast of the two chambers. In forms of procedure also there is occasionally a wide divergence between the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

LORD ROSEBERY "OUT."

Notice that the Lord Chancellor has risen to speak, and that he moves away from the woolsack before opening his lips. There is a special significance in that movement. It is enjoined by one of the orders of the House, that if the Lord Chancellor intends to speak on any question for himself, and not as the "Mouth of the House," he is to go to his own place as a Peer. Hence, the Lord Chancellor's action in stepping aside from the woolsack. Although the Lord Chancellor presides over the deliberations of the House of Lords, his duties and powers differ widely from those exercised by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker must be a member of the House of Commons, returned by some constituency in the prescribed manner. The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be, although he now always is, a Peer. In the House of Commons a member speaking addresses "Mr. Speaker," in the House

of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor, but the whole House that is addressed as "My Lords."

The Speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the House of Commons; in the House of Lords such matters, when there is a conflict of opinion, are decided by the whole House, and not by the Lord Chancellor. If several members of the House of Commons rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, the Speaker decides who shall speak first by naming one of them. But if two or more Peers rise together in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor cannot decide who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the House that determines which of them shall speak first, the presiding Lord Chancellor, powerless to interpose, looking silently on at the scene with severe solemnity.

Happily, etiquette is so strong in the Gilded Chamber that it rarely happens when the House by cries expresses its desire to hear one of the Peers contending for its ear that the others do not give way. But some years ago there was a notable scene—a party division in fact—over the question whether a Peer who had risen from the front Tory bench should be heard in preference to a Peer who had risen from the front Liberal bench. Neither noble lord would give way, and to bring the curious situation to an end, Earl Granville moved that the Liberal Peer be heard. The House divided on the question; and decided by a big majority that the Tory Peer should be heard first. It is difficult, indeed, for the average man to understand why the Lord Chancellor should not be able to exercise the authority which is vested in the chairman of every public meeting of determining the order in which Peers desirous of taking part in debate shall address the House.

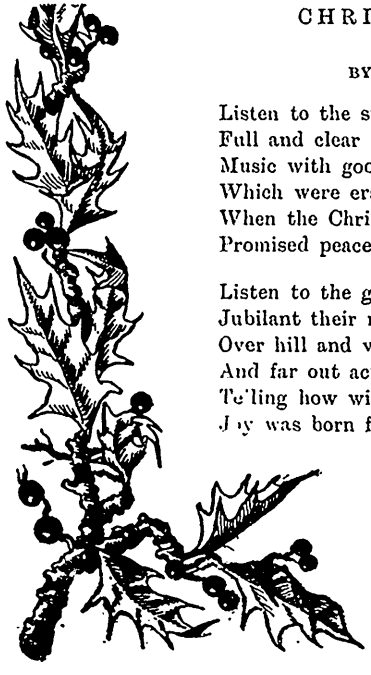
LORD SALISBURY "IN."

But there is a subtle constitutional point involved in this apparently ridiculous procedure. All Peers are equal as legislators in the House of Lords. No one of them can be vested with authority over the others. Therefore, when a point of order is involved it is the whole House and not the Lord Chancellor that must decide the issue.

Again, the Speaker cannot take part in debate—he must not sway the House by argument, as the old order has it; the Lord Chancellor, who is always a member of the Cabinet, joins in every important debate in the interest of the Government. The Speaker is debarred from voting in a division; the vote of the Lord Chancellor is always taken in a division, though he does not pass through the division lobby like the other Peers. The Lord Chancellor, however, has no casting vote; and if the members in a division are equal, the "non-contents"—or those who support the negative—prevail; while in the House of Commons, the issue

in a like contingency would be decided by the casting-vote of the Speaker.

But the Lord Chancellor has finished his speech, and has returned to his seat on the woolsack. As no other Peer desires to continue the discussion, the Lord Chancellor rises to discharge the only function of a chairman which, it seems, comes within his duties—the function of "putting the question." This is done in the same form as in the House of Commons, save that "content" is used for "aye" and "non-content" for "no." "As many as are of that opinion say 'content,'" says the Lord Chancellor, "the contrary 'non-content.'" A division is challenged on the motion, tellers are appointed, two on each side, carrying white wands, and the Peers pass through the division lobbies just outside the chamber to have their votes counted and recorded, as in the House of Commons. The division occupies between five and ten minutes. When the tellers return to the chamber, a slip of paper containing the numbers is given by the clerk to one of the tellers on the winning side, who announces them to be: "Content, 89; non-contents, 16." "The contents have it," says the Lord Chancellor, and so the motion is carried. In another minute the Guilded Chamber is deserted.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Listen to the sweet-toned bells!
Full and clear their music swells—
Music with good tidings fraught,
Which were erst by angels brought
When the Christ-child's wondrous birth
Promised peace to all on earth.

Listen to the glad-voiced bells!
Jubilant their music swells,
Over hill and vale and plain
And far out across the main,
Telling how with Jesus' birth
Joy was born for all on earth.

Listen, listen to the bells!
Through our hearts their music swells,
Thrilling them with fervent love—
This world's highest high above—
For the *One* Whose wondrous birth
Opened heaven to all on earth.

Toronto.

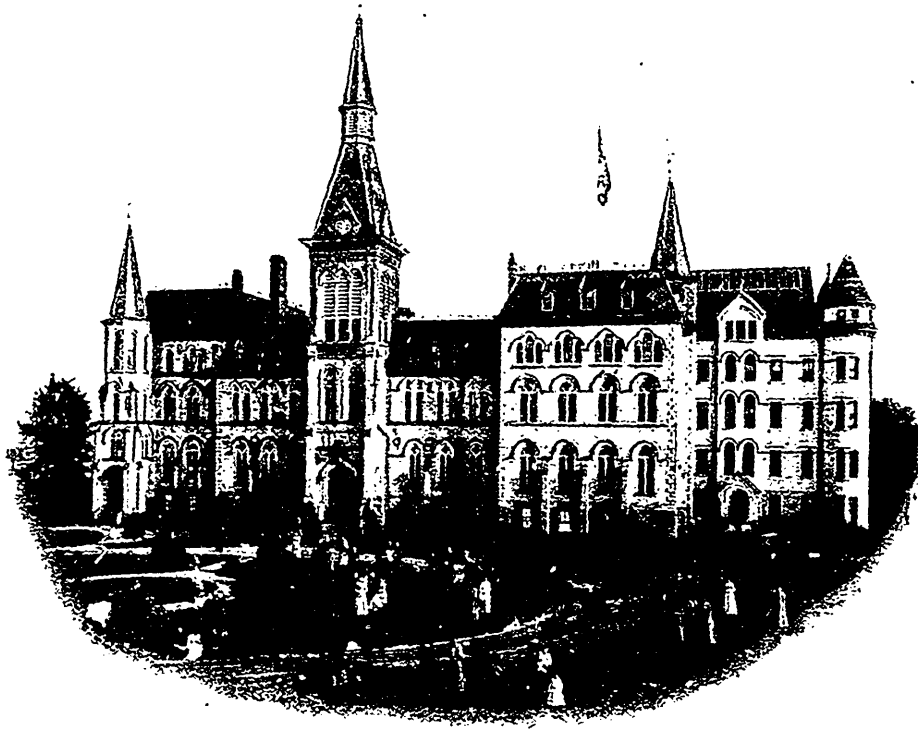
ALMA COLLEGE.

TENNIS COURT, ALMA COLLEGE.

IT is after a little run through the hill and ravine country that lies west of Woodstock, after a little gazing at rolling farm lands and forest patches, that you come suddenly into a pulsating city, lying in the lap of peach orchards and vineyards, and the fat fields of prosperous country homes. The city of St. Thomas has now a population of about 14,000, and is one of the most important railway centres in Canada. But it is not of its commercial aspect, not of its manufactories, its fine residential streets, its favorable climatic conditions we would speak—but rather as the site or cradle of Alma College.

This part of Canada was originally settled by the United Empire Loyalists, who have here established social and political conditions, based on traditions of order and high spirit of chivalry. The original population has received, in the famous Talbot Settlement, of which St. Thomas is the capital, many accessions of the better classes of English, Scotch, and Irish settlers. Into this Loyalist and British community has come, during more recent years, a considerable number of Americans.

To Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, is to be credited the original thought of utilizing these favorable conditions by founding a college at St. Thomas. His proposal to establish a college in the city called forth the hearty co-operation of the leading citizens of all religious denominations, including His Honor Judge Hughes; Archibald McLachlin, Esq., Registrar of Elgin;



ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Colin Munro, Esq., Sheriff Elgin County; Colin Macdougall, Esq., M.P., Q.C., J. H. Wilson, M.D., M.P.P., Captain James Sisk, Mayor Drake, John E. Smith, Esq., and others.

The Board proceeded to gather funds and secure plans. The competition for choice of plans brought together the best efforts of many leading architects in Canada and the United States. The first choice fell to Mr. Balfour, Hamilton, Ont.

Mr. Balfour's design, as will be seen in the cut of the Main Building, is the union of home, church, and school. The left wing represents the home, the centre part the church, and the right wing the school. This splendid institution, "home, church, school," in the union of the three, the architect "builded better than he knew." In her outer form Alma thus typifies the threefold ideal she has ever striven to build up in the lives of her students. Year after year she is sending out her daughters with their fresh enthusiasm and ideals of service in the home, the church and the educational institutions of our land.

A six-acre campus, crossed at the south end, by a beautifully-wooded ravine—it was a happy inspiration that whispered, "Plant thy college here." Thus, the student may steal away at times to the wooded quiet and drink

in the lessons that only Mother Nature knows how to teach the young and growing soul.

The corner-stone of the Main Building was laid, May 24th, 1878, by Hon. Adam Crooks, LL.D., Minister of Education. The building was completed in 1881, and opened for reception of pupils, October 13th, 1881. The enrolment of students steadily increased from year to year until in 1888 additional accommodation was so needed that a new building was erected, providing bedrooms for fifty additional pupils, a concert hall capable of seating five hundred, a fine art studio, 30 x 50, with skylight, and four class-rooms. The corner-stone of this new building was laid, May 24th, 1888, by Mrs. Mary Carman, Toronto, and the building was formally opened by Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, October 16th, 1889. The new building was named McLachlin Hall, as a recognition of the great services rendered the College by Mr. Archibald McLachlin, for many years secretary of the Board and Executive Committee. The fact that Mr. McLachlin was a staunch Presbyterian is interesting proof of the catholic spirit of the College Board. Indeed, this catholic sympathy is reciprocated, and Alma has always been liberally patronized by all the leading Christian denominations. About one-half the students are, as an average, Methodist.

THE DRAWING ROOM, ALMA COLLEGE.

The enlargement of the College brought, through failure to realize on subscriptions, serious financial embarrassment. Hard times added to these difficulties, and patronage fell off. Such conditions often result in the wrecking of colleges, and that Alma should have overcome these difficulties, paid off all her debt, and regained her patronage, is evidence of splendid vitality.

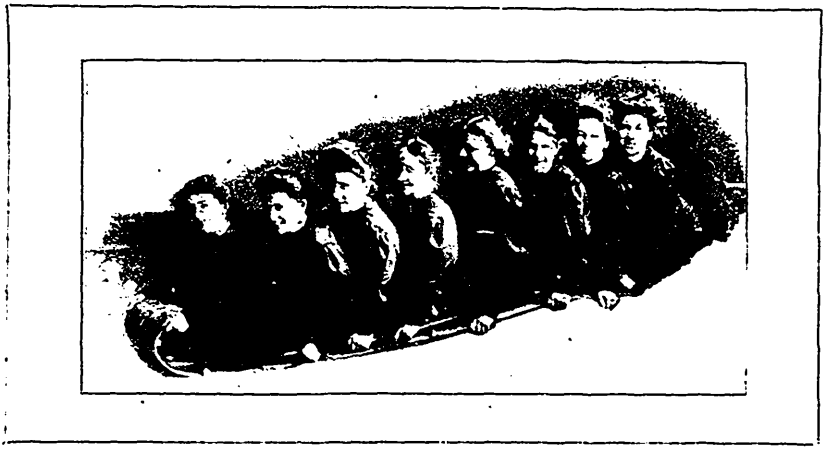
In 1897, Principal Austin resigned, and Rev. Prof. Warner, M.A., was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The indebtedness on the College at this time reached danger point at nearly $55,000. In 1904, the debt was finally liquidated, and over $7,000 additional cash raised for improvements. Under the circumstances, this was a great achievement, and was made possible through the gifts of the estate of H. A. Massey, $35,000; City of St. Thomas, $15,000; Peter Wood, Esq., $7,300, and contributions from friends in London, Hamilton, and Toronto Conferences.

It was a matter of great satisfaction that at Alma's silver jubilee on October 13th, the College should stand free of debt and ready to sweep forward in the enlarging career that such freedom implies. No debt demanding interest! No stockholder demanding dividends! The key of treasury henceforward unlocks the gate to progress. The College property represents an investment of $150,000.

It is a matter of further satisfaction that the rates of Alma have been kept low, that her educational advantages may be as far as possible within the reach of every daughter of Methodism. Board and lodging costs from $120 a year up to $160, according to location and kind of room. Tuition varies from $4 a year up, according to kind and number of studies selected. The average is about $100 a year.

CORNER OF ART STUDIO, ALMA COLLEGE CLASS, '06.

The curriculum is readily adapted to the needs of the individual. There are six courses leading to diploma, requiring from one to five years to complete, and to judge from the list of names on the teaching staff one would rest assured that the best facilities



THE TOBOGGAN CLUB, ALMA COLLEGE, 1906.

are given along every line. With the increasing interest in Household Science, as manifested in our educational institutions of late years, Alma has not been slow to fall into line and take a place well in the forefront.

The enrolment of students in 1906 was 185, and a new era of prosperity seems assured. The Principal's motto now is: "An endowment of $100,000; the College merits it, and our daughters are worthy of it." Standing at the threshold of another busy quarter century, there is every promise that Alma's future will, under the Divine blessing, excel the past in patronage of students, in benefactions of public-spirited friends, and in value of service rendered by the College to home and country.

Alma owes much to the devotion of faithful friends and self-sacrificing teachers. Too many to name here have rendered most valuable service. Some have rendered pre-eminent service, especially Mrs. Lillian Massey-Treble, in equipping Alma's Household Science Department; Miss R. A. Wass, in frequent, unsolicited and opportune gifts, and Miss S. E. Sisk, in her work of founding the unique Alma Daughters' Society—a society that has rendered the College great service, and in which is the possibility of still nobler things.

IN JUDEA.

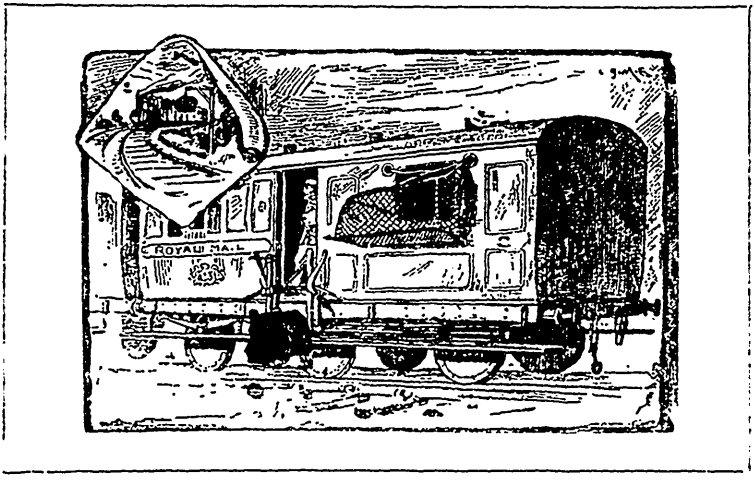
BY ROSE TRUMBULL.

A little child
A little star,
A stable rude,
The door ajar.
Yet in that place so crude, forlorn,
The Hope of all the race was born.

A lonely cross
Upon a hill,
O'er Judah's Son
Death had his will.
Yet strange, ah strange! 'Twas Death who died
That day beside the Crucified.

—*Sunday School Times.*

HUMORS OF THE POST-OFFICE.



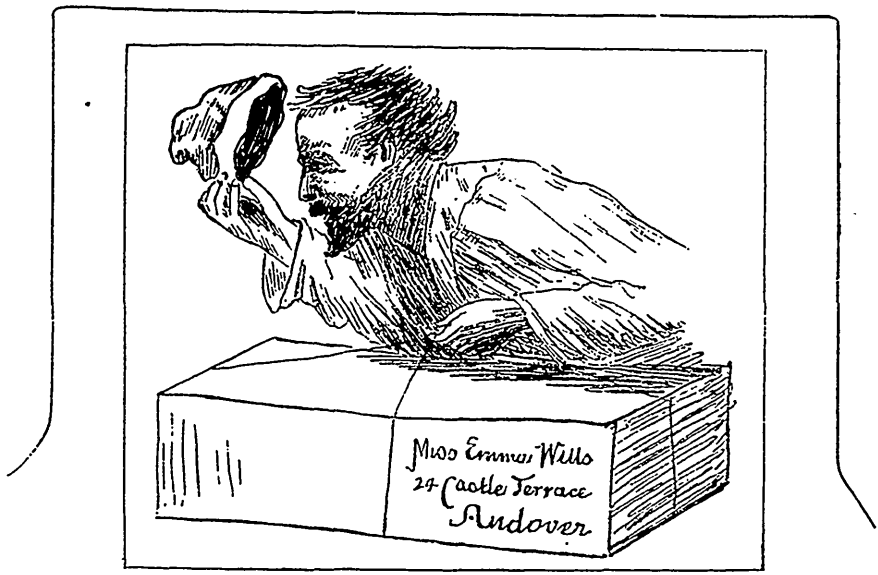
TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE.

AS our morning letters arrive and are handed in at the breakfast table, speculation arises as to their origin; a well-known hand is recognized, interest is excited by the contents or the well-springs of emotion are opened — joy is brought with the silvered note, or sorrow with the black insignia of death; and thus absorbed in the matter of the letters themselves, no thought is spared to the past and present labor which has given them wings or directed their flight.

Notwithstanding the fact that the post-office is pre-eminently a people's institution, and that from the universality of its operations it becomes familiar to the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate, yet its internal management and organization are comparatively unknown.

Though this plain matter-of-fact department is considered too unromanatic to afford much of interest, its lighter features will be found to have at least a curious or amusing side, which will, perhaps, develop in the reader a new and unexpected interest in "the hundred-handed giant who keeps up the intercourse between the different parts of the country, and wafts a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

It is difficult to realize that throughout the United Kingdom—which to younger countries seems a type of almost immemorial civilization—the public highways were for a long time little more than tracks worn out of the surface of the virgin land, following principally the natural features of the country, and giving evidence that they had never been systematically made, but were the outcome of a mere habit of travel. They would not admit of the use of a stage-coach with any degree of comfort or safety. Great men only, who could afford the necessary expense of a footman to run on either side of



HASTE! HASTE! POST HASTE!

the coach and support it in rough places, adopted this method of travel.

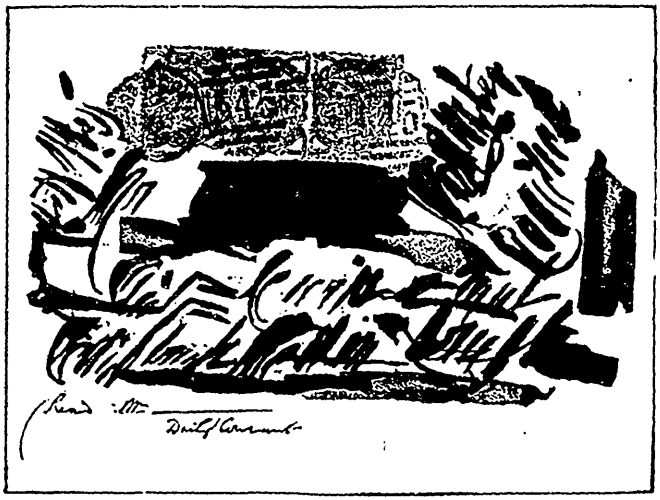
No one felt more keenly the deplorable condition of the roads than the post-boys, who were obliged continually to travel over them, and whose occupation must have been anything but light or agreeable. Cowper brings them vividly before us in the "Task":

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! . . .
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy."

Doubtless the temptation of the ale house, combined with the frequent bad roads and bad weather, explain the vexatious delays which induced letter-writers to inscribe on their missives, "Be this letter delivered with great haste — haste — haste! Post haste! Ride, villain, ride—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!"

In 1715 six days were required to perform the journey between London and Edinburgh, which rate of speed continued for forty years. Scotland, in the year 1715, could not boast of a single horse post, all the mails being conveyed by foot posts.

