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WHITE WINGS.—AN EASTER PARABLE.

BY THE REV. THERON BROWN.

Incident at the death-bed of the Dowager Empress Frederick.



O rare wings! O fair wings!
There was no answer why
Like a blossom dropped upon her breast
The milk-white butterfly,
But it thrilled the silent company
That saw the Empress die.

Slow, to her last weak breathings,
Its beckoning pinions stirred,
And the stately mourners reverent watched
As if some star-born bird
Had left the listening skies to meet
A whispered prayer just heard.

Then it rose in buoyant beauty,
And soft as floating down
It touched the queenly heart and kissed
The head that wore a crown,
And they saw a glory light her face
Through sorrow's frowning frown.

In the hush that round her pillow
Fell like the falling dew,
From the palace window joyously
The insect angel flew.
"The golden gate swings wide," they said;
"Our mother has passed through."

O blind hour, O kind hour
At the ebb of all the seas!
One Fall to the grey-leaved beggar bush
And the green-leaved royal trees,
And mean estate and grandeur mate
Where souls have no degrees.

But the springtime, the wing-time,
Feather and flower of May!
They burst from breaking tombs to speak
The same sweet truth alway:
Death cannot hold the chrysalis
Beyond its pluming-day.

Bright emblem of the morning
Out of the mortal night,
To high and humble ever yet
On fitting fans of light
The milk-white butterfly repeats
The lesson of its flight.

And only man outslumbers
The sleeping worm that rose,
The while for nobler life he waits,
That comes, but never goes,
And preens his wing for endless spring
Whose sunrise hour God knows.

—*Christian Endeavor World.*



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1906.

MONS. WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.



"CUPID AND PSYCHE."



NOW that Mons. Bouguereau has passed from the ranks of living painters there has arisen in many minds the question, what place will be assigned to his work in the judgment of the future. Will the form and features of M. Bouguereau be missing from the Pantheon of great painters; or will they appear in the forefront of this galaxy of genius for all time? The nation to which he gave three-score

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years of incessant work has honored him during his life with the highest place in its gift; but what will posterity do with his name? For half a century his name has been upon the lips of kings. He has been held in esteem by the courts of Europe. But by a not unusual paradox Bouguereau has in all those years been the subject of malediction, the butt of envy, the best cursed name in two continents.

By a significant coincidence, during the last five years of his life, as there came a dimming of vision and a



"CHARITY."

faltering of the hand that had ever been so sure of touch, there came also a reticence in criticism, or at least a modification of its asperity. This has been followed by a reverent silence since the wreath and the memory alone remain to us. Does this mean that the pens which had been lent so long for the writing of phrases dipped in vinegar may, in the years to come, be given to odes and eulogies written in

honey and balm? Such is quite possible and even likely, for two important reasons. These two reasons grow, the one out of the criticism itself, and the other out of the painter's work.

The space of this article will only allow the briefest statement, with little chance for its reinforcement by reason and evidence, although these are in abundance, ready to hand.



"WHISPERS OF LOVE."

Of criticism it may be said that it rarely, if ever, reached beyond the artist's style. Catch-word and invective were freely used, but deeper than surface method the arrows did not pierce. The underlying great questions of theme and motive and principle rest unimpeached. Upon these must the deliberate verdict of the future be given.

Of his technique, which has been the cause of so much acid, I believe it to be so intimately a part of the life of the man as to be safe in the custody of the future. But it might be well to note the tribute paid in the many imitators his manner of working has found; and to add, that not one of them has been able to catch the masterful excellence of its charm.

The career of our subject has been no meteor-flash, but rather the waxing in magnitude of a star in the constellation that has circled across the later nineteenth century. His success was the triumph of ardent, tireless and capacious toil. As a lad of eleven years in La Rochelle (1836) he won, by good application, a scholarship in drawing. This genius for work carried him to Paris, or, if you take his word for it, he carried it with him all the way to his winning the Prix de Rome in 1850. Nor did he rest with this achievement, for a steady improvement can be seen in his subsequent work, visible especially in the direction of finer thought and richer color, which contribute so much to the value of what he has given us.

His career has been marked by no great changes in style. There is nothing of the fickle weather-vane about M. Bouguereau. In fact, there seems wanting entirely that Bohemian readiness to fall in with any new influence that might seek the fellowship of such a man. This may account for the lack of that splendor of genius such as

bursts in occasional *tours de force*, or as yields itself to a catchy, applause-winning cleverness. But there is no lack of courage or of strength.

In following his career it is a pleasure to note his first important work after his return from Italy. "The Triumph of Martyrdom" is a truly devout inspiration. And although the years of the Last Empire marked, in France, a moral decadence that found swift echo in its art—a decadence from which, by the way, France has seemed slow to recover—he gave us during those years many pictures full of true domestic charm. The purity of his spirit refused to defile itself with the wanton spirit against which it had to contend. One can indeed fancy the pain it gave to a nature like his. We are told that the impulse to paint "Orestes pursued by the Furies" was as a jeremiad against the spirit of the times, or a prophecy of impending and inevitable doom.

The end of the Empire found him a volunteer on the ramparts of Paris. The bitterness of that "baptism of fire," followed by the still more sad and sickening year of the Commune, were not without their influence upon the artist. In this relation his "Madonna of Consolation" has always seemed a fitting expression in every way of the patriot soul that saw his country prostrate in the abandon of humiliation and loss, and sought the consolation he would here proclaim.

Historically, Monsieur Bouguereau was a product of the First Empire. The undertow of the wave of romanticism, which had rolled forward and spent itself earlier in the century, was partially caught in the advancing wave of classicism that marked the movement of Louis-Philippian art and literature. We are not surprised, therefore, when he gave rein to his true impulses, to find him roving in



"THE LITTLE SCHOLAR."

the realm of classic romance. In this field he was in his element.

Bouguereau's method and style were his own. He was no imitator. Every theme that has been evolved into picture form under his brush is invested with free and graceful lines. Within these lines, and in the delicate modelling of his figures, a whole orchestra of color harmonies play without the blare of brass. I cannot leave the question of his coloring without a word to those who fancy it the weak spot in the rampart that must ultimately yield to their tireless bombardment. The word is this: that the coloring is without the least stain of the material that is metaphorically thrown at him, and when studied it is found to glow with a purity and richness much more refined and ripe than most of the color-work which receives the praise that falls so far short of reaching him.

His drawing is inimitable. His figures are marvels of knowledge and of beauty. Detail is not trifled with, but is reverently painted in its relation to the whole. His muscles are flexible, articulations free; and in the gentle, as well as the brisk and breezy, movements of eye and limb, a higher power exercises lordship over every vassal charm. Thought is evident, whether you follow his luring pencil away into the semi-real mythology, the dream realm that gave form to every impulse, emotion and aspiration of human consciousness; where the elder spiritualism peopled the groves of the mind with busy beings, whose kinship with the fully human was a never-ceasing influence upon his virtue and his song; and it is not less evident if you follow his limning of subjects gleaned from the bustling and sordid Nineteenth Century. But the former seems to have held him by the fascination of a quaint simplicity of thought,

through which, though he illustrated his theme and story in pure and perfect forms borrowed from highest modern types, the mystic suggestiveness of the long ago pervades every situation portrayed.

He was a daring searcher after truth in form; for his pencil seemed to probe the secret of every play of expression. It is here wherein his strength lies. This supremacy over the possibilities of the human figure in every conscious or unconscious mood is the secret of his greatness.

The wish is often felt that he would have left to our imagination a part of the task of guessing at meanings—the allurements of mystery that fascinates in that it half satisfies. But what could you say to a man who told you, "It is a trick or following of the coward that leaves in suggestion only the lower beginnings of an idea, which with courage and power might be uttered in higher and grander measure?" And again, "A theme given merely in suggestive effect is the subterfuge of incompetence, whereas knowledge and skill are capable of telling truths that are deeper and more sublime," what answer could you make? We were compelled to recognize in sentiments like these the heart of the hero, and in deference uncover the head. He used to say to us, "You leave unpainted what you cannot see; it is ignorance that makes you blind; it is inattention makes you ignorant; inattention is imbecile." No wonder we blessed him through tightened lips when he turned his back, or that we blessed him with a grateful heart, a little time later, when his motive and meaning were better understood?

Monsieur Bouguereau was not given to quoting old saws, and there was nothing pedagogic or perfunctory about his manner. Serious always, and very much in earnest, he gave,



"CUPID ON THE WATCH."

with noticeable brevity, the salient and cardinal truths which safeguard the painter who has the wisdom to make them his own. These simple and emphatic maxims reveal to us the pathway of his own life; his long, strong wrestle with discouragement, the strength of his convictions, his high ideals and his superlative respect for mature and perfect thought.

The same spirit directed the painting of a puzzled school-girl at her "Difficult Sum" as would make immortal "Homer's Guide." The "Birth of Venus," the "World's Medal" picture in 1878, is worth referring to as a triumph in the treatment of light. This is the element that becomes the fair goddess, howsoever viewed; and M. Bouguereau gave us light with a master-touch, and without any trick or cajolery of color.

He has not limited his choice of themes to one special line, by any means, as a perusal of the long list of his subjects will show. If you compelled him to submit to the artists' bane, classification, he might be termed a moralist only in such pictures as "Covetousness" and "Hesitation between Love and Riches." And so the "Martyr's Triumph," the "Flagellation," "Pieta," "Adoration of the Magi," "Apotheosis of St. Vincent de Paul," and a great many more subjects of a religious character, give him a place of eminence in sacred art. "The Mower" and "Harvest Time" reveal his interest in the life of the tillers of the field, a life ennobled in the works of Breton and Dagnan Bouveret. But when he reverted to "Philomela and Procris," "Triumph of Venus," "Youth of Bacchus" and "Voices of Spring"—*voilà son metier*. It was here the perennial spring of mystic and wonderful thought bubbled out with a chaste and noiseless joy.

Ever new and delightfully un-

guessed was the greeting that met the constant visitor to his studio in the quiet Rue Notre Dame des Champs. That inspiration does not fatigue the disciplined hand, must be true, for it seemed each time you went a new love tumbled from the bower, a film of light or of shadow arched some new curve, or twinkled and melted in a new outlook for the soul of his dreams.

I heard an American lady say to him, "Oh, Mister Bouguereau, you do get so many lovely faces and figures; I'm just delighted with them." And so she rattled on beside the spell-silent canvases, as though they held only pretty cheeks and knuckles and knees, oblivious of the spirit, the fantasy or the divinity that competed with each other for the fascination of those who stood before them.

His works invite a deeper study than they usually receive; for example take "The Garland," in the Art Gallery in Montreal. An elder sister sees only the wreath of summer flowers she places on her younger sister's head, and feels only the local impulse of it, while the younger recipient seems to look beyond into a future *Welt* for the first time but not understood. No emotion heaves the little breast, such as a conscious possibility or ambition entering the soul would do. It is a mental awakening only, yet who has perceived it? Is it possible that men are satisfied to admire Bouguereau's sweetly painted toes and perfect ankle lines and fail to read the hidden meanings? Referring to his "Whispers of Love," exhibited for the first time in 1889, happy cherubs breathe into a maiden's ear those new thoughts that have come from the bower of love, somewhere; an inspiration heaves the frame, that flutters as in the presence of an imposing guest; but the presence is unseen. Expectancy looks out,



"THE GLEANER."



"THE ELDER SISTER."

but the receptive spirit feels a deeper joy, undefined, within; for the great soul that enwraps all nature asks of her a more intimate acquaintance. It is love's whisper.

I regret to say it is only in the originals the subtle moods can be studied with most pleasure, for the camera, one-eyed and soulless, leaves them unreproduced.

I have referred to the peerless daring of his pencil as a characteristic of Bouguereau, and to his unrivalled power in the delineation of expression as an element of greatness in his art. I venture to hold that in the delicate and deep suggestion of thought, which is to be discerned in all his work, in the refined and scholarly uplift of his thought, and in the vast and varied leading of his thought are to be found a guarantee of the permanence of his greatness.

The great lesson of his life is that of self-mastery; and the influence of his art will ever be antiseptic and corrective, for it is healthy and pure. The product of his life could scarcely be any other. Nothing of the errant, or vagrant, or Bohemian; his courtship of the muse of his song has been constant and not fickle. Fads have been born and grown and shouted and died; contending dynasties of art have clamored and fought and fallen; fashions have made fools of both critics and magazinists; theorists have cajoled the seers into predicting epoch-making permanency in movements that disappointed ere conviction had time to form; but, like men of kindred greatness, William Adolphe Bouguereau moved in the midst of all the hubbub unruffled by malice, untainted of envy, like a calm prophet who had a vision.



THE CHRIST OF THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES.

Pin them, cruel spikes!
Drive, brawny soldier's arm!
The rent flesh quivers, but the soul
Knows not of hate or harm.
After the agony, the calm—
After the tragedy, the balm
For ages of humanity.
Thus said He, ere He drank the cup,
"I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw all men to me."
Ye see the smitten, anguished face—
We see the world in His embrace.
"Father forgive them, for they know
Not what they do." O symbol hid!
O Christ of the outstretched arms,
They knew not what they did.

O Christ of the outstretched arms!
Who healed in street and home—
Who caught the faithless from the sea,
And bade the weary, "Come!"
Bake bread in field and home,
Childless, embraced the child,
Spread far calm from the fisher's boat
Where the white waves leaped wild.
O living, beckoning arms!
The centuries melt away,
And the Saviour of long ago
Is the Saviour of to-day.
And the human heart is drawn
From the gods of gold and clay
To the Christ of the outstretched arms—
To the Life, the Truth, the Way.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.*

HIS IDEAL OF THE WORLD MISSION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

BY A BERLIN DIPLOMAT.

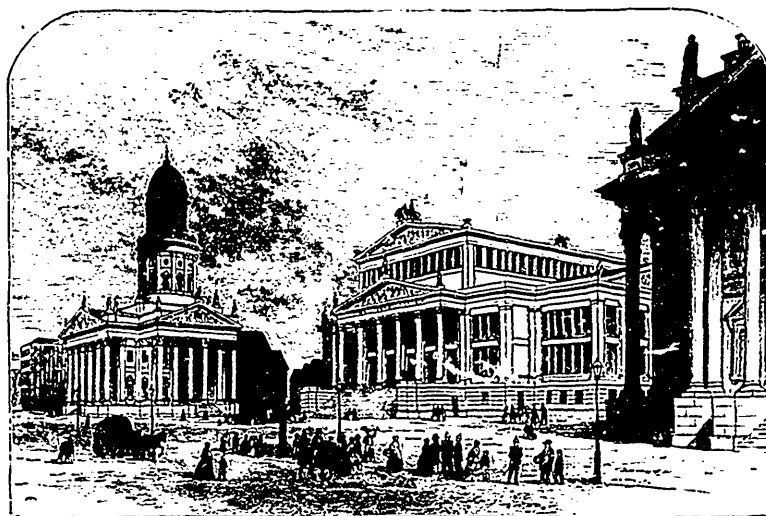


EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.

THE German Emperor is unquestionably the foremost statesman and most skilled diplomat of the contemporary period. In his capacity as King of Prussia he rules absolutely over a monarchy of thirty-five million inhabitants. Owing to his passion for government and his determination person-

ally to control the conduct of affairs in every branch of national administration, he is his own Prime Minister,

* We rejoice at the endeavor of Lord Avesbury and others to bring about a better state of feeling between Germany and Great Britain. As a contribution to that desired result we have pleasure in reprinting from the New York Outlook an appreciation of the German Emperor by a German diplomat. With



A PUBLIC SQUARE, BERLIN.

Minister of the Interior, Minister of Finance, Minister of War, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Trade, and Minister of Education and Public Worship—all centred in one person.

The nominal Ministers who hold these positions are mere puppets in the hands of their King, who is responsible for every movement which they make. In his capacity as German Emperor he controls the destinies of four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies and eight principalities, which comprise the federal empire, inasmuch as the Kaiser can declare war and make peace, conclude alliances and treaties with foreign states, summon, open, adjourn, and close the

some of his statements we do not agree. We think our own King Edward by his tact and diplomatic skill far better deserves the name of Peacemaker than the man with the "mailed fist." No English-speaking people would submit to the "absolute monarchy" of any man, however great, nor would British ministers consent to be "mere puppets" in the hands of their king. Nevertheless, the land of Luther and the Reformation has strong claims on the good will of Protestant Christendom and we hope that the Teuton and the Briton will be allied in the promotion of civilization throughout the world.

Imperial Legislature, and holds the supreme command of the entire German army and German navy.

The Kaiser personally controls the relations between Germany and other countries, directs the entire foreign and colonial, military and naval policies of Germany, and consequently holds the peace of the world in the hollow of his hand. The Emperor William inherited this gigantic task at the age of twenty-nine; and seventeen years of practical experience have enabled him to become, in the prime of his life, an expert in the government of men and in the control of Imperial destinies.

He is equipped with a marvellous accumulation of theoretical and practical knowledge on all subjects connected with the welfare and progress of the human race. All his life William II. has been, and continues to be, an untiring student of all subjects. He is versed in many branches of science; in art and literature, as well as in law, philosophy, and political economy, and he has some practical acquaintance with the industrial and



NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING, BERLIN.

commercial interests of a modern country.

It is desirable to bear in mind that the Kaiser is a man of exceptional personal attainments and of encyclopædic knowledge, in estimating the influence which he has exercised and will continue to exercise in the future on the history of the world.

Since his accession to the throne seventeen years ago the German Emperor has been uninterruptedly pursuing the realization of one single aim—namely, the elevation of Germany to the position of supreme political power in the world. This ambition is based on the Kaiser's absolute personal conviction that the Germans are destined by God Al-

mighty to uphold the Christian religion and Christian morality on earth.

This idea of the "special mission" of the German race has been expressed again and again in the Kaiser's public speeches. It is only a few months since the Emperor, in a remarkable public utterance at Wilhelmshaven, referred to Germans as "the salt of the earth." To do him justice, it must be admitted that the Kaiser's belief in the destiny of the German nation is not based on sordid considerations of mere political ambition or aggrandizement for the Hohenzollern dynasty, but rather on the religious conviction that the Germans have been really marked out by divine selection

as the instruments of God's will on earth.

He has, therefore, pursued his task of increasing the power and prestige of the German Empire, not only with the zeal inspired by personal ambition and patriotic enthusiasm, but also with that almost fanatical fervor which can be produced only by unshakable religious faith.

Notwithstanding his idealistic tendencies and his somewhat fantastic theories of history and religion, the German Emperor is in many ways an intensely modern man. He combines in his person the most striking contrasts. He is as progressive in some respects as he is reactionary in others. Some of his ideas are mediæval; others belong to the twenty-first century. Sometimes he is a despot, and at other times a democrat. No monarch exacts more personal subservience from his environment, and no monarch is so free and unrestrained in personal intercourse.

It is thus fully in accordance with the other contradictions of his character that the Kaiser should be simultaneously a dreamer of political dreams and a hard-headed, common-sense, practical man of business. There is no living monarch who has a more adequate conception of the part which commerce plays in the affairs of the world than William II.

Notwithstanding his military tendencies and his faith in his vast army, so often publicly expressed, the Kaiser is fully aware that the prosperity of the German Empire is based, not on the strength of armaments, but on the development of industry and commerce. The Kaiser's appreciation of trade was probably inherited from his practical English mother, to whose influence he owes much of his success in life.

The Emperor's personal intercourse with the great merchant princes of

Germany has naturally strengthened and extended his belief in the supreme importance of commerce. The late Herr Krupp, the owner of the most colossal industrial undertaking in the world, was the Kaiser's most intimate friend.

The Kaiser is acquainted with the details of import and export trade, of mining and manufactures, of ship-building and stock exchange transactions. The acquisition of this knowledge has persuaded him that the world-supremacy of Germany must be based primarily on the world-supremacy of German commerce. He is convinced that the development of German trade and the creation of new markets for German products will do more to build up the power of Germany than the acquisition of new territories and the extension of the boundaries of the Empire.

This was evident in the recent Moroccan crisis, when Germany took energetic action, not to secure a portion of Moroccan territory, but to maintain the principle of the "open door" and an equality of commercial opportunities for all nations, in opposition to the efforts of the French to monopolize the trade and industry of Northwest Africa.

As soon as France conceded the right of Germany to obtain a fair share of the commercial spoils of Morocco, the serious political crisis which at one period menaced the peace of Europe was speedily terminated, and France and Germany are now co-operating in the restoration of order which will enable business enterprise to be initiated in the Moorish Empire.

One important result of the Kaiser's comprehension of the supreme importance of commercial prosperity is his recognition of the fact that the maintenance of peace is essential to the prosperity of the Em-

pire. The Kaiser believes that nothing but the maintenance of peace will enable Germany to attain that commercial success which is essential to gain a predominant position in the affairs of the world. He recognizes, too, that a war would do more to retard national development and the prosperity of the Empire than any other disaster which could overtake the country.

The Kaiser is, therefore, above everything an adherent of peace. One of the fundamental ideas of his entire method of government has been to prevent war. His wonderful enthusiasm for the army, his zeal in the construction of a big navy, are due simply to the desire to utilize Germany's immense armaments as a guarantee of peace. He recognizes the fact that danger of war to Germany decreases in proportion to the power and efficiency of the German army and navy.

No power or combination of powers is likely to attack Germany so long as the German army remains the most potent military organization in the world. The Kaiser's "militarism," which has often been erroneously described as aggressive and almost barbarous in character, is really due to his passionate desire that his reign shall not be marred by a war.

The fact is fully recognized in Germany that combination is the keynote of development in international as well as in internal, industrial, and commercial enterprise. The formidable character of American, English, and Japanese competition in the markets of the world is fully understood, and German economists are untiring in their efforts to elaborate practical and workable schemes of commercial conquest.

German economists, by the way, anticipate that a number of huge inter-

national combinations will compete for the trade supremacy of the world within a measurable future. The British Empire is expected to form one customs and commercial union; the Russian Empire, extending from the eastern border of Germany to the Pacific Ocean, together with regions of central Asia, forms another commercial unit; America is a third; and Japan, which will inevitably carry out the commercial conquest of China within the next decade, will perhaps become the most formidable of these groups.

In comparison with these huge international combinations, Germany would be a relatively insignificant industrial and commercial factor, so that fresh markets for German products and fresh opportunities for German enterprise will have to be found in good time, unless the Empire is willing to submit to crushing defeat by its competitors. The immediate object of Germany, therefore, is to obtain fresh and favorable markets for German manufactures and to prevent other great commercial powers from attaining commercial predominance in those parts of the world where there are still vast opportunities for business enterprise. The Kaiser, in his own mind, has come to the conclusion that the countries of South America and Asia Minor are those in which the greatest opportunities for commercial enterprise offer themselves to energetic pioneers of trade.

It is now recognized that China, whose commercial spoils Germany hoped to share, is probably destined to become little more than a dependency of Japan; and the Kaiser has declared in a semi-public utterance that he fully expects Japan to close the "open door" in China. The remainder of Asia is practically already divided between Russia and England.

There are comparatively small op-

opportunities for commercial enterprise in Africa, England already possesses almost everything worth having, and France has taken the remainder. The German colonies in East and South-west Africa, vast as they are in territorial area, are in point of fact little more than barren deserts which yield no profit to the mother country, but require instead the expenditure of large sums of money for their maintenance.

In South America, however, there is still an immense field for extremely profitable enterprise, and Germany is determined to secure her share of the spoils in this quarter. It is fully understood that the United States of America is the most formidable competitor in the exploitation of the countries of South America; and the whole plan of Germany's commercial campaign in South America is based on this knowledge. The United States is "the enemy," and must be defeated at all costs.

Germany is accordingly endeavoring to attain commercial supremacy in the countries of South America by systematic enterprise and expert organization. These efforts are being undertaken nominally by private individuals or companies, but the whole "plan of campaign" is being worked out under the supervision of the Government and of the Emperor himself.

German agents are spread broadcast through Brazil and the other countries of the South American continent continuously to promote the improvement and extension of trade relations with the German Empire. German steamship companies are encouraged by subventions to maintain a regular service of ships with all grades of South American ports, even if the immediate profits are not sufficient to cover the costs of the undertaking.

The same process is being carried

out in Asia Minor, where Germany intends to construct a railway from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, and to exploit the commercial resources of the intervening country. When the Kaiser went to Palestine seven years ago, he was animated not solely by a sentimental religious desire to visit the Holy Land, but also by a hope of increasing the prestige of the German Empire in those regions and thereby creating possibilities of commercial expansion.

The Emperor was, in fact, on this occasion an Imperial "commercial traveller," and it must be conceded that he was successful in this capacity. The remarkable tokens of friendship which the Kaiser has accorded to the Sultan of Turkey, and the continual diplomatic support which the German Government has granted Turkey in her disputes with the other Great Powers of Europe, have been due solely to a desire to secure the best commercial opportunities for Germany in the Sultan's dominions.

These efforts to obtain spheres of commercial influence represent only the immediate programme of Germany; for far-reaching plans are being worked out for the future. Germans understand that other great international combinations can be fought only on the same basis, and consequently the Empire is desirous of founding a "Commercial Union" of Central European States. The "Zollverein," or customs and commercial union, formed by the Federal States of the German Empire, offers an excellent basis for the establishment of a far bigger combination of States.

The idea is that the smaller countries grouped around Germany might be first induced to enter the German Customs and Commercial Union, in return for which the German Empire would guarantee their political independence and undertake their military

defence. Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland are regarded as countries with which such a compact might be concluded with advantage to both sides. The scheme could afterwards be extended.

The neighboring Austrian Empire is in constant danger of falling to pieces, owing to the disintegrating forces continually at work in all parts of the Dual Monarchy. Austria, however, is the ally of Germany in the Triple Alliance, and Germany has urgent political reasons for desiring to maintain the integrity of the present Hapsburg dominions. It is therefore conceivable that the Kaiser might one day say in effect to his imperial neighbor, the Emperor of Austria, "I will guarantee the integrity of your dominions, and the maintenance of law and order against revolutionary forces within or without, if you agree to form a Customs and Commercial Union with Germany."

It will be a short step from Austria-Hungary to the Balkan States, which are, from a commercial and economic point of view, practically dependent on the Dual Monarchy. If Austria-Hungary were to form a Customs and Commercial Union with Germany, the smaller Balkan countries, such as Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, could be driven by tariff reprisals to join the combination. The extension of the Zollverein to Scandinavia would, in these circumstances, be well within the range of practical politics.

It is probable that both the Balkan States and the two countries of the Scandinavian peninsula will continuously feel the effects of the crushing defeat which Russia has sustained in Asia, more especially as the terms of the new alliance between England and Japan practically exclude all possibility of Russian expansion on the Asiatic continent during the next half-century. Russian energies, in

consequence of being restricted in Asia, will seek fresh outlets in Europe, and the pressure will undoubtedly be felt both in Scandinavia and the Balkan countries. One of the key-notes of Russian policy is to secure access to the open sea; and both Scandinavia and the Balkan States offer opportunities in this direction. It is therefore quite conceivable that the Scandinavian countries and the Balkan States would find it advantageous to enter into some kind of arrangement with Germany, and her ally, Austria-Hungary, which would grant them the support of these two great military powers in the event of their being marked out as the proposed victims of Russian aggression.

The whole scheme may sound chimerical, but it is taken seriously by some of the most eminent economists in Germany. Two years ago an Association was formed with the avowed programme of promoting a vast Central European Customs and Commercial Union, of which Germany should be the guiding force. The founder of the Association is the greatest contemporary German economist—Professor Julius Wolff, of Breslau University—and he received promises of support and messages of encouragement from a large number of prominent public men, including leading members of nearly all the principal parties and groups in the German Imperial Legislature. Although the Kaiser himself has made no public utterance on a question which is closely bound up with many international questions of extreme delicacy, there is no doubt that he thoroughly approves of the plan of extending and increasing the influence of the German Empire by means which will be most potent in a century which is above everything an age of commerce.

Simultaneously with the formation

of ambitious plans for the future, the German Emperor is continuously directing the forces of German diplomacy in such a way as skilfully to promote German interests. The Kaiser's visits to Sweden, Norway and Denmark have been connected with definite political designs. There is no doubt whatever that during his reign the Kaiser has completely altered the relations between the German Empire on the one hand, and Sweden, Norway and Denmark on the other; and has, moreover, increased Germany's moral hold on her northern neighbors to a degree which would have seemed impossible two decades ago.

The Kaiser was largely instrumental in bringing about the marriage of the Queen of Holland to a German prince, thereby establishing a new link between the Empire and Holland. Then, during the troubles connected with the administration of the Congo State, Germany has rendered valuable support to Belgium, thereby meriting the gratitude of that country. The Kaiser brought about the marriage of his sister to the Crown Prince of Greece, so that the next ruler of the most civilized Balkan country is also closely bound to the German Imperial family.

A branch of the Hohenzollern family reigns in Roumania, and a branch of the Cobourg family—also German—is in possession of the throne of Bulgaria. All these facts tell in favor of German influence, and the Kaiser has utilized every opportunity to its uttermost value. He is playing a vast, patient, far-reaching diplomatic game with consummate skill, making

the German Empire a more potent factor in international affairs than it has ever been in the past.

Behind the forces of German diplomacy stand the mighty armaments which the Kaiser would control with the same scientific precision with which he now elaborates political designs and schemes of commercial expansion.

The Kaiser is an advocate of peace but not of "peace at any price." If he became convinced that the maintenance of peace would be incompatible with the mission of the German Empire, he would not hesitate to wage a colossal war in the interests of a righteous cause. It would therefore be a fatal mistake for any other nation to construe the Kaiser's ingrained love of peace as a sign of weakness, and attempt to take advantage of it in the hope of intimidating Germany.

To sum up, the Kaiser's political programme is based on the fundamental idea that the Germans are destined by Providence to be "the salt of the earth." The Kaiser desires to establish the supremacy of Germany, not on military conquests, but on the peaceful pursuits of commerce, arts, and science. As a practical man he is seeking to attain these ends by all the known legitimate methods of diplomatic art and commercial competition. Failing the success of peaceful methods, he would fight for the attainment of a cause which he believes to be righteous. But it is fortunate for the world that a monarch possessing such vast power should pursue a political programme full of such high ideals.

Jesus Christ to-day is risen,
And o'er death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading sin itself in chains.

For our sins the sinless Saviour
Bare the heavy wrath of God;
Reconciling us, that favor
Might be shown us through His blood.

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM.

BY ROBERT HIND.*



THE Russian Empire represents one-sixth of the land-surface of this planet; or, putting the matter in another way, it covers two-thirds of Europe and one-third of Asia. In this respect it is only outmatched by the British Empire, and both of them are larger than any other empires of either ancient or modern times. Russia, too, has one advantage over her rival, even though her rival may have many advantages she does not possess—she has territorial continuity, which, although in these days of steamships and telegraphs it does not count for so much as it formerly did, is of some value.

And Russia is a land of great undeveloped wealth, notwithstanding that in its vast areas there are many extensive desolate regions and ice-bound coasts. It has broad rivers. The Ural district has in it practically all the metals, precious and other, and is one of the richest mineral-fields in the world. The wealth lying buried in Siberia is fabulous. Extensive areas yield beet-root, cotton, tea, grapes, and the finest wheat in the world, and the value of the timber-forests is beyond computation.

But the people are poorer than those of any other civilized or semi-civilized country. They are taxed to death, and the protective tariffs are the highest in the world. Indeed, it has been said that to Russian peasants and the mechanics and other workers in the

towns, the one mission of their life is to raise enough money to pay the taxes and rates—all other things, such as bread to eat, clothes to wear, and the like, are very minor considerations.

Famines are of frequent occurrence. At this time there is one which is driving the peasantry, half-naked and gaunt with hunger, into the towns in hordes. Maize, black-bread, and milk are the chief, and in most cases the only, food of the peasantry from childhood till death, with occasionally a little tea.

The Russian peasant pays for Russian sugar five times as much as he could buy the same (Russian) sugar for in London. But the wages have not risen in proportion; on the contrary, they have gone down. The wages earned by men in the beet-root industry vary in different districts from tenpence to thirteence per day, and tea is four shillings and sugar tenpence per pound! On the top of this there are direct taxes, which, however, are never paid in full, for the simple reason that there is nothing with which to pay them. Arrears are allowed to accumulate till, to save the taxpayer from black despair, the government is compelled to write them off, and a law has been passed prohibiting the tax-collector, when he has seized everything else, from selling the peasant's last cow. Only thus could the country be saved from being quite cleared of its inhabitants.

This is not the only evil. One that is still greater, and is the main cause of the serious economic conditions prevailing, is bad government. There

* Abridged from the Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.

is no trial by jury; there are now no civil judges; there is no freedom of public meeting or of the press. The laws that are in existence can and are systematically disregarded, not only by high officials, but by the humblest police constable. Martial law, which, as every one knows, is no law, is the normal and established order throughout the empire, administered with a brutality so dreadful that one turns sick at the bare recital of the facts taking place every day in every part of the Czar's dominions.

In May, 1902, there was a small workmen's demonstration in Vilna. It was quite orderly and innocent, the worst thing that happened being that a few papers bearing the words, "Congratulations on May 1st—the workmen's holiday. Down with Absolutism!" were scattered about among the people. For this a large number of arrests were made, and without any trial, or any attempt even to weed out of the crowd arrested those who had simply happened to be in it by accident, every arrested person was condemned to receive thirty lashes with the *plet*—a horrible instrument of torture. Many fainted when they had received ten; these were given time to regain consciousness again and again till they had received the whole thirty, and when all was over, General Von Wahl, the official who had ordered and carried out this punishment, addressed his victims assembled in his presence with the sneering words—"Congratulations on May 1st."

This is no isolated case; it fairly represents what is taking place every day in all parts of Russia. Men and women are arrested in scores and hundreds, and in most cases they do not know the reason. They are cast into jail and allowed to remain there for a year, sometimes for three years,

without any definite charge being made against them. In all that time they are confined in horrid, filthy, evil-smelling cells, with little food and that of the worst. The cells are cold and often damp, but they must remain in poor, thin prison-garments. No one speaks to them, not even the warder, but always a man is watching them through a small window in the door. In time they become nervous. The silence alone is dreadful, for no sound reaches them—even the warders walking about in felt shoes—and before they lose the sense of hearing altogether, as sometimes happens, their ears become so sensitive that they can hear the flicker of the little oil-lamp they have.

When at last they are brought forth for what is called a preliminary examination, save in the cases of strong-minded people who have fought the tendencies of cell-life, they are in no condition to prevent their judges fastening suspicions upon them, which these judges are always endeavoring to do. Often enough there is neither a preliminary nor any other examination, but all who have been arrested are simply deported to Siberia, or some desolate outpost on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, or to the place that has been so prominently before newspaper readers in connection with the peace negotiations between Japan and Russia, the island of Sakhalin, known among the victims of the Czar's tyranny as Russia's "Ile-du-Diable" on account of the special horrors of convict life there.

When a batch of women convicts arrives there, men convicts are brought out each to choose a wife from them. Some of the women are cultured and of noble birth, sent on suspicion of being anarchists, and they like the rest are handed over to whom-

soever may choose them, though he be one of the most brutal rascals on earth.

A common form of punishment at Sakhalin is to rivet a man in chains to his barrow, and so that barrow is his day and night companion for months and years. But the man may be a gentleman, and may not even know why he is there. Without these special punishments, to be compelled to live there is sufficient penalty for a great crime. The mean temperature for the twelve-month is five degrees below freezing-point. It is actual winter seven months in the year, and during the five vegetative months the mean temperature is only twelve degrees, and after this less harsh season has set in it is found the soil is frozen twenty inches deep.

Besides the revolutionaries there are on the island semi-savage natives, and of convicts the offscouring of the Empire. And with these the best men and women of Russia, cultured, refined, loyal hearted, have to herd and work and suffer; some because they have sought by what in England would be regarded as constitutional methods for the improvement of the conditions amidst which their countrymen have to live, others because it is thought by their judges that they are "politically untrustworthy," others because by accident they were among a crowd of people the police had resolved to arrest.

Or there was the case of Mark Broido, a student of liberal ideas, who was guilty of the crime of printing and circulating translations of a narrative of the French Revolution and a speech of Mr. Keir Hardie's on the South African War, with a few other pamphlets of the same kind. He was arrested in 1901, and suffered unimaginable tortures in various prisons, and in 1904 was informed that he would be exiled for eight years to

Siberia. An effort there to obtain better treatment ended in twelve years being added to the term of exile, but one night he effected his escape, and as by a miracle, in time reached London, where he told his exciting story to sympathetic friends.

All are not so fortunate. Despite their courage the poor victims are often worn down in some way or other. One reason why they are not immediately brought out to be tried is that when their spirits are broken, or somewhat subdued, they may be led to incriminate others. And in Russia it takes so little to incriminate a man. It is not necessary to inform the authorities of anything he has done; all that is needed is for a prisoner to admit that he once knew or once met with a certain person, and at once that person is arrested and put through the same process.

The effect of the horrors of Russian prison-life may be gathered from the following figures. Schlüsselburg is an inaccessible castle-prison on an island in Lake Ladoga. It is not possible to reach a prisoner there. Even the soldiers there are prisoners, so that news hardly ever reaches the friends of the men and women incarcerated in that awful place. But twice at least information has leaked out, and without giving details of the daily life of that place of horrors, these bald facts may be stated. Of fifty-four prisoners two were shot in prison; four committed suicide; six became insane; twenty died in the castle; ten were removed into exile, of whom three more committed suicide, and twelve are believed to be still alive in confinement.

Nothing is more remarkable than the large number of women who have consecrated themselves to the cause of Russia's liberation. These women have heard and read what suffering a reformer in their country must bear, though of course the full bitterness of

it cannot be known to any one till it has been endured. But in view of what is actually known it is a matter for amazement that any man, to say nothing of women, gentle and refined, could be found to brave the ordeal. But the story of quite a large number of these heroines is told in the pages of "Russia in Revolution." The following is a brief extract from one of them. Elizabeth Kovalsky, imprisoned with other reformers, women and men, had sought by various means to obtain some reform in their prison treatment and this was her punishment :

"A noise in the corridor awoke me. Opening my eyes, I was terrified to see in the darkness some figures of men coming on tip-toe to my bed. . . . It was no dream, indeed. I felt several rough hands on my shoulders, and a piece of rag in my mouth, that prevented me from crying out. Some of the men, dressed in military uniform, quickly seized me, undressed as I was, covered my body with a blanket, and carried me through the prison corridor into the yard. . . . The prison gates were open ; near them stood a waggon, surrounded by prison officers. 'Throw her into the waggon,' commanded the same voice that had ordered my mouth to be closed. The Cossacks threw me on the bottom of the rough wooden waggon, and themselves sat on both sides holding me fast by hands and legs. . . . The nearest (gendarme) . . . joked about my condition. . . . The waggon suddenly turned to the right. A little house stood near the river side. Here the waggon stopped. The Cossack carried me in, and put me on the cold, dirty floor, still holding fast my hands and legs. 'Take off her shirt and put on a prison one,' shouted the gendarme officer. In a moment I was on my feet, but I had scarcely struck the man when the whole gang of warders caught my arms and held me so fast that I fainted. When I opened my eyes it was early morning. I lay in the bottom of a boat and around me sat eight soldiers, holding in their hands a prison overcoat to prevent me from jumping into the water. . . . Thus they brought me to Verkni Udinsk prison."

In another passage in "Russia

in Revolution" there is a reference to a "hunger strike" which may be explained in this way. When the prisoners have some grievance they are resolved to have ended at any cost, as, for instance, when women have prison-clothes supplied that are too small, and not only fail to keep them warm, but expose their persons to the officers watching them, by certain knocks that have come to be understood they are able, failing all other means, to carry out hunger strikes, all of them refusing to taste food till the grievance has been removed. Sometimes these strikes continue seven or eight days, and one is recorded which lasted sixteen days. Three women and twenty men poisoned themselves to escape the horrors of prison life.

Once more let it be remembered that these sufferers are not criminals in the true sense of the word, but high-souled, clean-living men and women ; some of the finest spirits indeed that ever breathed the air of heaven. The facts given are not of isolated or exceptional cases. During the last fifteen years the number has greatly increased each year, so that to-day practically in all the prisons there are twice as many immured as there is accommodation for, and what horrors that means in Russian prisons only those who have seen can understand.

After these thirty-five years of work and suffering, is the outlook in any degree more hopeful, or has the sacrifice laid on the altar been all in vain? It must be admitted that the actual conditions of life prevailing throughout the empire to-day are as bad as ever, perhaps even worse than they have ever been. Nothing seems to teach the Romanoffs wisdom, and the present Czar, one of the weakest men that ever sat on a throne, is like all the rest of his house in this respect,

that he gathers around him men whose most striking characteristics are cruelty and unscrupulousness.

But there are some weighty considerations that point to the conclusion that the day of Russia's redemption draweth nigh. The methods of the reformers were of the sort that could not early show large results, but the results of such methods were likely to be enduring. At the first political reform indeed was hardly contemplated. The movement may be said to have been begun by a group of students—Peter Kropotkin, Felix Voltchovsky, and others. They formed what we should call a university settlement, devoting their evenings and their holidays to the work of educating working men. They aimed chiefly at the spread of modern literature, translations of Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and other great writers. But when the authorities discovered what they were doing they were arrested and imprisoned.

This led to a new development. The propagandists, by the force of circumstances, were made into itinerant missionaries. "They were scattered abroad, and went everywhere, preaching the word." For the most part they worked in secret among peasants and industrials. Women of culture and noble birth hired themselves as factory-girls, working fourteen hours per day in order to teach their doctrines, and men went out to remote villages, after qualifying themselves for various kinds of work, with the same object in view. In four years there were two thousand of these missionaries, all of them "intellectuals," all of them cultured, all of them burning with the fire of consecration. There has been ebb and flow in the movement since.

Once indeed it looked as though Plehve had destroyed it. The pioneers were all either dead, in prison, or in

exile, and for the moment new workers did not appear to be arising. But the movement had by this time ceased to be dependent on a few leading men, and it was but taking on a new aspect, the result of the new conditions created in part by the propaganda and in part by the "Terror" that had crushed the pioneers. The education of the peasantry and the workers of the town during thirty years had produced its effect. Everywhere the people could read for themselves, and though newspapers were scarce, pamphlets, issuing none knew from whence, found their way into the hands of the people all over the Empire.

The movement at this time ceased to be purely belonging to the "intellectuals" and the cultured. The workers of the nation were moved. Patient to a degree, their minds had nevertheless been stirred, and they began to ask the reason why their lives were made so wretched, their homes so poor, their personal liberty so insecure. They had begun to realize, indeed, that they had rights.

One thing was still needed to sever their loyalty from the existing state of things and bind them completely to the new movement, and that one thing the Czar himself supplied by the events of "Bloody Sunday." When on January 22, 1905, Father Gapon led his procession to the Winter Palace to ask the Czar to help them to attain to better conditions of life, there was no thought of violence in the hearts of the petitioners. They went unarmed, these thousands of working men; their wives and little ones were by their sides. They had sent a message that they were coming, and the Czar had not even told them to stay away, so that they had every reason to believe they were to be welcomed. But groups of soldiers were in the streets as they passed along.

Still they had no thought of danger. How could they have a fear when as they passed along the soldiers uncovered their heads, bowed, and made the sign of the Cross? They believed the "Little Father," the man who to them was next to God—the Czar, would hear their prayer and help them. But suddenly there was the crack of rifles, and the streets were like human slambles, men, women, and children lying thick on the ground wounded and dead.

Father Gapon issued the proclamation—"Comrades, there is no Czar. Between him and the Russian nation torrents of blood have flowed to-day. It is high time for the Russian workman to begin without him to carry on the struggle for national freedom." The idol was shattered, and none too early. How, indeed, the illusion had been kept up that the Czars, including the weak young man who now bears that title, have been anything but tyrants it is difficult to understand. Mr. Perris, at all events, gives abundant proof that from the first the Czar has been cruel and tyrannical, and "Bloody Sunday" proved this to be the case in the eyes of all the world.