In 1796 the number of men employed in the London post-office for general post delivery was 126. In 1884 the number of men required to discharge the duty of letter delivery was no less than 4,030. The officers at present employed in the metropolitan district exceed 10,000, *i.e.*, exclusive of the postmen above referred to. In 1708 the staff of the Edinburgh post-office was composed of no more than seven persons. In 1884 the total number employed was 939. In 1799 the staff of the Glasgow post-office was composed of only

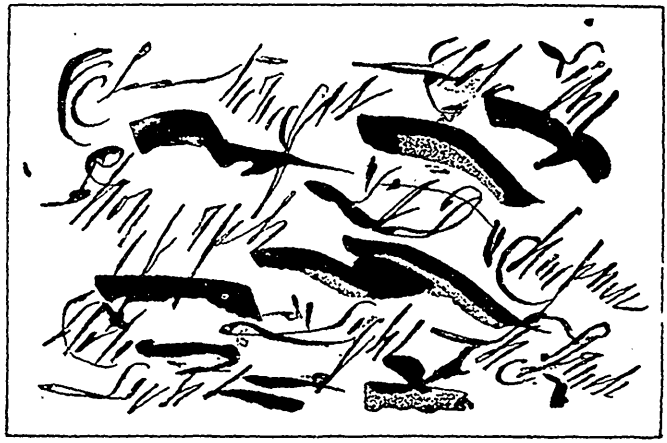


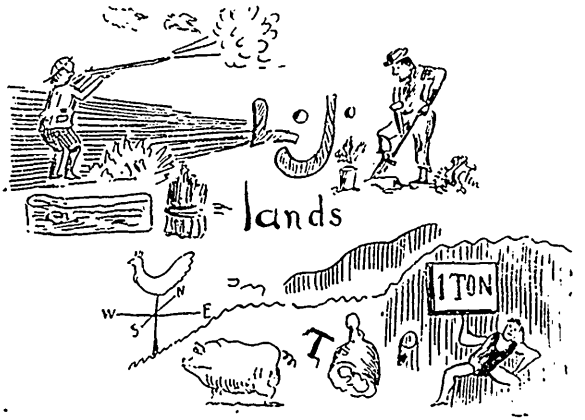
"DAILY COURANT."

eight persons. At present the staff of the Glasgow post-office numbers 1,267.

One novel department of the postal system in operation on most great post routes is the Travelling Post-Office. It consists of two or three, sometimes more, railway carriages connected by a hooded gangway or passage. One side of the carriage is occupied by a series of pigeon-holes divided into groups for convenience of sorting letters. The mail bags are delivered by an apparatus consisting of an arm or arms of stout iron attached to the carriage, which can be extended outward from the side, and to the end of which the mail bag is suspended, and a receiving net also attached to the side of the carriage, which can likewise be extended to catch the mails to be taken up—this portion acting the part of ærial trawl net, to capture the bags suspended from brackets on the roadside.

In view of the enormous quantity of correspondence conveyed by the post, as well as the hurry and bustle in which letters are often written, it is not astonishing in view of this that the writer should occasionally make mistakes in addressing their letters; but it will perhaps create surprise that one year's letters which could neither be delivered as addressed, nor returned to the senders through the Dead Letter Office, were over a half million in number! Letters posted in covers altogether without address number 28,000 in the year, while loose stamps found in post-offices reach the annual total of 68,000. For the United





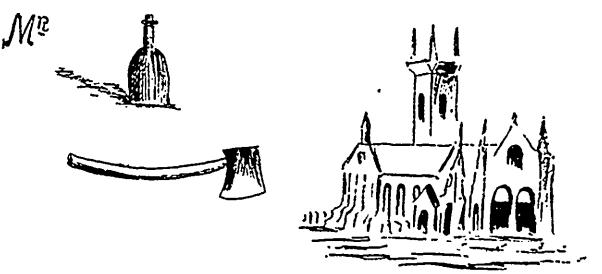
NO. 4.—MRS. L. J. GARDNER, WOODLANDS, WEST END, SOUTHAMPTON.

Kingdom, one year's issue of postage stamps amounts in weight to no less than 114 tons.

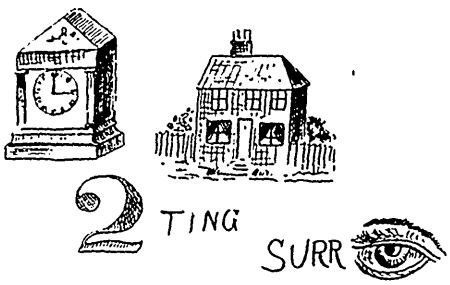
The post-office is not only called upon to perform the duty of expeditiously conveying the correspondence entrusted to it, but is made the vehicle for the carriage of an almost endless variety of small articles. Amongst these are the following—many of them having been alive posted — viz., beetles, bees, goldfinches, caterpillars, crabs, frogs, leeches, moles, owls, rabbits, rats, squirrels, snails, snakes, worms, toads, etc.; also artificial teeth, artificial eyes, cream, eggs, mince pies, musical instruments, ointments, pork pies, revolvers, sausages, tobacco, cigars, etc. Occasionally the sending of live reptiles through the post-office gives rise to a lively scene when the snake's hiss has escaped from the packages in which he had been enclosed.

A large portion, or in fact nearly all the work done by the post-office in the transmission of mails, devolves on sorters, who, unlike men following some other avocations, are a race unsung and a people unknown to fame, possibly because they are a comparatively modern institution, and the work done is carried on practically under seal.

The sorters form a very large body ever engaged in performing an important and by no means simple duty. In many post-offices they are required to work all night. Most of our readers have a very hazy idea of what the sorting of letters really is. The letters when posted are found all mixed together and bearing addresses of every kind. They are first arranged with the postage stamp in one direction and are stamped—the labels being defaced in the process—and the letters are then ready to be sorted by a machine. They are conveyed to sorting frames, where a first division is carried out, the letters being divided into several lots, representing roads, or despatching divisions, and a few large towns; then the final sortation takes place. This seems a very simple process. But before a sorter is competent to do this work he must



NO. 5.—MR. BEER, AXMINSTER.



NO. 6.—CLOCK HOUSE, TOOTING, SURREY.

learn "circulation," which is the technical name for the system under which correspondence flows to its destination. It is almost impossible for some ever to become good sorters. The qualities of self-command —necessary when working against time—activity in person in order to meet any sudden strain of work, methodical habit, and a quick, prehensile and retentive memory are particularly essential, and unless they are united in the same man he will never be successful as a sorter.

The unblushing way in which the British post-office in its earlier days was called upon not only to convey franked letters, but, under forged franks, articles of a totally different class, will be perceived from the following cases:

"Dr. Creighton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries."

"Fifteen couples of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass."

"Some parcels of cloth for clothing colonels in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments."

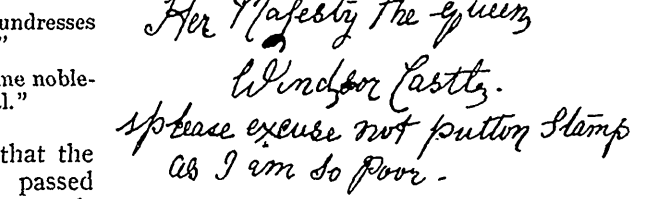
"Two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen."

"Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal."

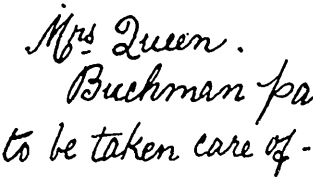
It is not to be understood that the things consigned actually passed through the post-office, but were admitted for transport on board the special packet ships of Government sailing for purposes of the post-office. Petty frauds are committed on the post-office to a large extent at the present day by the senders of newspapers who infringe the rules by enclosing all sorts of things between the leaves, such as cigars, tobacco, collars, gloves, music, sermons, etc. People in the United States and Canada are much given to these practices, as is shown by the fact that in a single year near 30,000 newspapers were detected with such articles secreted in them.

The post-office, while it is the willing handmaid to commerce, the vehicle of social intercourse, and the necessary help in almost every enterprise and occupation, becomes at the same time a ready means for the unscrupulous to perpetrate a wonderful variety of frauds on the public, and enables a whole army of needy and designing persons to live upon the generous impulses of society. We may give one instance coming within the class of the "confidence trick." In several country newspapers the following advertisement made its appearance:

"An elderly bachelor of fortune, wishing to test the credulity of the public, and to benefit and assist others, will send a suitable present of genuine worth according to the circumstance of the applicant, to all who will send him 17 stamps, demanded merely as a token of confidence; stamps will be returned with the present."



NO. 7.—ONE OF THE MANY CURIOUS ADDRESSES ON LETTERS INTENDED FOR HER MAJESTY.



NO. 8.—ANOTHER TO THE QUEEN.

The address followed, which was not the same in all the advertisements. The advertiser would be able to say how far he profited by this little arrangement, but some idea of the simplicity of mankind may be derived from the fact that between three and four hundred letters for this person, each containing seventeen stamps, reached the Dead Letter Office—owing doubtless to his having removed from the places where he lived in consequence of their becoming too warm to hold him. The following is a specimen letter from one of the dupes:

"I have enclosed the seventeen stamps and shall be very pleased to receive any present you will send me. As I am not very well off, what I would like very much would be a nice black silk dress, which I would consider a rich reward for my credulity."

The addresses of letters passing through the post have often very curious features arising from various causes. Sometimes the whole writing is so bad as to be all but illegible; sometimes the orthography is extremely at fault; occasionally the writer, having forgotten the precise address, makes use of a paraphrase; sometimes the addresses are insufficient, and sometimes they are conjoined with sketches on the envelopes showing artistic taste and comic spirit. See cut 1.

The following addresses are made use of apparently owing to the correct addresses being lost, but the directions given serve their purpose and the letters were duly delivered:

"For a gentleman residing in a street out of the —— Road, London. He is a shopkeeper, sells newspapers and periodicals to the trade, and supplies hawkers and others with cheap prints, some of which are sold by men in the street. He is well known in the locality, being wholesale. Postman will oblige if he can find him."

"This is for old Mr. Milly, what prints the paper in Lancaster where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the post office."

"Mr. —— Travelling Band, one of four playing in the street
Persha (Pershore)
Worcestershire."
Please to find him if possible.

"This is for her that makes dresses for ladies that live at tother side of the road to James Brocklip.
Endensover, Chesterfield."

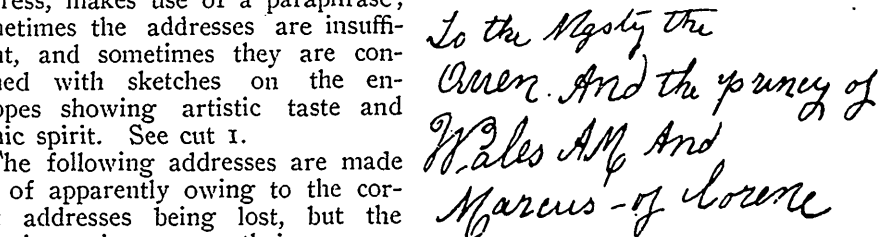
"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies.
30 Sheriff Street
Off Prince Edwin Street Liverpool."

"To my sister Jean
Up the Canongate
Down a Close
Edinburgh."
She has a wooden leg.

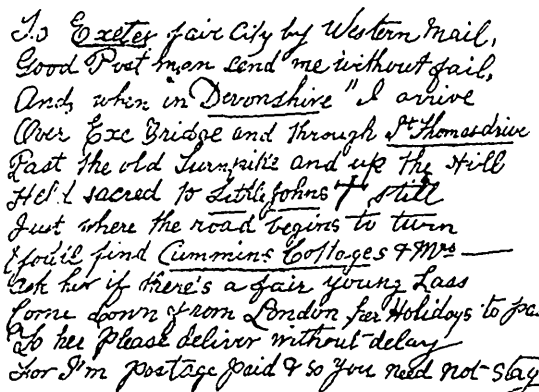
"My dear Aunt Sue as lives in the Cottage by the wood near the New Forest."

It occasionally happens that when the eye is unable to make out an address the ear comes to the rescue. In London a letter came directed to

"Mr. Owl O'Neil
General Post Office."



NO. 9.—AN ADDRESS WITH OPTIONS.


To Exeter fair city by Western Mail,
Good Postman send me without fail,
And when in Devonshire I arrive
Over Exe Bridge and through St Thomas drive
Past the old Turnpike and up the Hill
Hard by sacred to Little Johns Mill
Just where the road begins to turn
Youll find Cummins Cottages & Mrs ——
Ask her if there's a fair young Lass
Come down from London for Holidays to pass,
To her Please deliver without delay
For I'm postage paid & so you need not stay —

NO. 10.—A POETICAL ADDRESS.

But no one was known there of that name. A clerk looking at the letter commenced to repeat aloud, "Mr. Owl O'Neil, Mr. Owl O'Neil," when another clerk, hearing him, exclaimed, "Why! that must be intended for Mr. Rowland Hill," which indeed proved to be the case. A similar circumstance happened in Edinburgh with a letter from Australia addressed to

"Mr. ———
John 7 Scotland."

It proved to be intended for Johnshaven, a village in the north of Scotland.

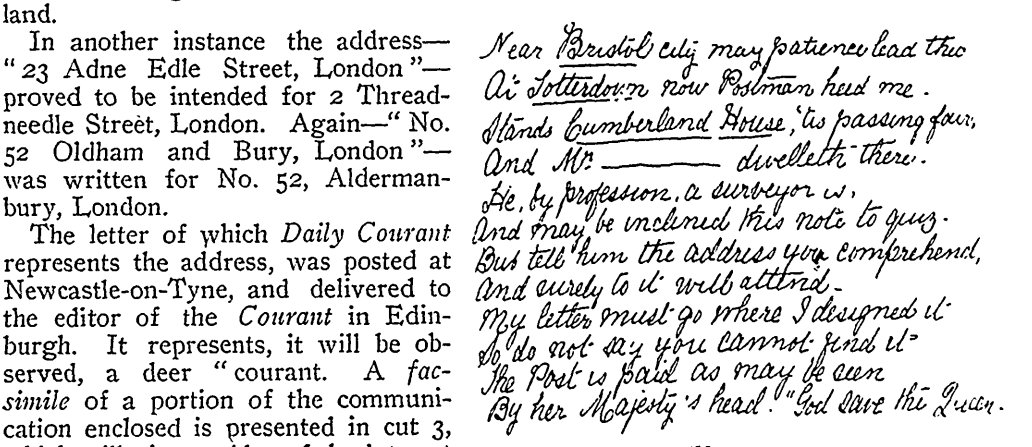
In another instance the address—"23 Adne Edle Street, London"—proved to be intended for 2 Threadneedle Street, London. Again—"No. 52 Oldham and Bury, London"—was written for No. 52, Aldermanbury, London.

The letter of which *Daily Courant* represents the address, was posted at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and delivered to the editor of the *Courant* in Edinburgh. It represents, it will be observed, a deer "courant. A *facsimile* of a portion of the communication enclosed is presented in cut 3, which will give an idea of the interest attaching to editorial work, and afford valuable information to the reader.

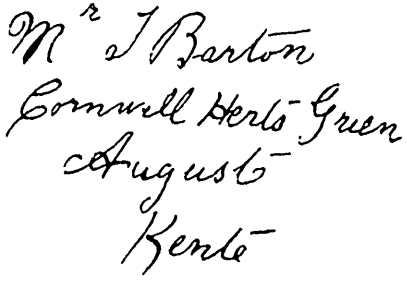
In the London post-office indistinctly addressed letters are at once set aside, so as not to delay the work of sortation, and are carried forthwith to a set of special officers who have an aptitude for deciphering indistinct writing. These officers, by a strange contradiction in the sense of things, are called the "blind officers" and here these letters are disposed of. The "blind officers" are furnished with gazetteers, and other works containing the names of gentlemen's estates, farms, etc.

The marvellous extent to which the idea seems to prevail among people generally that they have a claim upon the post-office for assistance and guidance in obtaining what they consider otherwise unavailable, is shown by the curious letters frequently addressed to that institution. In the following the post-office is asked to hunt up missing relatives:

"I write to ask you for some information about persons who are missing. I want to


Near Bristol city may patience lead thee
Ai Totterdown now Postman heed me.
Stands Cumberland House, 'tis passing fair,
And Mr —— dwelleth there.
He, by profession, a surveyor is,
And may be inclined this note to guess.
But tell him the address you comprehend,
And surely to it will attend.
My letter must go where I designed it
So do not say you cannot find it.
The Post is paid as may be seen
By her Majesty's head. "God save the Queen.

NO. 11.—ANOTHER.



NO. 12.—HAWKHURST, KENT.

find my mother and sisters who are in Melbourne Australia I believe—if you would find them out for me please let me know by return of post also your charge at the lowest."

"I wright these fue lines to ask you if you would be so kind as to tell me if there is such a person living in England.

She was living at Birmingham last Rtimmas—this is mi sister and brother-in-law—they hant in Birmingham now, let this letter go to every general post office there is."

Among other letters are some requesting information concerning property:

"United States.

"Will you do me the kind favor as you are the post master and able to know as I judge of. It is this, give me the full name and address of any 'Mac——' that you know of in England, or in Scotland, or Ireland, or Wales, or in India, or at or in any other country that you may know of, with their full names and correct address so that I can write to them myself. If you have any pamphlet with the names of parties who have died and left money send as I want such information."

A farmer in the country wants a postmaster as go-between in a little business matter and pens him a few lines to the following effect:

"John —— acting as a Farmer here would be very much oblighed to the Postmaster if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at —— to whom he might sell a 30 stone pig of good quality well—for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing."

The next specimen is from a person out of employment:

"Having lost my parents I am desirous of taking a house-keeper's situation where a domestic is kept. Must be a dissenting family, Baptist prefered. Thinking that such a case might come under your notice I have therefore taken the liberty of sending to you."

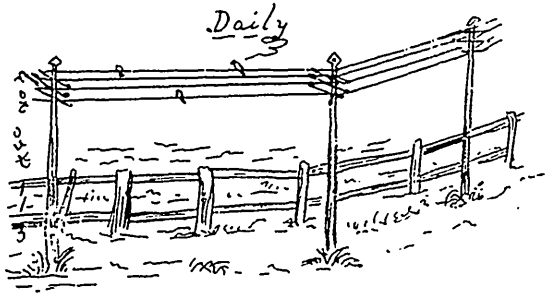
The Dead Letter Office must occasionally be supposed to be a repository for the human dead, as inquiries for deceased persons are sometimes addressed to the "Dead Office." Thus:

"We heard in the paper about 12 or 14 months back, Mary Ann—the servant girl at London was dead. Please send it to the Printer's office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for ——."

"I write a line two see if you hard ennything of my husband—that was left at —— ill. Please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble."

Extraordinary coincidences have been chronicled in connection with almost every situation in life, and the post-office is a fertile field for the observation of such occurrences. The peculiar nature of the coincidences in the following example is worthy of note. A traveller in the North of Europe became sadly puzzled with letters which followed him about, although not intended for him, and the difficulties of his case are described in a letter written by him, of which the following is a transcript:

"There was another Rev. J. —— D——



NO. 13.—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, LONDON.

(the same name) travelling in Norway at the same time, whose letters keep crossing my path everywhere, and when I read them I was almost in doubt whether I was myself or he, for his wife had the same name as mine and his baby the same name as mine and just the same age. But who he can be I cannot make out, only he is not I. Perhaps the registered letter which has given you such trouble may have been for him. It may satisfy you however to know that mine was all right."

In a suburban district of London, where there were two terraces bearing exactly the same designation, there were residing at the same number in each two persons having not only the same surname, but the same Christian name. The following case of almost identical addresses was also brought to light:

"Mr. Andrew Thom
Bootmaker
8 Southbridge Street
Airdrie," and

"Mr. Andrew Thom,
Boot-Top Manufacturer
86 Southbridge St.
Edinburgh."

For many years past it has been incumbent upon all candidates seeking employment in the post-office, as in other public departments, to undergo medical examination with the view of securing healthy persons for the service; and in the course of such examinations it is necessary for the medical officer to inquire into the health of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the candidate, etc. The following are examples of answers received:

"Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him"

"My little brother died of some funny name."

"A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." A parent died of "Apperplexity," another died of "Parasles." One "caught Tiber rever in the Hackney Road," another had "goarnders," a third, "burralger in the head." Some of the other complaints were described as "rummitanic pains," "carracatic fever," "indigestion of the lungs," "toncertina in the throat," "pistoles on the back." One candinate stated that his "sister was consumpted, now she's quite well again," while the sister of another was stated to have "died of compulsion."

"Some addresses," writes Miss Churchill, "as shown in cuts 4, 5, and 6 form most elaborate and skilful rebuses on the various addresses; No. 4 being so apt and plain that "he who runs may read." The birds flying triumphantly above the fire of the Cockney sportsman's gun, representing the Mrs. (misses), followed by L. J. Gardner; while the rest of the address is clearly, Woodlands, West End, Southampton. The others are equally plain; No. 5 being intended for Mr. Beer, Axminster, and No. 6 designed for Clock House, Tooting, Surrey."

There come to the King, on an average, forty-five letters per week. They are, of course, forwarded to His Majesty's Secretary; but whether the august being to whom they are directed ever knows of them is another matter. Among those poor letters God knows how many may be the forlorn-hope of some ignorant but innocent life. We give three addresses to our late Queen.

The writer of No. 7 was apparently in great straits of poverty, not being able, even in these days of penny postage, to afford the price of a stamp. No. 8 was evidently important, and was posted in London. Probably the sender still believes that it failed in its mission only because "not taken care of." No. 9 is a desperate attempt to gain the ear of Royalty—for if the Queen will not listen and help, then try the Prince of Wales, and if he refuse, turn to the Marquis of Lorne.

Many of the letters were addressed in verse, some of which is certainly

clever enough to find its way into print. No. 10 could not fail in reaching its destination, as particular attention is called to the fact that the postage is paid.

No. 11 appeals strongly to the sentimental side of our natures; the writer evidently being in that stage of the tender passion when he cared or knew not if all the world was aware of his affection, and when he needs must turn to versification. The direction, certainly, is most explicit, evincing the care and anxiety of the writer.