The discontent of the people with their lot is greatly increased by a new element that has entered into their life. Formerly, when famines were not so common, and the villager could depend on the castle helping him in the time of extreme need, the great mass of the people never once in all their life travelled more than two or three miles from their village home; to-day there are quite ten millions of Russians living a nomad life, engaging themselves for a few months where they can best find work. They carry news from place to place; they see the glaring contrasts between the utter

poverty of the workers and the luxuries enjoyed by the rich. And they are resolved to strive for some small share at least of the good things of earth.

Perhaps the chief peculiarity of the revolution in Russia, and in this respect it differs from some other revolutions, is that when the *coup* comes, it will come through the peasantry, and in the hour of their triumph they will be less iconoclastic than any others in the history of revolutions. For there is one thing in which they still believe, in which they have always believed and always will believe, and that is the *MIR*—their village-commune. The ideal they have in their minds indeed is simply to have freedom to build up their *Mir*, to develop its resources, and to have the chance of enjoying what it is capable of yielding.

At present they are deprived of this privilege. Taxation is too heavy. Protective tariffs prevent them from buying what they need, especially of clothes and implements at their true money value. They cannot therefore improve their methods of farming, and the soil is becoming exhausted. But they hold by their communal ideas, and each village pays its tax collectively, it cares for its own poor and aged—a strange thing to do where all are so poor. And when this great movement shall have done its work, and the blood of the martyrs shall have produced its natural harvest, out of this village communal life, unhampered by the greed and corruption and cruelty of either Autocrat or Oligarchy, there will come a civilization different from those of the States of the West, and not a whit behind the best of them in the exalted type of its manhood and the blessedness of its life.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE WHITE PLAGUE.



WELL within the last twenty-five years an almost complete revolution has taken place in the medical mind of the world in relation to the fell disease variously called phthisis, tuberculosis, or consumption. A new conception of its character and origin has led to a new mode of treatment, and even the careful article in the very last edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is now pretty well out of date. It is, to say the least, mildly amusing to read its extremely guarded, if not sceptical, statements about the infectious nature of the complaint, in the light of what is now the commonplace of every medical journal; and its eminently respectable and old-fashioned hints about treatment are not less provocative of a smile. It was in 1882 that Professor Koch, of Berlin, announced and demonstrated the tubercle bacillus. Since that epoch-making discovery, progress has been rapid, and although Dr. Koch's special remedy of inoculation by what is called tuberculin has not done anything like what was claimed for or expected from it, it has been eminently useful in enabling physicians to detect true tuberculosis, and has indirectly led the way to the adoption of a method of attacking incipient phthisis on rational lines which bids fair, if not to banish the disease, yet immensely to mitigate its ravages. What these are need only to be stated in this one sentence: Over a million persons die every year from consumption in Europe alone, and of that number 60,000 are credited to Great Britain.

The recognition of the infectiousness of tuberculosis is the first factor in the new treatment. The bacillus enters the body chiefly by the respiratory or digestive passages. The danger does not lie in the breath or the proximity of the patient, but in what he expectorates. It has been calculated that in an average morsel of sputum there may be as many as three hundred millions of the bacilli. And this sputum is practically innocuous when in the wet state. It is mainly when dried and scattered in the air in particles of dust that it becomes a grave peril. But these germs, it should be remembered, may also be propagated on damp wall paper, especially where organic effluvia from the breath or from the soil afford them anything to live on.

But infectious as it is, tuberculosis is probably the easiest of all this class of diseases to prevent from spreading. The tubercle bacillus cannot stand fresh air, especially sun-lit fresh air. Not only can it not find a bridge of passage from one person to another in such conditions, but it tends to die out in the patient himself, if that patient will consent to breathe only and constantly the free breezes of heaven, even if they be as cold as the polar breath or mixed with damp and snow and fog. Here is the one guiding principle of the sanatoria which are being planted in increasing numbers in every part of the civilized world. The predisposing cause of consumption is the lack of fresh air; the most potent means of restoring health to the patient is that same fresh air. In a book which now lies before me, published in 1899, sanatoria are described as existing in the United States, in Austria-Hungary in France,

in all parts of Germany, in Norway, Russia and Switzerland, besides England and the British possessions. The list of books and pamphlets on the subject, supplied by the author for reference, fills over nine closely printed octavo pages, and comprises more than 250 various publications in English, French, German, Dutch, Italian and other languages.

Until quite recently England, so long in the forefront, had fallen behind in the provision of places proper for dealing with consumption on the newer methods. It had quite a number of hospitals for diseases of the lungs, throat, and chest, but all kinds of patients were admitted to them, and they were for the most part situated too near to crowded centres of population to be suitable for the fresh air treatment. But this reproach is now being fast wiped away. In various parts of the kingdom others are springing up. Among these the most interesting to Methodists will be that just opened in Delamere Forest in Cheshire, and given to the Liverpool Consumption Hospital Committee by Lady Willox and Mr. W. P. Hartley. The foundation stone was laid in October, 1900, by Lord Derby, and just about a year later the formal opening by Lady Derby took place. At that function, attended by some three hundred chief citizens, among whom were all the leading doctors of Liverpool, Mr. Hartley told of how the idea of the sanatorium first entered his mind. It was through reading an article in the "Contemporary Review" by one who had been cured by the new treatment. By this, and by the speeches at the great meeting held at Marlborough House, he had been so much impressed that he felt irresistibly drawn to do something to bring Liverpool into line with that great international movement. He cast about for someone to

join him in the enterprise, and fortunately called upon Sir John Willox, M.P. (proprietor of the Liverpool Courier), who mentioned the matter to Lady Willox, with the result that, without any hesitation, she offered to share with him the expense of providing the building and the equipments. Mr. Hartley modestly refrained from saying what that sum was, but it is over £15,000 in all.

No one who attended the function that day could fail to note that the utmost pains had been spent in the selection of the site. The experts say that the great *desiderata* for such sanatoria are a dry, sandy soil, a sheltered situation on rising ground, a more or less southerly aspect, apartness from population, distance from a dusty high road and from a railway. In all these respects the Liverpool sanatorium is ideally placed. It stands some five hundred feet above the sea level, and yet is well screened from the north and north-east winds. To get to it you must drive three miles or more from the nearest railway station. Planted within its own forty acres, the sanatorium looks away across a magnificent panorama of woodland and pasture. Over the tree-tops on the left rise the spires of Eaton Hall, while the view in front includes the old Cathedral at Chester. Sweeping round, the eye rests upon the silver ribbon of the Mersey, and further on, the Welsh mountains, with Snowdon crowned with mist, conspicuous above them all. The grounds around have been left largely in Nature's own wildness, and, in addition, some three thousand young pine trees have been planted by a special sympathizer. As shelters against wind and rain and as active producers of ozone, these trees will be invaluable.

In the form of the buildings, too, which are of Raubon red brick with stone facings and red-tiled roof, the

best opinion has been followed; indeed, it is impossible for any outsider to realize the patient and detailed trouble which Mr. Hartley (the chairman) and his co-workers have given to perfect the arrangements. The main building is of three storeys, approached by a pleasant carriage drive leading to a glass covered verandah over the entrance. A flight of steps brings the visitor to the reception room and main corridor of the building. Off the latter on the right are the resident doctor's quarters, lavatories, and examination rooms. To the left are the matron's apartments and four bedrooms for patients. The second floor consists entirely of single bedrooms for patients to the number of twelve, making sixteen in all. The top storey is for the nurses and other members of the staff. The total accommodation of the sanatorium proper, exclusive of the staff, is for sixteen, while the bungalows provide for sixteen more, that is, thirty-two in all.

All the bedrooms face the front, in single rows, with the corridor behind. Thus whatever sunshine there is the patient gets. The windows of the corridor are opposite the doors of the bedrooms, so that a current of pure air can be constantly passing through. In the interior the whole construction is arranged to facilitate cleansing. The corners are all rounded, unnecessary ledges which might lodge dust are avoided, and the floors are of polished uncarpeted wood. The furniture is of the lightest description and without ornamentation. Mats, curtains, and hangings, which might harbor the dust enemy, are reduced to a minimum. To preserve atmospheric purity the artificial lighting is by electricity, and the warming by low pressure steam.

The glass verandah at the entrance serves the purpose of a shelter during

wet weather, under which the patients can sit or recline in fresh air conditions without inconvenience or danger. Right along the second floor another glass verandah is erected, and the French windows of the bedrooms open out in such a way that separate compartments can readily be formed in which patients may lie unobserved in open air. From the main building there is a breezy approach (always flushed with fresh air) to the large dining hall behind—the only common room in the whole institution. The chief object is to compel the patients to spend as little time as need be in indoor seclusion.

The bungalows form one of the most interesting features of this sanatorium. They are four in number, with four single sleeping rooms in each. They are quite picturesque in appearance, made of patent wire-woven felting, beaded with hard wood outside, and a verandah running the whole length of each bungalow. In one of the rooms a young woman was lying quite comfortably with the whole front of the apartment quite open to the outer air, and she told us that only that morning the rain had formed quite a pool on the ledge of the window, but she did not mind it. She was the only one in bed; the other bungalow patients had already got past that stage of the treatment. In proof of the great blessing conferred upon the community by the Delamere Sanatorium, it only needs to be stated that already the accommodation for patients is quite taken up, and the number of applications received would suffice to fill the sanatorium and bungalows five times over. There is, however, happily, ample room for extension.

The main outlines of the treatment may be quickly recited. It is carried out under the supervision of Dr. Whyte, who has himself been cured

by it. The patient has first to be acclimatized—gradually inured to stand a life in the open air in all weathers. The individual power of reaction from the effect of cold is carefully studied, and the regimen regulated accordingly. The length and degree of exposure are gradually increased, and the universal experience is that before long the patient finds confinement in a room irksome and seeks instinctively the outer air. Rest out of doors in the verandah is practised in all but the coldest, wildest weather. In one sanatorium I have read of as many as forty per cent. were able to stay out seven hours or more, and six per cent. could remain out ten or eleven hours a day. Bracing climate rather than warm and agreeable ones are found most beneficial to the consumptive, and hence exposure is everywhere encouraged, till the patient becomes fit to bear it without fatigue or depression. Exercise is prescribed according to an ascending scale, but the pace of walking—the best form of exercise—is never allowed to exceed two miles an hour. Sedentary occupations which contract the chest are forbidden.

The diet is varied and generous. When fever is present, of course, it is largely made up of milk foods, but as febrile symptoms decline anything may be taken, and the more the better. In most of the German sanatoria two breakfasts are provided, a mid-day dinner of three or four courses, afternoon tea or coffee with milk, and an early supper of three or four courses, besides, in some cases, milk or soup on rising and at bed-time. It is amazing what can be eaten with impunity after a while, even by the most dainty and delicate patients. Thus Dr. Mander Smyth—who was cured by this treatment and has established a sanatorium at Ringwood, on the border

of the New Forest—after telling us that at Nordrach “he was occasionally bombarded by summer hail-storms which swept up the valley, and at times in the winter waked up to find that an inch of snow had silently drifted upon his bed,” proceeds:—“But far more important than fresh air were the meals. Three a day, at eight, one, and seven, they came with pitiless regularity. A plate of pork and potatoes, a leg and wing of a chicken, salad and more potatoes, and to finish, a large wedge of very solid pastry, would constitute a typical dinner; not more, indeed, than a man of hearty appetite would consume, but to the feeble invalid a Gargantuan repast. Moreover, *mirabile dictu*, I was persuaded by the magic of the doctor’s personality (Dr. Walther) to eat it all.

“Only once did exhausted Nature absolutely rebel. It was on August 7th, when I had lost half a pound in weight. Then came the doctor, serious and impressive, and plainly told me that if I did not eat I should assuredly die. The mental stimulus was exactly what I needed; and let that be the answer to those who, without knowing the real man, cavil at what they call the ‘Prussian’ method of treating phthisis. It was to the invalid like the encouragement of the general to his men reeling from the enemy’s fire.”

Dr. Smyth’s case is a triumphant vindication of the treatment when properly persevered with. He went to Nordrach in July, 1896, in almost the last stage of galloping consumption, his life despaired of. One doctor said of him and to him. “When I assented to your going I was as sceptical as Naaman the Syrian. I had no hope whatever of your recovery.” A medical examination reported complete arrest of the disease,

cavities healed and bacilli gone. Of course the best results are expected from the incipient cases.

In his speech at the opening of the Delamere Sanatorium, Lord Derby well laid stress on the duty of public bodies, not only to provide sanatoria of this kind wherever possible, but also to secure greater air space in the towns and cities, to clear away rookeries, and to insist upon conditions of ordinary sanitation. There is, as he said, always a dread on the part of patients and their friends that when those who have been cured or benefited go back to their employment, the conditions of life necessary to the preservation of what they have gained will be only too likely to cease. Sanatoria for the poor and the lower middle class are an immediate and crying want in our land. Here we are sadly behind many other countries, such as France and Germany. It is pleasing to learn that three Boards of Guardians in and near Liverpool—West Derby, Toxteth and Liverpool—have been induced to combine to build a joint public sanatorium for the consumptive poor of their districts at Heswall, in Cheshire, at a cost of some £14,000.

Not only from the moral point of view, but even from the financial, this is the true and wise policy. The poor consumptive is a menace to the community. The cost of maintaining the 8,000 adult consumptives in England who are dependent on the rates is not less, it has been computed, than £600,000 per year. Place these in sanatoria and they might be cured, such of them as are curable, at a cost of £50 per head. This, added to the cost of maintaining the incurable ones till they died, would make a total expenditure of about £450,000. The gain would be threefold, a direct saving in money of £150,000 per year, the removal of 8,000 consumptives from unhealthy tenements, and the destroying of 8,000 local points of infection. All the signs of the times point to a dawning era of rational good sense and energy in dealing with an old and stubborn problem. Before the new century has run its course humanity may well hope to have scotched, if not slain outright, that dread dragon of disease which has for so many ages demanded and enjoyed unhindered its long annual tale of helpless victims.

G E T H S E M A N E .

BY MINNIE FERRIS HAUENSTEIN.

Agèd and gnarlèd olives bend o'er Him,
 Oh! the shadows deep and the mystery!
 Oh! the garden drear and the crosses three!
 Kind solace pour from every branch and limb;
 His cup of anguish to the bitter brim
 O'erflows; beneath Iscariot's perfidy,
 And covering Peter's sin, spent hopelessly
 He gropes and suffers 'mid the wood-paths dim,
 And cries, "Am I alone? No outstretched hand
 To give me succor that I grief withstand?"
 Oh! faithless, slumbrous, unaccounting friends,
 Small peace your presence to the Master lends.
 Oh! the shadow deep and the mystery!
 Oh! the garden drear and the crosses three!

—*The Independent.*

BEFORE MARY OF MAGDALA CAME.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre. . . . The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early. . . . unto the sepulchre . . . and . . . she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing. . . . Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him . . . Master.—John xix., xx.

From silvering mid-sea to the Syrian sand,
It was the time of blossom in the land.
On field and hill and down the steep ravine,
Ran foam and fire of bloom and ripple of green.
The Sepulchre was open wide, and thrown
Among the crushed, hurt lilies lay the Stone.
A light wind stirred the Garden; everywhere
The smell of myrrh was out upon the air.
For three days he had travelled with the dead,
And now has risen to go with stiller tread
The old earth's ways again.
To stay the heart and build the hope of men.
He made a lustre in that leafy place,
His form serene, majestic; His face
Touched with a cryptic beauty like the sea
When night begins to be.

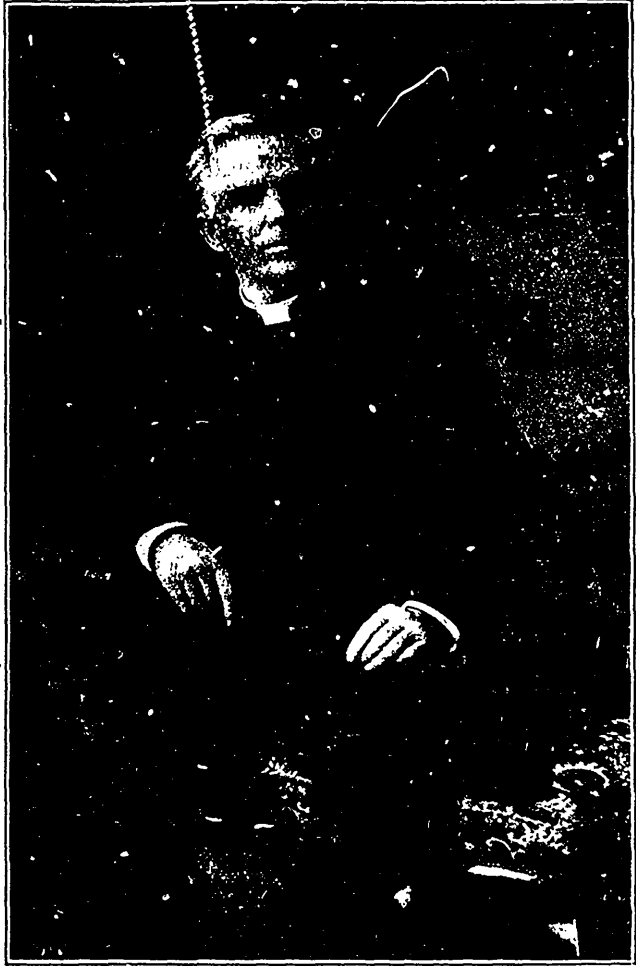
The cold gray east was warming into rose
Beyond the steep ravine where Kedron goes.
Now suddenly on the morning faint with flame
Jerusalem with all their clamor came—
A snarl of noises from the far-off street,
Dispute and barter and the clack of feet,
A moment it brawled upward and was gone—
Faded, forgotten in the deep still dawn.
He passed across the morning: felt the cool,
Keen, kindling air blown upward from the pool.
A busy wind brought little tender smells
From barley fields and weeds by April wells.
Up in the tree-tops where the breezes ran,
The old sweet noises in the nests began.
And once he paused to listen while a bird
Shouted the joy till all the Garden heard.

There in the morning on the old worn ways,
New-risen from the sacrament of death—
He looked toward Olivet with tender gaze:
Old things of the heart came back from other
days—

The happy, homely shop in Nazareth;
The noonday shadow of a wayside tree
That had befriended Him in Galilee;
Sweet talks in Bethany by the chimney-stone,
And night-long lingering talks with John alone.
And then He thought of all the weary men
He would have gathered as a mother hen
Gathers her brood under her wings at night.
And then He saw the ages in one flight,
And heard as a great sea
All of the griefs that had been and must be.

As He stood looking on the endless sky,
Over the Garden went a sobbing cry,
He turned, and saw where the tall almonds are
His Mary of Magdala, wildly pale,
Fast-fleeting down the trail,
And suddenly His face was like a star!
He spoke; she knew—a blaze of happy tears;
Then "Master!" . . . and the word rings
down the years!





JAMES LUMSDEN.

THE SKIPPER PARSON.*



ST. JOHN'S NARROWS

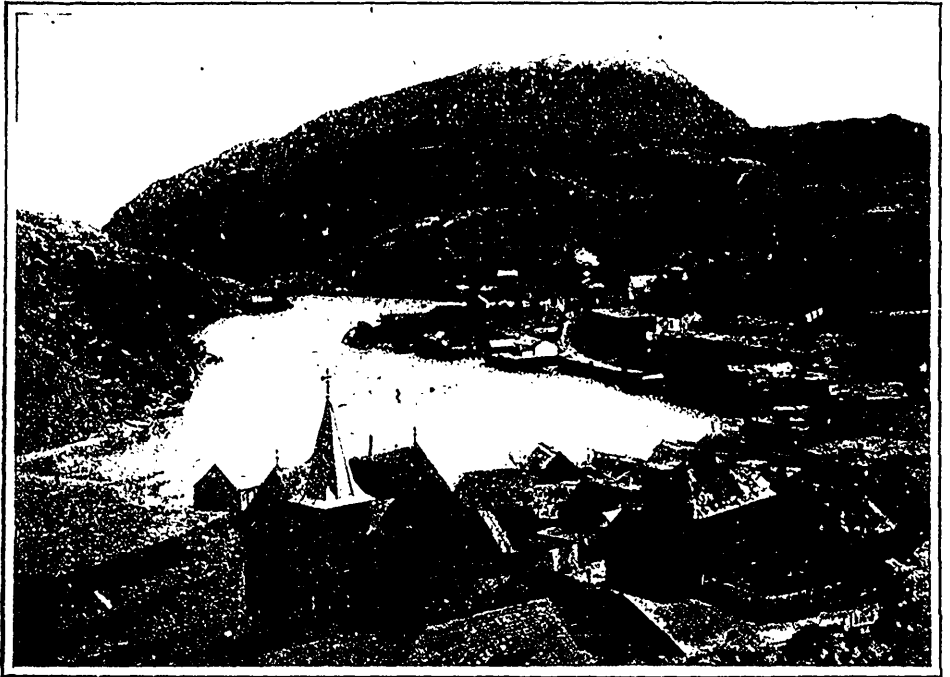


BRITAIN'S oldest colony is receiving much attention through the stirring stories of Norman Duncan, and the noble work of Dr. Grenfell. The Rev. James Lumsden's narrative of personal adventure will add not a little to that popular interest. He had longer and more intimate relations with these interesting people than either Norman Duncan or Dr. Grenfell, and writes with keenest sympathy with their humble joys and sorrows.

His own adventures began some-

what inauspiciously. The first news received on landing from England was of the death of Garfield. On his first voyage he was shipwrecked. On the vessel was a drunken passenger who threatened to smash everything in the cabin "if they angered him." When the peril of sudden death stared him in the face the old bravo proved an utter coward. On a dark night with head wind the little schooner washed upon a rock, the crew and passengers took to the boat and the ill-fated "Llewellyn" sank before their

* "The Skipper Parson. On the Bays and Barrons of Newfoundland." By James Lumsden. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 212. Price, \$1.25.



QUIDI VIDI, A TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND HARBOR.

eyes. In a cranky boat, without hat or coat or boots, shivering with cold, the young missionary found his way ashore. The conscience-stricken old toper exclaimed, as he stepped upon the strand, "Thank God I am out of hell."