In No. 11 the name "Hawkhurst" has been so pronounced as to develop when written into "August."

The address, "John Smith, London," is rather vague considering the size of the city.

The last has a pathos all its own, recalling the Christmas missives of our own childhood.

MASTERPIECES OF ART—DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

BY THE REV. GEO. F. SALTON, B.A.

THE LAST SUPPER.

WHEN biographers write of Leonardo da Vinci their language at once becomes extravagant. Thus, Vasari says: "He was especially endowed by God himself so wonderfully were beauty, grace, and talents united in his person." As a child of twelve he dumbfounded and perplexed his masters by his questions and problems in mathematics. When a little older he invented the wheel-barrow and the turbine wheel. He interested himself in sculpture, likewise in architecture. When he wished to paint drapery he made clay figures and dipped the drapery in plaster, that it might hold its place and be of service in many sittings. He constructed models and made designs for perforating mountains; he launched into mechanics and showed how by levers, crane, and screws great

weights might be lifted. He begged leave to raise the Church of San Giovani in Florence, so that he could put under it another foundation, and said he would do it without interrupting the service going on within.

Another most difficult problem he seems to have solved—the art of living on nothing, for though his patrimony was small and he earned almost nothing, he lived like a prince, with servants and horses. The secret died with him to the great sorrow of present-day artists.

In short, Da Vinci represented the highest type of inventive genius, intellect, and culture of the sixteenth century in Italy.

After studying with Verrocchio for a short time, he was engaged with the master in the painting of a St. John baptizing Christ. In this work he painted an angel, which so far surpassed any portion executed by Verrocchio that the master never touched color again.

In 1493, when forty-one years of age, he went to Milan upon the invitation of the Duke of Sforza, and one of the first works he undertook was the famous "Last Supper," now, alas! fallen into decay. Here his drawing has been most careful, his lines wonderfully expressed the subtility of form; his color was clear and silvery, and his composition has certainly never been surpassed. The figures are larger than life, painted in oil, in fugitive pigments on the walls of the refectory in the Old Santa Maria della Grazia. The dramatic moment is chosen when Christ announces his approaching betrayal, and the disciples are represented as variously expressing their grief and consternation. The characters, reading from the left, are Bartholomew, James the younger, Andrew, Peter, Judas, John, Christ, Phillip, Thomas, James the Elder, Matthew, Thaddeus, and Simeon.

The usual form of painting the "Last Supper" in Leonardo's day was to put the table in oriental style, and, of course, have the figures reclining. But Da Vinci purposely used the dining-room table in order to fill the square with another table like the three already used by the monks in this refectory. His was greatly revolutionary.

See what confusion Christ's question has caused. John is almost stunned and sets with hands clasped. Peter asks, "Who it is, Lord?" and is ready to plunge his knife into the offender. Andrew raises his hands in horror. James the younger shows the lesser anxiety, whilst Bartholomew, with strong athletic form and with feet crossed, has raised himself so quickly that he has not had time to strengthen them. Phillip protests, "You know, Lord, it could not be I?" Matthew, with young, strong, splendid face and beautiful figure, throws his hands towards Judas, and thus subtily connects one group with the others. Thaddeus, in that backward turn of the eye, says plainly, "I told you so; I told you to look after Judas." Simeon is more or less in doubt.

Christ, that lovely central figure, remains perfectly calm amid it all. Everything centres on Him. He balances the whole into masterly order. The vanishing point is Christ. All lines run to the centre. Wherever you look your eye instinctively travels to that central figure.

Without doubt this is the most successful effort of Christian art, and with the exception of Raphael's "Transfiguration" and "Sisline Madonna," the greatest picture in the world. There is more of brain, more of heart, more of devotion, more of the spiritual, more of insight, more of orderly grouping here than in any other picture I have seen.

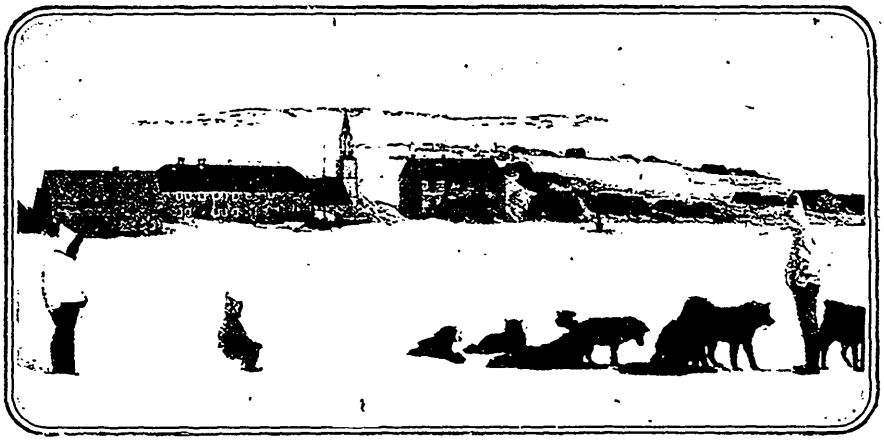
WINTER JOYS IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

(INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR).

BY PASTOR CHRISTIAN SCHMITT.

THE MISSION BAND AT NAIN.

THREE years ago we had the pleasure of visiting the Moravian missions in Labrador, and were profoundly impressed with the heroic work performed through one hundred and seventy years by the brave-souled missionaries of the most zealous missionary church in Christendom. The Moravian Church is of special interest to Methodists throughout the world. It was the trustful calm of soul of the Moravian missionaries in a storm at sea that impressed the Wesleys with a sense of something which the United Brethren had which they had not. It was at a Moravian service in Fetter Lane, London, that John Wesley felt his heart strangely warmed while he listened to the exposition of the Word. By a visit to the Moravian Mother House at Herrnhut in Germany his faith was afterwards confirmed and strengthened. We receive regularly the missionary report of this Church from its mission house in Fetter Lane. The Moravians and the Methodists are the only two churches which maintain in form and title the love-feasts, the modern



A LABRADOR MISSION SETTLEMENT IN WINTER.

analogue of the Agape of the primitive church.

The mission of Methodism as taught by John Wesley was to go not merely to those who need us, but to those who need us most. This the Moravian brethren in their missionary work have emphatically done. To the hardest fields in the world they have gone, and none more hard than their missions in the bleak and sterile coast of Labrador. Of these missions we gave an account in The Methodist Magazine for November and December, 1905. We there described the mission work at Nain, Hopedale, and other parts of this desolate coast with copious illustration. We had the pleasure of meeting Pastor Christian Schmitt on the ship "Virginia Lake," on its most northern tour to the Nain Mission, and were hospitably entertained both at the mission houses at Hopedale and Nain.

The accompanying article by Pastor Schmitt will, we are sure, possess much interest to our readers as a message from one of the most heroic of modern missionaries:

Soon after our ice-bound coast of Labrador cast off once more its wintry aspect, we were cheered and encouraged again by letters and tokens from friends far away, who had remembered us during the many months in which we were shut out from the outer world. I wish to tell you some features of the life of our people, and the work we are privileged to do here. Agriculture, of course, is out of question; indeed, if our people ever felt inclined to turn vegetarians, they would soon have to starve. They are a carnivorous race, feeding on land and sea animals, but the greater portion of their food is supplied by the sea. The walrus, the white whale, and especially the seal, furnish them with a food peculiarly adapted to the climate, for the heating quality of this diet enables them to endure the extreme temperature of winter, 40 degrees below zero.

In April, our Eskimos make long journeys into the interior of Labrador to hunt reindeer or cariboo. These journeys they accomplish with their sledges and dogs, often travelling hundreds of miles. During their tra-

A HUNTER'S SNOW-HOUSE.

vels, they frequently meet with Indians, but are not able to have much intercourse with them, as these again speak another language. Sometimes, while hundreds of miles away from any human habitation, the pinch of want is severely felt. Deer may happen to be scarce—other animals or birds are never plentiful in these altitudes—and when reduced to extremes the native will cut up, soak, and chew anything in his possession that is made of skin. Boots, clothes, rugs, all have to be sacrificed to keep man and dogs alive. In most cases, they will eventually meet with deer, but if this is impossible, they have to return home as best they can. During these journeys they carry no tents. They build each night a new snow-house, which does not require more than half-an-hour to construct. As soon as the deer is reached, proper camps of snow-houses are built, and then they will live in these for weeks.

Their hunting-grounds for the polar bear, walrus, and seal are not far from the mission station. Although the coast is ice-bound from the end of November till the end of June, yet some twenty to thirty miles away to the east, outside of all islands and shoals, there is to be found more or less during the whole winter, an expanse of open water, which is usually called "the ice's edge." Here the Eskimo hunts the polar bear, walrus, and seal, and here more than anywhere he is called upon to exercise skill and judgment, courage and patience. In former years, the only weapons used were harpoons. Modern rifles are now taking the place of the old hunting implements.

The journey to "the ice's edge" is often attended with difficulty and danger. The ice, which is often hummocky, being piled up by the waves of the sea, must be traversed by sledge and dogs. The hunters have always to be on the alert, as an off-shore wind will swiftly disconnect huge "pans" of ice, and drive its occupants far out to sea. Here, also, they encamp, and live for the time in snow-houses. Hunting the seal is not difficult, although it requires good marksmanship, especially from the

HARPOONING WHALES.

CASTING THE HARPOON.

light "kayaks" (boats), which adapt themselves to every motion of the sea. The polar bear and walrus are more difficult to hunt, on account of the resistance they offer. Nearly every winter some hunter is attacked, upset, and turned out of his "kayak" by a wounded walrus. The Eskimo very rarely loses presence of mind in any extremity. He will first clutch and hold fast to his gun or harpoon, and then he will look for a way of escape. As the Eskimo cannot swim, one of his fellow-hunters will go and pull him out of the water when he is upset.

A Nain man went hunting for small game one day, with a muzzle-loading shotgun. After tramping for a whole day without result, he bent his footsteps homeward. On his way, while emerging into a more open expanse of ice, a huge polar bear met his gaze at some small distance off. Nothing would have been easier than to avoid the bear; but the plucky hunter approached the brute, and fired a charge of small shot right into the face in order to blind him. Running off, he attempted to ram a new charge into the muzzle of his gun; but the enraged bear had found out his whereabouts by scent alone, and was soon close upon him. The Eskimo drew off his heavy skin-coat, flung it in the direction of the bear, and then ran farther off to finish loading. While the enraged animal was tearing his coat to shreds, he gave it the second charge in the side. Before he finally killed it, the hunter had to part also with his skin boots in the same way.

In midwinter, when nights are long and days short, when terrific snow-storms sweep the coast, when the black bear dozes in his long, wintry sleep, then we collect our little flock of Eskimos around our mission station. What seemed in spring, summer, and autumn a deserted village, now becomes full of life, music, and song. The months from the first of Advent down to the end of March or beginning of April, are our spiritual harvest-time. We come into touch with each individual of our flock; we see their failings, and also their virtues, and often have good reason to rejoice over their spiritual progress.

HER SUNDAY DRESS.

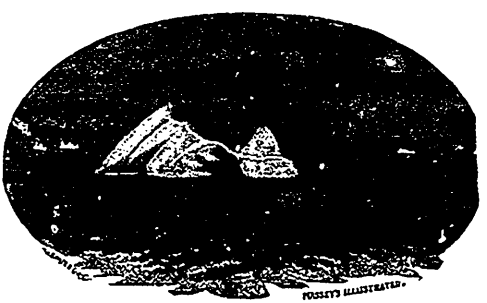
During this brief winter-time, we hold services every day of the week. We preach to them in their own mother-tongue. We hold school for the children, and in order that they may learn that there are other people living on this vast globe besides themselves, we teach them a little geography, besides elementary rules of arithmetic, and a little astronomy. Practically all can read their Bibles and use their hymn-books, and write a letter now and then to their missionary.

The services are cheerful and well attended. On festive and high days a choir of Eskimo men and women adds a charm to the meetings. The singing is pleasing, and earnest attention is paid to the discourse. After a meeting, some one of the hearers may come to the missionary for further explanation. Now and then we are privileged to see the sudden change that God's Spirit works in the human heart.

Peace and order are not upheld here by the arm of government or law, but solely by the influence of the Gospel. We have no judges, no police, and yet thefts, outrages, and felonies are practically unknown. The missionary is all in all to the native, and although he has no power to say "you must," yet his wish is duly considered and seldom trespassed.

We often feel that these winter months of toil and labor for the Master are all too brief, and our hearts are sad when our flock disperses again after Easter to the hunting-grounds. True, they make the mission station their centre, and call frequently, in order to get advice and help, and to attend services; but we feel keenly that sometimes, especially with our younger members, these months of absence seem to undo what was built up during the long winter.

Nain, Labrador.



ICEBERG.

O wonderful! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and twine, like star and flower.
O Light of Lights,
Thyself, Thyself the Wonder art.

SOME POETS AND POETRY OF THE GASPEREAU, *IN NOVA SCOTIA.*

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

(Pastor Felix).

"Oh the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."
—*Moore, "Meeting of the Waters."*

CAUGHT this morning the scent of the keen wild brier, and of the wet willows—the giant willows—scattering their leaves in a little Maine valley, looking seaward; then, in an instant, I was away with wings of fancy and of memory,—my childhood was with me, and I was in the valley of the Gaspereau. I was wandering again by the dyke-sides and along the willowy banks, where the "old centennial stems" were rifted and blackened to the heart, rugged and riven, and sending up their shoots of green and yellow. I was in the old orchard, where, in my childhood's day, the tall pear-trees stood on either side the farmhouse door; where in autumn the mellow fruit sent its odors from the midst of dewy grasses and moist fallen leaves; I was following the Trenholm brook into its slaty canyons, where fir and silver birch were lifted sheer against the sky.

O yes, all the land is fair,—and all the fairer because I love it! This land, where now I live, is also fair; but I know a country—and being mine when a child, it is mine still—robed in the richest hues of phantasy—to me a greener, sweeter, a diviner land. Because—will any one ask why? And there is a river whose flow of eternal music fills all my soul with dream. Never can I think of it, and the hills from which it leaps, and the meadowy bottom of the valley through which it takes its winding way, but I must recall the words of Ruskin: "No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which 'giveth rain from heaven'; no pastures ever lightened in springtime with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness—fair hidden—yet full-confessed. . . . The place remains . . . unchanged in its larger features."

The Gaspereau begins, a wild mountain-born stream, among the hills about Black Rock, and in the bosom of its own clear lake, whose name it bears; and comes down, fair-featured as a maiden, with the merriment of a child. But, ah! how demure and gentle is the crystal Puritan, as it goes wandering and winding, leisurely through the meadows of its lower valley, half hidden in its thickets green, its wild-rose tangle, and willowy borders and its bridges, with its elm-tree sentinels standing so very erect, here and there, to mark the stations of its course, where we may safeliest loiter and sweetliest dream; and at last lapsing into the red-mud channels and green slime between the dyke-banks, and finding the yellow waters of Mina's Basin through mounds and meadows of the sea.

From that beautiful Acadian hill where the College stand, in the village of Wolfville, embowered amid trees, you have a double prospect. A native poet,* a descendent of the French Acadians, who lives here, has thus apostrophized the scene:

"My home, my loved, my tree-embowered land!
So dear art thou I never more would stray;
Contented here to rest in joy alway,
Near by such loveliness of sea and strand.

"Perfected Nature's sweet and mild command,
Full of the luxury of night and day,
And every season's bounty all repay
The loving heart submitted to her hand.

"Here would I die 'mid scenes that saw me born,
And filled my youthful eyes with happy things;
That gave my spirit all the good of breath:
My happy day since life's short joyful morn.

"To this high noon has passed on golden wing:
May all its pleasant light shine on my death."

Before you lies the plain of the Grand Pré, in varied and splendid color,—the most favored spot of beauty in that historic land. There is the white evening sheen of sheeted Minas, and the range of the North Mountain, with the valleys of the Horton and Cornwallis, and the shagged mountain terminus, called Blomidan, sitting with his feet in the sea. Another native poet,† whose grave is among the scenes of his birth, and of his love, sang of its awe and splendor:

"About the buried feet of Blomidon,
Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green,
The tides of Minas swirl,—their veilèd queen,
Fleet-oared from far by galleys of the sun.
"The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale:
The blue air winks with life like beaded wine!—
Storied of Glooscap and Evangeline—
Each to the setting sun this sea did sail.

"Opulent day has pour'd its living gold
Till all the west is belt with crimson bars,
Now darkness lights its silver moon and stars,—
The festal beauty of the world new-old,
Facing the dawn, in vigil that ne'er sleeps,
The Sphinx the secret of the Basin keeps."

It was, in an earlier day, and still is, the resort of the Acadian students, and still more in these later days, of summer tourists—seekers of geological specimens, and particularly of the prized amethystine stone found there.

About midway up the valley, between Brooklin and Walbrook, nestling in its most picturesque part, is a home I used to visit, and where I spent many days of a dreamer's youth. It has passed into other hands since, but it was then the property of a sturdy farmer and orchardist—a man whom all respected—and of his thrifty wife. She had before her marriage been at times an inmate of our home, and I was, therefore, welcome. O the summer nights when I lay listening there, and the silvery lip of the brook that ran near by dropped its music on my ear, and I heard the call of the loon, and the rustle of willows and orchard trees, and the echo of the not distant shore, when the tide came "bursting home." The place was so secluded by hills and trees that the shadows fell early; it was so surrounded by cliffs of slate and hanging woods that I used to compare it with the Happy Valley of Rasselas. How often have I dreamed my dream there, watching the sun go down behind that hill in the west—that one hill with its upward winding road, from which part of the trees had been shorn. I have described the place in some verses of the time, long ago:

* John Frederick Herbin, in "The Marshlands."

† Theodore Harding Rand, in "At Minas Basin, and Other Poems."

"The days that were come back again,
Thy scenes their wonted joys renew;
My heart is touch'd with pleasing pain
While now they lighten on my view;
Thy quiet walks 'mid orchard trees,
Thy bowery river's distant glow,
Thy murmuring haunts of laboring bees,
O happy, happy Gaspereau!

"Low in the shelter of the dale
The river's circling silver flows,
And plats of verdant intervale
Have hedges of the wilding rose,
Embower'd in elms, my fancy sees
The roof-tree of the farm-house old;
And, peep'd from leafy apple trees,
Bright spheres of red and green and gold.

"I hear the farm-boy's whistled tune,
As slow he walks behind his team;
I see the kine at sultry noon,
Stand in the willow-shaded stream;
And lingering with fond delay
While evening comes serenely still,
Watch the retiring flame of day
Through pines that plume the western hill.

"The air with wildflower scent is sweet,
And where yon crystal water's glide
The blue-flags and the sedge repeat
Their image in the stilly tide:
The willowy bridges—elm trees tall—
The dripping mill-wheel, turning slow,—
The white-church spire*—I see them all,
O happy, happy Gaspereau!"

O I would be willing to lie wakeful there again at night, and listen to the rustle of the leaves, and the sound of the brook running by the door! O the sweet loveliness! And, ah, that brook! When shall I follow such another!

Then I had some leisure for the full indulgence of the roaming and dreaming propensities. Health, as well as poetic illusions, must then be pursued by the brookside and along the banks of that delightful river. There the thorn bush was rich with beautifullest blossom or clustered with the reddest and mellowest berries; and the old wind apple stood out in the pasture ground. There the sweet brier was sweestest, and the wild roses were most abundant; there were the laziest paths at moonlight time, or in the long summer afternoon, through clovered and daisied meadows. Weeks so spent at the Trenholm farm, in the lower part of the Gaspereau Valley, or at the Anderson farm farther up, or with the Bordens and Palmeters, of Avonport and Lower Horton, are among the brightest and best remembered. When can we match those summer evenings spent in walks between Uncle John A—'s and the village? Those beech-nuttings amid the Martin woods, in the golden autumn afternoons? And now I see the nettled cherry trees, where the robins contended with the children for the bright and juicy spoil; and the ladder among the boughs that tempted my feet to climb. Beautiful land! I can see you still. I can see your ancient meadows, rich with grass and grain; and the river's course, marked by thick-clustered trees that reveals the silver beauty of its current in furtive glimpses.

Shall we speak of this land without a mention of the Poet who has peopled this region with the kindly children of his imagination? We hail him in passing; but we are to speak of some of the local singers, who unlike the greater American singer that never visited the country his pen has sanctified, were born and bred here, and delight to celebrate the land. For I, who love the land, and have attempted to honor it with song, am not the only one. I hope to pluck and weave a bouquet that will be worthy to deck the brow of the genius of my Acadian land.

The first one of our native ministers to sing the praise of this beautiful river—so far as my record runs—was John Leander Bishop, a native of Gaspereau, and an alumnus of Acadia, who went to the United States, and settled there as a physi-

* From "The Masque of Ministrels."

cian, I think, somewhere in Pennsylvania. I think he is not now living. Somewhere back in the forties of the last century, he wrote a poem, in which he contrasts his native stream with other rivers he has visited, and in which he recounts the historical and legendary incidents connected with it. We will give some of the lines descriptive of the river as being the best. He speaks of it as a stream—

"Whose wild luxuriance reveals
The fertile growth its wave conceals."