The castaways were kindly received in a fisherman's cottage, but our skipper parson found himself with scant clothing, without even a Bible or a hymn-book or a cent of money. All the heirlooms, the presents and treasures of a happy past were gone. He was emphatically a stranger in a strange land. His host, a man twice his size, lent him some clothing, and on Sunday morning he reached his destination at Northern Bight. His rather uncanny appearance aroused curiosity and interest. They never thought of identifying him

with the expected preacher from England. "Lend me a pair of boots and I'll preach to you," he said, and with an improvised outfit he preached his first sermon in the ancient colony.

Next day he walked twelve miles to seek the counsel of the nearest preacher, the Rev. Henry Lewis, now of Manitoba. He was received with much kindness. A trunk of clothing was despatched from St. John's, which only reached him three months later. His first circuit had sixteen appointments to visit, which required sixty miles of travel by boat and on foot through the forest. There were no roads nor even a horse, so he became a circuit-cruiser instead of the old-time circuit-rider.

He preached thrice on Sunday and every night save Saturday, carrying his books for study with him. He

shared and fared with the kindly people who gave him of their best, the staple being bread and tea, milk and meat being rare. He had a chance to cultivate plain living and high thinking. He learned to love the sea, the flying scud, the music of the breakers, the wind that "bends the gallant mast," but often was compelled by storm to make long detours around some deep bay head on foot.

His first attempt at snow-shoeing five miles through the woods was not a success, as he wore long boots instead of moccasins. But he soon learned the difficult art, and could do his fifteen miles with pleasure. The isolation, however, was terrible, translated, as he found himself, from bustling Manchester to the bays and barrens of Newfoundland. His out-of-the-wayness seemed complete when he made the discovery while dining on salt fish and potatoes, that it was Christmas Day.

Crossing an open arm of the sea in a wretched little boat the craft was disabled, and for five hours he endured intense cold and misery. Sometimes he was storm-stayed for days by drift ice piling high—in local phraseology "balacados," a Spanish-sounding word. A seven-mile tramp over the balacados, jumping from ice pan to ice pan, or climbing ice-encrusted rocks, made every muscle sore. The short winter days soon closed, yet it was often late at night before he reached a friendly shelter. He refers to the pleasant practice of summoning the people to church by flags on lofty flagstuffs, which are common all along the coast—and the coast meant pretty much the whole of Newfoundland in those days.

The fishing life is hard work for both men and women. In the early dawn the fishermen put out to sea, handling the wet lines. It is hard on hands and wrist, on which the salt

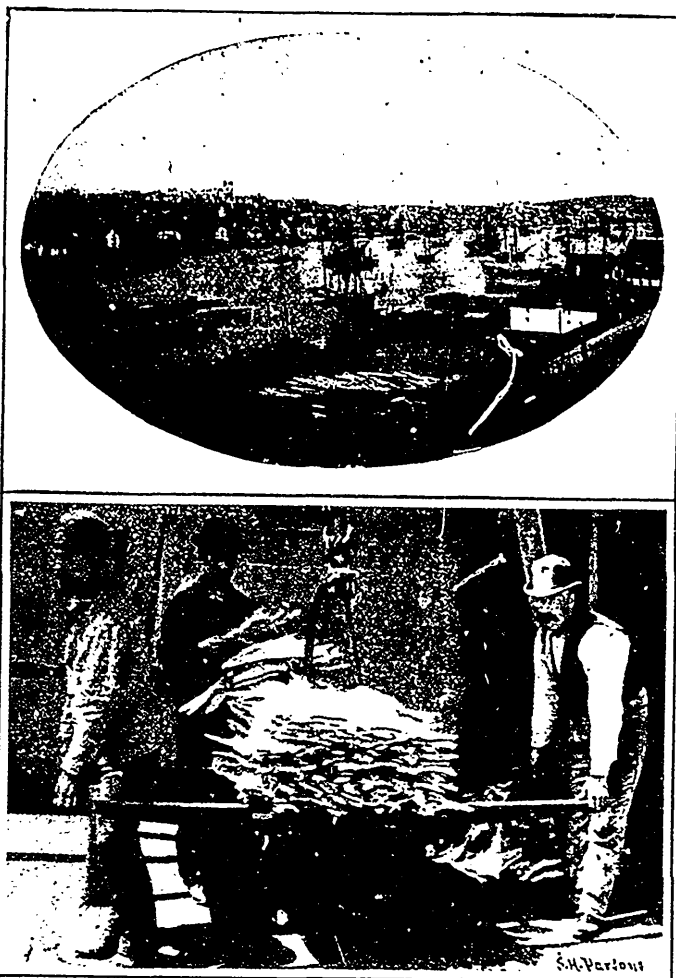
water develops ulcerous sores, as an antidote to which they wear a chain bracelet. The women and even young children take their part at cleaning and salting the fish for long hours and sometimes half the night. It is a weird sight to see the flaring torches at the fish flakes reflected in the rolling waves.

Our author thus describes a summer Sabbath day with the fishing fleet on the Labrador:

"The harbor is crowded with 'fore-and-afters.' On one of the schooners the flag is hoisted as a signal for 'prayers.' Soon the deck is crowded with worshippers—sunburnt, weather-beaten men and women, for women are there, too. No minister stands before them, but a stalwart son of the sea, like themselves, in blue guernsey and long leather boots. Simply, directly, the leader gives out a hymn, and, after the singing, reads the Word of God. His voice is soft and reverent; the refining touch of the grace of God is unmistakable in tone and manner. Now there is heard a simple, earnest prayer, after which the 'sermon-book' is produced, and the congregation of sea-toilers listen with becoming attention and interest to the reading of the words of some noted preacher, great in his simplicity.

"The sermon done, another burst of jubilant praise floats afar off to reach the ears of stragglers on sea and land. Following this comes a chain of song, prayer, and exhortation. One after another, men and women, with heaven's light on their sea-bronzed faces, tell of temptations and triumphs, and of an immortal hope. In all of this unique service nothing is needed to convince of the presence of Jesus, as with the fishermen disciples on Lake Galilee, but His visible form only. The rocky harbors of Newfoundland and Labrador witness many such scenes."

The strenuous fishing life develops strength of body and mind. Finding an old man of a hundred lifting a sack of potatoes a visitor remarked, "That's a heavy load for you." "Well, sir," said the rugged centenarian, scratching his head, "I have just been wondering how it comes about that I cannot lift it as easy as I



WEIGHING FISH, ST. JOHN'S.

used to," and he walked off with his load.

Our Church in Newfoundland has used that God-honored agency, the lay preacher, more than any other part of our work. With the skipper parson's sixteen appointments, his visits were necessarily rare, but a pious fisherman or school-teacher who could read, could always give a sermon, if not his own, at least one of Wesley's or

Moody's. Many of these laymen had wondrous gifts of exhortation and prayer and were mighty witnesses for the truth. "Need we wonder," says our author, "at the remarkable increase in church membership from 4,829 in 1873 to 11,665 in 1903, which is in thirty years more than 125 per cent., and this while the increase in the population has been very slight?"

The Newfoundlander of that day,

five-and-twenty years ago, had not much sympathy with federation with Canada.

"Innocently mentioning the subject to a man, he rose in an angry way and said: 'If the Canadians come down here to take our country I'll get down my swiling gun, and we'll go out and meet 'em.'

"'Why?' I asked in a pacific tone.

"'Because they will tax every pane of glass, and make us all go as soldiers.'

The fisherfolk are eminently conservative. In speaking of the Revised Version, which was exciting the keenest interest throughout the civilized world, our parson was staggered by an old fisherman saying, "Oh, it's nothing but another dodge of the Government to get money out of the poor man."

The outports were not the best field for a book agent. One brought a parcel of cookery books, but the fishwives with warmth of wounded pride, exclaimed: "Have you come all the way from Halifax thinking we don't know how to cook?"

Our young neophyte was sent for two years to Sackville, N.B., to attend college, but was soon back to Terra Nova for the work he loved the best.

"The blessing of Moses upon Zebulun and Issachar," he says, "seems to have descended to these people:

"For they shall suck the abundance of the seas,
And the hidden treasures of the sand."

"They were a bold, jashing, energetic race, the people on this shore, as fine as the country reared. Their triumphant dominance of the sea and their ability and courage in reaping its harvests were attested by their fine houses and equally fine vessels. This was the home of a number of sealing captains whose names were known all over Newfoundland."

But the isolation to the Manchester trained Scottish youth was very lonely. "How I longed," he says, "for human beings, crowds of them, with their noise and bustle! China, with its teeming millions, would at that time have been a happy exchange."

His week's work involved rine sermons, a walk of fifty miles, sometimes eighteen miles in the day. Vivid pictures are given of the seal fishing, its peril and romance, and the majesty of the icebergs. Probably Coleridge never saw one, but he paints it with vivid words:

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When the sealers come home laden to the gunwale with thirty or forty thousand seals, worth two or three dollars apiece, there was great joy, though the men were smeared with blubber, and black as the steamer's funnel. But sometimes there was pathetic failure.

"One scene I shall never forget," says our author, "a great strapping fellow jumped from the steamer's deck to the wharf, and immediately on speaking with his friends burst into tears, sobbing like a child. On learning the cause of his grief I was not all surprised at its intensity. He had come home empty-handed to a wife and twelve children and a poor old blind mother, and had just heard they had consumed the last handful of flour."

"The average annual value of the Newfoundland seal fishery is about \$1,100,000, and from 8,000 to 10,000 men find employment by means of this industry. Considering all the perils, it is surprising how few fatal disasters occur. During the seal



ICEBERG

hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel called the 'Huntsman' on the coast of Labrador. In the same year two steamers, the 'Bloodhound' and 'Retriever,' were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbor, on Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships."

Being lost in a snow-storm on the Newfoundland barrens is not a pleasant experience. Our itinerant took a guide, for the way was new, but the storm grew wilder, beating with blinding force, and they soon found they had been walking in a circle for hours. The guide was in a state of complete collapse, the result of fear. Snow and wind seemed to have a bewildering effect, so the parson had to become in turn the guide. He followed a dim track, but his companion

seemed determined for the woods. This is what the author says:

"I was compelled to seize him by the coat collar and brandish my stick over his head with many loud and threatening words before I got him to walk in the path ahead of me. It was now a race, between us and the snow, which would be first—the snow in burying the path, or we poor travellers in getting out before it was lost to sight. Thank God, we won! In unexpected gladness, we almost stumbled into the very door of Mark Garrett's cottage in Fox Cove. We were saved."

Travelling on the ice is still more dangerous.

"Travellers, therefore, go in companies, carrying ropes and long poles of the style of the sealer's 'gaff.' In this way they are enabled, in case of need, to render prompt assistance, usually effective, and when thus prepared, it is marvellous what dangers and difficulties they surmount, what precarious

and uncertain 'footing' they venture to make, smiling at danger.

"And now to my little adventure," he adds, "I had been visiting a sealing steamer, anchored off Poole's Island, and was returning to the mainland. A friend accompanied me as far as he thought necessary, and, bidding me good-bye, said, 'Now you are quite safe; go straight ahead.' Thrown off my guard, and unmindful of my steps, like the careless Christian who does not 'watch and pray,' I soon came to grief. With fearful suddenness, I walked right into a place where the ice was soft as pulp—'slob,' as Newfoundlanders call it. There was no friend near, no human being within sight; only that Eye was upon me that never sleeps, that Arm was near that is never slack. Being a swimmer, I instinctively began to tread water, which was fortunate, as by this means, aided by the thickness or consistency of the icy water, I did not sink much beyond my waist. Breaking the soft ice with my hands I reached that which was strong and hard, I summoned all my strength in supreme effort and landed on the solid ice. My handbag was floating on the surface of the water, and lying flat on the ice I fished it out with my stick. My feet and legs were cold beyond endurance from the ice-water in my long boots. I set off running with all my might for the shore, where I saw smoke ascending over the hill. Reaching the little cottage, without a knock or a word to the astonished people I rushed in, and not until I had taken off my boots and got my feet out of their ice-bath did I explain matters.

"My predecessor, the Rev. George Bullen, had a similar experience, and a marvellous escape. He was crossing the frozen harbor of Norton's Cove when the ice broke under his feet. He clung to the edge of the ice, but, being a very heavy man, he could do nothing to extricate himself from his perilous position. He must soon have perished but for a circumstance of a strange and unusual character. Joseph Kean, a son of affliction, lay on his bed in one of the houses overlooking the harbor. Though his bed was placed near the window, he was unable to raise himself sufficiently to enjoy the view, and necessity, the mother of invention, had taught him how to overcome this difficulty by means of a looking-glass which he always kept at his bedside. By the practised manipulation of the glass he could see all parts of the harbor, and in this daily lookout he found an avenue of relief from the monotony of his long affliction. Thus employed, he saw Mr. Bullen in his extremely dangerous position. In the providence of

God, he took up his glass at the very moment of the occurrence, not a moment too soon, not a moment too late. He instantly sounded an excited alarm. The peril of their beloved minister was quickly known through the entire place. With great difficulty, by means of ropes and poles, Mr. Bullen was rescued. A poor bedridden sufferer, in the remarkable way described, was thus helpful in saving a valuable life. Wonderful, isn't it? So God uses the least of His children, and 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

As may well be imagined the Conference time, with the warm hand-clasp, the fellowship of kindred spirits, brings a joy to these faithful missionaries laboring the year round in isolation and loneliness such as can scarce be matched the whole world over. There is a thrilling effect in singing the words, familiar ever since Methodist Conferences began.

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
(Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace! . . .

"What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above."

But to get to Conference is often a difficult task. He describes one such. First there was a tramp of forty miles on foot, then a yacht trip when the wind forced them to seek refuge in the nearest harbor. The fishermen were all Roman Catholics but very friendly. One gave him the best in his cabin, and said: "Faith, sirs, it's Oi that's sorry; but belave me, your riverences, I couldn't do more for my priest, Father Veitch himself."

They reached Fogo and chartered a small launch and a score or more of preachers took passage on its crowded decks, and slept packed, almost literally, like herrings in a barrel in the

little cabin. Another time they could not even get a steam-launch but hired a third-rate schooner, which was even

parsonage was to come into this preacher's life: The new parsonage, the first and only one, was completed.



PILLEY'S ISLAND.

more densely crowded. Some slept in the dark, rat-infested hold on ballast with only old or spare sails to rest on.

But the sweet idyll of love in a

“The village was gay with flags, and in response to the sharp report of our rifles answering salutations came from all parts of the land and the adjacent islands. We were soon at the wharf, our landing place. A

deputation of a score or more of the ladies of the church awaited our arrival as signalized by the guns. No formal introductions were needed. My wife, on stepping on the wharf, was received in the arms of the nearest, who imprinted on her cheek a kiss of welcome. The second did likewise, and the rest followed suit, until my poor wife, amid laughter and tears, was well-nigh overcome by the heartiness of the greeting."

The preacher was guide, philosopher and friend to the whole community—doctor, lawyer, district school superintendent, and general adviser. Sometimes a blockade of ice-floes in-shore prevented fishing, and brought starvation near.

"The government made doles of barrels of flour and kegs of molasses to distribute among the needy. The time of waiting was long and trying, thus the poor people managed to keep body and soul together. One pathetic sight we can never forget: on the hill at the back of the parsonage a group of women could be seen each day, and at different hours of the day, with hands to their eyes, scanning the long, dreary stretch of ice, if perchance they might espy in the distance the smoke of steamers, the sign of hope. For well-nigh three weeks we endured the greatest suspense. At last the favoring breezes carried the ice to sea, and big steamers were seen plowing their way toward us. Then there was great joy in that place."

But not seldom was it the preacher's painful task to break the news of bereavement or seek to mitigate its poignancy. A pathetic chapter is devoted to "The sorrows of the sea." A painful feature at many harbors was the number of widows and fatherless children. Many homes were without protection of husband and father.

"From boyhood these men had loved and followed the sea. They had done business upon its waters, learned to sport upon its waves and defy its storms; and at last they had found a resting-place in its still and silent depths."

One winter day in 1882, the steamship "Lion" left St. John's for Trin-

ity, and never was heard of again. The crew and passengers numbered fifty souls, among them a young Anglican clergyman and his bride, who took in this ill-fated ship their first united voyage, *and their last*. Again, four-and-twenty fishermen, with whom our skipper parson had often enjoyed sweet fellowship, perished in frost and snow in Trinity Bay. Some spent the night upon a pan of ice and suffered amputations which maimed them for life, others died triumphantly as be-seeming soldiers of Jesus Christ, amid the storm, like Sir Humphrey Gilbert "who himself went to heaven by way of the sea," as near by water as by land.

"There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be.
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,
This dark, relentless, and stormy deep.
But a day shall come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.
Then from out its deepest, dark bed,
Old ocean shall render up its dead,
And, freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quickly sink in its last repose.
No sorrow shall e'er be written then,
In the depths of the sea or the hearts of men;
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
All clothed in glory and light divine.
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone, for in heaven shall be no more sea?"

The love and good will of these simple parishioners were the preacher's joy. One sturdy fellow, slowly untying a knot in his red handkerchief by means of his teeth, extracted therefrom a five-dollar bill, and said, "I allus likes to pay the parson meself. It makes me feel so joyful like." Another collector for ministerial support based his appeal with grim unconscionable humor on the fact, "I allus tells 'em they'll want the parson to bury 'em some day." Kinder hearts never lived than those of the Newfoundlanders. One said in an emergent trip, "What are we in the world for but to be kind to one another." Their devotion and



REVS. HARRIS, INDOE, AND BROWNING ON A MISSIONARY MEETING TOUR

sacrifice in building and maintaining their modest churches and services are beyond words.

The scattered physicians along the stormy coast exhibit a devotion and zeal beyond that of Ian Maclaren's "William MacLure."

A pleasant reference is made to the Editor of *The Guardian*, and to the visit of Senator Macdonald, of Toronto, and his daughter.

The government has endeavored to place lighthouses where practicable along the storm-vexed coast, not always winning the gratitude of the people. Said one funny old fellow:

"Them there lighthouses have ruined the country," said he to me.

"Why, how can that be?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"They have frightened away all the birds," he replied.

Our itinerant's last appointment in Newfoundland was at Little Bay in the far north where was a famous copper mine. Its population of two thousand was quite cosmopolitan—even distant Ceylon was represented in the person of the doctor, a graduate of Edinburgh. The Methodists had no church and the Presbyterians kindly lent theirs and attended the joint services. The mails arrived semi-occasionally by dog-team or on the backs of stalwart men. The mine employed some six hundred men, and disbursed \$10,000 to \$12,000 a month in wages. But the fall in the price of copper caused the practical closing of operations.

Even in lonely little outports, loving disciples built a little place of prayer and kept the fire on the altar burning during all the Sabbaths of their minister's absence. In one of these solitudes a hermit soul felt too crowded, and built his little house miles away from any other dwelling.

The missionary meetings were the great institution of the year. The preachers set out with snow-shoes and pikestaffs, sometimes with goggles to protect their eyes from ice glare. The meetings drew the largest crowds, enlisted the best speaking and singing, and biggest collections. The brave

fishermen, true successors of the fishermen of Galilee, spoke with fervor and gave of their hard earnings with noble generosity.

As the deputation went from one outport to another on an all-day tramp they made themselves merry with song and tale. Travel by comatik or sled drawn by a team of dogs, was most exhilarating. At one of these meetings an Eskimo from the Moravian Mission at Labrador read the New Testament and sang a hymn in the native tongue while the other presided at the organ—an example of the noble work accomplished by these brave missionaries in changing savages into saints. A ten days' mission tour in this remote region raised for missions \$430, besides the religious uplift and inspiration.

After eleven years of service among these devoted fisherfolk our missionary was transferred to the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Conference, and pays this generous tribute to the scene of his love and labors.

We heartily commend his book as full of romantic interest, and as showing that the heroic days of Methodism have not passed. Scores of his brethren are performing just such work along the stormy bays and barrens of Newfoundland.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

BY DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."

He said, "No, walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown!"

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din";

And I wept as He sent me back--

"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?"

It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide!"

THE OLD-TIME FLOWERS.

BY L'INCONNU.



“WHITE SPOTS OF WILD MARGUERITES.”



I HAVE turned off the gas, and let the moonlight stream into my attic room. There it lies like a pure white lake upon the floor, a very, calm, unruffled lake. I pull rocker and hassock up beside it. There are few things more restful than a half-hour's quiet in a moonlighted room, with the curtains thrown well back and noth-

ing between your soul and God's stars out yonder.

There are compensations in an attic room, too. They miss much of the joy of life in a city who cannot climb stairs. It is up on the top flat that you get farthest from the noises that grate and grind. The street-cars that seem to tear almost through the drawing-room windows below send up only a somewhat modulated roar to your nest beneath the eaves. The clamor of the street takes on a softer



A CLUSTER OF PHLOX.

note in rising. Above the roofs you have the miles and miles of air and sky that the buildings across the street shut out from the windows below—miles of morning sunlight and waving tree-tops, miles of evening stars.

But to-night there is a restlessness even here in the still white moonlight above the city's roar. Spring is coming. The buds are swelling on the great old elm outside the window. In the morning the birds are talking of strange, sweet things in its branches when you awake.

You open your window a moment to-night. But a wave of disappointment overwhelms you. You almost

seemed to expect that wind to bring you the call of the frogs. You want it to come stealing, soft-footed, over marshy fens instead of yawning chimney mouths and gravelled roofs. You are home-sick to-night, for a great wide heaven over an earth where violets nestle and daises lift their heads, and trees stand out in the moonlight.

Says one of our modern novelists, "To experience this glamor and witchery of the flowering time of the year, one must, perforce, be in the country. For in the towns, the breath of spring is foetid and feverish—it arouses sick longings and weary re-



“THE ROW OF FLAMING GLADIOLI.”

grets, but scarcely any positive ecstasy.”