And then goes on to say:

"In soft and mazy dance to stray
I've watched thy gentle winding way,
As leaping o'er its rocky bed
Thy shallow current downward sped;
Or deeply smoothly slid away
Without a ripple or a spray.
And I have dream'd, tho' scarce to song
As yet thine humble name belong,
That not the travel'd summer gale
E'er slept within so sweet a vale
As that upon whose bosom bright
Thy current shapes its line of light;
Where, issuing from the dark ravine,
Thy forest-shadowed wave is seen
To check its tide, that many a mile
Had fretted in the dark defile,
Where frowning o'er their subject-flood
The mural precipices stood.

"My thoughts, tho' seldom now I may
Beside thy murmuring waters stray,
Oft turn, by fond remembrance led,
Where those grey rocks obscurely shed
Their image in thy foaming wave,
Whose eddying course was wont to lave,
Their shelvy base, where in and out
The salmon and the speckled trout
Gliding, were frequent captives made
By patient angler in the shade;
While sweetly on the branch above
The wild-bird tuned his note of love;
Or mingled with thy murmur still
Its monotone the distant mill;
And sloping skyward from thy shore,
Those hills a fadeless mantle wore,
Of fragrant spruce and hemlock green;
Where the sun's latest rays were seen,
And in the glade with Spring's first glow
The Mayflower bloomed amid the snow."

In the days when I was coming to realize that poesy was one of the delights of life, there came to my father's house a little literary journal, named The Weekly Miscellany, and published by a printer named Cunnabel, of Halifax. There was in one of the issues, published, or republished, some very musical stanzas on the Gaspereau, which I there and then committed to memory, and have never forgotten, to which were appended the initials, M. J. K.—the same to whom Joseph Howe addressed the poem, beginning—

"High of heart! though some may sneer,
Tread thy path and have no fear,
Bow thy thoughts to Life's dull duties,
Feast thine eye on Nature's beauties,
Brood not o'er thine hours of sadness
Till thy soul is stung to madness.

. . . . . .

Clear thy brow, oh, Maiden fair,
And tune thine harp to lighter air."

The author, then Miss Mary Katzman, afterwards Mrs. Lawson, who has been commemorated in a posthumous volume of her verse, entitled, "Frankincense and Myrrh." These verses deserve a place in any Acadian anthology:

The Valley of the Gaspereau.

"The Spring's embroider'd kirtle hung graceful round the earth,
Starred with the rainbow blossoms of glad rejoicing birth,
The green trees shook their tassels, in feathery beauty hung,
And music filled the forest by a thousand voices sung.
The bladed grass looked upward from the rich and fallow soil,
And Sabbath beauty mantled the homes of happy toil;
While the sun from heaven's blue arches cast a wondrous golden glow
On the glad and fruitful valley of the lovely Gaspereau.

"Fair sleep that pleasant valley, a sweet Acadian scene,
As the lazy river wander'd the sleepy banks between;
The blue flags cast a shadow of azure on its breast,
And the sedge-grass choked the mill-wheel, now motionless in rest.
The wild rose shed its perfume upon the balmy air,

And the graceful Linnæa trembled in fragile beauty there:
While the green and graceful willows bent lovingly and low,
Like a band of trusty warders, o'er the winding Gaspereau.

"Far in the hazy distance some stately elm-tree grew,
Graceful in all their grandeur and verdant in their hue,
Each in umbrageous beauty, of Nature's own design,
Bathed in the dews of heaven, and rays of glad sunshine;
Each lifting to the south wind a leafy diadem,
Whose soft green clusters shadowed the old centennial stem,
The elm trees and the willows brought back the long ago
When Acadian peasants wandered by the happy Gaspereau.

"Here in the peaceful valley they fill'd the grassy sod,
And lifted up the incense of simple hearts to God;
And here beside the river, in purple eventide,
They set those willow saplings, now old and sanctified,—
Ay, sanctified by sorrow, by suffering and by time,
By dearer things of memory, which stir the spirit's chime;
For those willows chant a legend by the river where they grow
Of the first Acadian settlers by the lovely Gaspereau!

"The elm trees and the willows, are but memorials now,—
Through fair and fruitful ridges the Saxon speeds his plough;
Rough English voices echo through the woodland's green expanse,
Where fell the silvery cadence of the sunny land of France.
The hearthstone is deserted, and low the roof-tree lies,
While Nova Scotia claims the soil beneath Acadia's skies;
But the exiles live forever! their storied annals grow
In the elm trees and the willows by the sunny Gaspereau!

"Strange mystery of Nature, defying change and time,
Which keeps the soul immortal amid earth's frosty time!
The hands have long been lifeless which set each tender stem,
But they wave in living beauty, as type and pledge of them.
Like a good name after burial, each elm and willow bears
Sign manual for the exiles of the land which once was theirs;
And their hallowing presence lingers through the stillness soft and low,
Which wraps the pleasant valley of the shining Gaspereau."

Coming to the later years we find them rich and abundant in lyric fruitage. Arthur Wentworth Eaton mingles the conditions of the present day with the quieter dreams of the past:

"And now across the meadows, while the farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discords to the hills of Gaspereau,
And ever onward to the sea the restless Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy trade ships, side by side."*

He has told us in musical verse the legend of "The Naming of the Gaspereau"; how the Indian's Magapskegechk acquired its more pronounceable syllables from the young Frenchman, Jaspêre, whom all loved, who died on the voyage over. Some of the stanzas are very sweet:

"Now the rainbow tints of autumn
Deck the ancient hills,
And the dreamy river saunters
Past the lazy mills.
Let us seek the murmuring forest
Where the pines and hemlocks grow,
And a thousand fringèd shadows
Fall upon the Gaspereau.

"When the old Acadian farmers,
Sailing up the Bay,
Landed with their goods and cattle
On the fair Grand Pré,
Wandering through the ancient forest,
Claude, Rene, and Theriot,
In a vale of matchless beauty
Found the River Gaspereau.

. . . . . .

"Midst the brushwood and the rushes
And the trembling ferns
Where the river, sighing, singing,
Speeds with many turns
Through the gateway of the mountain
Towards the meadows far below,
On they crept in silent wonder
By the sun-kissed Gaspereau.

. . . . . .

* Resettlement of Acadia."

" Then around the hemlock fire,
In the cabin rude,
With their stock of cheese and brown-bread
And their ale, home-brewed,
Gathered all the Norman peasants;
And at last René said low:
'Let us name the new-found river
Gaspére—water, Gaspereau!'

. . . . . .

" Still it flows among the meadows,
Singing as of yore
To the ferns and trailing masses
On the winding shore;
To the pines that dip their branches
In the crystal wave below,
And the crimson leaves of autumn
Falling in the Gaspereau." *

An American writer in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican,* declares "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," to be chiefly an affair of Longfellow's poem; and says that while Maine has an abundance of these trees, they are not to be found in Acadia. He has evidently not pursued his explorations far enough. Of course, they are not in the valleys; but let him trace the little Gaspereau to its source he may find them. And he seems to have forgotten that eastern Maine and New Brunswick were parts of the ancient Acadia. So let him not too hastily convict the poets of error.

In this pleasant sonnet, Miss Minnie J. Weatherbee gives us a picture of the valley in late autumn:

Indian Summer in Gaspereau.

" Calm like a trance enwraps the sheltered vale
Save, whence the azure cradled clouds low lie,
Faint whispers reach me of a minstrelsy
Which ere November's advent choir'd the dale;

" And far away an even-stroking flail
Breathes thro' the stillness, like the measured sigh
That herald's death. Athwart the woodlands high
Still faintly flames a gold and crimson trail.

" No ripple stirs the river's brimming tide,
Beneath whose burnish'd surface, broad and blue,
The hills dip silently, and cloudlets hide
The treasures, pillaged from the sunset hue
And tremulous as love and chaste as snow,
One pallid star hangs o'er the afterglow."

Of these hills, whence flows our songful river, the poet* might have written in her "Hemlock Hills of Acadia":

" The hemlock hills of Acadie
Are lit with fancy's opal gleams,
Each rock a lode-stone, every tree
The Igdrasil of early dreams.

" Ah! lit with fancy's opal gleams
The groves our childish footsteps trod!
The Igdrasils of early dreams,
When all the earth seemed fresh from God.

" The groves our childish footsteps trod
When Hope woke smiling with the day,
When all the earth seem'd fresh from God,—
They hold our hearts, tho' leagues away.

' Then Hope woke smiling with the day;
Now memory lights each rock and tree;
They hold our hearts, though leagues away—
The hemlock hills of Acadie."

Perhaps no finer lyric, and better known, can be found than Bliss Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Prè," in celebration of our native river. This is our apology for giving entire that which must be familiar to most readers:

Low Tide on Grand Pré.

" The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches of the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will 'bide
Until the coming of the tide.

" And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream
Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

" A grievous stream that to and fro
A-through the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So far from home and Acadie.

* Acadian Legends and Lyrics." By Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

* Elizabeth G. Roberts McDonald.

" Was it a year or lives ago,
We took the grasses in our hands,'
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

" The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

" There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

" And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secrets of some wonder-thing.

" Then all your face grew light, and seem'd
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done;
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

" So all desire, and all regret,
And fear and memory were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught;
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

" The night has fallen and t..e tide . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood comes bursting home."

It must be to some such holiday season as this that the same poet refers in this bit of his verse:

" Only June can bring such twilight
As these days that bring not thee;
While a tender, calm, deep eye-light
Haunts the eyelids of the twilight,
Only three gold stars for my light;
Thou art June and Acadie,
Only June can bring such twilight
As these days that bring not thee."

And again:

" When June comes over Acadie,
And roses strew the meadow ways,
Their beauty lingers wistfully
Through sunny-hearted Acadie,—
The scented bloom of chivalry
Dreaming of thee through summer-days,
When June comes over Acadie,
And roses strew the meadow ways."

John Frederick Herbin has written a sonnet series about this Gaspereau and Grand Pré region, rich in the love of a poet for his "tree-embowered land," and in accurate local description. Here we inscribe three of the best:

The Gaspereau.

" Below me winds the river to the sea,
On whose brown slope stood waiting homeless maids;
Stood exiled sons; unsheltered hoary heads,
And sires and mothers dumb in agony.

" The awful glare of burning homes, where free
And happy late they dwelt, breaks on the shades
Encompassing the sailing fleet; then fades
With tumbling roof upon the night-bound sea.

" How deep is hope in sorrow sunk! How harsh
The stranger voice; and loud the hopeless wail!
Then silence came to dwell; the tide fell low;
The embers died. On the deserted marsh,
Where grain and grass stirred only to the gale,
The moose unchased dare cross the Gaspereau."

Across the Dykes.

" The dykes half bare, are lying in the bath
Of quivering sunlight on this Sunday morn,
And bobolinks aflock make sweet the morn,
Old places where two centuries of swath
Have fall'n to earth before the mowers' path.
Across the dykes the bell's low sound is borne
From green Grand-Pré, abundant with the corn,
With milk and honey which it always hath.

" And now I hear the Angelus ring far;
See faith bow many a head that suffered wrong
Near all these plains they wrested from the tide.
The visions of their last great sorrows mar
The greenness of these meadows; in the song
Of birds I feel a tear that has not dried."

In the Gaspereau Valley.

" The rippling river ceased to sing, with flow
Quick-speeding downward to the red-shored Bay;
For now the tide has found a tortuous way
Between the hills where orchard blossoms blow;

And the green dykes and meadows are aglow
With th' even radiance of a golden day.
The waters' hush is strange; and the last lay
Of unseen cat-birds ripples to and fro.
The day is gone, and with a lingering hand
The sea's dark fingers press upon the shore.
The bat has risen into a broken flight
Above the bridge, and darts from strand to strand.
The silence deepens over me; while more
And more I feel the fullness of the night."

"The River Tide," "Haying," "The Night Mower," "The Dykes of Acadie," "An Acadian at Grand Pré," "Faed's Evangeline," "The Returned Acadian," are other *genre* pieces which might well adorn this paper. The tone of sympathy and regret prevails whenever the exile of the Acadians becomes the theme:

"Woe fell on you, ye genial race—
Ye exiled sons of lily France!
This is no more your dwelling-place,
Ye live in music and romance;

"But oft as purple eventide
Bathes all these hills in fire and dew,
Some wanderer by the riverside
Shall drop a tear and dream of you.

"The vale still rings with childhood's song
Amid its yellowing sea of flowers,
While days of summer glide along
On wings of light through all your bowers:

"Here are the trees ye planted—here
The remnants of your broken homes;
But to old graves, from year to year,
No ghostly mourner ever comes." *

Some of the dower of poetic beauty that covers this region flows from the spirit of another poet who loved it. We have already given one of the sonnets of Theodore Hadring Rand; but these are of richest material and most perfect mould:

A Willow at Grand Prè.

"The fitful rustle of thy sea-green leaves
Tells of the homeward tide, and free-blown air
Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,
A silvery foam thy bosom, as it heaves!

"O peasant tree, the regal Bay doth bear
Its throbbing breast to ebbs and floods—*and grieves!*
O slender fronds, pale as a moonbeam weaves,
Joy woke your strain that trembles to despair!

"Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
Of Motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
Or voice of those who brought thee in the ships
To tidal vales of Acadie!—Vain words!
Grief unassuaged makes moan that Gaspereau,
Bore on its flood the fleet with iron lips."

The Bowing Dyke.

"Sea-widowed lands more fair than Tantramar!
Winter's green providence in July's sun!
The clattering steel till all was over and done,
Flashed on thy breast from dawn to evening star.

"Soon herds of sweet-breathed kine of sere Canard,
Whose eager hoofs the hasting morn outrun,
Sea of lush clover aftermath has won,
And golden-girdled bees a-near and far.

"Lo as the harvest moon comes up the sky,
Her shield of argent mellowed to the rim,
The phantom of the buried tide doth flow;
And without noise of wave or sea-bird's cry
Fill all thy ancient channels to the brim,
Thy levels of a thousand years ago!"

Another of our native poets* wrote some years ago a memorial poem for an anniversary occasion at Acadia College, containing some stanzas on the Gaspereau, which deserve quotation:

"Eight years! it seems not long ago,
Comrades who walked with me,
Since last we saw the Gaspereau
Flow singing to the sea.

"O pensive walks, when trees were full,
Under the harvest moon!
Long thoughts, by river beautiful
As Burns' Bonny Doon.

"The orchards blossom white like foam,
The air with nectar fills;
Once more we laugh, and dream, and roam
In sunshine on the hills.

* From "The Masque of Minstrels."

* Rev. Burton Wellesley Lockhart, D.D., of Manchester, N.H.

"O rich in hope! O brave in deed!
Those days are gone forever;
And yet, unchanged, the blooming mead
Smiles on its lisping river.

"Pilgrims, Acadia, to thy shrine
We bring our sacrifice;
We snatch, beneath thy sheltering vine
One hour of Paradise.

"And happy over hill and dome,
We see the Spring light shine,
As when in days of hope at home
We drank thy milk and wine.

"And we are glad if flitting hours
That leaves us old and worn,
Crown thy unwrinkled face with flowers,
And song and charm of morn.

"The chalice of the wine of youth
Still pours its living streams;
And lo! we mind the olden truth,
And dream the early dreams.

"God grant that when our hairs are gray,
When twilight blurs the page,
The music of our dawning day
May charm our lonely age!"

But these stanzas, fine as they are, are surpassed by the following lyric, which for subtle poetic and spiritual beauty is scarcely surpassed by anything we have recorded here. How, in such moments as the poem describes, the unity of the soul's life, and its eternal nature and destiny wil break upon us!

By the Gaspereau.

"Do you remember, dear, a night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau?

"The river plashed and gurgled through its glooms,
Slow stealing to the sea,
A silver serpent; in the apple blooms
The soft air rustled free.

"And o'er the river from afar the sound
Of mellow twinkling bells
From browsing cattle stirred the echo round
In gentle falls and swells.

"No sound of human sorrow, nor of mirth,
Streamed on that peace abroad,
And all the night leaned low upon the earth
Like the calm face of God.

"And in our hearts there breathed, like life, a breath
Of most delicious pain:
It seemed a whisper ran from birth to death,
And back to birth again. . . .

"Yes, you remember, dear, that night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau.

O lovely land and kindly people! I may not crave remembrance, but when can you be forgotten? Many songs have been sung for thee, and thou hast been beloved by many. Suffer me, therefore, to sing for thee yet a little song, wherewith to show my love and to entreat thy smile of approval,— thou Mother of my Muse, and nurse of joyous simplicity. Then may my pen have rest. Here, Acadia, I lay at thy feet this wreath of rhymes culled from the pages of some of thy most favored singers!

"O sweet Acadian Vale! with thee
My earlier, happier years were passed—
The days of blest security—
The peaceful hours, too bright to last,
When on thy hills I sang in joy,
And traced thy brooks, thy river's flow:
Hast thou forgot thy minstrel-boy,
O much-loved Vale of Gaspereau?

"Oft Memory on the track returns
By which my life the earliest came,
And Fancy many a scene discerns
And lists to many a magic name;
Then do thy woods and streams appear,
With paths my wandering feet did know,
And all thy music meets my ear,
O winding Vale of Gaspereau!

"How oft from yon hill's dark'ning brow,
Where twinkles first the evening star,
I've watched the village windows glow,
At sundown in the vale afar;
Or from the shadowy bridge lean'd o'er
The river's glimmering darks below,
Breathed freshness from the sylvan shore!
And heard the songs of long ago!

. . . . . .

"I will not say the word, Farewell,
Nor call my musing thought from thee,
Since 'mid thy bowers some hearts may dwell,
That have not yet forgotten me.
Each wind that sweeps the rough'ning sea,
It flies the way I wish to go,
And wafts fond fancy swift to thee,
O lovely vale of Gaspereau." *

* From "The Masque of Minstrels."

A STAR THAT LED.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY sat alone in her drawing-room after dinner. It was a room made to hold a host of people, and the solitary woman being but small of stature was absorbed and lost in the carpeted expanse of it.

She had drawn her chair close to the fire, as though insensibly seeking its companionship, and she still held in her fingers a telegram which had been delivered an hour before.

It stated, in the brutally brief way they have, that a certain cousin—much beloved—who had promised to stop a month with her, was ill and the visit indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Willoughby would consequently spend Christmas alone.

After a while she rose and crossed to a window, her black gown trailing behind and making a blot on the brightness of the place. Pulling back the curtain she looked out.

Beyond was a silver-white world with a full moon sailing above it—a moon circled with a violet mist that was again enclosed by a faint golden ring.

"What a night!" she said, softly. "What a night!" Something of the peace of it came to her troubled soul, for the country with the snow lying over it was so silent—so perfect. All the creatures on the farms were housed in comfort, all the little wild things were sleeping warmly in God's care, some in the hollows of the trees, some in the close guarding of the brown earth.

"On such a night," thought the woman, "years ago—the shepherds watched their flocks upon the Bethlehem hills, and out of the East came the three wise men, travelling slowly on their camels, following the star. No," she had forgotten, "there would be no snow in that distant country, but there might have been a night like this, and a sky with violet clouds and the same moon pitilessly unmoved by the sorrows of the ages."

"The moon links all the years together," she said to herself, "and Bethlehem always comes to a woman's mind on Christmas Eve." Then she sighed and pressed her face against the cold glass.

Last year, on such a night, Bertie came home with the two cadets from Halifax to spend the holidays. She had filled the house with young people then, and let them hold high carnival.

Oh! the holly and the mistletoe and cedar they had fastened up,—and the rush of life through the hall—and the mirth and gladness!

There had been little skating parties in the afternoon, when the river was dotted with color and echoed to the sound of fresh young voices; and finally there was a great party, a mad and merry affair, to which the whole country-side came, on the eve of the cadet's departure. He had so loved it,—her dear lad,—had so loved light and music and the passing show. Ah! well! he had gathered his roses while he might and they did not weary him.

Around her heart as she thought came the tightening of a sharp pain.

"People always said she spoiled him;—perhaps—it did not matter now. Although he was headstrong and wilful, he had not given her any real trouble, and then—every one spoiled him. Even the college boys called him 'handsome Bertie Willoughby,' and idolized him because he was the first athlete of them all."

No—he had never studied very hard; she remembered the unsatisfactory reports with a little sigh. But that was long past.

Looking back over his life she could only recall one thing in his actions that really disturbed her or caused her acute unhappiness. As she thought of it even yet her lips set themselves into a straight unyielding line.

There had been a girl——. A year before she had taken into her employ, as seamtress, a certain little maid with too pretty a face and a manner above her station. It was for these very reasons, perhaps, she befriended her, and because she happened to be an orphan, the daughter of an old gunsmith, who was also a marvellous straight shot, and therefore well known in other days to her husband.

She had not dreamt that Bertie—Oh! it was a foolhardy and mistaken thing to do, she now admitted,—and she should have read the future and better known the ways of men.

There had been a flirtation of one kind or another between them, if not something more serious, and when her eyes were opened to it, in her first white heat of passion, she had sent the girl away, she knew not where and cared less.

Her son's anger, on discovering this, but made her realize how dangerously near he had gone to a real entanglement. Her own actions were justified she felt at the time, and her conscience sustained her now.

She had said nothing. To have discussed the matter would have been beneath her dignity. Who knows what opposition in such affairs might do.

As it was he had turned upon her with hot, unforgettable words,—then packed up his traps and gone to town, leaving her desperately wretched but unrepentant. When he returned a few days later, peace was restored, and he seemed in his careless, light-hearted way to have erased all memory of any trouble from his mind.

Things went on the same, and they never by look or word referred to the unhappy affair. Still to-night the remembrance of that girl came back with troublesome persistency. The woman fancied she saw her as she used to bend over her sewing in the sunny room, her yellow curly hair shining under the small cap that was so unnecessarily becoming. She thought of the girl's face when she sent her away, of its tragical whiteness, and the strange, frightened look in her eyes.

Perhaps she had cared—. Who could tell? She might have imagined him to be in earnest, poor little fool—him, Edward Willoughby, the heir to all the millions of gold and the traditions of his father's house. Well, she had gone quietly, with none of the reproaches or outbursts that are usual with those of her class, and though it all happened six months ago, no word had come from her since.

Mrs. Willoughby drew the curtain and shut out the lovely winter night. "Oh! why should she weary over these old mistakes or evils," she thought, passionately. He was gone—nothing could change it, and there had fallen punishment enough without these thoughts and questions forcing their torment upon her.

He was taken away by violence; they brought him home after a fall from his horse, and he only lived an hour. He knew no one, and spoke but once, and that was not to call her name but the name of the girl,—the old gunsmith's daughter she had sent away in anger.

As she, his mother, kneeled by him he looked up with a flash of light in his eyes, and raised himself on one arm: "Ah, Nell," he said in a clear voice, "keep up courage, sweet one,—it will come—right in the end—forgive—."

That was all, but the dying words were branded on his mother's memory.

She woke up at midnight with the sound of them in her ears. They echoed in the wind about the house, the rain against the windows; they stared up at her from the open pages of books, they came again and again in mocking whispers, as though spoken beside her by unseen lips.

What had he meant? What thought had so dominated his mind that he spoke of it with his last breath? What would come right? Could he really have loved her—that girl? If not, why had he remembered her and forgotten his mother? And if he had so loved her,—then perhaps she—his mother—had been wrong, for love was love after all, and not lightly to be gone against.

The woman sank wearily into the chair before the fire, and leaning back, closed her eyes.

The night wore on, and the moon slipped like a pearl down the sky behind the shadowy hills, while in the East came the great morning star, luminous and clear, to take its place.

By and by a maid entered the drawing-room holding a candle, which she shaded with one hand. She looked about anxiously till she discovered her mistress half hidden in the chair by the hearth. Giving a startled cry, she went over and touched the sleeping woman.

"There's someone from the village beyond wanting to see you, madam," she said. "He won't give me the message."

Mrs. Willoughby opened her eyes slowly.

"I've been asleep, Catherine," she answered, rising wearily. "I was so tired. Some one to see me, you say? Who is it?"

"A man from the village, madam."

She followed the girl, the yellow candle-light flickering through the darkened room and deserted halls.

At the outer door stood the man waiting uneasily. He pulled off his cap in clumsy fashion.

"Are you the lady?" he asked abruptly.

"I am Mrs. Willoughby," she answered.

"I am just a stranger passing through," he went on, "but at the inn, where I stopped over night, a girl came yesterday. She's been ill. They say she's asked for you over and over, but no one would come because as there's a report abroad that you'd had trouble betwixt

you. So I come, for they say she won't get over it, and I, bein' the outsider that sees the game truest, reckoned perhaps you'd rather know."

"Who is she?" asked the woman, breathlessly.

"They called her Nell Scarth," he returned, "and said as she'd been off somewhere and only back yesterday. She's in sore trouble, mistress."

"Wait," she said. "Wait, I'll go with you. My cloak, Catherine—the hooded one."

"Will you not have the carriage ordered, madam, or at least take me?" said the girl anxiously.

"No," she said, "thank you,—I will go alone."

The man went before and she followed across the unbroken snow and down the highway.

The star of the morning seemed to roll on before,—to beckon, as that other star perchance had beckoned the pilgrims of the past. About it was a soft and heavenly shining, and there was no other light in all the sky.

Ah! in the long ago those others had been led on to the Christ-child, the divine child of peace, but she—to what was the star calling her—to what sin—to what new grief.

She kept pace behind the unknown man, following blindly, stumbling often where the drifts were deep.

Once he spoke. "Its getting towards morning, my lady."

"Yes," she said, "the dawn is coming."

"It's queer," he went on, "how folks die oftentimes at the dawning."

The long road wound at last to the village and clear before them, out of the misty grey of the East, making a pathway for their feet across the snow, led on the morning star. She seemed to walk in the golden track of its light.

The houses were all hushed and unreal, phantom houses they looked to be, that might melt away at sunrise. The man reached the inn, passed it, and went on.

"Is she not here?" asked the woman faintly.

"No," he answered. "They took her yonder to that little cottage where you see the light. There was no room," he ended, half apologetically, "you see—for that sort of a case."

"There was no room in the inn," she echoed softly.

"Oh! hasten on, sir, I am following, and I am not tired." All anger was slipping from her, all hatred and uncharitableness, and only pity was in its place.

He stopped at the rough door of the small house, opened it and passed in, the other close at his side.

The feeble crying of a new born baby came to them from where it lay in the arms of an old, old woman. She sat rocking back and forth before the dying fire on the hearth, and crooned a little song. She only turned half round as they entered, and did not seem to wonder or take much notice.

A girl lay upon a bed at one end of the room, and by her stood a man Mrs. Willoughby recognized as a doctor from the town near by. There was none in the village.

A strange look was upon his face, forbidding and stern.

"She is dead, madam," he said, in his professional way. "There was some heart trouble. It would have been well if you had come before."

"I—I did not know, she cried with whitened lips,—"believe me, I did not know. It is Nellie Scarth, is it not? What of the child? Oh! tell me quickly."

"He is your son's child," he answered, looking down at the trembling little figure. "She was his wife."

"Yes," he replied, lifting one still hand, "there is the ring—and there are papers beneath her pillow which prove it. However, it was her secret which she kept well, and now it is yours. The world need never know it, madam. We medical men are used to keeping silence."

"The world!" she answered with a bitter cry, and falling on her knees by the bed. "Oh! what do I care for it? The world shall know. I will atone. I will atone. She shall come home and be laid beside him. For the child—it is God who has sent him to me because I was alone and broken-hearted, and without faith or hope. Do you not understand? Do you not understand?"

"Yes," he answered, "Yes, I do."

The woman rose unsteadily and crossed to where the old dame, deaf and half blind, still rocked to and fro and crooned the little song. "Give him to me," she cried softly, holding out her arms, "he is mine."

And as she wrapped her cloak about him and gathered him close and warm against her heart, the golden shining of the newly risen sun came in at the windows, for it was Christmas morning.

—Acta Victoriana.

WHEN ELIZABETH WENT HOME.

IT was only five o'clock, but the wide, far-stretching prairie-land lay swathed in twilight. It was too early for stars as yet, and the oncoming night hovered down unbroken by any point of light, unbelievably still, full of a strange solemnity, and to Elizabeth, unspeakably dreary. She stood with her face against the pane, gazing out absently into the deepening dusk.

"At home," she mused, and the word vibrated in her mind with an aching tenderness, "the electric lights are gleaming along the streets, the trolley cars are full of happy Christmas shoppers. Papa has come in now and hurries off to his room with various mysterious bundles; Alice and Dick are hobnobbing together in a corner over mamma's present. After dinner, some of the crowd will come in and there will be music and games." She turned from her thoughts to the grey stretch outside. "Snow, stillness — country, country, country! I hate it!" she gasped with a sort of self-pity. "I like noise and lights and good times and people. Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Her husband was coming now. She could not discern his figure, but she heard his whistle, the notes dull and spiritless, mere ghosts of his old-time runs and trills. "But he doesn't hate this lonely life as I do," she thought, resentfully. "He likes it. He is troubled only because I am."

Stamping the snow from his feet, he came into the warm room, seeming somehow to fill it with his large personality. He stooped and kissed her tenderly, trying to meet her averted gaze.

"You're nice and snug in here, Elizabeth," he began, with a tentative cheerfulness. "It's awfully cold outside." The girl-wife made no response, but began to set the table, and the man said no more until she summoned him to the evening meal. He looked at her from time to time as she sat opposite him, hoping that her somber mood would pass, but she kept her wistful gaze bent toward her plate, and the bitter lines of her mouth never relaxed.

"What a dainty meal, dear," he said, with an attempt at animation. "Quite worthy of the season. It doesn't seem possible that the day after to-morrow is Christmas, does it?"

"Please don't remind me of it, Robert, I beg," she cried, sharply. The man winced and put down his coffee cup, gazing with set brows into its amber depths. Suddenly he gave his shoulders an energetic little shake and sighed with the stress of a firm resolve.

"Elizabeth," he said, "let's hurry and finish, then we can spend the evening packing your trunk, for you must start home in the morning. You will arrive Christmas afternoon, in time for most of the festivities, and you can stay just as long as you like."

Elizabeth looked at him squarely now, with startled eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You know very well——"

"Just this, dear. You must take the seventy-five dollars we saved to get the new machinery in the spring. I'll manage about that somehow."

"Why—why, I couldn't do that," stammered Elizabeth in denial, but with hope mounting in her heart. "I won't do it."

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, in his most masterful tones, and with an air of finality. And then his calmness broke, and he cried from his heart, "Ah, dearest, don't you know it just kills me to see you sad and lonely, not to hear you sing about your work any more, or make little jokes and laugh as you used to do? I think I can get the machinery somehow, but let's not think about that now. Nothing matters except for my sad little girl to find her happy heart again."

With a cry of remorseful tenderness, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Robert, you're so good, so good! And what a poor wife I am! So selfish and unkind to you! But, Robert, you can't understand. You can't realize how I ache to go home. This snow and stillness and bigness of everything gets on my nerves. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"It wasn't so bad in the early summer when the woolly buffalo-grass was so soft and pretty, and the sky was so blue, and when mama and Alice were here, it was fine, but oh, this winter—" She broke off with a shudder. "And we've been married a year and a half, and I've never been home once! When we planned to go this Christmas, I was so happy, and then things went wrong and we couldn't afford it, and I thought I should die!" she cried with the extravagance of youth. "Oh, Robert, I know I oughtn't to go, but I do want to!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he said, softly, again, "and you shall go."

The girl clung to him, leaving her tears and kisses upon his cheeks.

"My dear, good, generous Robert," she murmured. "Well, I'll go, but I won't stay long, and when I come back I'll be the best wife in the world."

So it was settled. The pretty trousseau, almost unworn, was prepared for the eastern journey.

"Are you sure you won't look shabby or old-fashioned?" Robert asked, anxiously, for pride was one of the strongest fibres of his being.

"Oh, no, they won't expect a fashion-plate to come out of the wilderness," she answered, gaily, "and Alice will help me furbish things up a little."

Stopped in her packing, she slipped on a little rose-colored evening gown, and opening her fan, peered at him, coquettishly, over its filmy edge.

He looked at the flushing, glowing, rose-colored girl-creature, and wondered if she could be the wan, heavy-eyed woman who had met him when he came in from his work. The great wide night held the little house in its clutch, and the wind moaned under the eaves like a soul debarred from Paradise, but for once Elizabeth did not hear it. Robert did. "What will it be when she is gone?" cried a voice in his heart.

Early the next morning they drove over to Wilkes, the nearest town, where Elizabeth was to take the east-bound train. It was a wonderful day—white and blue and gold. The sky was as blue as a gentian flower; the snow-crystals flung back the sun's rays from their glittering facets, and the air was a joy to the lungs. Even Elizabeth, now that she was saying a farewell to the country, admitted its charm.

"Yes, I suppose this trackless white is more beautiful than the mud and slush of my little home city, but three cheers for mud and slush all the same!"

Robert laughed—with his lips. In his heart was an agony of loss. Arriving at the station, they learned to his dismay that the train was two hours late. To prolong this parting through two hours of dreary waiting would be more than he could endure. Besides, various duties urgently called him back to the little farm. Elizabeth divined his thoughts.

"Robert," she said, "you mustn't wait. Truly, I don't want you to. It would be too hard for us both. And there are so many things you ought to do back at the house."

She never called it home and the fact had stung him many a time.

"Very well, dear, if you wish it, but I'll telegraph your people before I go."

"Robert, if you don't mind, I'd like to do that myself. It'll help pass the time, and, besides, I want to send as funny and jolly a message as possible."

"Certainly, dear, and here's a note I wrote you last night. I was rather wakeful. Read it sometime along on the way. Well, good-bye, then, dearest one; have a good time and be happy. Good-bye." He kissed her with trembling lips and then turned quickly, climbed as hurriedly into the wagon, and drove away without once looking back.

Elizabeth gazed after him with some of the brightness gone from her face. She tapped the sill of the station door discontentedly with her little foot.

"There really isn't much pleasure in going without Robert," she thought, and then looked curiously at the note in her hand. "I believe I'll read it now," she decided. "He said any time." She went into the station and sat down upon a hard bench. There was one other person in the room, a gaunt, flat-chested German woman.

Elizabeth tore open the note and read:

"This is to be only a few words to bid my little wife God-speed, tell her how much I love her, and a few other things that I want to say now while see them clearly. It has come upon me lately that I have wronged you in bringing you to this lonely place. My boyhood was passed in the country, and I love it. It seemed to me that there could be no freer, happier life than here in this virgin land. I knew that there would be privations, of course, but I did not fear them, and you, catching a little of my enthusiam, were willing to come. So I refused the kind offer of your Uncle Henry. The stifling round uf the office, the struggle of the world of men, fevers me. To grapple with wind and dust and famine—that was the battle at thought of which every sinew of me thrilled.

"But you were differently made. You were born for the easier, more sparkling life of the city. All the pleasant and gracious things which society offers to a fair and sweet woman, were yours by iight.

"Therefore, dearest, I beg your forgiveness. The happiness of you is the happiness of me. It is a small thing to say that I would die for you; rather, I will live for you, and in the way that is most pleasing to you. If your uncle's offer is still open to me, I will accept it, if you so desire. But, dear, if you could find it in your heart to give this life a

few months' trial, I should be so glad. I feel sure that the crops will be as good this year as they were poor last, and then we could make this home more like your old one. Just until the autumn comes, Elizabeth, and you can stay with your mother as much of that time as you wish. But if you feel that you do not desire to make the trial, then say so, dear, and your wish shall be mine. For, after all, wherever you are is the sweetest spot in the world for me.

"Have a happy visit, dear; stay as long as you like, and God keep you!"

Elizabeth's tears fell on the note before she had finished. "There is not another in all the world as good as Robert," she thought. "I won't try to decide about the farm. I'll wait until I reach home. I'd better telegraph now."

She turned toward the little room where the operator sat, and then hesitated; somehow the keen edge of her eagerness was dulled. The home vision was not so radiant, so fascinating, as it had seemed earlier. She remembered her brother Dick and his friends, with their well-groomed persons, their polished flippancy, and then she thought of Robert in his worn ulster, his cheeks glowing from the wind of the prairie, but with loneliness in his sober eyes. She drew her hand across her forehead with a childish gesture of trouble and dissatisfaction, and then her eyes fell on the German woman who still sat moveless on the other bench.

A dull, colorless, creature she was, who might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. Her complexion was of an unhealthy, yellowish-hue and a few wisps of the same yellowish-hued hair straggled stringily down her thin temples. One would hardly have noticed her a second time, but for the expression of grief that dignified her unlovely face. Every once in a while a slow tear fell from her eyes, and, rolling drearily down her faded cheeks, dropped upon her hands which were folded in her lap. Elizabeth, always tender-hearted in the presence of suffering, rose and walked over to her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked, timidly.

"Nobody can't do nottings," replied the woman with simplicity. "My man been dead."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, helplessly, "I'm sorry," and then as the woman moved over a little, she sat down beside her. The pathos of this bald statement touched the girl's already overwrought feelings unspeakably, and her face was very sweet with sympathy as she questioned gently:

"Has he been dead long?" The poor creature began to talk eagerly. It was a relief to pour out some of the trouble in her heart to this kindly stranger.

"No, miss; one week he has been dead. Ten years Chris and me's been married. Chris hadn't no learning, but he was good-looking, yes. I had learning. I could read, and some I could write. I worked in the canning factory mit Gussie and Tina and lots of other girls, and sooch fun we been having. Then 'long come Chris and asked me won't I marry mit him and I did. But he ain't high-toned like me, and he want to have a farm, and we did come way out here. But I never did like it, no. It sads me to hear the wolves in the night-time, and everything is that still! And I don't like never to see nobody. I want to see Tina and Gussie and work in the canning factory again already, and I ask him to go, but he say no. And I sass him and sass him, and he don't say mooch, and never don't beat me, and now he been dead. My man been dead."

She paused, her stooped shoulders shaken with sobs. Elizabeth's face twitched oddly; but she struggled to maintain her composure.

"And now what are you going to do?" she asked, huskily.

"I'm going to try to get into the canning factory again already. But I dont want to work in the canning factory, no. I want to live out on the prairie mit Chris. It wouldn't sad me no more. Mein Gott, I been one fool! Wolves don't matter. Never seein' nobody don't matter. Nothin' matter, but your man!"

Elizabeth arose and grasped the woman's hand. The light that never was on sea or land was in her eyes.

"Yes, your right. Nothing matters but your man. Thank you! And good-bye!"

It was Christmas eve. Robert sat alone in the little house and looked into the fire. The hook where Elizabeth's jacket had hung was empty. Her little overshoes were gone too. He was acutely conscious of this, and dared not turn his eyes in that direction. Suddenly he bowed his head in his hands. Strong and gallant soul that he was, there had come upon him to-night an utter heart-sickness and despair.

"I am a failure," he told himself, bitterly, "a failure. I have failed with the farm; I have failed with Elizabeth: I thought I could make up to her for the things she would lose. I thought my love would be enough. But it was not enough. We will leave the farm. Perhaps, I shall succeed

after a fashion. Perhaps Elizabeth will be happy again. But I shall know it is not I who have done it. I shall see myself for what I am, a ghastly failure."

Tears fell upon his tanned cheeks—not the quick bright tears of childhood, but the awful tears of manhood, that start in the depths of the heart and come by a slow, burning pathway to the eyes.

Then Elizabeth came.

Her cheeks glowed with the cold; her eyes were two dazzling love-lights. She fell upon him with a divine ferocity, she submerged him in her arms, she overwhelmed him with kisses.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "I couldn't go! It was no use to try. I couldn't endure Christmas without you. I should die! I don't want to go home! I only want to stay with you. And, of course, we'll try this life a little longer—forever, if you like. I shall never hate it again. Nothing matters but your man," she ended, with a sobbing laugh.

He did not understand as yet. He did not try. He only felt that he had leaped from misery to happiness. He held his angel of deliverance fast, and hoped his heart wouldn't burst with so much joy.

Afterward, when they were a little calmer, he asked her, anxiously:

"But are you quite, quite sure you won't regret that you didn't go home?" She laughed, softly, and nestlek closer within his arms.

"Home?" she repeated: "dearest, this is home!"—*E. B. Ronald, in McLure's.*

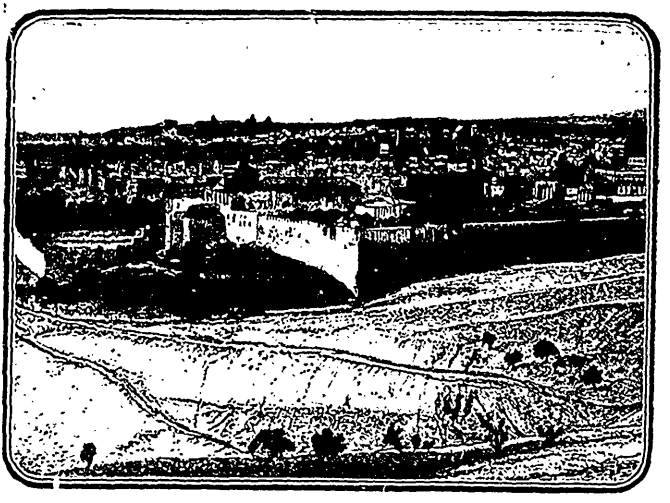
THE OLD WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

BY THEODORE F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

THE REMNANT OF "ROBINSON'S ARCH."

Standing to-day on nearly the same lines, on the west, north and east, which they occupied centuries ago, the walls, once white, have grown yellow and gray and roughened; but we can see at once stones seven feet high and thirty long, and having the "Jewish bevel" or squared edge, while the central part of the face was not smoothed, and left "quarry-face."

After many destructions followed by terrible massacres, the present walls were built by the Sultan Suliman, in or about the year 1542. He did not try to restore the wall which ran around the brow of Zion on the south, but on the other sides he followed the same, or nearly the same lines. As we look carefully, we can see what was standing when he went to work and where he began to mend, using



THE VIEW FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

smaller blocks and taking anything that came to hand, bases of pillars as well as house blocks.

It has been found by excavation that he sometimes built a few feet away from the old line; and this is easily explained, for the old line was a mass of ruin at some points and at such places he would not try to move the whole mass, but would start again nearby and pile the old stones on a new base.

The wall is nearly level on top, and therefore it must be built up much higher in some places than in others. It will be seen that it has a turreted top to protect its defenders, and the inside view will show that this turreted portion is much thinner than the rest, so that people could walk near the top of the wall. That can be done to-day by going up at one of the gates; but care must be taken not to offend householders, as most of the house-roofs are lower than the wall. It was a wall to be proud of, and so we find the Jews rejoicing over their beautiful city, and saying, "Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within thy palaces." Ps. 122: 7. And in their prayer they said, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem." Ps. 51. 18.