Perhaps it was something of this mood that made me recall the old home garden on the outskirts of the little country town. Perhaps it was because I had been reading that day George Macdonald's description of one in Donal Grant:

“It was laid out in straight lines, with soft walks of old turf, and in it grew all kinds of straight, aspiring things; their

ambition seemed—to get up, not to spread abroad. . . . Hollyhocks, gloriously impatient, whose flowers could not wait to reach the top ere they burst into the flame of life, making splendid blots of color along their ascending stalks, received him like stately dames of faerie, and enticed him, gently eager for more down the long walks between rows of them—deep red and creamy white, primrose and yellow; sure they were leading him to some wonderful spot, some nest of lovely dreams and more lovely visions! The walk did lead to a bower of roses—a bed surrounded with a trellis, on



"THE MOTTLED TUFTS OF SWEET-WILLIAM."

which they climbed and made a huge bonfire—altar of incense rather, glowing with red and white flame. It seemed more glorious than his brain could receive.

"The thoughts rose gently in his full heart, as the flowers, one after the other stole in at his eyes, looking up from the dark earth like the spirits of its hidden jewels, which themselves could not reach the sun, exhaled in longing. Over grass which fondled his feet like the lap of an old nurse, he walked slowly round the bed of the roses, turning again towards the house."

I know not whether it was the reading this or some other influence that brought back old memories to-night. But there, in that square of moonlight upon my chamber floor, I could see the garden of my childhood. The

old-fashioned flowers stood suddenly out around me as if by magic. Not the rich roses of hot-house culture, not the mounds of placid white lilies or gay tulips you see in the florist's window, but just sweet, common things, phlox and sweet-williams, and petunias and marigolds. It was twilight, and there stood the old cottage just where the town stopped on the one side and the clover fields began on the other—a great, plain, solemn-looking old cottage without colonial porches or towers or cupolas, but with windows and doors all open and the night winds stealing through.

But it was the breath of those old-time flowers that filled my soul to-



CLEMATIS—PASSION-FLOWER.



STOCKS.

night. There was the row of hollyhocks dividing the vegetable garden from the prim little square known as "the back-yard." Everything was laid out in straight, stiff, geometrical lines. There were no pretty little curves and mounds. But, ah me, the vision of those old-time flowers! There was the great square bed of double zinnias behind the pump. Many was the time I had imagined myself a preacher and those zinnias my congregation. I had stood on the pump platform and delivered my admonitions to them whilst the bees took up a continuous collection.

There was the row of flaming gladioli in the trench. They were not the wonderfully mottled creations that science has since produced, but just ordinary striped reds and yellows.

And there were sweet-peas under the bedroom window. But they were not variegated either, just two simple varieties. I felt the grass that no lawn-mower had ever touched lapping over my feet just as Macdonald had described it. There were the scythe prints in it. I wandered about among the beds of verbenas and petunias, the sweet-alyssum and portulacas, their eyes now closed in sleep, the clumps

of four-o'clocks (how often I had sat on the door-step waiting for the miracle of their opening, like ladies in gay gowns coming out for afternoon tea), the yellow clumps of bachelor-buttons, the rich hearts of the marigolds, the knowing-faced little pansies, the mottled tufts of sweet-william standing stiff and straight and self-reliant. I buried my nostrils a moment in the fragrance of a sweet old cabbage-rose. Cabbage-roses! ha! ha! ha! Who ever found such sweetness, under such a sweet, homely, old name at any florist's stand?

The house is deserted, but open as though it had been left but an hour ago. I sit down on the back door-step. The front lawn is stiff and stately with a tall cedar hedge enclosing it. But back here among the flowers everything breathes life and hope and sweet dreams. A bat is darting in and out among the hollyhocks; across the grey stubble of the clover field a few fire-flies are circling.

How plainly I recalled that field all in bloom the first day I was let out-doors after being quarantined for several weeks with some childish ailment. Spring had made rapid strides

during that few weeks. The field was all pink, with white spots of wild marguerites here and there.

On an occasional tall weed, waving in the wind, a goldfinch rocked and sang the joy of living. Do you remember that first moment of ecstasy on being let out in the sunny out-door world after a few weeks of shut-in life? Do you remember? Ah, no, but rather could you ever forget?

The twilight was changing from gray to purple. I stole down from the steps and wandered among the flowers again. There were great beds of phlox along the south wall. Their colors stood out distinctly even in the twilight. And there, at the corner of the house, was the tiny little bed of them I had planted with my own childish fingers. How eagerly I had waited for the first hint of a flower to unfold that I might see what color had been wrapped up in my little seed! What pleasure I had taken in naming the plants as they bloomed, "Mrs. Phlox" in the red wrapper, the little "twin Phloxes" in white dresses, "Miss Phlox" in a pink party dress, etc. There is a lot of companionship in flowers even for a child, especially in flowers planted and tended by their own little hands. Unfortunate child who has never had

a chance to plant and grow things for herself!

I recalled two little pale-faced children whom I had often seen at a window as I passed down one of our city avenues, little well-dressed, sweet-faced creatures, whose lives were bounded by Axminster rugs and lace curtains, and costly furniture with only paintings to tell them of the sunset beyond the blocks of houses. How I wished those children, when they grew up, could carry with them the memory of old flower-beds such as these. Poor rich children! They have their limitations in a crowded city, as well as the children in the narrow street in the rear of the stately avenue.

The darkness was deepening. The flowers were wet with dew. I must soon steal out through the shadows of the cedars back to the gaslight and the desk. For after all this was only a dream garden, a starting forth of old-time flowers in the moonlight on my floor.

"Half-way stop!"

"Telegram! News! or Star!"

Yes, those were the cries of the street below. Not the chorus of frogs or the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will across the meadows.



In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on. —Julia Ward Howe.

A LIFE ILLUMINED.

REBECCA CLARK, WIFE OF THE LATE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

BY E. SUTHERLAND STRACHAN.



IN taking the perspective of any life, especially one of unusual symmetry and strength, the query arises, were all those qualities solely personal, or, what trace can be found of remote influences from a sturdy, God-fearing, intelligent and enterprising ancestry?

Some of these influences were discernible in the life of the late Mrs. John A. Williams, whose family on the maternal side originally was of the Palatine race, and came from Holland to the North of Ireland in Queen Anne's time, subsequently removing to America, where they were associated with Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, the wife of the latter being Catharine Switzer, of whom Mrs. Williams was a relative.

On the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, being true to the British Crown, this family fled to Canada, settling eventually on the Sixth and Seventh Concessions of Ernestown, Ont.

At the time of this migration, she, who was subsequently Mrs. Williams' grandmother, was only four years of age, and made the journey on horseback, riding in front of her uncle, John Switzer, as far as Sorel, Que., where the family remained. On attaining maturity, she married Henry Bush, whose mother was a German and his father a French officer of Quebec, an intelligent, well read man, possessing a large library for the



REBECCA CLARK WILLIAMS.

times. Blessed with the faculty of making money, he became the owner of the first frame house and the first lumber-wagon in all the country.

Shortly after the arrival of a little daughter they removed to Upper Canada, joining the other branches of the family who had previously settled in Ernestown. This little daughter developed into a beautiful, industrious and high-minded girl, carrying the same spirit all through her after life coupled with a reserved and aristocratic manner. She and her sisters were beautiful singers.

At twenty-one she married Mr. Benjamin Clark, having to go nine miles to Bath that the ceremony might be performed by an English Church clergyman, the Methodists at that time not having that privilege. They

settled on the 5th concession of Ernestown, about two and a half miles from her old home.

Notwithstanding poor health this mother of the subject of our sketch ruled her house with diligence until called away on the 30th of September, 1858, having the joy of seeing eight of her nine children grow up to manhood and womanhood.

Mrs. Williams' father, Mr. Benjamin Clark, was an American, born near Rhinebec, Dutchess County, New York State, his mother an English woman, his father what was known as "a down East Yankee." Something induced them to move to Canada, possibly the thought that their sixteen children might there find better opportunities.

In a little sketch of her life, Mrs. Williams wrote:

"When my grandfather moved to Canada my father remained behind with an uncle. I remember him telling me that the night before they took the boat to come up the Hudson, they all stayed at Freeborn Garretson's, their farms adjoining one another, and after tea, when at family worship, they had a regular prayer-meeting, and earnestly prayed for the family that was going to the 'wilds of Canada.' All this made but little impression on my father until he saw the boat bearing away his parents; then he threw himself down on the grass and wept bitterly. An old colored woman, who was a slave at Mr. Garretson's, tried to comfort him."

After a few years he joined the family in Canada, and at sixteen years of age determined to relieve his father of his support and started out to make his own way, engaging in a lumber business, saving his money and eventually investing it in an ever-enlarging farm. One secret of his success was, that he early declared himself a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco. This was long before a Temperance Society existed, and when taking "bit-
ters" was the custom. The follow-

ing incident shows the sturdy determination of the young man,—

"The habit of using tobacco had so grown on him that one cold morning he found himself looking in his pocket for his tobacco-box before he was dressed. It made him so angry at the thought of the slave he was, that he resolved to wait until he was dressed and had the fire on; then he said to himself 'I will not take any until after breakfast'; then, 'I will go out and do the chores,' and at length 'I won't take it at all,' and he never did, although it cost much to break off the habit.

"Being a great reader, he became a well-informed man and this, added to an honest, upright character, with a sense and practice of the right beyond many, made him influential and gave him a commanding reputation in the community. At length a camp-meeting was held in the neighborhood where he sought and found peace with God. Afterward he, with his wife, joined the Church and remained faithful until his death, March 6, 1866.

"His religious life was fixed. I often thank God for his life of faithfulness. I never knew him to absent himself from the Sunday morning service. Cold or heat, rain or shine, he went and expected to take his family with him, and he was equally faithful to the prayer-meeting. Though never making loud professions, he was true and faithful.

"They found their way to a preaching-place by means of blazed trees, travelling on horseback and carrying their children with them. Nothing daunted by darkness, bad roads or storms, these faithful souls 'forgot not the assembling of themselves together' and the Lord fulfilled His word, 'them that honor Me I will honor.' Prosperity and blessing came to them in basket and in store, in family and in soul, in education and in influence, so that from that settlement untold blessings have come to many in our country.

One of the brightest of the nine children that blessed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark was Rebecca, who was born in 1827, and grew up a beautiful and intelligent girl.

Her early soul experiences, her vivid sense of the holiness of God, His eternal hatred to sin, the utter helplessness of man to deliver himself, the

anguish consequent on a recognition of this alienation, the torturing persuasion of the necessity of "works of righteousness," which yet seemed impossible and unavailing, the rigid self-examination, the hopeless result, combined with the most upright life, all show the tendency and fruitage of her noble ancestry, who did so much in laying foundations deep, broad, and strong for righteousness and the fear of God in our new country.

Her father and mother gave to the itinerant preacher an ever glad welcome, and the daughter, under this soul pressure, waited longingly for some word that would lift the burden which none suspected. In her notes we find:

"In the early fall of 1844, I was the subject of deep conviction for sin perhaps not so manifest in my life as in my heart." The future looked golden. I had not the most distant thought but it had for me all it promised, and to turn my back upon it, renounce it, give it all up and be a plain Methodist, which excluded all that my natural heart desired, and become, as I then thought, a despised follower of the Nazarene, was requiring of me more than I could give. The outlook was very unpromising, and still the conviction that I ought to be religious and seek the salvation of my soul pressed me hard and I found no rest.

"After thinking it over and weighing the matter well, I came to the conclusion that I had better choose 'affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,' and probably lose my soul eternally. At last I decided that I would submit, and yield, but not to 'love's resistless power' for I knew nothing about love in God."

"I believed Him to be an angry God,—that Christ had died to appease His wrath; that He had given us the Bible which told us what we ought to forsake, and what we were to be and do and so 'work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.'"

"For eight years and about six months, I tried earnestly, sincerely and faithfully to subdue sin and to bring my inner life to accord with His word, in short to attain the Christian character, but I could not do it. O the bondage! Many times I said from the depth of my being, O wretched one that I am, who can or will 'deliver me from the body of this death?'

"At length in the early part of 1853 I became fully convinced that I had never tasted 'His sweet forgiving love.' I was being prepared by the Holy Spirit for some months previously for this farther experience."

The upright, conscientious life of Miss Clark would not permit her friends to think other than that she was a Christian, but under extreme temptation.

At length she said to a friend,—

"If a man came to you whom you did not know, declaring 'I desire salvation,' what would you say to him?' He remained silent a while and then answered, 'I believe, as Mr. Caughey says, we put too many ifs and conditions in the way; I would say to him, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

"I caught a glimpse of it. On committing myself to God for the night, I was calm and mute before Him and when I awoke in the morning, I felt calm and peaceful and that something had taken place in the Court of Heaven concerning me; but I did not know what it was.

"On my way home, I began more fully to exercise faith in Christ. It seemed like a venture, just like stepping out on nothing, but I was determined to go forward. All the past did not avail, and now I was trying the new way. I could get away from that,—it was a new way to me, and soon I rejoiced in it. It was a rock beneath my feet. I could trust and not be afraid.

"Several passages of Scripture came as a strength to me. I was regenerated through and through. The power of sin was destroyed—all gone. I was changed from nature to grace and from the power of sin unto God. I was in Christ a new creature. I could and did love God. Previously I could serve, but not love Him. I could now say, Abba (Beloved) Father for sending Thy Son to die for us. 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

After the day-dawn and the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, the strong character, so disciplined by long years of heart and mind struggle, became sweet and glorious with the presence of the indwelling Christ. There was now a restful anchorage, and from henceforth she was a strength and help to others.

A wider sphere was being prepared

for her as the wife of the Rev. John A. Williams. Assuming with her marriage in 1857 the care of five motherless little ones, her loving tact and wise administration were such as to win their abiding loyalty and affection, and so perfect was her motherhood that as the years went by, and the family increased, it was often an amusement on going to a new circuit to hear the guesses made, usually wrong, as to where the first family ended and the second began.

With numerous home cares, she also appreciated her opportunity as the pastor's wife, and cheerfully bore a large proportion of the social claims of the congregation with a specially ready response to the afflicted. In evangelistic services, none more intelligent and sympathetic in leading to Christ; none more wise or helpful as a class-leader than Mrs. Williams.

The privilege and responsibility of the class-meeting were much upon her heart; its importance to the Methodist Church led her to send several appeals through *The Christian Guardian*, looking to its revival, and resulting in conventions for the improvement and better carrying out of the object contemplated.

A keen, practical business man once remarked, "I always feel when with Mrs. Williams that I am in the presence of a superior woman—superior in goodness." This was due to her personality and character more largely than to the number of her words.

From its earliest years Mrs. Williams was a wise, active and devoted member of the Woman's Missionary Society, recognizing its grand possibilities, and helping in many ways to give them form and life. This was especially noticeable in the resolution adopted in 1887 placing the Supply Committee on its present basis, and which was formulated by her. As president for several years, first of

the London or "Western Branch," and subsequently of the Toronto or "Central Branch" her influence extended over a wide field, and many looked up to her, not only as a wise leader, but as one whose earnestness gave stimulus and whose prayers brought benediction.

One of the earliest projectors of the Deaconess movement in Canadian Methodism, Mrs. Williams gave much time, effort and prayer to its development, and to the last held the position of honorary president of the Deaconess Aid Society and honorary member of the Conference Board of Management.

Long before the organization of "Tithers" into a society, it was the practice of Mrs. Williams to observe this law of proportion. Not only so, but by word and pen she stimulated others to act upon the Divine formula, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," etc., adding, "There it is. God meant something. He was not trifling when He said it."

The discipline of sorrow was here, as well as the joyous activities of life. Of her five children, four passed away before her—two in infancy. After sharing the joys and sorrows, the cares and responsibilities of her noble husband, Rev. John A. Williams, D.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, she was called in 1889 henceforth to walk without his companionship, and those who know her will recall the sweet, chastened spirit, the self-effacement, but withal the triumphant faith which cried, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Her closing years were spent with her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Garvin, East Orange, N.J., where, surrounded by loving hearts who tenderly cherish her memory, she passed on to the home beyond, January 20, 1905, having well lived seventy-seven years.

Although unconscious at the last, we would fain think that she realized what seemed to be prefigured in what she describes as "a pleasant experience," which occurred in the fall of 1883, when threatened with pneumonia. Feeling assured of her inheritance in Christ, she writes:

"I was on the Rock, that was certain, but what about the river? Will you shrink when you are about to step into the cold waves? Will your faith hold? I then had the most delightful experience of what I firmly believe people realize when they are dying. It seemed to me there was no death to the Christian. Christ had abolished death and there was not of necessity any painful experience when dying; there really was no river to pass.

"I felt how wrong was the teaching that death was so much to be dreaded. If the Christian was in Christ he had nothing to fear, absolutely nothing; and more, I seemed to realize that the spirit or soul could be clear and active without any impair by decay and dissolution of the body; the one was perfectly whole and unimpaired, while the other was dissolving. Though the body might be all pain, yet the spirit was preserved, and when the body could hold out no longer, the soul stepped on to the other shore; one moment here—one step here—the next in eternity. Its existence kept right on, conscious, perfect existence, not crushed by the dissolution of the body, no interruption. It left its old home and stepped over into its new home and surroundings as gently and sweetly as the most easy and charming act of life.

"These thoughts lived with me for days, and out of them grew another experience in the form of a kind of vision. . . . Immediately adjoining earth, with no dividing line, not even a rill, much less a river, I saw a pathway leading up to the Throne. I seemed to see myself walking up this path clothed in white. There were innumerable

heavenly spirits thronging each side of the pathway, with bowed heads, not out of respect to me as Rebecca Williams, but because a redeemed spirit was passing on to its God. I took no notice of them; my one desire was to pass on to the Throne, to prostrate myself at the feet of Christ as an expression of my gratitude to Him for dying for me. My whole being seemed to groan with unutterable desire to prostrate myself at his feet. I could think of no language adequate to express my profound gratitude; if I could only get down at His feet and thank Him.

"When I came to myself and the spell was broken, I tried to find out what there was in it for my profit. While recalling those lovely forms crowding the pathway I felt almost sorry I had not tried to recognize my parents, or my children, or other dear ones, but I had not. I never thought of it at the time, and I wondered that I had not felt joy, as I often fancied I would, as being safe and actually in Heaven, but I never thought of it, so anxious and pressed was I to get to my Saviour and thank Him for His wonderful salvation offered to man without money and without price—a free gift, obtainable by faith.

"I saw also that this was why the vision or picture had been given me, to confirm and establish me in the doctrine of salvation by faith in a crucified Lord."

When some of the activities of life had to be laid aside, Mrs. Williams gave expression to her eager anticipation of the time when unhampered by the limitations of life, she would be able freely to go forth on God's errands, and we feel sure that now her whole soul finds expression in the song of the redeemed, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood; unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

OUTSPED!

"So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter."

So they run, the two together,
As the morning mists unroll;
But which soul outruns the other,
Gliding swiftly past his brother,
Reaching first the glorious goal?

Who will say, in breathless wonder,
"Once again at Thy dear side!"
Or who falters, "Risen Master,"
While his tears fall ever faster,
"I deserted and denied?"

—L. M. H.

THE REAL CZAR.

BY W. T. STEAD.



OF the Czar it may be written, as of Samson in the Book of Judges, that "the Philistines took him and put out his eyes and brought him down to Gaza and bound him with fetters of brass, and he did grind in the prison-house." And this evil deed was done at the very beginning of his reign, before even he was crowned. The loving loyalty of his subjects is the free air in which a sovereign lives. That loving loyalty was his when his father died. But it was filched from him almost before the remains of Alexander III. had been laid in his tomb.

It is an old story in Russia how the deed was done. But the memory still blisters and burns. It was done in this wise. All the representatives of the nation, nobles mingling with peasants, delegates from the zemstvos with the mayors of great cities, were gathered together in January, 1894, in the Winter Palace, to greet their new sovereign. The assemblage was composed of men boiling over with enthusiasm, full of exuberant loyalty, prepared to welcome with effusive gratitude a single kind and generous word from the lips of the new monarch.

*Mr. W. T. Stead seems to have the remarkable faculty of holding views on great questions and great persons which are antagonized by most of his countrymen. It was so emphatically during the Boer war, it is so in his estimate of the Russian Czar. But on the principle of 'hear the other side,' we present our readers this appreciation of the Czar that they may know the best that can be said of him.—ED.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

When Nicholas II. entered the hall a profound stillness fell upon the throng. Advancing into their midst, he stopped, and standing, hat in hand, he spoke to his subjects, in clear, ringing tones. At first he used the ordinary words of courtesy, but then he declared in words that bit like fire into the hearts of his audience that the hopes which some of the zemstvos had expressed were idiotic dreams, and that he was resolved to maintain intact his autocratic power. It was a set lesson learned by rote, and spoken with the mechanical precision of a phonograph. When it was over the Emperor turned and left the hall with all the relief of a schoolboy who had spoken his piece and finished his lesson. Far otherwise was it with those who had heard his harsh and chiding words. As they listened a chill struck to their hearts. At first

they could hardly believe their ears. "Idiotic dreams!" Such a wounding phrase could surely not be the only response of the young sovereign to their Russian hearts! Before they could quite realize the significance of this revelation the Emperor was gone, amid the faint hurrahs of a handful of courtiers.

Then the silence broke and a great lamentation, not unmingled with angry and resentful words, filled the air. What a churlish response it had been that they had heard. Why had he given them evil for good, and answered blessing by a curse? There were tears in many eyes, bitter reproach in many voices, and heavy sadness in every heart as they slowly dispersed. "I have served his grandfather, the Emperor Alexander II.," said, nay, almost sobbed, an aged general, as he slowly descended the stairs. "I have served his father, the Emperor Alexander III., and now I am insulted by a boy like that!"

If the effect of that blighting speech was evil in the nation, it had still more disastrous results for the Emperor. The words which had been put in his mouth left him from the moment of their utterance a helpless prisoner in the hands of his ministers. He had alienated the only force which would have given him strength to assert himself against the bureaucracy. The true story of how the Emperor was made to utter that fatal speech was told me when I was in St. Petersburg, by one who had in his hands the documents relating to the incident.

When Nicholas II. succeeded to the throne the various zemstvos and provincial governments throughout Russia presented loyal addresses. Among others, the men of Tver approached the throne with a memorial, which was full of loyalty, although not expressed with such exuberance of

Asiatic adulation as was adopted by other memorialists. But in this address from Tver there was one line which caught the eye and aroused the ire of the ministers of the Czar. It contained the expression of a humble hope that the Emperor would see to it that the authority of the law was enforced throughout Russia equally upon his servants as upon his subjects. To suggest that an official who imagines himself to be a little autocrat, and, as such, as much above the law as the Emperor himself, should be subjected to the authority of the law equally with the other subjects of the Czar seemed to the ministers as little short of blasphemy. The speech which they put into the mouth of the Czar was their revenge. The way in which they prepared it was characteristic.