The wall was strengthened at corners and at certain distances along its straight lines by what the Bible calls "towers," and so we read, "Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof." Ps. 48.12.

The principal gates were near the middle of the sides, and there were some others, as we see from the account given by Nehemiah. A gate is more than an opening through the wall. It has a right turn within it, so that it may be better defended. In a crowded city like Jerusalem, with very narrow streets, people who wished to meet others to trade or parley went to the gates. There, for instance, Absalom sat and spoke to those who came from the country and won their hearts to him from his father David; and there prophets took their stand to speak to the people.

It was apparently in Solomon's time that the present line of walls, west, north and east, was built, and the eastern wall was then very high, rising as it did from the slopes of Moriah and supporting the courtyard of the temple. The wall now shows huge stones near the ground, evidently of the original work; but we know well the whole wall at the south-east angle, because a shaft was sunk by the Exploration Fund a little way from the wall, and galleries were run to it, until at last the shaft was eighty feet down, and then the engineers were as low as the base of the wall. There, on one of the lower stones, was the red paint still bright, and it showed the marks of Hiram's masons, their personal marks as is supposed, and not a date or record.

It was as long ago as 1838 that Dr. Edward Robinson, in tracing the wall round the temple court, found certain

ANCIENT TOWER ON ROCK PLATFORM NEAR THE ENGLISH CEMETERY, JERUSALEM.

stones which were built in to form the beginning of an arch. This was at the back of the temple, where Solomon built a special wall and had a passage over to the other hill, Zion. When the engineers were working here they calculated the arch, and found the other end underground on the side of the valley.

At one point, on the east, they also got under the wall, and found a great column, perhaps of Solomon's porch or colonnade, which had slipped down as far as it could go. On the bottom of this they again saw mason's marks.

I have said that the south wall does not follow its old line. It is now nearly straight and goes across Zion, but formerly it swept around its front, making a perfect defence, so that the Jebusites jeered at David when he came to capture it. This old wall, however, has been completely uncovered recently by the American, Dr. F. J. Bliss, and he found towers and gates as on the other sides. He had to go down some feet to find the wall, and then to dig deeply to uncover it, but at one point he found a noble tower by a gate which led out toward Bethlehem, and which had been used so long that it had three thresholds, one above another.

This gate, which is probably the one which Nehemiah called the "Valley Gate," was toward the west. When he got along, eastward, to the turning point, he found a large gate which was probably what Nehemiah called the "Fountain Gate," for it led down to the well from which, in the summer, the people still drink. This gate had a paved street coming to it from inside the city, and, part of the way, it was so steep

that it was cut in stairs, "the stairs that went down from the city of David" (Nehemiah 3. 15). The Bible is always a correct guide to the explorer, as it is in the way of life—to the explorer, and to every one—"a light to the feet and a guide to the path" (Psalms 119. 105).

When the fact is seen that the present walls of Jerusalem have no military strength, except against an attack of footmen, and when we find that the houses now extend beyond the wall on the west and north, we may fear lest this mass of building material may be used, as the pyramid stones were used to build Cairo; but here comes in fortunately the conservatism of the Moslem, who prefers old things to new, and we of America will join with him in this, and will always "take pleasure in her stones" Psalm 102. 14.

A MINISTRY OF HELPFULNESS.

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD.

When one man comes into a community with such strength of purpose, with such a message for the people that it seems inspired in its sympathy for men of all creeds, or no creeds, as did Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, in New York City, takes a church that would not be taken as a gift by a clergyman of any other denomination, and builds it up in a few years until it is one of the greatest churches on the continent, he becomes knit into the religious and philanthropic life of the community, until it seems that one cannot do without the other. Dr. Rainsford was in reality the founder of the institutional church in New York, an institution that is doing business for seven thousand people; looking after their spiritual, moral, mental and physical needs; not preaching high ideals to them on Sunday, and then closing the church doors for six days, so that all the opposing influences of the week can get to work; but looking after its people seven days in the week, teaching the children in its kindergartens and schools, and providing reading rooms and places of entertainment in the evening, in order to keep the young people off the streets.

Dr. Rainsford, large, athletic, full of mental and physical vigor, has always believed in the church militant; that is, a church aggressive, with a definite aim for the people the church is trying to reach. In his early youth it was his ambition to enter the army; he knew he would enjoy the fighting. Later, when he entered the church, he believed in the church's leadership, not holding back and setting itself apart, and he chafed when it showed signs of inactivity.

Dr. Rainsford's father was a clergyman in charge of a large parish in the North of Ireland. During the son's university days he did evangelical work in the East End of London, preaching whenever opportunity offered, and at Norwich he was able to do much for the working people, who were gradually drifting away from church influences. He gathered other young men as helpers; he preached in the town hall, in the Sunday Schools, and on the streets.

Later he went to the Cathedral Church of St. James, in Toronto, Canada, where he and his dog were conspicuous figures in the streets, and where he accomplished a great work. In 1883 he went to St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, New York. The church was greatly reduced in membership and a wreck of its former self. The new rector told the committee that he would need a certain number of assistants and $15,000 a year for three years, to be used as he saw fit. It was granted and St. George's took on a new lease of life. He found that most of the pews were owned by wealthy families, who considered them as much their personal property as the homes they lived in, and who kept the deeds to the pews even after they had given up attending the church. Only about twenty of the old families were still attending the church in 1881, and for the first few months Dr. Rainsford had very small congregations; but he started out to reach the people of the neighborhood, who were without any church connections whatever. In six years the church was firmly re-established in the religious life of New York. A parish house was built where the educational, social and philanthropic societies could have a common meeting ground. There was a gymnasium for the young men, and a battalion for the boys who wanted to drill. For the girls there were sewing clubs and cooking schools. The young people of the district have been given the opportunity to meet socially and under proper conditions. Before they had only the street or some of the dance halls of the neighborhood. The whole general tone of several thousand homes has been changed by the lessons of politeness and consideration taught, almost unconsciously, by the large body of lay helpers, both young men and young women, who come from homes of refinement, and are giving one, two, and even more evenings a week for the benefit of those who are less fortunate. Over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars are spent annually for the work. None too much when one considers the vast amount of work it has set itself to do.

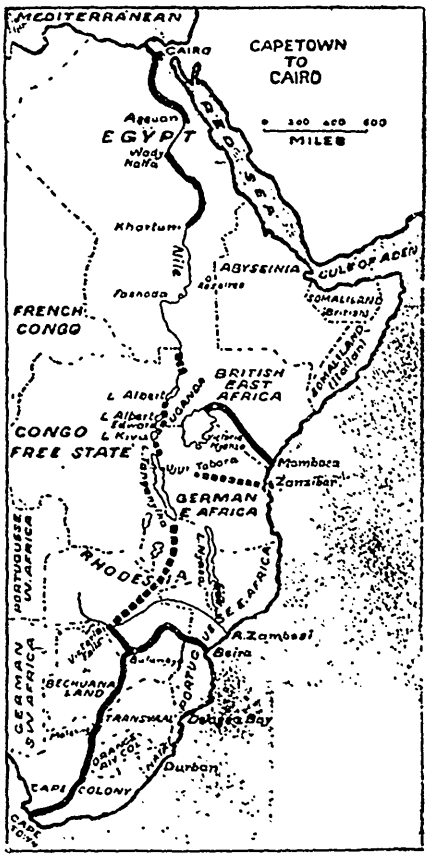
The Sunday School of St. George's is one of the strongest departments, and is carried on, as far as possible, as the public schools are conducted. There are over a hundred and fifty teachers in the school, many of them coming long distances every Sunday, some from upper New York and from Brooklyn. They are taken from among the brightest and most active young men and young women of the parish, and they are made to feel the heavy responsibility they have taken on their shoulders, in giving the first religious impressions to the active minds committed to their care. They meet regularly for discussion of methods and topics connected with the school. A large proportion of the scholars become regular communicants of St. George's.

Rich and poor kneel side by side in the crowded services at the brown-stone church on Stuyvesant Square, a convincing sight to those who have wavered in their belief that it was unable to meet the great social problems of the present century. Rich and poor meet on common ground at the meetings of the various societies in the parish-house, learning to know and to respect one another in a way hitherto impossible, all working for the benefit of the church they love so well.

A large part of Dr. Rainford's success was due to the fact that he had his own trained corps of assistant clergy, who took turns visiting the needy and sick of the vicinity, regardless of their religious affiliations, and who preached in turn at the regular services. Twenty-five of these young men have gone out to take charge of churches of their own, carrying to new cities the inspiration of the religion of service that has been the keynote of Dr. Rainsford's ministry.

THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO RAILROAD.

BY ELIZABETH M. DODGE.



From Cape Town to Cairo, across the great continent of Africa, a wonderful thoroughfare is nearing completion—the dream of Cecil Rhodes. Through sand-swept deserts, spanning high water falls, dividing tropical jungles men have laid steel rails, one after another, until, with connecting streams and rivers, a way has been opened through unknown Africa, 7,000 miles in length. The cost has been enormous—hundreds of thousands of dollars and scores of lives must be reckoned for each mile of track that has opened up this country—a monument to the genius, perseverance and foresight of one man—Rhodes.

Only a traveler in the interior of Africa or a civil engineer who had made a study of the conditions and difficulties attending such an undertaking can appreciate it.

The climatic conditions made it almost impossible to hire laborers who would remain at the work. Wild beasts, reptiles and poisonous insects abound in the jungle between Lake Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, and frequently interrupted track laying. Hippopotami upset a boat once last winter at Victoria Falls.

At one of the stations, two lions calmly walked up and down the platform one morning, then went to sleep in front of the door. The station agent was unarmed so he telegraphed for help. A professional hunter came by the next train and shot the lions from the car window. Some rhinoceri, desiring a more intimate knowledge of the big engines, got in the way and were killed. The tsetse fly pest was another difficulty met by the prospectors in northern Rhodesia. Many donkeys and horses were victims of the fly's bite.

When the Zambesi River was reached there was no craft large enough to carry the donkeys across. The only boats available were the native dugout canoes. So the only way was to drag each donkey across separately. This was no easy matter.

Cecil Rhodes, more than anyone else, knew the difficulties that lay before him. He knew the temptations that would come to the workers, skilled and unskilled, to give up and turn back. And so "the man who dreamed in continents" and who showed that he could also manage continents, called his men together when the first spade-full of earth was over-turned at Cape Town—the beginning of the greatest railroad in the world.

"We are starting on a seven thousand mile trip to Egypt," said Mr. Rhodes. "The way is long and rough and hard—the wages will be high, you men will be cared for as well as this company can arrange and every man who starts with me to-day and finishes with me in Cairo I will give five hundred pounds."

And the men cheered. Five hundred pounds! And the workmen began to plan the ways they would spend their fortune. But Cecil Rhodes did not live to see the end.

So the work began. All the modern

machinery of England and America was sent to the aid of this master-builder. On north from Cape Town the army pushed, leveling high places and filling low ones, dividing forests and spanning streams and rivers. Through the Transvaal and into the Congo Free State, 1,600 miles to the Victoria Falls over the Zambesi gorge, where mighty torrents of water dash down 460 feet with a force that sends columns of spray 3,000 feet into the air.

"Our road must cross here," declared Rhodes. "Build the bridge where the spray of the falls shall shower upon the trains as they pass." He also expressed the wish that a view of the cataract might be had from the windows of the cars and his poetic fancy has passed into the region of actual fact.

Something should be said of the building of this bridge—one of the most interesting engineering feats in the world. In the first place, it is the highest bridge in the world. Again, the waters of the gorge which it spans have never been fathomed, and no one knows their depth. It was only fifty years ago that the gorge and the famous falls at their head were discovered by David Livingstone. Now we can cross the Zambesi by the iron road, and proceed northward for another one hundred miles by the same train.

Travelers from London are now carried right up to the falls in twenty-one days, whereas prior to the opening of the line their transportation was a matter of months. At the falls themselves there is a hotel where accommodation is provided for eighty guests. It is only a temporary building, and it will shortly be replaced by a permanent one.

Tourists are now making their way to this spot in Central Africa to see for themselves the eighth wonder of the world, as the Victoria Falls has been rightly termed.

The bridge was built in nineteen weeks. Sir Metcalf claims that no other bridge has ever been built in so short a time or as cheaply.

The Zambesi is the longest river in Africa. It is 2,000 miles long and runs in a zigzag course its entire distance. The falls are twice as broad as Niagara and nearly twice as high.

While the builders of the road in the south have been active the workmen in the north have not been idle. From the Egyptian end the road now reaches Khartum, 1,500 miles.

A mistaken idea of the Cape-to-Cairo road has prevailed in many minds. Many have thought that a passenger for Cape Town might enter a railroad coach at Cairo and not leave it until his destination was reached. Of course the railroad, as known to most people, does not extend the entire distance. There will be an uninterrupted way from Egypt to Cape Town but it will be made up of the railroads, waterways—using the River Nile and the lake chains for some hundreds of miles. In years to come there may be an unbroken railroad. But the great additional expense, that is made unnecessary by the natural waterways, will not be undertaken for a long time to come.

Cecil Rhodes, the dreamer, if you please to call him such, has forced a step that will enable Africa to go forward by leaps and bounds. This road will lead to others. Civilization with all that civilization means, will enter the dark places of the Dark Continent and the light will follow. It is the beginning of the day in many places that never knew the sun. —Service.

DEAR BLESSED BABE.

BY ORA POLLARD PARKINSON.

One Christmas Day they laid her in my arms;
I thought to shield her aye from all alarms.
O do the cold winds hurt my darling, where
Beyond my reach she lies, so sweet, so fair?

Dear blessed Babe, asleep upon the hay,
Because thou sleepest there, some happy day
My little baby sleeping 'neath the snow
Shall wake again, my mother-love to know.

Current Topics and Events.

"Digger Sam: "John, this ain't my kind of climate; see if you can't dig this canal for me."

(Owing to the scarcity of labor, 2,500 Chinamen are to be hired to work on the Panama Canal.)

[Ryan Walker, in International Syndicate.]

A Free Church in a Free State.

It is a curious circumstance that the only country in Europe that carries to its logical sequence this dictum of Count Cavour is that United Italy which he did so much to create. The land long ground beneath the heel of papal despotism is now the freest country in Europe. In the city of Rome, where a few years ago no Protestant service could be held except in a private house, has now numerous Protestant churches on its most public streets. Within sight of the Vatican is the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The heroic statue of Garibaldi looks down upon the palace of the Popes. There is absolute religious equality. Many of the monasteries which were homes of idleness have been secularized, the monks have become school teachers, cab-drivers, or other useful members of society.

In France, where both Catholic and Protestant churches have been established by law and supported by the State, the yoke of Rome is being thrown off. The plottings of the clericals against the republic have led to the subversion of their power. They may retain their church

[*Pall Mall Magazine.*

Uncle and Nephew.

"Always busy, nephew! What are you making now?"
"I'm making a bigger boat than yours, uncle."
"An odd job for a soldier; take an old salt's advice, and drop it!"

THE TSAREWITCH AS A COLONEL.

TSAR: "And now that you are promoted to be a colonel it becomes your duty to restore discipline in the army!"

Chinaman: "Dlink welly bad England side. Opium allee same bad China side; Chinaman stoppee Opium ten yea' time—then sendee Missionally man help stoppee dlink England side."
—Westminster Gazette.

property if they will come under civil law; if not, they lose it. The religious orders have been largely engaged, while enjoying church protection and freedom from taxation, in the distilling of liquor and manufacture of lace in competition with unprotected industries, but have been brought under State control.

In Spain a similar revolt from the rule of Rome has taken place. The validity of civil marriage, the municipal control of public cemeteries, the emancipation of the schools from monastic teaching, and State registration of the monastic orders are demanded, and will undoubtedly be granted. So the oldest daughter of the church is bursting the bonds which have so long bound her.

In Germany and Switzerland both Catholic and Protestant churches are supported by the State to the disadvantage of both. We have seen a police station in the basement of the church, and the same civil servant distribute the Protestant hymns and light the Catholic altar candles

Minneapolis Journal.]

CRYING FOR ANNEXATION.

Dame Cuba: "I think, uncle, he's crying to come to you."

[Ryan Walker, in International Syndicate.]

A WORD OF WARNING.

Uncle Sam: "You fellows in future want to be careful about the trouble you stir up, or I'll put my hat over you."

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

A PRETTY PAIR.

Nurse Europa: "I've got a nice handful!"
Nurse Columbia: "Well! look at mine!"
—Punch, London.

in a church used alternately by the two religions.

In Austria and Eastern Europe the Catholic Church alone is established and endowed; in Scandinavia the Protestant faith; in Russia the Greek Church; in Turkey the Moslem faith.

Even in Mexico, once oppressed by the Inquisition, all churches are alike protected by law. None has special privileges, and the Catholic hierarchy may not wear its distinctive habiliments in the public street.

In England, the mother of liberty, where for a thousan dyears has been a struggle toward freedom, the State Church, with its vast endowment, is still intolerant. Of this its refusal of equal rights to "dissenters" in the public schools is an illustration. The veto of the Lords, and especially of what Dickens calls the Right Reverend and Wrong Reverend bishops, is the last straw.

Intolerance by Protestants is still more odious than intolerance by any one else. Of this the exclusion of the Japanese from the public schools of San Francisco, though not on religious grounds, is an example. A Japanese scientist studying the phenomena of the earthquake for the weal of the world was set upon by hoodlums and severely maltreated. Though Japan granted promptly $100,000 aid to the sufferers from earthquake, its children are excluded from the public schools. Japan, sensitive to its honor, and specially resenting insult to the children so dear to the hearts of the people, protests against this; but the President is powerless, as State rights interpose their veto on even treaty rights. Germany exults at the opening wedge of discord between two nations whom she fears.

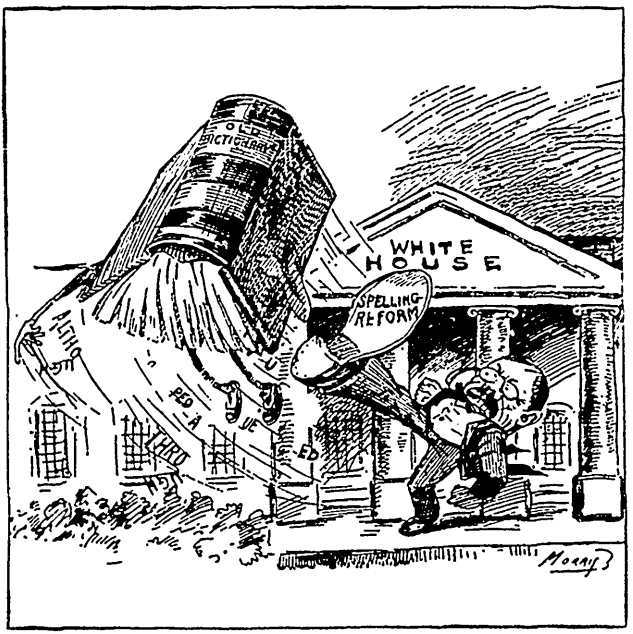
Uncle Sam finds it impossible to dig his Panama Canal without the help of the Chinese, or indeed, impossible to dig it at all unless freed from the fraud and graft and guile of political pulls. He has, therefore, decided to let the work by contract, open to the world, and the contractors may employ whom they will.

The determination of Germany, though without foreign colonies like Great Britain, to build a fleet, is laying upon the people a tremendous burden in addition to that of its colossal army. Yet Ger-

[Puck. (New York.

THAT EXTRA F.

Owr Fonetik Prezident: "And yet sum pepul sa Ime not a Tarif reformer!"
—Puck, New York.



KIKT OUT.
—Morris in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

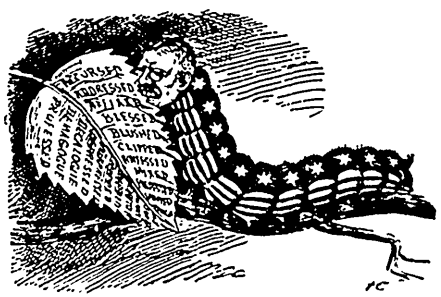
many has fallen from the third place as a naval power to the fifth through the naval growth of Japan and the United States. A cartoonist shows the foolishness of this beggar-my-neighbor rivalry.

The Cuban question still calls forth the mirth of cartoonists though the attitude of the nation has been irreproachable. Uncle Sam does not covet the nursing of this squalling baby, nor is he desirous to spread the wings of his protection over the turbulent.

Matters in Russia for the moment are more quiet, if quiet it can be called which is but the peace of the prison or the grave. The baby prince, whose birth was hailed as the dawn of a new era, has been promoted to the colonelcy, but that does not help the matter very much, even though he were made generalissimo. Time was in Britain when juvenile officers drew large emoluments and wielded, or rather their parents did, large influence. "Give the major his pap," was a current joke, but now a free people can govern themselves.

The recent emeute in Crete, where civil and religious strife have been almost constant for centuries, is caricatured in the cartoon of "the pretty pair."

The revolt of the Chinese Government against the opium trade and its determination to suppress it within ten years, have called forth the promise of co-operation on the part of Great Britain. Let us



THE WORD-EATER.
The word-eater (Logophagus Rooseveltii) feeds on the leaves of the Dictionary tree.

FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

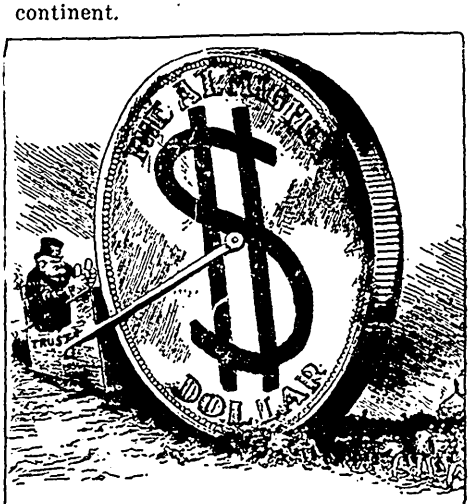
hope that this open sore of the world will ere long be healed and that shame and disgrace will be wiped from the escutcheon of both countries.

The spelling reform still calls forth the humor of the cartoonists. President Roosevelt's aggressive reform is shown in vigorous action in kicking out the old dictionary from the White House, in his devouring the leaf of the dictionary tree, in his new way of spelling tariff. But his reform is unfortunately restricted so far to spelling, though Mr. James Hill, the Canadian-born railway king of the North-West, urges the lowering of the tariff wall so far as the free exchange of coal between the two countries is concerned. As it is, the American wall is twice as high as ours, and to remove a tier of stones from each would still leave a gross discrepancy.

The principal feature of the month has been the defeat of Mr. Hearst, the "political buccaneer," in his vaulting ambitions. The country is saved for a time from the disgrace, the infamy, of endorsing such a quack and charlatan. Yet it is an omen of ill augury that he came so near winning the governorship. By the venal and largely foreign population of New York City he received an overwhelming majority. It was only the level-headed farmer vote of the upper state that saved the situation. One of our cartoons shows the violence and virulence of party vituperation. The average candidate is regarded as an angel of light by his friends, as a demon of darkness by his enemies, whereas he is really a very insignificant midget in the hands of a political boss.

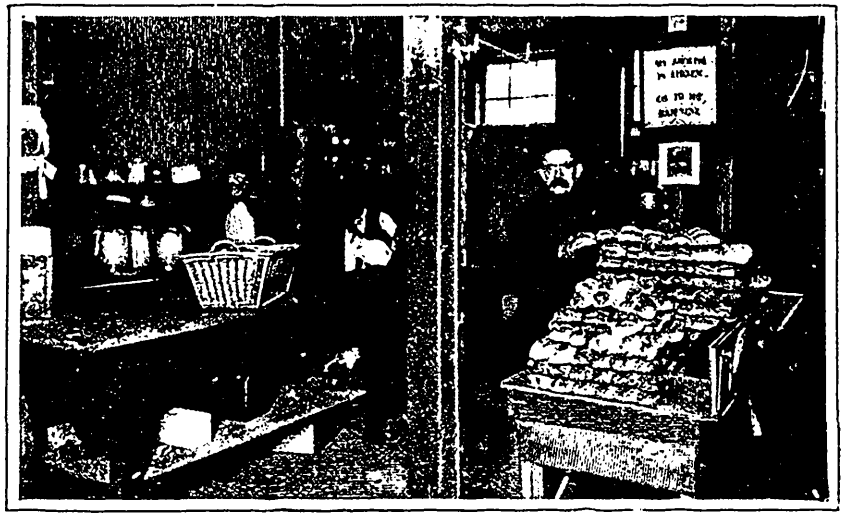
The indictment and conviction of the oil trust and the great railway's fraud in rebates gives hope of better protection of the common people on whom the trusts batten and fatten. But our cartoon expresses the conviction that through the power of the "almighty dollar" the juggernut of the trusts may still grind into powder, pulverize the people beneath its power.

The City of Brotherly Love, and indeed the whole State founded by William Penn, have fallen into disrepute on account of their flagrant graft. The recent dedication, shall we call it, of the new capitol at Harrisburg illustrates this. The contract for the building was $4,000,000, a good round sum. But before it was opened this had grown to $13,000,000. The State House at Albany was even worse. It is not quite finished yet, and cost over a score of millions, about three times the original eestimate, and much of it is pronounced in an unsafe condition. In contrast with this is the erection of the beautiful State House at Hartford, Conn., and the Ontario Parliament Buildings, both of which were finished for the contract price. This new octopus of graft and greed must be throttled, or it will throttle the commonwealths of this continent.



LOTS OF POWER HERE.
Tad in the New York American-Journal.

Religious Intelligence.



"A PROUD MAN IS THE COOK."

"GREAT MOUNDS OF THE BIGGEST AND BROWNEST OF ROLLS."

The Bowery Mission.

The recent visit of Mr. Collier and the stirring story of what has been accomplished for the submerged tenth of Great Britain gives special interest to similar endeavors for the lifting up of the fallen on this continent. Some of the most successful of these are the missions in the Bowery in New York. This is one of the most notorious streets in the world, crowded with Jewish stores, cheap theatres, concert halls, Yiddish and others, cheap lodging-houses, and flanked on either side by the most densely peopled streets on the face of the earth.

The old John Street Methodist Church, erected by the inspiration and labor of Barbara Heck, the first Methodist Church built in America, has a very successful mission in Bowery. A still older one carries on a ministry unique and important. Not content with its evangelistic services every night and nearly all day Sunday it gives during the winter months from the middle of January to the first of April a hot breakfast from one o'clock till three o'clock in the morning to an average of a thousand homeless wanderers who would otherwise pace the snowy street in hunger and cold and wretchedness.

No one can say how many of these friendless men of the Bowery have mothers, fathers and families, who, having lost sight of them for years, are still hoping and praying for their return. There are men with grizzled hair and hard-lined faces, who, years ago, came to the great city full of hope. Literally "falling among thieves," they were robbed of health, decency, and of everything which makes life worth living, their lives have trailed along the downward path, until even the memory of all the good has become dim or entirely fled.

Then, too, there are many young men—and these are more deserving of sympathy and help than any other class—who are as hungry and shivering as the rest, who have not, as yet, a smirch of disgrace upon them. Young fellows, who have left their homes in country towns, holding mental pictures of the city's pos-

MORE ROLLS WANTED.

sibilities and opportunities, that have proved to be very different from the hard reality. Their little store of money gone, and no employment found, the poor fellows have been obliged to leave their lodgings or boarding-places. There are no friends to whom they can apply for help; so, discouraged and hopeless, they drift to the Bowery. There, at least, they will not be alone in their misery; there, at least, there are others as wretched as themselves. There is light and bustle and noise—something going on to divert their attention from the heart-break, as they think of the dear ones at home, waiting so eagerly to hear of the success they were so sure of winning, if only they could get to the city. Too proud to let their families know to what straits they are reduced, many of these young lads, innocent and without a taint of wrong-doing, find themselves stranded. They are willing to do anything to earn an honest dollar, but find that the dishonest coin comes their way more easily; and it is not to be wondered at that they sometimes respond to temptation, in whatever way it may come, after struggling as long as possible with hunger, cold, and loneliness. There is no loneliness like that of a great city; but there is always company of some kind to be found on the Bowery. And surely the young men who gravitate thither, because, in their ignorance, they feel that there is no other place to go, are worthy of more than a passing thought from the modern good Samaritan.

Many of these young men who have been helped by the Bowery Mission, are now occupying honorable places in the business world, where they are in a position to help others, never forgetting what a little assistance meant to them when they were so helpless.

"Out of a job" and "sickness" are the primary causes of a good share of the destitution which overtakes these men. A few weeks', or even days' illness, results in their being thrown out of work. There is nothing to fall back upon; for, while these poor people are notoriously improvident, they have very little to be improvident with. The landlord takes the bulk of the earnings, and, more's the pity, the saloon, too, often gets a large share of the remainder.

And so the procession files along, from one o'clock until three, on these bitter zero winter mornings. While every one with a roof over his head is comfortable in bed, this army, more than a thousand

"A BIT TO EAT AND DRINK."

wend their way to the Bowery Mission, where in the kitchen, during the early evening, under the direction of Superintendent Hallimond and Assistant Long, barrels of hot coffee have been prepared, many pounds of coffee and sugar and gallons of milk going to make up the inspiring beverage. Great mounds of the brownest and biggest of rolls await the pitifully eager hands that are stretched forth for them a few hours later. A proud man is the cook as he reviews the results of his labors.

If anyone should think this charity not worth while, and the unfortunates not worth the help thus extended, their hearts would be softened were they to stand for one hour and watch this ragged, shivering throng, as they wait in line ready for this door of mercy to be opened for them.

"BARRELS OF HOT COFFEE HAVE BEEN PREPARED.

THE DEARTH OF MEN FOR OUR PULPITS.

"Our waning Ministerial Supply," is the subject of a most interesting article in the Christian Advocate, by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele. Speaking of Methodism across the border, he reports an appalling shrinkage in the number of ministerial candidates in training, amounting in six years to 25 per cent.

The Alumni Record of Wesleyan University shows that between 1872 and 1905 the gain in the number of physicians was 87 per cent., in the number of lawyers, 44 per cent., the number of teachers 158 per cent., of business men 154 per cent., while the gain in the number of ministers was only four per cent.

Dr. Steele feels that this falling off is due to a lack of spirituality in the churches. The falling off in the class-meeting, the writer believes, has also much to do with this state of affairs. The class-meeting is the "drill-ground" of the ministry. The call of the mission fields is intensifying the difficulty, and unless there comes shortly a great and glorious revival throughout Methodism, Dr. Steele feels that the words "to be supplied" will have to be printed in Conference Minutes against many thousands of her circuits and stations.

The writer discusses possible sources of supply. The Salvation Army has done a great and glorious work. But the Army lacks the literary and theological training that we demand in our ministry, and the Army moreover seems at present touched with the same chill that is affecting our churches.

Looking at these unsatisfactory sources of supply, the writer feels that the time has come for the opening of the ministry to women. "Multiply the number of deaconesses," he says, "and enlarge their sphere to include preaching and pastoral care and the administration of the sacraments 'in the absence of an elder,' and you instantly more than double the ministerial supply. For there are in our church two women to one man, a Mary and a Martha to every Lazarus. Perhaps Divine Providence is making preparation for the incoming of these auxiliary forces into the battlefield just in time to gain the victory. For never in the history of the world were the doors of universities opened to women as they are to-day, when throngs of them, eagerly culturing their brain while their brothers are strengthening their brawn, are capturing most of the scholastic prizes. Dr. Harris, the former United States Commissioner of Education, predicts that in less than twenty years the learned classes taking the lead in literature, science, art and economics in America will be women. It was a woman's pen that prepared "the

boys in blue" to fight bravely against slavery. Said President Lincoln when Mrs. Stowe was introduced to him, taking her hand in both of his: "Is this the little woman who made this big war?" The national demand for the investigation of the stupendous monopoly of the Standard Oil Company, as voiced by President Roosevelt, was inspired by a woman magazine writer. Within a year or two there has been placed in the Rotunda of our national Capitol the marble statue of a Methodist woman, the most widely known and best beloved reformer in the world. These are indications of the glorious possibilities of Christian women in the future of Christ's kingdom. They may have come to the intellectual "kingdom for such a time as this," or rather for that time which will soon come, if our waning ministerial supply continues a few quadrenniums longer."

Our Revised Version reads "The Lord gave the word: the women that published it were a great number." And in spite of the stand recently taken in our own land in excluding women from the General Conference we cannot but feel that the time is approaching when, whether she votes in conference or not, the work to be done and her ability to do the work, as she is so largely doing in the mission field, will open to her fields of further service in the church.

In the home, too, she has yet a great service to render the ministry. As we once heard from one of our pulpits: "There are fewer mothers to-day praying that their sons will be ministers than there once were." Not long since we heard the daughter of a parsonage say, "I hope my boy will not be a minister." So long as this spirit prevails in our homes we must expect a dearth of men for our pulpits.

One of the most marked forward notes of the late General Conference was the determination to place the Guardian far ahead of the position it has for some years occupied. The price is raised to $1.50 (many thought it should be $2.00), the quality of paper greatly improved, more illustration will be used, and two good and strong men will give their undivided time to making it a paper in every way adequate and worthy of the Church which it represents. The Rev. W. B. Creighton, B.A., the new editor elected, has already won his spurs in the good work he has done on the Guardian for some years, and in being in exclusive charge for some months. His assistant will be the Rev. William McMullen, who has already won distinction in literature both at home and abroad. Readers of this magazine will remember his important contributions to its pages.

THE HEROINE OF GUJARAT.

"PHULBAI"—MRS. ROBERT WARD.

Mrs. Ward is a native of Gujarat, India, a picturesque personality. Her name, Phulbai, signifies "flower." She is the daughter of an Indian-Christian farmer, but lost both her parents at an early age. Mrs. Ward early in life consecrated herself to the spiritual uplifting and temporal amelioration of her people. She has ridden many hundreds of miles on camel-back, carrying the Gospel story to remote villages on the plains of India, where the heat is so terrific that last year it registered 114 degrees in the shade. Although by nature quiet and gentle, Phulbai frequently has proved what wonderful courage Christ bestows upon those who are willing to stand "in the breach" for him. Disguised as a beggar-woman, she sat outside a Mohammedan mosque for hours at a time, in order that she might get information which was needed. Hundreds of pulpits and platforms in Great Britain were thrown open to her when she accompanied her husband on a lecture tour, in an endeavor to arouse the churches of

that country to a sense of responsibility in regard to the opium and drink traffic.

Ten years ago, Mrs. Ward returned to her native land and assumed the responsibilities and trials of a foreign missionary's wife. During the Indian famine a cargo of corn had arrived, twenty railway truck-loads were despatched to the portion of the field for which Mr. Ward was responsible. There were no missionaries who were not fearfully overloaded with work; yet the corn had to go. Phulbai stepped forward, met the train, chartered sixty bullock-wagons, and, taking her seat upon the piled-up sacks in the cart at the end of the procession, saw the whole consignment safely to its destination. And this was at the time when the famishing hill-tribes were scouring the country-side, looting the shops of the grain dealers, and not sparing even the armed police of the government.

Her husband, the Rev. Robert Ward, editor of the Banner of Asia, has lived among the people of India as one of themselves, wearing the Indian dress and eating the food of the country, thus making himself thoroughly acquainted with the languages, needs and feelings of those to whom he ministered. The district from which he comes now has some 20,000 converts.

HELEN G. RUMSEY.

The "Girl Preacher."

Whether preaching to cultured audiences in cities, or laboring among the hard coal-miners in the mining districts, writes Lucia A. Henderson, in the Christian Herald, success in equal measure has attended the efforts of Helen Gertrude Rumsey, the young woman evangelist. She preaches the plain, simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and this, with personal work, has produced good spiritual results.

Though Miss Rumsey is widely known as the "Girl Preacher," she prefers the simpler appellation of "Pastor's Helper." She has appeared in many of the larger of the Middle States, where, night after night, throngs have assembled to hear her. She has done effective and far-reaching evangelistic work.

Helen G. Rumsey comes from the Empire State, having been born in Chautauqua County, N.Y. She spent her early life much after the order of the average American girl, and attended High School, from which she graduated with high honors. Love came into her life, and the wedding day was set. Instead of happily plighting her troth, as she had anticipated, she stood beside the casket of him who was dearer than life. The girlish young life, with all its talents and possibilities, was then dedicated to the betterment of the world. Taking a thorough theological course, she prepared herself to take up preaching, the work laid down by the one who was to have been her strength and support. While she has not been ordained, her diploma from Folt's Methodist Institute, N.Y., gives her an entrance into any pulpit where a woman is received. Miss Rumsey wears the white ribbon and is evangelist for the New York State Y.W. C.T.U.

Outdoor Evangelism.

The summer months are often considered an off-season in religious work, but never has there been such active evangelism as during the past summer. While indoor congregations may have been smaller, yet vast crowds have been addressed beneath the open sky and beside the sounding sea. In many places the Y. M. C. A. has held evangelistic services in trolley parks, in tents, and open squares of the city, and at the corners of the streets. Indeed, we hear of fervent preaching to Sunday crowds at

the baseball game. In the many Chautauqua and kindred summer assemblies, greater attention has been given than ever to the study of the Bible. The great mission gatherings and summer schools have united with this the special study of the mission problem, with all the inspiration which grappling with that great theme creates. The devotional hour held in most of these assemblies and the lectures by prominent Bible scholars have focussed attention upon the great themes of sin and salvation.

While there has been a great deal of weighing the advantages of church union in various parts of Christendom, England has taken a practical step forward in this direction. The union is now completed of three of the smaller Methodist churches—the Methodist New Connexion, the Bible Christians, and the United Free Methodists. Until next summer, however, the three will continue to act as separate and distinct churches. The three Conferences will meet as usual once more to wind up their affairs. The new church will be known as "The United Methodist Church," and will hold its first Conference in September.

The following figures will show the forces and resources of the respective churches:

	Churches	Ministers	Members	Sunday-Schools
New Connexion....	470	207	41,000	50,000
Bible Christians....	611	200	30,000	45,000
United Methodists..	1,323	411	83,000	193,000
United Church..	2,404	818	154,000	328,000
Prim've Methodists.	5,000	1,100	200,000	463,000
Wesleyans.....	8,790	2,300	640,000	1,002,000
Indepen't Methodists	156	383	9,000	27,000
Wesleyan Reformers	499	17	8,000	21,000
Total	16,459	4,618	1,011,000	1,841,000

Let us hope that now that the ball of union has been set rolling it will add to itself the other Methodist bodies, and thus make the Methodism of England a unit.

Church Union or Confederation.—Incorporate union of Churches has been accomplished in recent times in Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and Scotland, and probably others will soon be witnessed. Meantime the idea of the Confederation, with a view to certain objects of common action, is regarded with growing favor.

Missionary Progress.

One of the most potent agencies for transforming the Levantine region is the Syrian Protestant College, of Beirut, opened in 1866. Its aim is to educate the Syrians and those of the adjacent countries. It is a missionary college, but not connected with any board. Last year there were 750 students: 90 Armenians, 60 Greeks, 150 Egyptians, but the majority Syrians. There are about 100 Moslems, 40 Jews, 30 Druzes, 300 belonging to the Greek Catholic Church, 100 Roman Catholics, and about 120 are Protestants. There are about 50 teachers. The college has 40 acres, with 14 buildings, including hospitals and a training-school for nurses. It has a great medical and law school, where the brightest spirits of the Levant receive such training as will aid the regeneration of the nearer east.

"A Japanese lady who understands the Y. W. C. A. work there, says that, now the war crisis being past, the great problem needing solution is that of Japan's young womanhood. More and more young women are entering the fields of higher education or business life, leaving the protection of the home for the life of large cities, with their temptations and dangers. Many of these risks could be lessened by the establishment of Christian dormitories, the present capacities of school dormitories being utterly inadequate for more than a fraction of students."

Great Britain's 400,000,000.

The British Empire numbers 400,543,713 citizens. The recent completion of the Cape census enables the total to be made up. The 11,876,745 square miles of which the Empire consists, contains about 36 inhabitants per square mile.

The following table gives the figures in detail:

Group	Area Sq. Miles	Population	Natives of U. K.
United Kingdom	121,392	41,609,091	All
In Europe - - -	3,703	472,502	31,854
In Asia - - - -	1,849,259	300,604,861	117,669
In Africa - - -	2,689,297	45,146,972	222,118
In America - -	4,036,871	7,525,815	395,119
In Australasia -	3,176,223	5,184,469	885,296
Total British Empire -	11,876,745	400,543,713	43,261,141

This huge area includes nearly one-fourth of the land surface of the globe, and more than one-fourth of its population.

Book Notices.

"Peasant Life in the Holy Land." By the Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., Oxon., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. X-321. Price, $3.50 net.

The Lord's Land has often been called a Fifth Gospel, so illustrative and illuminative are its scenes and well nigh changeless customs of the institutions and literature and teachings of the Bible. While even the rapid tourist may learn much of this, its deepest lessons can only come through prolonged residence and careful study. Both of these have been the privilege of the author of this book. In a series of fascinating chapters he discusses the village and domestic life of the orient, its shepherds and herdsmen, its agricultural and mining industries, its proverbs and religion. Some of these proverbs embody the immemorial wisdom of the east. The indolence of the people is expressed in one of these, "Haste is from the devil." A precocious child is described thus, "A clever chicken crows in the egg." The tendency to gossip is thus expressed, "I speak to you, O daughter-in-law, that you may hear, O neighbor." Mother love is expressed in the saying "The ape, however ugly, is in his mother's eye a gazelle." Other striking proverbs are these: "The dead is the best man of his family." "Search your house ten times before you suspect your neighbor." "An hour's pain rather than pain for an hour."

Without a comprehensive knowledge and careful study of the conditions and environment, customs, institutions and sentiments of the orient it is impossible to have an adequate appreciation of that most oriental of all books, the Bible. The parables of our Lord abound in references to peasant life in town and country, to the sower, the shepherd, the reaper, the herdsman, the market and the field. A hundred side lights are thrown upon the words of wisdom by a knowledge of the unchanging East as described in this book. We can testify from personal knowledge to the photographic fidelity of the fine half-tone pictures and to the instructive and fascinating descriptive text.

"Side-Lights on Astronomy and Kindred Fields of Popular Science." Essays and Addresses. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 350. Price, $2.00 net.

This book has a special interest to Canadians because its author is a distinguished son of Canada, born in New Brunswick. We had the pleasure of meeting him at the summer home of President Grant at Long Branch. In this volume he treats with luminous clearness the science of which he is such a master, especially the larger aspects of astronomy. Among these are its unsolved problems, the whither of the star drift at the rate of two hundred miles per second through space, the extent and structure of the universe, the new problems of the constitution of matter. Ten years ago the atoms of which it takes millions on millions to make a drop of water were the minutest objects which science knew. Now we know of corpuscles and aions inconceivably smaller still.