If the Emperor had been allowed to exercise his own unbiased judgment, all untrained and inexperienced though he was, he would have had enough sense to write upon the margin of the Tver petition, "I quite agree," "Quite right," or some other of those brief and pregnant phrases by which he is wont to express on the margin of State papers what he thinks of their contents. There was, of course, the chance that amid the whirl of the business that had to be attended to, and among the masses of other addresses, the Emperor might overlook the address from Tver or even if he read it he might overlook the fatal significance of the passage which offended them. But the Tchinovniks could not risk any chance.

So the Minister of the Interior, with whom, justly or unjustly, is associated the sinister figure of the Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, decided that it would be safer to keep the address altogether hidden from the eye of the Emperor. And this

is the way in which they did it. The Minister of the Interior drew up a report upon the address, in which he assured the Emperor that it was couched in such seditious language as to render it absolutely impossible for him to lay it before the eye of his Imperial Majesty. It also rendered it necessary that, in replying to the memorialists, he should put his foot down upon the rebellious spirit prevailing in many zemstvos by asserting his determination to maintain intact his autocratic power. Therefore Nicholas II. was advised—compelled would be the more accurate word—by the authority of the old and trusted ministers of his father, to make the speech which by destroying the love and confidence of his people, handed him over bound hand and foot to the Tchinovnik. It is only very recently that this report of the Minister of the Interior on the Tver petition has been unearthed from the archives, but the evidence is now complete. That was eleven years ago. Never a year has passed without some of the fatal consequences of that day of evil counsel making themselves felt.

Now the situation is reversed. The sovereign has approached his people with overtures of peace. Under the white flag of conciliation and of peace he offers them more, much more than they asked eleven years ago. Is it to be wondered at that the first impulse of many of his subjects, smarting under the arbitrary regime of General Trepoff, should be to respond as the Czar responded eleven years ago and to reject as "idiotic dreams" the imperial aspirations for a close co-operative union between the Czar and his subjects? But resentment is an evil counsellor. It will not be the fault of the Russian Liberals if at the coming general election the nation does not send its wisest and best to share the burden heretofore borne alone by the

autocrat. It was a great misfortune for Russia that the Emperor was thus, from the very first day of his accession, severed from the sympathy and support of his people. Even if he had possessed the iron will of Peter the Great he would have found it impossible to bear up against the immense dead weight of the administrative machine without being able constantly to call to his support the national enthusiasm and the will of his people.

Nicholas II. is not a Peter the Great, nor even an Alexander III., and it is a very great blessing for Russia that he is not. The very worst kind of sovereign for Russia in the present formulative period of her growth would have been a masterful dictator of iron will, with an unshakable resolution to enforce his own personal views upon the nation.

If you wish to survive when living in the earthquake zone it is better to live in a wooden hut than in a marble palace. When the history of these times comes to be written, it will probably be discovered that Nicholas II. was more useful to Russia, because of the very defects and shortcomings for which he is now so often blamed than because of the really admirable qualities which he undoubtedly possesses. The reason why these good qualities are not more universally recognized is because his light has been hidden under a bushel. He has never yet been able to play his true role of Czar-tribune of his people. Captured at the very beginning of his reign by the administrative machine, he has been reduced, *malgre lui*, to the position of the first Tchinovnik in the land over which he is supposed to reign. From this position of compulsory servitude he will be rescued by the douma.

When Nicholas II. comes face to face with the elected representatives of all the Russias it will be a day of

pleasant surprises on both sides. The Emperor will be amazed to find how rich and varied are the capacities of those unofficial classes now for the first time called to his councils. And the members of the douma will be not less surprised to discover how highly endowed is their sovereign for playing his proper role at the head of the State. If it were not that *omne ignotum horribile est* it would be difficult to credit what an extraordinary tissue of baseless calumnies has been spun around the name of the Emperor. Even Count Tolstoi, the most famous of his contemporaries, has not hesitated to declare that he "knew" he was a man below the average level of culture and intelligence. If Count Tolstoi had ever met the Emperor to talk with him as man with man, he would never have made so false an assertion. The liberty which a great Christian teacher permits himself, to bear false witness against his neighbor, when that neighbor has the misfortune to be his sovereign, degenerates into license in the hands of less scrupulous gossipers.

I have been assured that the Emperor was a very stupid, ignorant, and even half-witted man, who reads nothing, knows nothing, and spends his life in terror. I have been told that he was a nervous wreck, that his hair had turned gray, and that his face was haggard with wrinkles plowed by care. He has been represented as false, treacherous, cunning, and heaven knows what. So the old hag, Rumor, spins her web of calumny round the person of the Emperor until the Czar, to many of his subjects and the outside world, has completely disappeared and been replaced by a kind of mythic monster who is only saved from being a hobgoblin by the consciousness that he is impotent to harm. The people who

say these things and the still greater number who believe them will be somewhat rudely surprised when the douma releases Nicholas II. from his prison house and restores him to his proper place as the Czar-tribune of a loyal and self-governing people.

There is not a word of truth in the popular legend as to the physical weakness or nervous prostration of the Emperor. It was six years since I had seen him. And such six years! But when he greeted me at Peterhof only a few weeks ago, he did not seem to have aged a day since I bade him good-bye at Tsarkoe-Selo on the eve of the Hague Conference in 1899. His step was as light, his carriage as erect, his expression as alert. His brow bore no lines of haggard care. I could not see a gray hair on his head. His spirits were as high, his courage as calm, and his outlook as cheerful as ever. The last time I had seen him was on the eve of the greatest victory of his reign. I was now meeting him on the morrow of his worst reverse. But the man was exactly the same. He might simply have returned instantly from the door that had been closed six years before to repeat his adieu.

The question as to his intelligent grasp of the facts of the situation with which he has to deal is one upon which only those who are admitted to the intimacy of his councils can speak with authority. It is one, however, upon which those who have never heard him speak are often the most confident. I can speak with some assurance on this matter, although it is one on which it ought not to be necessary to speak at all. But I have seen many men, crowned and uncrowned, in the course of a tolerably long and varied journalistic career. I have had four opportunities of talking with Nicholas II. Altogether I have spent many hours alone

with him. Our conversation never flagged. It did not turn upon the weather but upon serious topics, both at home and abroad in which I was intimately concerned and intensely interested. Hence, I have at least had ample materials for forming a judgment, and few people have had more of the experience of contemporaries necessary to compare my impressions. I have no hesitation in saying that I have seldom in the course of thirty years met any man so quick in the uptake, so bright in his mental perception, so sympathetic in his understanding, or one possessing a wider range of intellectual interest. Neither have I ever met any one man or woman who impressed me more with the crystalline sincerity of his soul.

Of his personal charm, of his quick sense of humor, of the genial sense of good fellowship by which he puts you at once at your ease, I do not need to speak. But these smaller things often count for much in the intercourse between a sovereign and his subjects. Nicholas II. is a man of quick intellect and lofty ideals who is kept in a cage. He chafes against its bars. Continually he longs for liberty and in his efforts to evade the unrelenting tyranny of the machine he has had recourse to expedients which have irritated his jailers and filled the mouths of his enemies with reproaches. He has from time to time admitted to his intimacy outside counsellors, some wise, others unwise, and one or two altogether unworthy of his confidence, and through them he has endeavored to ascertain the truth about the out-of-door world from which he is secluded.

Apart from the irregular attempts of Nicholas II. to come into direct contact with the unofficial world, there are not wanting instances which show that the Czar possesses more capacity than any of his ministers. It was to

his own personal initiative, persisted in despite the sceptical sneers of many of his ministers, that the world owes the International High Court of Justice at The Hague. It was he also who withstood all the efforts made by the enemies of England to embroil Russia in war with her during the Boer War. It was he, again, who, almost single-handed, saved Russia from having to pay an indemnity to Japan. His most important ministers urged him to pay an indemnity. The Czar absolutely refused to sanction what would, in his opinion, constitute a precedent for the levying of international blackmail.

In the negotiations that preceded the war, the Czar had given his adhesion in writing to a proposal to submit the Korean question to The Hague tribunal. But for the fatal tendency to believe that "there's no hurry" that decision might have averted the war.

Of the Emperor's capacity to handle affairs of State there is ample evidence. Ambassadors who have had audiences with him on which the issues of peace and war have depended speak highly of his perfect self-possession, his clear, quick appreciation of vital points, and his high resolve. Count Muravieff told me that he had never known any one more rapid in assimilating the contents of official papers. That the Emperor has sometimes disappointed the hopes which some have built upon his assurances of sympathy and agreement is true. Nor is it to be wondered at. The Emperor is sincere enough, but the dead weight of the administrative machine is too much for him. He is like a bird trying to fly with a broken wing. Not until he has behind him the declared will of the elected representatives of his people will he be able steadily to press onward to the realization of his lofty ideals.

Since General Gordon stood in guard in the citadel of Khartoum I know of no human situation so charged with pathos and tragedy, so calculated to thrill the heart of mankind, as that which is presented at Peterhof to-day. The parallel, both political and personal, is terribly complete. The lone, slight figure of the Czar, as he stands alone at Peterhof confronting the ever-rising flood of anarchy, which threatens to submerge Russia, bears a singular resemblance to the heroic form which now sleeps somewhere in the far Soudan. The resemblance in height, complexion, and color of the eyes and hair is remarkable, but it is still more marked in the supreme and dominating characteristic. Since General Gordon gave me a copy of "Thomas à Kempis," as he bade me his last farewell, I have met no man who was imbued to the same extent with the spirit of simple religious faith as the present Emperor. It is the sole secret of the marvellous composure and cheerful calm which is the amazement, the envy, and the inspiration of all those who are admitted to the confidence of the Czar. Call it fatalism, mysticism, fanaticism, if you will, it has at least secured to-day for Russia, in the midst of an atmosphere that is hot with fever, one cool head and one stout heart unaffected by the delirium and the terrors of the revolutionary storm. The throne may be reeling, but its occupant is neither

sick nor giddy nor afraid. His only fear is that he may fail in understanding what is the will of God. If that be quite clear, then "though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." Nothing is more exact than the parallel between the Czar of the Douma and General Gordon in 1885. Both men began to rule, the one in Russia, the other in Soudan, on very different lines. Gordon was once Governor-General of the Egyptian oppressor. Nicholas II., in his tender youth, was made to pose as the inflexible champion of ancient autocracy. Now there is nothing which he is not willing to do to save his people, and to save Russia. He has voluntarily limited his autocracy, and he is prepared to go much further in that direction—indeed, to go as far as any one—as soon as he is clear as to his duty. He is a Gordon in his selfless devotion to what he sees to be right. But he has not Gordon's magnificent assurance as to his insight into the divine counsels which was the inspiration of his genius. Neither is he, as Gordon was, a man of restless energy and indomitable will. Hence, his very excessive conscientiousness and natural modesty lead to hesitation, the parent of delay; and that delay, which rendered possible the Japanese war, has been the chief contributing cause to the excessive danger of the present crisis.—Review of Reviews.

Christus resurrexit! Sing, O weary heart,
 He who burst death's fetters, bade despair depart.
 Now death's separation, loneliness and loss;
 Then eternal triumph streams beyond the cross.

Christus resurrexit! Christ, to Thee we bring
 Hearts of adoration, while Thy praise we sing.
 Come, Redeemer, risen, in our hearts abide,
 King of all for ever, keep thy Eastertide!

—Mrs. George A. Paull.

DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE AND HYMNOLOGY—
A PATH TO CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. T. DAVIDSON, D.D.



THAT is a noteworthy phrase of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which he bids his readers to give diligence to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." He enjoins Christians as such not to seek to reach the blessing of unity, but by all means to preserve it; he sets before them not a goal to be attained, but a precious possession to be guarded and cherished. It may, perhaps, be supposed that such language is applicable only to the halcyon period of Christianity in its earliest days, and that, in our time of divisions, misunderstandings, and actual strife, Christians can only seek to regain unity as a lost treasure. But surely St. Paul's words still describe a present duty. Among all who are truly Christian a unity exists, whether they acknowledge it or not, whether they are conscious of it or not; and if we would see the proof of this, we can hardly do better than turn to that field of Christian thought and feeling which has been allotted to me in this Conference—Devotional Literature and Hymnody.

It has been said that it is the function of the poet to discern unity amidst diversity, and of the philosopher to detect diversities amidst apparent unity. If this be so, there is a poet and a philosopher in each of us. But alas! the poet dies young, and the philosopher, who is capable of doing excellent service on occasion, is somewhat too much in evidence. Intellect

divides us from each other, as we see in the region of doctrinal discussions and precise definitions. In matters of taste—say the æsthetics of worship—men proverbially differ. In temperament various types have always existed; we have with us, and may expect to keep, both the conservative, with his constitutional reverence for antiquity as such, and the reformer, with his impatience of the past and the present, and his sanguine confidence in the future. And upon all questions implying organization and action, as in modes of Church government and ecclesiastical activity, diversity may be expected to prevail.

But the "unity of the Spirit"—originated, maintained, and renewed by the Holy Spirit Himself—a unity which exists in spite of this diversity, and which every true Christian should sacredly guard, lies beneath all diverging tendencies. Its roots lie in that deep, fundamental, essential relation which every Christian, as his name indicates, occupies to God in Christ. How large a portion of our Christian life is covered by these common experiences, I need not say; and it is the expression of these which forms the very staple of our hymns and devotional literature.

1. The facts in this case it is needless to prove and hardly worth while to illustrate at length. It is one of the very commonplaces of our platforms that Christians who differ on so many points, and sometimes differ very sharply, sing many of the same hymns, and all alike love certain standard books of devotion. There is great significance in the old story of

the two missionaries in China, Burns the Calvinist and Davenport the Arminian, who used to argue warmly over the merits of their respective systems of theology, but joined happily in prayer together afterwards. Dr. Burns told a friend that while Dr. Davenport argued as an Arminian, he always prayed like a Calvinist; while Davenport confided to an intimate friend that it was curious to note how Dr. Burns, who was such a staunch Calvinist in theory, always proved himself a genuine Arminian in prayer.

There is a vanishing point in this religious perspective at which apparently parallel lines always meet. Basil the Great, in his well-known eulogium on Psalmody, describes it as not only the repose of the individual soul, but "the arbiter of peace, the engenderer of friendship, the healer of dissension, the reconciler of enemies. For who," says he, "can longer count as an enemy the man in company with whom he has chanted the psalms before the throne of God?"

Sometimes this unity of spirits is consciously, sometimes unconsciously, effected. Ardent Protestants sing translations of hymns taken from the Roman Breviary, without knowing the origin of the words. The *Lux Benigna*, "O Gladsome Light," the *Veni Creator* sung at ordinations in so many communions, the *Dies Irae* in its stern sublimity and heart-moving tenderness, belong to the Church Catholic, a much larger body than any community which seeks to annex that noble name. Dr. Neale has furnished excellent translations of certain hymns of the Greek Church, but they might well be hymns of the Latin Church or the Lutheran Church for anything that the most orthodox eye can detect to the contrary. Cardinal Newman proves himself, in other hymns besides "Lead, kindly Light," to be of the same kindred with the Anglican whose

Via Media he so scornfully denounces, and the Nonconformist for whom he has still less toleration.

If you did not know from other sources, could you have guessed whether Bernard, the monk of Clugny, or Bonar, the Presbyterian divine, wrote "Thy way, not mine, O Lord" or "Jerusalem, the golden"? whether the educated clergyman or the Methodist shoemaker wrote "Abide with me," or "The God of Abraham praise"? In how many English-speaking families in all parts of the world is the morning hymn identified with words of Ken or Keble, the one a bishop, the other a tractarian, yet in which of these families might we not hear quite as often the words of Watts or Wesley, as in penitence they cry, "O for a heart to praise my God," or in bereavement pray, "O God, our help in ages past," or joyfully remember that "There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign."

The hymn-books give all the evidence we need; whether it be "Hymns Ancient and Modern" or Presbyterian "Church Hymnary" or the "Congregational Hymnal," or the latest Methodist compilation. The prefaces to all such books are tolerably sure to contain thanks for permission to use certain stanzas written by a number of authors, who would be somewhat astonished if all were to meet in the flesh in some ecclesiastical building. Here are to be found side by side Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, and Whittier, of the Society of Friends; Keble and Lyte, Anglican saints, are comfortably near to Doddridge and Binney, "Dissenters" and "Separatists." Here is Xavier, the Jesuit, touching Newton, the Evangelical, Montgomery, the Moravian, Stanley, the Broad Churchman, and Cowper, who thought himself unfit to belong to any church at all. Here is Luther, who left Rome for Protest-

antism, and Faber, who left Protestantism for Rome; Gerhardt, the Lutheran, and Toplady, the Calvinist, and Heber, the Bishop; the orthodox Presbyterian has by his side the Unitarian Bowring or Adams; but not only are the verses of each none the worse for the juxtaposition, but in most cases, without knowing beforehand, you could not tell the creed or community of the author by reading the words of the hymn.

Bishop Chr. Wordsworth, in his conscientious zeal—*O sancta simplicitas!*—strove hard to prevent a Methodist preacher from being described as a Christian minister upon his tombstone. The Methodists replied by inserting in the new edition of their hymn-book the Bishop's hymn, "O day of rest and gladness," rejoicing to believe that he and they were nearer together than they understood, and that for himself and them alike the Lord's Day might be "a day of resurrection from earth," and all the petty conflicts of earth "to things above!"

Doubtless, it is not always so. There are sectarian hymns; hymns sternly and uncompromisingly sectarian; promoting the cult of the Blessed Virgin or celebrating the Church rather than the Church's Head, or composed so as to include as much of the metaphysics of the doctrine of the Trinity as a hymn can contain, or intended to teach the author's view of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, or a stern doctrine of Predestination, or intended to emphasize the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit. But it is not these hymns that win their way to the hearts and lips of the people; they do not live, they merely exist. These bits of creeds cut up into a metre of 8's and 6's are not real hymns; no one mistakes them for such, and they are for the most part soon forgotten, as they deserve to be.

Or, again, a zealous hymn-mender will steal certain stanzas from another community and adopt them, after previously eliminating every trace of the obnoxious heresy which his particularly keen scent has enabled him to trace in apparently harmless verses. But such botching and tinkering is not admissible, except in the opinion of the distinguished artist himself; and such exceptions do not invalidate the delightful rule that the last place in which bigotry is or should be tolerated is the hymn-book.

But what has been said is not true only of verse. My subject includes devotional literature, and the line between prose and verse in this connection is a very faint one. I have only to name the Psalms for all to recognize a bridge between the two departments which makes them easily one. There is no need to remind you that the Psalms have been chanted as heartily by the Covenanter on the hillside as by monk and nun in their "convent's narrow room"; by the saints of the first century as they assuredly will be by those of the twentieth; and by missionaries and their converts of all types, in all languages, throughout all ages.

But the same is approximately true of many books which cannot be put upon the same level as the sacred Scriptures. Who would attempt to limit to the use of one church Augustine's Confessions, à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Thoughts," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," George Herbert's "Temple" or Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest?" Fenelon in his "Spiritual Letters" joins Samuel Rutherford, though so different the two men, and so different in many ways their epistles. Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions" is found in the library of the devout Christian to-day

besides Law's "Serious Call," and the *Theologia Germanica* and Leighton's "First Peter" and Arthur's "Tongue of Fire."

There they stand on the shelf side by side; they never quarrel, and the pious soul who uses them, seeking to be lifted a little heavenward on the wings of others' faith and prayer, or to be helped on a weary pilgrimage by the example or consolation of a kindred spirit, never stops to ask whether his comrade in the Christian warfare is Prelatist or Presbyterian. He cares not whether the writer preached in a surplice or wrote in a dungeon, so long as his words came from a heart filled with the Spirit of Christ and are fitted to help the traveller upon that narrow path which all alike must tread if they would be acknowledged as disciples by the Master, and reach at last the place He is preparing for all who love His appearing.

2. Such are the facts. What is their significance? It is well neither to overestimate nor underestimate their importance.

I cannot admit that these facts imply only a certain community of sentiment, vague in outline and unsubstantial in character, which may be set down as of little value in comparison with existing differences of opinion.

Nor do these facts, in my judgment, point to the desirability of laxity or indifference in religious belief. "Breadth" may mean mere looseness, and "tolerance" nothing more than carelessness or indifference concerning questions of creed. Some might be disposed to argue that because hymns by Unitarians and Roman Catholics, and Methodists are found, say, in an Anglican or Presbyterian hymnal, therefore creed matters little or nothing; that unity may be readily attained by all Christians divesting themselves of the clothing

implied in their characteristic articles and confessions of faith, and agreeing, as Sandy McKaye says, "on the broad, fundamental principle o' want o' brecks."

Such a conclusion would be as foolish as futile. Absence of definite belief has never proved a stable bond of union between men or communities, whilst fidelity to principles always produces a mutual respect which may lead to closer agreement. A few hymns by Unitarians are found in the hymn-books of Evangelical Churches because some articles of faith and some characteristics of worship are common to both, whilst on many important subjects Roman Catholics and Protestants are well agreed.

We meet on the common ground of these books of devotional literature and hymnody, because they belong to a region in which all must agree, if they are Christians indeed. The unity is not one of mere sentiment, but of doctrine and experience which underlie all expressions of feeling. The evil spirit of sectarianism and controversy is exorcised when David plays upon his harp; it cannot exist in the atmosphere in which heartfelt praise is offered to God our Father, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit our Comforter, in which earnest prayer is addressed to "Our Father, which art in heaven"; it can find no place in a confession of sin, in which we pray to be forgiven as we forgive them that trespass against us.