But a few thousand stars can be counted with the naked eye, while a hundred million can be photographed with the telescope. Whence comes the heat of the sun? Not from its shrinkage, for that would not have sufficed for the immense periods demanded by astronomy and physiology. It was probably by the agency of some radio-active matter like radium. The stellar universe seems to be a vast discoid or grind-stone shaped structure extending in the direction of inconceivable distances—two hundred million times the distance of the sun. Yet this vast universe has the character of a "unified and bounded whole." In studying those profound problems, "in thinking God's thoughts after him," as Keppler phrased it, one realizes that "the undevout astronomer is mad."

Says our author, "I know of no way in which complete rest can be obtained for the weary soul, in which the mind can be so entirely relieved of the burden of all human anxiety as by the contemplation of the spectacle of the starry heavens." Never were the heavens studied with such minuteness as they are now.

One hundred and fifty thousand photographic plates of the sky are now stored in the Harvard Observatory. By analysis per spectra we can find in the stars the very substance of which the earth is made. By stellar paralax we may measure the distances of many, but beyond these are millions more reaching on three thousand light years from our ken, that is three thousand times the distance that light, at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, would journey in a year. We see them by the light which they emitted in the days of David, King of Israel. We may weigh the mass, foretell the motions and study the conflagration of worlds thus far off. Well may we echo the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and stars which thou hast made, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!"

Prof. Newcomb does not share the views of Dr. Wallace that the stars are lifeless orbs drifting through space. He proves by the doctrine of probabilities that the number of worlds that may be inhabited are to be counted by thousands, perhaps by millions. Other chapters discuss the universe as an organism, the world's debt to astronomy, science and social progress, etc. The wobbling of the earth on its axis, even to so minute an extent as within a circle thirty feet in radius has been within the last three years discovered and in part explained. While our nearest stellar neighbor is two hundred and eighty times the sun's distance, a score or more are within a million times that distance, beyond this "all is unfathomable by any sounding line yet known to man." Of the stars Rigel and Canopus, says Dr. Newcomb, we may say with certainty that the brightness of each is thousands of times that of the sun, and with a high degree of probability that it is hundreds of thousands of times. This is one of the most fascinating books on astro-physics that we have ever read.

"The Makers of English Poetry." By W. J. Dawson. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 404. Price, $1.50 net.

Only a poet can write adequately of English poetry; and a poet Dr. Dawson is in his vision, his sympathy, his descriptive skill. He is, he says, only the "middle-man" between the hurried readers of to-day and the libraries of criticism which have accumulated about our great writers. But he is more than that. He is himself a keen critic and philosopher, describing the course of our literature like that of an ever-widening stream, and its growth like that of a majestic tree. The contrast between the artificiality of Pope and Dryden and the nature study and interpretation of Burns, Tennyson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, is strikingly set forth. He severely arraigns the genius of Byron, often sublime, often defiling and defiled. For Shelley he has a much loftier appreciation. Scott he declares to be the most colossal figure at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the real author of the romantic movement in literature.

Coleridge is described by Wordsworth as the most wonderful man he had ever known, but the pity of it is, says Dawson, that Coleridge was so seldom the bard, so often the metaphysician. Southey was a very prosy poet, but his verse had no true relation of human life and experience, and so he is almost utterly forgotten except some of his ballads. For Wordsworth as the high priest of nature our author reserves his supreme praise. Hood and Mrs. Browning he brackets as illustrating the humanitarian movement in poetry, shown in "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Cry of the Children." Tennyson is, however, the greatest poet of modern English. To him he devotes one hundred and eleven pages, discussing his treatment of nature, his views on society and politics, religion, etc., and places him next to Shakespeare and Milton in Britain's bead-roll of immortal souls, his many-sidedness, like that of Shakespeare's self.

In our judgment, this phrase is more attributable to Browning whom he discusess at length. These two are the greatest figures in the world of modern poetry; both were keenly alive to the intellectual and social movements of their time, and have endeavored to reflect them; while Tennyson has proved himself the greater artist, Browning has proved himself the greater mind. His philosophy of life, his attitude to Christianity, the spirit of his religion and his significance of literature are fully discussed. At the same time, his obscurities and his outrageous rhymes, such as "Wittenagamot" and "Bag 'em hot," and the like, are severely criticized. Arnold, Rosetti, Swinburne, Morris, and the later poets, English and American, receive more concise treatment. We may not agree with all Dr. Dawson's dicta, but we know of no book that would be a better guide to the study of English litera-

ture. For literary clubs, especially those of our leisured ladies, it would be an ideal text-book. How infinitely better the study of our great literature than the "pink teas" and bridge parties in which so many women waste their time.

"Life and Adventure Beyond Jordan." By the Rev. G. Robinson Lees, B.A., F.R.G.S. Author of "Village Life in Palestine," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 304. Price, $1.75 net. Full gilt.

The Wesleyan Conference office, under the administration of Dr. Kelly, has reached a high distinction in the excellence and elegance of its issues. The one under notice is a very handsome specimen of book making. Its illustrations, eighty-six photographic and eight colored, have a high artistic value. These pages are not the hurrygraphs of the rapid tourist, but the careful studies of a missionary who has lived nearly six years in Jerusalem, and who has become acquainted with the language and habits of the people. Much of it treats comparatively new ground, southern Bashan with its remarkable ruins of Roman and pre-Roman times. The stone doors of the old houses of Bashan are of very early origin, and have been attributed to the period of Og, King of Bashan. As the Sunday School lessons for 1907 are upon the old partriarchal age, this book will have special value for the side-light it throws upon the period.

"The Life of Sir George Williams." By J. E. Hodder Williams. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. Pp. XV.-356. Price, $1.25.

There have been many incomplete sketches of the man who is known and loved the wide world over as the originator of the Y.M.C.A. Here for the first time we have an authoritative record of his life and work by one who has access to authentic records. This life story is the more instructive because this man had no adventitious advantages of birth or training, had no mock heroics in his career. He was brought up to work on a farm, early apprenticed to a draper, and soundly converted in his youth. Going up to London he engages in Sunday School work and invites his fellow clerks to meet for prayer and Bible study. Out of this has grown that great institution which has belted the world and has its homes for young men, often stately palaces, in almost every great city. In him was fulfilled the promise, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." He was honored by his sovereign, not for deeds of prowess on the foughten field, but for the Christian philanthropy which made his name honored wherever the English tongue is spoken and in many places where it is not. Thirty-one engravings and photos enhance the value of this volume.

"Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar." With an Introductory Essay on Ecclesiastes and the Rubaiyat. By William Byron Forbush. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 105. Price, $1.25 net.

Some years ago, in reviewing the "Rubaiyat of Omar" we commented upon its resemblance in spirit and largely in form to the book of Ecclesiastes. We are glad to learn that the same resemblance was before noted by Professor Plumptre, and is made more evident by this translation of Ecclesiastes into the metre of the Persian poet. A remarkable parallelism exists in writers who lived a thousand years apart and both so far removed from our own time, yet a strange modernity marks both these poets. The translator attributes a higher ethical sentiment to the Hebrew writer. He compares him in his somewhat bitter irony with his fellow Jew, Heine. The Preacher has a more high and serious view of both life and death, and notwithstanding his doubt and pessimism rises to an expression of lofty faith in the words, "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Never in any literature has the coming on of old age with its infirmities been so pathetically described as in the last chapter with its words of trust, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The following quotation from Omar shows a remarkable echo of the words of Kohaleth:

"Into this Universe and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing."

"God-Love." By C. S. Eby, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 15 cents.

This is an interpretation of the thirteenth of Corinthians. The writer believes it is only a fuller realization, in

the church at home, of the meaning of love, and love as it is in God, that is going to make mission work a success in the foreign field. We take exception, however, to the author's somewhat pessimistic stand, when he states that Christianity is losing her grip of civilization, and is not advancing in the mission field. Never was there an age when missionary effort was so crowned with success as today, or when the converts were so numerous and doors so widely open. We commend especially, however, Dr. Eby's chapter on "What is God-Love ?" in which he shows that the whole universe is filled with the idea of "giving, and that nature teaches not "the survival of the fittest," but rather "the survival of that which gives to help forward the divine purpose." Things perish but to become part of higher forms of life.

"Around an Old Homestead." A Book of Memories. By Paul Griswold Huston. Author of "An Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp and Other Dreams of the Woods." Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 362. Price, $1.50 net.

It is a happy idea to prepare for the holidays such a handsome book as will carry the thoughts of many of its readers back to the old home, the old farm, the open wood fire with its poetic memories, the barn, the woods, the orchard, the harvest-field, the country sports and games. The tendency of the times may cause a centripetal motion towards the cities, but for rest and recreation and the deeper joys of life we turn to the fields and woods where some of our best and noblest hours were spent. The book is a poetic anthology of woodland memories and is illustrated by eighty-five fine half-tones.

"The Heart of Christianity." By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D., F.R.C.I. Philadelphia, Pa., and Brantford, Ont.: The Bradley-Garretson Co. Pp. 8vo. 320. Price, $0.00.

This book discusses some of the profoundest problems of the universe—the mystery of sin, God's cure for sin and man's part in the cure, spiritual power and success, the voice of God in the soul, and kindred topics. These are discussed with deep spiritual insight, with broad human sympathy, and with marked literary ability. The infallible guide into all truth is neither the church nor even the Sacred Book, but the illuminating and blessed Spirit who opens up the Word and takes of the things of God and reveals them unto us. This is the best and strongest book that Dr. Linscott has written. It has won the commendation of some of our ablest thinkers. Bishop Vincent writes: "I have been impressed by its freshness, clearness, and force." Chancellor Burwash says: "It opens up a number of important and, at the same time, difficult questions." Professor Kilpatrick says: "The chapters are clear and cogent presentations of a great truth." We welcome this valuable addition to the theological literature of our country.

"The Open Secret of Nazareth." Ten Letters written by Bartimaeus, whose Eyes were opened, to Thomas, a Seeker after Truth. By Bradley Gilman. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 112. Price, $1.00 net.

This is a dainty volume printed on patterned paper with handsome half-tones. The sub-title does not refer to the characters in the Gospels, but to two modern disciples, one of whom writes from the orient to his friend in the United States. The spell of the Lord's land asserts its power and he finds the secret of Nazareth in the town of our Lord's longest sojourn, the secret of submission to his will and living a life of good will to men. It is a beautiful and semi-mystic volume.

"Where Life is Real." By Helen Hale. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 186. Price, $1.00 net.

This is a series of thumb-nail sketches, we may say, of different aspects of life with its joys, its sorrows, its blessing and bane. The themes are various, from a hospital ward to a crowded factory, a juvenile court, the seaside and the crowded town, one of the finest being that of the woman who finds her vocation as a hospital nurse. Eight artistic engravings illustrate the volume.

"Ebenezer E. Jenkins." A Memoir. By J. H. Jenkins, M.A. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 282. Price, 9151.

One of the most saintly and venerable of the Methodist preachers of his day was Ebenezer Jenkins. Sixty years ago he was one of the early Methodist missionaries in India. Ten years' service in that torrid climate so broke his health

that unless he was to become a chronic invalid for life he must leave the country. For over forty years he lived and labored in the homeland, reaching the dignity of President of the Conference and was the Nestor in council as he had been the Ulysses in heroic service.

"The White Plumes of Navarre." A Romance of the Wars of Religion. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-347. Price, $1.25.

This stirring story has passed the ordeal of publication in that standard magazine, "Sunday-at-Home." Says the Methodist Times, "Crockett has never done better." It is a historical tale of the Wars of Religion in France. Among its heroes are the three rival Henrys, of Valois, of Guise, of Navarre, and the arch persecutor of his times, Philip II. It gives a very vivid picture of the troublous times following the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Its hero is a Huguenot who escaped that massacre and lived to be a thorn in the side of the Catholic party for long years. The book is handsomely illustrated.

"The Moral Damage of War." By Walter Walsh. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. XIII-462. 12mo. Price, 75c net.

This book is a tremendous indictment of war, not so much on the ground of the physical suffering and economic waste which it entails as on account of the moral deterioration which it produces. Mr. Walsh is an eloquent Scotch minister whose stern denunciation of the Boer war would be resented if from any other than a patriotic Britisher. The book is published by the International Peace Union at this cheap rate as an important contribution to the war against war.

"The Religion of Cheerfulness." By Sara A. Hubbard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 63. Price, $1.50.

"Blessed be God," said John Wesley, "I worry at nothing," which is the mission of this little book, to preach the same gospel of genial optimism. Mrs. Hubbard's previous books, "Catch Words of Cheer," and her splendid embodiment of the precepts she utters have won her the right to speak with authority on this subject. In these times of complex living and social and commercial struggle there is a real need for the gospel of cheer. This is a dainty little book in case, and would make a suitable Christmas present.

"The Bible Way." An Antidote to Campbellism. By Rev. J. F. Black, A.M. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176. Price, 50c net.

This is a discussion in the form of a lively dialogue of the principles of the Christian religion specially designed as an antidote to what was known as Campbellism, the hyper-Calvinism of Alexander Campbell, a man of much note in the middle western states.

"Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley. Author of "Red Pottage," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. 342. Price $1.50. Illustrated.

This is another of the international stories which are so much in vogue now-a-days. The scene opens at Frascati, near Rome, and much of its action takes place in the great world city. It has a good deal of the conventional novel, but the opening chapters do not give promise of the happy ending.

"How a Man Grows." By John R. T. Lathrop, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 213. Price, $1.25 net.

This is a philosophical treatment, illumined by Christian spirit, of the problem of spiritual development. The author contrasts what he calls cosmic ethics with Christian ethics and cosmic with Christian regeneration. The certainties of religion, the religion of the future in its broadening sweep, and the coronation of man, "the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" in the final triumph of Christ the King, fill out the august scope of this book.

"Hymn-Tunes and Their Story." By James T. Lightwood. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii-402. Price, 5s. net.

Of books on hymns and hymnody we have many. Of books on tunes and psalmody we have very few. For music lovers this handsome volume will supply a felt want. It traces the history of the German chorale, the rise of modern psalmody, Methodist music and old Methodist tunes, and gives sketches of some

well-known composers and copious information about the old tunes and the modifications through which they have gone, as, for instance, that of Perronet's wonderful hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." The book, for its size and subject, is exceedingly cheap at five shillings.

BOOKS BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.*

The average Methodist minister in the itinerancy is a man of affairs rather than a man of books. He is so engrossed in church work that he has little time to devote to literature. In a permanent pastorate, as Mr. Jackson's was for eighteen years in Edinburgh, busy as that pastorate was, there was greater opportunity for preparing for the press the sermons which he prepared for his people. Hence this series of volumes in which he can reach many thousands of persons beyond the reach of his living voice. These books are characterized by the intense moral earnestness, the elevation of thought, the spiritual insight, the practical purpose which mark his spoken words. They have too that curiosa felicitas of expression, the literary touch which gives a charm to the printed page. We hope that very many of our Canadian people will have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jackson during his sojourn among us. Many of these will wish to possess one or more of these volumes as souvenirs of his visits and many who are not privileged to hear him may hear the echo of his voice in these popular sermons.

* "First Things First." Addresses to Young Men. 10th thousand. $1.25. "Table Talks of Jesus and Other Addresses." 5th thousand. $1.25. "Young Man's Religion." 4th thousand. $1.25. "The Teaching of Jesus, etc." $1.25. "The Old Methodism and the New." 35c.

CHINESE CLASSICS.*

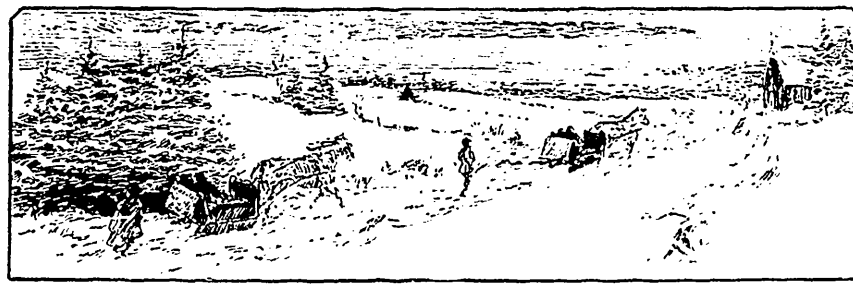
Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the Open Court, a magazine devoted to the science of religion, has published in that able periodical a series of chapters on Chinese classics. These are collected in three handsome books with characteristic designs and illustrations. One of these is T'ai-Shang Kan-Ying P'ien, Treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution. This book, Dr. Carus asserts, is the most popular of all publications in the world, if measured by the number of editions and copies issued, exceeding those even of the Bible and Shakespeare. It is a work of Taoist piety and ethics, containing moral injunctions, sayings from various sources, and an interesting group of moral tales. There is a lofty ethical spirit in many of these sayings, and the moral tales with the quaint illustrations by Chinese artists give us an insight into the ancient mode of thought of the most numerous nation on the face of the earth. Some of the tales inculcate kindness to animals, the consequences of cruelty, the reward of well doing, the penalties for crime.

Yin Chih Wen. The Tract of the Quiet Way with Extracts from the Chinese Commentary. This is a short Chinese tract containing many noble ethical sentiments, inculcations of charity, truthfulness, nobleness of character, and other features.

"Amitabha." A Story of Buddhist Theology. This is a group of Buddhist stories, some of them dating from the date of the Christian era. They throw an interesting and instructive light on the ethical and religious sentiment of the old Aryan family, in which so much of our European civilization and language found its roots.

* Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

"Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end."



VALEDICTORY.

The growth of the Sunday School periodicals of the Methodist Church has been so great as to demand much more editorial work than ever before. When the present editor took charge of these periodicals they were three in number with a circulation of a few thousand. They have now increased to ten in number, with a circulation of nearly four hundred thousand, to be exact 379,759, considerably over one-third of a million, and with an issue of a quarter of a million pages every day. That increase was never so rapid as during the last quadrennium, namely, over sixty thousand, and during the last year of the quadrennium that increase has been 33,343, as much as that of the three previous years taken together. Moreover, there is a decrease of 7,161 periodicals not published by our own Book Room. These are chiefly American papers which our people are very properly discarding for those of our own church.

But in addition to the care of these ten periodicals their editor has also had charge of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, which from a rather meagre beginning thirty-two years ago has grown to be a magazine demanding greater time and labor every year to keep it abreast of the keen competition with the growing number of British, American and Canadian magazines which circulate so largely in this country. The testimony of its readers and of the Conferences is that it was never so good in illustration and contents as during the last quadrennium, and never so good as during the past year. But there is a limit to human endurance, and the editor has felt himself unable to give the time and strength demanded by the growing needs of all these periodicals. He therefore felt that he must be relieved of the charge of the Methodist Magazine and Review in order to give his whole attention to the Sunday School periodicals which have reached the above stated remarkable development.

At his own request therefore the Book and Publishing Committee of the General Conference recommended to that body that it should refer the whole question of consolidation of periodicals and reduction of their number to the central section of the Book Committee at Toronto, with authority to act in the premises. This was done, and after careful consideration of the matter the above decision received concurrence.

It is not without regret that the editor gives up the charge of the "Methodist Magazine," to which for the long period of thirty-two years he has devoted so much time and thought and care. But it is a gratification to know that the Sunday School department of his work has so greatly grown as to make this a necessity. It is expected that the magazine, or at least the review part of it, under the auspices of another department of our Church may be perpetuated and developed as an organ for the expression of the higher thought and discussion of the larger problems of Canadian Methodism. Of this due announcement will be hereafter made.

One result of this magazine has been the development of a corps of native writers, many of whom began their first writing for the public in its pages, who have since won name and fame as contributors to leading periodicals and reviews of other lands. Its sixty-four volumes form a record of the growth and development of Methodism in Canada and throughout the world which make a library of permanent value for reference and historic research. No other Canadian Magazine has ever lived half the length of time that it has, and we hope that in its changed form it will be perpetuated as long as the venerable mother magazine of Methodism, now in its one hundred and twenty-eighth year, one of the oldest periodicals in the world.

With his undivided editorial care the Sunday School periodicals of our Church will take on new development, so as to be more increasingly adequate to the larger needs of our Church, our country and our times. It is the editor's purpose as far as possible to employ more expensive style of illustration and fuller treatment of the great issues of the age. He will devote increased attention to the most important of all questions which can come before the young people of our Church—the great missionary enterprise which is bulking larger and larger in the mind of Christendom. The great extent, the vast resources and the extraordinary development of our country—the grandest inheritance ever given by God to any people—shall more and more receive attention.

For the generous assistance of so many able contributors in prose and verse, and for the kind patronage which for so long a period has sustained this Magazine and Review, the editor desires to give heartfelt thanks, and trusts that these will be continued in very large measure to the periodical which shall perpetuate the traditions of this veteran magazine. In the wider field in which his labors shall be engrossed he will continue to reach all, or nearly all, his old readers—and many thousands more. He hopes also to have the co-operation of many of the old contributors to this Magazine to whom he can offer a vastly wider constituency of readers.

"If any word of mine, or song or told,
Hath ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have paid me back a thousand-fold
By every friendly sign and salutation."

CHRISTMAS.

The world His cradle is,
The stars His worshippers,
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new-pressed to hers:

For she alone to Him
In perfect light appears—
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.