Sin forms a sad but real meeting-ground, in the acknowledgment of which we must all join. Repentance is a narrow wicket-gate through which every one of us must pass. We all adore the Trinity in unity, though we may not express our beliefs in the same phraseology. Christ in His life, words, works, sufferings, death, resurrection, and reign in glory is our common Saviour and Head. Every-

one in the ranks of His redeemed ones hears the voice which makes him cry, "Hark! my soul, it is the Lord," and to that voice of grace and tenderness asking, "Lovest thou Me?" which of us but is ready to sing—

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

In temptation Christians meet; in the difficulties that beset the way, the foes we have to encounter, the dark valleys we must pass through, and in the deliverance vouchsafed, the help and comfort administered—on that broad and sunny plain we all meet. In death, do we not meet there? And on the other side of that river "over which is no bridge," if we meet, as we hope, will it not be because we have travelled by one path, brought by One Saviour into one home? All this implies unity of doctrine and of experience expressed in a common, devotional literature, where Christians do not strive to become, but are, one.

3. I must apologize for dwelling on truths so elementary and so obvious. But if these things are so, how do they bear in practice on the present state of the Churches? What path to unity is indicated by these finger-posts?

It may very well be said that we cannot always be on the mountain-top of devotion, or spend our lives in singing hymns, and that down on the plain below where our duties lie, the conditions of Christian life and communion are very different and much more trying. True, but it may be well to

(a) Promote a freer interchange of thought and feeling in these departments. A measure of intercourse exists when a High Anglican who would not enter a Free Church meeting-house sings the words of Watts or Wesley or Bonar, or the staunch

Puritan is aided in his devotions by Taylor or Andrewes or à Kempis.

But more may be done in this direction. The tendency is still too strong to narrow devotion to one type, and this makes both mind and soul provincial, instead of catholic. By familiarizing ourselves with devotional literature which was not produced within our own communion, and in which our favorite phraseology is not found, we may be preparing ourselves for what is, probably, the worship of heaven. The Evangelical may learn to dwell on the broad aspects of common life, as well as the interior processes of grace in the soul; the High Churchman will be none the worse for dwelling upon the presence of Christ with His people elsewhere than in the elements of the Holy Eucharist. The Free Churchman may learn the high merits of the Book of Common Prayer, and those who are most convinced of the value of forms of prayer often most need to learn the importance of being able to dispense with them. The Methodist will find his religious life the richer for a study of Newman's sermons on the one hand and F. W. Robertson's or Phillips Brooks' on the other; whilst if all sections of the Church of Christ drank in the spirit of Wesley's hymns, it is probable they would be none the worse Christians, and they would be greatly aided in keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

(b) May we not further recognize that this region is the most important in our religious life? It is not so easy as it sounds even for a Christian always to keep first things first and things of tenth-rate importance in the tenth place.

To bring about this result, perhaps there are few better ways than to cultivate the frame of mind in which we are found when we sing the most

catholic hymns, read the best devotional literature, and prepare to live more nearly as we pray. Such a course would not be retrograde, as some might think, a going back to the elements, the alphabet of religion. It would mean a distinct advance—an advance towards the gaining of the heart of a little child, which the Supreme Authority has taught us is the characteristic of the highest in the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not progress, whatever men may say, to pass from the Divine simplicity of a devoted heart to teaching concerning the supreme authority of bishops, or the autonomy of individual churches or the paramount importance of the class-meeting.

In the region of devout and simple worship which my subject has led me to describe we frequent the banks of that still lake slumbering high among the hills, whose waters lie, crystal clear, a mirror of the sky, before they part into the many streams with which we are sadly familiar on lower levels. These streams do not become purer as they flow, but more and more turbid as they wind among the crowded cities of men.

True, we cannot always breathe the

serene air of those upper heights, but we may linger a little longer among those green pastures, beside those still waters, that the spirit and temper of our ordinary life may be the purer and sweeter.

Without building tabernacles on the top of Hermon, where it is impossible for us now to stay, we may learn on the Transfiguration Mount of Christian worship that which will make it easier to live the life of disciples below. It will be easier to cast out the demons of unbelief and discord and party feeling, we shall be less prone to dispute with our fellow-disciples which is the greatest, who has best learned the only correct formula of exorcism, and who has had most success in the work of casting out devils—work in which the disciples' failure has been too often conspicuous. It will mean a return to that for which the President of the Church Congress pleaded in eloquent words—"simpler thoughts and a purer faith." It will mean that all Christians will draw nearer to one another "with golden ease," because all have drawn nearer to Him in whom they are one for evermore.—The Methodist Recorder.

ALIVE FROM THE DEAD.

The night wind moans and sighs,
The branches toss;
Fear, through the gloom, descries
An empty cross.

Tear-drops of crystal dew
On leaf and flower;
Sin claims its dreadful due,
'Tis hell's black hour.

Spectres of fear and dread
Haunt all the gloom;
And gloat above His bed
In Joseph's tomb.

Through earth deep shudders run
Of nameless fright;

God's well-beloved Son
Lies dead to-night.

The flush of Eastern dawn
Is in the sky;
A day will soon be born
That shall not die.

A flash of blinding light;
The stone away;
He rises, clothed with might—
'Tis Easter Day!

With rapture heaven rings
And earth accords,
Jesus is King of kings
And Lord of lords.

—Angelus.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.



AFTER a while Louise said: "I am not half as strong as I used to be; I get tired after a little exertion. Do you mind getting into some pretty place and resting? Let us lose those two; they will find enough to talk of without us."

"You are not so strong-looking as formerly," said Bess sympathetically. "There is a lovely spot under that oak; let us sit there a while."

Louise was quite out of breath when they reached the place. She leaned her head against the tree-trunk and sat resting. The expression of her face changed from gaiety to sadness, and Bess looking up suddenly saw tears on her long lashes.

"Do you remember, Bess, one day, not much more than a year ago, something you asked me? It was so queer it startled me. You said, 'Life can't be all fun; sooner or later comes a time when there is no fun in it'; and then you asked, 'Do you love your husband enough to live for and help him in a life that all the fun has gone out of?' I know all about it now, Bess."

"Dear, dear Louise! It must seem to you that I was just talking like a child of the real suffering and agony I knew nothing about—of—the sort that did come to you."

"No, Bess—you knew what life was, because you had thought, even if you had not suffered. Yes, the fun did go out of all life in the sense of fun, as I understood it. Perhaps you think I forget everything when I jest as I do, and try to seem lighter-hearted than I am. I never forget poor Clarence. I suffer with him, but I love him a thousand times better than I did then. He did not need me then; and I had not waked up to anything. You did me good, Bess, and I want to tell you of it. You led me to read about the Saviour, so that when the awful trouble came I knew

where to go for comfort. We were a giddy husband and wife, like two head-strong children. Aunt Hannah says this is God's way of sending us to school; I pray every day that we will each learn our lesson perfectly. I don't think God means anything but love. I can see that. When Clarence comes out I want him to find on the prison threshold a great deal better wife than he left. He will be wiser, too. We will, God helping us, have a home then. Father says he will start him in some business far away from here in the West."

Louise had never before spoken so plainly of her troubles to Bess, and the young girl was greatly touched by her confidence. She cheered her with bright pictures of the future reunion and the possible home.

"Clarence was the kindest husband and the merriest companion a woman could have had," continued Louise, "but he—we—he was not a Christian. He will be, Bess; I feel sure of it. He has written me that he prays, that he reads Aunt Hannah's gift to him of his own mother's Bible. Aunt Hannah says his mother's prayers for him will be answered. Once I would not have wanted him different, but now my child ought to have a Christian father to bring him up. I can start him in these years."

Once well launched on what to her was the mightiest subject in the universe, Louise talked until Bess was sure it must be high noon. They were then aroused by John's wild and tolerably successful attempts to "yodel" after the highest style of Swiss mountaineer art.

They issued from their retreat, and Louise began excuses, which were cut short by John's avowal that he had not missed her in the least. Mary, whose eyes were exceedingly bright, instantly joined herself to Bess, and talked rather rapidly for one usually so deliberate.

"It is actually dinner-time," exclaimed Louise, "and I fear that Welles junior has screeched himself hoarse."

"Not a bit of it. I have heard him howling by the half-hour at regular intervals all the morning up here—voice

still in excellent working order; but I am hungry, I confess," said John,

"Heard that cherub at this distance, John! Aren't you ashamed!"

"Well, possibly it was the Jersey cows you tell of—some creature with powerful lungs, anyway." Then as they were not near the others he said rather reproachfully: "What did you leave us two alone for all this time? I thought we came together."

"Why, so we did; but Mary is a delightful companion any time."

"But you need not throw us at one another's head."

Louise stopped short in the path and laughed uproariously; then exclaimed: "What inelegant English for an editor! What a mental picture—quite like the Irishman's friend who never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it. Now, really, John, it happened so—rather," she added, in a conscience-smitten tone, remembering it was not quite chance.

"Do you mean Miss Hogarth avoided me?" he asked sharply.

Secretly wondering what made her calm brother-in-law so nearly cross, Louise replied: "I mean that I was tired and asked Bess to sit with me for a rest, then we got greatly interested talking and forgot you entirely."

"Your excuse is worse than your offence," he said, with an effort to pass off all as a joke, and was silent the rest of the way home. Only once, when she ventured to remark, "I never get too much of Mary Vandergriff's society," he turned, looked her kindly in the face, and replied:

"I cannot tell you how glad I am you have chosen her for your dearest friend. She is a noble woman; she will be help, comfort, and inspiration to you. Never neglect to love her, Louise."

"I do not mean to," she said, pleased and puzzled.

At her own gate Bess gently refused their urgent invitation to go home with them to Martha's noon dinner, and after a few laughing words they bade her good-bye and went on.

"You look pale, Bess," exclaimed her mother. "It is getting too warm to take such long tramps. Does your head ache? Did you hear any news?"

Bess tried to recall some items of neighborhood gossip, thought of a family who were going to the seaside, and so diverted her mother from talk of herself until lunch was over, and she was free to seek her room. Once alone, she sat for a long, long time buried in

thought. She admitted to herself that she loved John Welles. She had kept herself back from that admission even to herself these months since the Greek lessons ceased. Lately she had fancied him again as a friend. This morning she realized he could not be her friend.

Many other things had come to her up there in the glorious sunshine: fancies, thoughts—leaden, depressing facts. She used as a child to sit in her favorite fern hollow and wish for the old romance world of books, for noble knights and fair ladies. To-day she had seen a vision of a life nearer now her ideal of maturer years. The old-time knight in flashing armor gave way to a man in modern garb, but with all the knightly virtues. She had seen face to face the lady, beauteous as Una or fair Florimel, but she could not, even in imagination, put herself in that lady's place. She was more outside of it all than she had been as a child. She had in an intenser degree the old melancholy impression that everything in the everyday world was meagre, depressing—that happiness, like fortune, flees away before us, just out of reach.

Finally, taking herself mentally and shaking herself, she resolved that the time had come for action. She would go away from Summerwild. At any time it would be easy to persuade Mrs. Hogarth that a change would be beneficial. Bess decided to go with her to the seaside. There was an immense power of self-control about this girl; she would not let herself go emotionally even in the privacy of her room. She would not have despised another who in her place could have buried her face in the pillows and wept for hours. What she only allowed herself was—flight. She could not busy herself about any of her usual avocations; reading proved distasteful, sewing impossible. She determined at last to tire herself physically, and so find rest later.

There was an invalid girl living more than a mile and a half distant; remembering her, Bess made ready to take her Miss Alcott's Life and a basket of strawberries. There were beds of delicious great berries in the garden. Billy was always ready (for a consideration) to pick a basketful for her use. She chose a dainty receptacle, lined it with crisp leaves, then, sending Billy to fill it, Bess sat waiting on the cool verandah by the kitchen. Dorothy Hakes was comfortably ensconced in a Boston rocking-chair shelling peas for the late dinner

that Mr. Hogarth preferred to the noon meal customary in rural regions.

"Miss Elizabeth, do you believe in camp-meetings?"

"Why, I am not a member of the Methodist Church, you know, and personally I prefer other methods of worship; but just so far as camp-meetings 'make for good,' as the saying is, I approve."

"Did you go over this morning?"

"Over where?"

"Why, I see you starting for the woods. Don't you know that t'other side of them, on the road past the Larkin farm, there is a camp-meetin' going on?" asked Dorothy, filling her capacious mouth with young and tender peas.

"I had not heard of it."

"No? Then you wouldn't see no people goin' nuther if you was to the west side of the wood. They all go by Larkin's, 'cause the road is wider for teams. There is some powerful smart brothers preachin' over there, they say, and a band of singers from some Southern university that sings hymns so you'd think you was in Paradise, Miss Cole tells me. If yer ma can spare me to-morrow (Sunday, you know), I want to go over there. I believe I'll take Billy, too, if she'll let me; he can pilot me through them woods, and I'll see he don't get with no scoffin', sneerin' boys. Sometimes such come around camp-meetin's. Billy needs to get shook right over perdition while he is young enough to realize what a sinner he is. I've been a-talkin' to Billy, and he is real benighted. He says he is 'willing to be forgiven' if he is as wicked as I say he is—willing! Oh, my how he does deserve a shakin' up and a scarin' and to feel he can just git saved by the skin of his teeth."

"Are you sure that is Bible doctrine, Dorothy, and best for all sinners under all conditions? Sometimes, you know, the 'goodness of the Lord leadeth to repentance.' The prodigal's father did not scare him or just let him peep in at the home; he gave him an 'abundant entrance.'"

"Fact," commented Dorothy. After a pause she added: "I'd orter realize it's love and not terror draws folks most effectual. When I was in the 'ospital mission workers come around often. There was a woman onct next bed to me—she had been a hard one, I assure you. One day a tall woman, something like Miss Martha, come along and stood up by the foot o' that bed, and if she didn't

talk about sin till yer flesh would have crept, and then of judgment to come! The woman in the bed never showed by a wink that she was a-hearin' till the other moved on; then she says to me, says she: 'Does she think I don't know what sin is? I could l'arn her a few facts that'd open her eyes, and as for consequences, as she calls 'em, does she s'pose we have to wait till next world for hell to begin?'

"I was sort of impressed then that patients with cancers and consumptions did not need to be told symptoms, but only about a cure and a doctor. I saw it even plainer when a lady come another day to that same woman, and talked about the Lord's saying He did not come to seek and to save the righteous, but sinners, and how He so loved the world. She broke that hard creature all up, she did, and nobody could have called her worse names than she called herself."

"Very likely. Now, to return to Billy, he knows his naughtiness as well as we do, and far better. Help to be good is what he needs; let him think you take him to camp-meeting for that; don't act as if you expected him to misbehave."

"Wall, I won't be hard on him—here he is now!"

Bess praised him for getting such fine large berries, gave him some pennies, and started on her errand. As she went down the steps Dorothy said innocently: "I suppose you got a lot of light on the New Testament a-studying the Greek?"

Bess turned with a sorrowful expression that overpowered her smile: "No, Dorothy, Greek has not helped me. I think now it was worse than time wasted. Tell mother I have gone to take these to Sarah Gates."

It was a warm walk, and Bess was weary enough in body when she returned, but wearier still in mind. Greatly to her relief nothing was required of her in the way of talk, for "stocks" were behaving in a remarkable manner, and Mrs. Hogarth, after learning the state of the market, was dealing out to her husband more sound doctrines than he well knew what to do with. He had to be meek in the face of the fact that everything had happened in Wall Street exactly as she had said it would, although her predictions were based on nothing, unless it might have been inspiration.

It was the perfection of a summer evening, warm, fragrant, the moon coming up in the sky, still warmly flushed

with the rose of sunset. Bess was taking possession of the quietest corner of the piazza when Dorothy appeared with a towel in one hand and a dish in the other.

"You know I was a-tellin' you about that camp-meetin' ? Well, they sent up word from the Cobbs' just after you left this afternoon that the most of them was a-going to drive over to-night, and stop to hear some of the singing. Young Mrs. Welles said they would come for you, and nothing must hinder you."

"That is exactly what she said!" laughed Louise, appearing under the arch of a trained vine. "We are out here at the gate. Auntie and David Fenton in the pony phaeton (we had to tease hard to get her), and the rest of us in what Martha calls a democrat. It has two seats and a flapping cover like an awning. It is comfortable, though."

"I think I will not go to-night, Louise; I am tired after a long walk."

"A drive this lovely evening will rest you; you need not make any exertion; besides, I ask it as a personal favor, for a reason I will make known to you later. Dorothy can get your things for you."

Before Bess could speak Dorothy was away, returning with a light shawl, and the hat she particularly liked: a white straw trimmed with blue forget-me-nots.

"After all, what does once more or less signify!" Bess said to herself, following Louise down the gravel walk between the blooming syringa bushes.

John was driving. Mary sat in the back seat, and Bess sprang in by her side before Louise could ask her which seat she preferred.

"The camp-meeting is the excuse for this drive, Miss Hogarth. Another reason is the beauty of the evening and the season. I want to show these newcomers how delightful some of these roads are, up hill and down dale, past woods and out by the river. Can you tell us the most picturesque way?"

"I might, but if you will make David Fenton the leader there will be no question. He has known every nook and corner of the country since boyhood," said Bess.

"Very well, then, we will just let him know what we expect of him," and touching up his staid old nag, John Welles caught up with the phaeton, interviewed David, who agreed to do his best, then falling behind again, said: "David has rather a lively horse. I hope Aunt Hannah will not find it out, for she is very timid. I advised the

phaeton for her, thinking the seat might be easier; then, too, I knew David liked to talk with her, and I made myself a victim to save him from the frivolity, the shocking, demoralizing influences of—hem, I would not be too plain-spoken."

"For your own sake, John, do get out and walk," begged Louise; "for the beast's sake do—in the interests of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. He is very lean, and you get fatter and more unwieldy every day."

While badinage of this sort went on between John and Louise, the occupants of the back seat were keeping up an uninterrupted conversation, each trying to sustain her part with an unflagging interest they neither really felt. It was, however, easier to talk quietly of the scenery, the local history and traditions, than to join in the fun-making. Bess had never seen John so evidently merry-hearted. It was a phase of his character that put him farther away from her than he had seemed in all the gravity of his days of trouble. She could find little to say to him when he turned to look straight into the clear eyes under the forget-me-nots.

John at last became intent on explaining to Louise some matter connected with the early settlement of New Jersey. Mary Vandergriff, glancing at them, said to Bess in a low tone, "I want to take you into my confidence."

A quiver of repulsion ran over Bess. It seemed almost indelicate that Mary could not wait to know her well before imparting sentimental secrets. But Mary did not see her face. She was watching lest the two on the front seat overhear.

"You have an old doctor here, have you not? One you trust?"

"Yes," was Bess' brief reply; surprise following disaffection.

"Would you think that I asked too much if I wanted you to go with me next week to consult him? I am convinced there is something amiss with me. It would alarm my mother terribly if I should tell her what I think—that I have some disease of the heart. I came out here partly that I might find out from a strange doctor the truth. My father and many of his family died of heart trouble. There are many ailments that affect one's heart that are not fatal. I am not morbid or unduly troubled, but under all circumstances I want the truth. I usually get it when it concerns myself," she added with a pathetic smile. "I can be self-deceived

a little while, but not long—yes, I came here to be enlightened.”

“Dear Miss Vandergriff, I will do anything for you!” whispered Bess, ashamed of her recent thoughts. “I hope you are not deceived this time and will find nothing ails you.”

“Will you appoint an interview for me with your family doctor?—tell him I want the truth and the whole truth, then help me to keep my going a secret from the Welles’.”

“I will—I—” but John turned to point out a group of elm trees exquisitely outlined on the hill against the sky.

They went slowly up the hill, turned when over its crest, and found themselves in a narrow lane-like road along which many carriages, waggons, carts, and pedestrians were moving. Less than a quarter of a mile beyond began a stretch of woodland, cleared of underbrush and enclosed by a rail fence, to which was fastened an apparently endless line of horses and vehicles of every description. The outskirts of the woods were dark, but from the not far remote depths gleamed innumerable lanterns swinging from trees. Adding more light still were rude lamps attached to what looked like a platform crowded with people, while all around and below lights revealed people—people—people between the straight tree-trunks.

The horse that David drove had never heard of a camp-meeting, and objected strongly to stopping long in the vicinity of this one. Aunt Hannah was frightened, and glad indeed when John hastened to lift her to the ground, while David persuaded the horse to stand still, and later to study the situation from the fence. She requested then and there to return with the steadier horse, and proposed that John drive back with this one, taking Miss Hogarth, who was used to fast horses. He promptly agreed.

They found an opening in the fence with a beaten path to the platform. The audience, though a motley one, was perfectly quiet and well-behaved; many were devout worshippers. Our party leaned against the trees and gazed with interest on the curious variety of upturned faces with the strong play of lights and shadows—with the background of darkness. The speaker of the moment was not forcible, his voice being much too feeble for out-door preaching. The singing was well worth coming far to hear; the voices of the leaders were rich and melodious, the people sang with impassioned fervor.

“Miss Hogarth,” said John Welles, “I

see the rest have found seats. Will you come a little out of the crowd with me? I can find a perfectly dry place, and the discords will be softened—the effect of the singing far finer.”

He did not hear her answer, but taking her arm, lest she trip over some tangled root, he led her quite outside, saying: “The woods look black by contrast with the concentrated light—come a little deeper in. Here is a half-buried log that seems dry.”

He had chosen one just long enough for two persons, and assuring himself that she was comfortable he seated himself by her side; talking rather eagerly of the picture through the trees while they waited for another hymn to be started.

“I am so glad you have not spoken about the ‘Rembrandtish lights and shadows,’” said Bess roguishly, “or, was it because I never travelled, as Louise says, that you left out that allusion?”

“You are cruel to imply that my use of threadbare phrases is habitual. There, they are starting ‘Rock of Ages.’ The leader has a grand voice.”

After the hymn came another speaker whose words were inaudible. John irreverently remarked that it was of no consequence, because he wanted to talk himself.

“I had not the slightest desire to attend this camp-meeting for its own sake. Can you think what I planned this drive for, Miss Hogarth?”

“To give others pleasure: to show Aunt Hannah and Miss Vandergriff the beauties of New Jersey.”

“Not a bit of it. I cannot tell a lie—that particular lie, at all events. I contrived this excursion to get a chance to see how you were getting on in Greek, as well as to find out—several other things. I am going back to the city Monday; I was in the woods with you all this forenoon and you never gave me the chance to speak about the weather with you—nor the crops even.”

“The thermometer has been about eighty for several days. Farmers predict plenty of peaches or turnips, I forget which.”

“The feminine mind is ever inaccurate. No doubt it was beets. You gave me to understand that day in the gallery, Miss Hogarth, that we were to be friends, and then came this morning in the woods! After it there was but one thing to do.”

“Usually we have a choice of evils, or of ways to avoid them,” said Bess, more

to say something than because she knew what she meant.

"The only choice I had was to take to the woods again. Did you avoid me this morning on the principle of 'avoiding an evil'?"

Bess was silent a moment, thinking this man as perplexing a person as she knew, then she answered: "Louise told me about herself this morning. We forgot time was passing so fast. How nobly Louise has developed!"

"Indeed she has; until trouble came, I thought her frivolous. She is a wonder to us all."

In the silence that followed Bess watched one particular red lantern, asked herself what these new tones in John's voice meant. Could she have been mistaken about Mary Vandergriff? In the semi-darkness her hand was taken.

"Elizabeth, I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife?"

She said, "I thought you wanted Mary."

"I have wanted you ever since you walked into my study—and my heart. Ever since that day you frowned because I was not old and gray-headed. Can't you come back to me for ever?"

She had not taken away her hand; but she could not resist saying, "If you cared for me, why did you stop teaching me—"

"You were teaching me love faster than I could teach you Greek. I was poor; I'm not a millionaire now, by any means, but I can support a wife."

"You were very severe."

"I shall be now, if you do not answer me. Take away your hand if it is 'No.'"

"You hold it so fast I couldn't if—"

"If you wanted to, but you don't," he whispered, waiting just an instant, and certainly in terror lest she resent the charge. In spite of the near music and lights, the proximity even of friends (for they could see the faces of David, Aunt Hannah, and the rest), the lovers were alone under the rustling trees. Their low-toned confidences might have gone on indefinitely, had they not seen David Fenton peering around in search of them.

In a moment or two more they stood by their friends, asking if it was not time to go home.

"Why, John, we lost you!" said Aunt Hannah, "but I thought you had gone to see the horses were all right."

"Poor child, you do look weary," said

Louise, smiling saucily at Bess. "If you are afraid of that horse, I can ride home with John."

David looked quickly from one to the other. John caught his eye, and his own flashed back an answer that gave to the Quaker uncommon satisfaction; then they went back to the carriages.

When they were getting in, Louise innocently suggested: "As your horse is so fast, John, you might better go the long way home; then we will all arrive together."

John laughed as he replied, "There is too much moonlight to waste indoors."

They went the long way home, but if the horse had ever been considered fast, he belied his reputation that particular Saturday night. Simple Aunt Hannah began to worry, and to predict that some dreadful thing had happened in consequence of John's driving the aforesaid horse. After they reached home, Louise followed the old lady to her room, and said to her: "I think, Aunt Hannah, that I will not undertake to make any more matches."

"What do you mean, Louise?"

"I mean that the name of my new sister-in-law, if I have one, will probably be Elizabeth Hogarth."

"I am sure I do not see why you think so—though I would be quite satisfied," said Aunt Hannah in great surprise.

"I saw it all to-day. He admires and likes Mary; he loves Bess. I saw it plainly to-night; I suspected it this noon. If you had seen his eyes when he came back to us to-night—he had taken her away from us, you remember."

"Did he look happy?"

"Happy does not express it," laughed Louise.

"Well, John deserves to be happy, and Bess is a little lady; I always liked her."

"Now you can rest in peace," said Louise, going out with a sudden sadness on her face. It was so lately that she had seen Clarence with the same soft light in the eyes he turned on her—so lately, yet it seemed very long ago.

Bess went with Mary to see the doctor. When they left his office it was Bess' face that was white, Bess' eyes in which the tears were standing.

Mary was as calm as when she entered the office, only saying: "I was very sure of this. It does not startle me, and after all, what is there in his words that does not apply to every one on earth?"

'You may live years, you may go almost any time'; or, if he did not say that last, he meant it."

The scene changes to Martha Cobb's domains, and to a period of time some weeks later. Dorothy Hakes and Martha Cobb are mysteriously confidential over a kettle of doughnuts the latter is frying.

"Don't it go ahead of anything you ever knowed, Miss Martha?"

"Yes, I must say it does," said Martha, forking up a brown cake. "Yet I might have known she'd fall in love with him. He is rather poor, too; what are they going to live on?"

"That's just what Mrs. Hogarth is all the time a-askin'; but Miss 'Lizabeth isn't scared one bit. Yesterday I heard her mar a-saying, 'You used to tell about having Sevres china and rare pictures and real laces; and here you are going to marry a man that can only live in a plain sort of way. What on earth are you doing it for?' and Miss 'Lizabeth she sat up straight, just as she does sometimes, like as if thunder and lightning couldn't make her wink if she hadn't got ready to; and she says: 'Because, mother Hogarth, I love him, and so long as he can earn two crusts I shall be happy with him, and when he only earns one we will divide; and if he can't get any, I don't know any other man I should be so willing to starve with.'"

"Granter—Grievous!" burst from Martha Cobb; "she has got it the very worst kind."

"I guess she have," quoth Dorothy, rolling her eyes in delight in delight at the impression she was making. But my! They won't never starve. I heerd Mr. Hogarth say that John Welles was a 'rising man'; and dear me! her par has got money enough if he do speculate."

"Wall, now, it is queer," said Martha Cobb, turning up the brown sides of her cakes and down the white ones. "I never thought she'd go that way; I supposed she was sensible to the last. Dorothy Hakes, I vow I can't understand it! Could you fall in love after that fashion?"

Dorothy was truth itself. She gazed fixedly down into the hot fat as if she proposed dropping her great eyes in among the cakes; she actually blushed; finally she confessed: "I might! A body never knows what's in 'um till it busts out"; then catching a glimpse of Martha's disgusted visage, she added has-

tily: "Gracious! I hope I sha'n't! 'Cos you see it might be with some fellow that hadn't the least idea of askin' me to eat up his last crust; and then I'd have to starve all alone."

CHAPTER XII.

THE END.

Old Father Cobb's beloved clock was held in high esteem by Martha. Woe to the individual who dared suggest that it was not a perfect time-keeper. It went at any rate. Six years after the old man had done with time for ever the old clock, now moved to Martha's hall, ticked away the minutes and the hours. In these six years Martha had changed somewhat. There were many gray hairs now, and she had grown stouter. Dorothy Hakes showed an active fancy when she insisted Martha had grown handsome, but the gray hair did soften her rugged features. She looked more yielding and gracious. Sometimes, when she spoke to a sick woman or a timid child, David Fenton heard with astonishment the altered tones of her once harsh voice. Martha's house was full to the very attic, for it was summer.

About the first of June David Fenton began each year to go weekly to the city, returning with "boarders." Sometimes there was a pale-faced mother, with a half-dozen children; then a forlorn waif who belonged to nobody; now a broken-down seamstress; again some bold, handsome girl who needed compassion, not because of any physical ailment, but because she was "ignorant and out of the way."

Those were busy days for Martha, but she had two efficient helpers. Dorothy Hakes served Mrs. Hogarth well and faithfully until a time came when she longed to do something to help her neighbor. Mrs. Hogarth could get plenty of good servants for good wages, but where was the capable woman who for love of the Master would be a servant to such inmates as were gathered under Martha Cobb's roof? So Dorothy came and was Martha's right-hand woman. She had many qualities that were like Martha's own: good sense, blunt humor, knowledge of human nature, keen sympathy without weak sentiment. She tossed the feeble babies in her strong arms; lifted the sick; cheered the despondent; cooked, washed, and ironed for everybody.

The other worker did even better work, and sometimes Martha felt a queer struggle between smiles and tears as she watched Delia Palmer dusting certain great lumps of quartz in a corner cabinet. Delia was very grave, very quiet for her years. Her dress was far plainer than Dorothy's, as severe as a Quaker's, had it been drab; but ever since a day that Delia had declared her faith in Christ, her belief that her sins were forgiven, she had been a power in the house, noiseless but constant. She it was in whose care David always put the loud or reckless young women spoken of. How she toned them down was her own secret; but she prevailed on many a wild girl to forsake the city, take service in some quiet Christian family, and to make a sensible woman of herself.

David Fenton was a happy old man in these days. He had passed his seventieth birthday; his hair was almost white; he walked slower, but his eye filled with the same bright, benevolent light as ever; his smile was as winning. He hoped to live a few more years more until he should see in prosperous working order his last undertaking. Martha's house was not small, but oh, how few comparatively could it shelter! He was uniting in one his own houses, and when done his "Anna Miller Home" would be another refuge for the sick, the weary and the sinful.

Mrs. Elizabeth Welles took great interest in this project. She had begged the privilege of building and furnishing one great sunny room. Many a laugh did her husband have at her expense about the enthusiasm she manifested. He had long before learned how David's beloved "Nanny Miller" had been by mistake assigned to him in Bess' imagination. He teased her about doing penance for groundless jealousy, but husband and wife were really united in all good works. The years together had given to them as perfect happiness as comes to mortals. There was a young John and a tiny Hannah Elizabeth in their home, and the older Bess had no time to hunt up any other "mission" in life nor any time for dead languages.

John was a "success" in business, in character and among men. This sixth

year he had reason for great thankfulness.

One lovely morning in early spring Clarence came out into the world a free man. In consequence of his excellent behavior and his comparative youth, his term had been shortened after the earnest effort of friends. He looked ten years older, with streaks of gray in his black hair; a noble-looking man grown strangely like his older brother during these years that thought and conscience had been remoulding his features. He was a changed man, sadder, stronger, no longer a trifle.

He realized that few men situated as he was could come back into the world to find so much for which to live. God had been infinitely better to him than he deserved, as he told Aunt Hannah, when he showed her the Bible of his mother, worn almost past use. Time had touched Louise so gently that she would have seemed the beautiful girl-
bride he had parted from if Master Clarence's curly head had not almost touched her elbow.

The reunited family enjoyed a week together in New York, then started for a home in the far West. Louise had sold her house to John Welles, and her father was to start her husband in business and provide them a home where they went. He was convinced of Clarence's reformation and knew that he had business ability.

It was a hard time for poor Aunt Hannah; she was welcome to go with the travellers. She was begged to stay with those who remained. After many tears and much debate she decided that at her age she would remain in the house she had come to love, and with John, who was her strong staff.

It would not be long, she said, before she should go to her eternal home to meet Clarence's mother and tell her of the boy she had left in her care. So Bess and John with the little ones moved into the pretty house already attractive to them from long association. Above the mantel in one room was a portrait of Mary Vandergriff, serene as if she already felt the heavenly influence of that land wherein she now dwelt,—that "Paradise where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light."

The End.

"O Breath from out the Eternal Silence!
blow
Softly upon our spirits' barren ground!

The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence, may
abound."

TO THEIR ANCHOR UNDER THE HILL.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

The sweetness of the wild flowers' breath,
 The greenness touching shrub and tree,
 These say, "Where is thy sting, O Death;
 O Grave, where is thy victory?"
 Each Eastertide the old world sings
 An anthem true, and sweet, and strong;
 And all the tender growing things
 Join in the Resurrection Song.



SCRUB OAK RANCH was to have its first Easter Sunday. You are not to infer from this that Easter had been in the habit of skipping this particular stretch of prairie. Each year its golden dawn had warmed the very heart of things, brought a new beauty to the meadows, the river, and the willows fringing it, the oak ridges, the long board house gay in the yellow paint Antoine was wont to deck it with, the log lean-to at the back in a state of jealous depression over the magnificence of the house proper, the garden where nothing grew because nothing was planted. But nobody had heeded. To the cowboys Easter Sunday had been no more than any other Sunday. However, the time of impassiveness and blind indifference had passed. Scrub Oak Ranch was to have its first real Easter.

Why this waking up? Why this new flutter of preparation? Why this atmosphere, unknown hitherto, of mingled spirituality and festive cheer? The answer to all these whys was, "Mrs. Kelly." With her installation as housekeeper the old order of things gave place to something better. Ben Williams, on his way to the sheds, paused at the lean-to door long enough to take in the picture of a fat little woman of fifty, in a plaid cotton wrapper and linen apron, concocting lemon pies and drop cakes. The grin of approval still lingered on his lips as he joined his mates. "She's in her element," he said, with a backward motion of his thumb toward the lean-to, "beating eggs to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and sweating like a hero. You put that woman down in the Sahary Desert with nothin' more in the

shape of cookin' utensils than a— a nutmeg scraper, an' it's my opinion she'd brush the sand out of her eyes, and set to work gettin' up a meal for somebody. She's the 'homiest' individual I ever met."

"And the homeliest," put in the new man.

This remark struck the callow youth as funny. He gave way to mirth. Ben reached over and gave him a sounding slap. "There's something that will make you snicker on the other side of your mouth," he said, coolly. Then, turning to the new man, "You'd like to be popular. I can see that by the efforts you make to say smart things. If so be you have ambitions along that line don't get in the way of sharpenin' your wit on Mrs. Kelly, or sometime, instead of applause you'll get your head broke. . . . Do you know what that woman with two double chins, no waist line to speak of, and a bob of gray hair roosting over one ear, mostly, do you know what she is? An angel without the wings. Yes, sir, without the wings."

"She's just as well without them," commented the new man. They'd be mislaid like her spectacles, or dragging like her apron strings. They'd never be in good repair if she had them."

"Hush-sh-sh!" came a sibilant whisper, and a curly head showed above a hole in the haystack; "every time I get Mandy settled down to lay you come around and fluster her. Go away."

"Come along down and leave her to herself, Ted. She'll never lay while you're watching her." Ben spoke guardedly.

"She won't lay if I don't watch her." Ted was plainly aggrieved, but he slid down the stack and let Ben catch him. "She does 'nough cackling for two hens, and nary an egg. I've told her a dozen times that Easter was most here, but she just won't hurry. She knows I'm wild to get an egg, an'—"

"That's it; you let her see how anxious you are," interrupted the new man. "Act as if you don't care a red cent whether she does her duty as a hen or not, treat her cacklings as so

much no-account bragging, and I shouldn't be surprised if she got down to business. A hen hasn't any head to speak of, and two-thirds of what she has is crammed so full of conceit she couldn't lodge a decent-sized think in it to save her. But she's got an instinct, just one, and it's to do the very opposite of what her friends expect of her. I know hens," he ended up, moodily.

"Mandy ain't like other hens," spoke up Ted, loyally. "You quit talking mean about her or I won't like you. So there."

"That's it! Ben here gets wrathful when I air my opinion of wingless angels, and you make me hold my tongue about Mandy, yet folks say this is a free country," grumbled the new man. He threw the saddle on his broncho and made ready to ride away. Catching a glimpse of the child's face, long with disappointment and blighted hopes, he laughed good-humoredly. "If you expect to break a hen's will by sort of holding her down to her task you'll be disappointed, little man. What's the rush, anyway? Want to stock the market with eggs?" he asked.

"A long time ago, ever so long ago," confided Ted, "I had a hen that went away and hid a week or two, and came back with a lot of little yellow chickens. But I don't want Mandy to go, not till after Easter. She's got to lay one egg, anyway. I want it for Bill. I told him I'd give it to him; he said I'd forget; you don't forget when you're turned six," proudly.

Ben and the new man with one accord looked at the wreck of humanity who at that moment came around the corner. Both scowled and got a scowl in return.

"Look here, kid," commanded Ben, "you quit hangin' round that old chromo. I don't know what the boss means keepin' him here. I wish to heavens he'd clear out. If he ain't bad from head to heel his face belies him. It's not safe for a baby like you to tote 'round with him. You stick close to Mrs. Kelly."

The two men rode down the trail skirting the river. Ted watched them till a sharp turn hid them from sight. Mandy had stolen off, so had Bill. Ted made for the lean-to. Mrs. Kelly was not there. Old Bill, sitting on a bench beside the stove, motioned the boy to come in. "A visitor," he explained in a hoarse whisper, with a nod toward the

living-room, "the preacher from up the creek. Sit here by me and keep still's a mouse or he'll have us in to prayers." Ted climbed upon the bench and smiled in the old man's face. "Mrs. Kelly is talking some, isn't she?" he remarked with pride. The old man did not heed. He sat listening intently to Mrs. Kelly, who was, indeed, talking some.

"When you're old as I am, Mr. Hurst, you'll know that no mortal man is all bad. There's streaks of good in the worst specimen," she was saying.

"But his record shows evil, evil, evil." The visitor had a low voice but clear; it seemed to ring softly through the lean-to. "I felt that you ought to be warned."

The old man on the bench laughed jeeringly.

"What's the joke?" whispered Ted.

"It's kind of you, Mr. Hurst, but somehow I'm not the least mite scared of Bill," broke in Mrs. Kelly's soft voice. "If ever it pops into my head about the drinkin', fightin', jail-breakin', and boiled-down badness—dear knows there's enough of it if half folks tell of him is true—why I set myself to thinkin' of the days an' nights he stayed out in that little shack on the Bow nursin' Tom Nicholls. A man that's bad all through doesn't get rings 'round his eyes nursin' sick folks, Mr. Hurst. And when Tom went, and after him the little woman, too lonesome and worn-out to stop behind even to look after her bonnie boy, it was Bill that helped bury them. Do you know, the older I get the more I know and believe that if we all had the motes and beams out of our eyes people like Bill wouldn't appear so speckled to us."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," the young preacher spoke gravely.

The laugh died out on the old man's lips. His bad deeds had been thrown up to him many times and oft, but not since the days of innocency he dared not look back to had he listened to words of honest praise. His heart gave a queer throb, as he bent lower to listen. Bill had few scruples.

"Of course, sometimes, 'bein' a woman, and foolish, I get notions in my head," lowering her head confidentially. "I imagine his scowl is fiercer than usual, his eyes more glary, but all I have to do is picture him walkin' up our path that fierce January day, lookin' for all the world like a last year's scarecrow, all rags, and tiredness, and deathly chills, with poor Mrs. Nicholls' boy asleep in his arms, as warm an' bloomin' a Cupid as ever you saw in your born days."

Pshaw! I couldn't find it in my heart to be scared of a Samaritan like that. Could you, Mr. Hurst? Of course you couldn't."

Mr. Hurst was evidently impressed. "Poor chap," he said, "his own worst enemy, I doubt not. Very sad, very sad."

"Lots of souls could be saved if your pattern people weren't so dreadful sure they were bound to be lost," exclaimed Mrs. Kelly, with some impatience. "What you want to do, Mr. Hurst, is get Bill to trust you. You think that's queer, but let me tell you that trust, like love and hate, is bound to be mutual. You don't believe Bill possesses any real goodness. No more does he believe you possess any real religion. You have to learn to respect each other."

Mr. Hurst murmured something about a bit of driftwood on a troubled sea.

"Driftwood, driftwood"—Mrs. Kelly's voice broke a little on the word—"I never hear of it that I don't think of something an uncle of mine said to me. We were walking along the Gaspé beach and happened to notice an old spar or beam bobbing up and down in the surf. My uncle, who had been a shipbuilder in St. John in his younger days, couldn't look at anything else, and finally got a man to help him drag it ashore. 'I knew it, I knew it,' he said, turning the old thing over and over, and examinin' certain marks on it. 'This was good timber once; it's the mainmast of the "Eloise," wrecked on this coast two years ago.' 'It's nothin' but a bit of water-logged driftwood,' said I. 'How do you know 'twas part of the "Eloise"?' 'Because I built her,' he answered in his cocksure way. 'A man isn't apt to forget his own handiwork, driftwood or no driftwood.'"

A long silence, broken by the young preacher. "You mean"—with new earnestness—"that Bill and all the other human driftwood cannot get beyond God's ken."

"That's it, that's it," with a glow of triumph. "His memory's away ahead of man's, and if a shipbuilder recognized a spar that has been buffeted 'round a rocky coast for two long years as one of his own makin', it stands to reason God doesn't forget a soul, no matter what condition it's in. He fashioned that soul. It's His own handiwork. I can imagine Him watchin' Bill's through storm, an' shine, an' wrack, an' ruin, watchin' it driftin' about in the surf, broke, an' splintered, an' battered, an' soaked, watchin' it tenderly, an' sayin' 'low an' sorrowful: 'It was good timber once.'"

Mrs. Kelly cried softly into her linen apron. The young preacher walked to the window and stood looking out for good ten minutes. Ted had left the bench; his ear had caught a vigorous cackling. It came from the clump of willows overlooking the river. Bill followed slowly. No, he wasn't quite all evil; he wished he were, so that the devil of remorse would not rend him as it rent him now. What was the good? It was too late to go back over the long road of sin and folly and begin life again. He pushed back his grizzled hair with a hand that shook. After awhile he laughed scoffingly. "Church folks, missionaries and Salvation Army have tried to run me, lead me, and scare me into the Kingdom," he muttered. "All to no purpose; yet here I'm caving in on the instant. Reason? A woman, a kind-hearted, fool woman, won't have it that I'm all bad."

He sat down on a knoll. The April sunshine steeped him, the April wind, soft and sighing, swept past him, came back to fling fragrance of grass and leaf and hardy blossom in his face. "Driftwood, driftwood," he muttered; then, with a passion of regret and bitterness, "it was good timber once, good timber once."

"Bill! Bill! Ho, Bill!" shrilled a voice, and he jumped to his feet. He was used to hearing that "Ho, Bill!" many times a day, for the child was his shadow, but not with that note of fear in it. He ran toward the willows, and as he ran he heard a splash and scream and knew that what he feared had happened. Ted had slipped from the high bank into the water.

There he was, the yellow curls plastered over the white, scared face. Bill's heart gave a leap; he was a coward, and knew it, but for all that it was Bill to the rescue. Ben Williams, from the hill to the left, had seen the accident, and raced at full speed for the scene. Some half-dozen cowboys on the plain below had seen it and put their horses to the gallop. But Bill was first. It was he who leaped in, swam out to the middle of the stream and grasped the child. Not a moment too soon; twice had the little form gone down. The rest was easy, he told himself, he had only to make the bank. But to do it with his burden was beyond his poor powers. His heart beat painfully, his head grew dizzy, but he struggled on. Oh, for some of the strength he had wasted!

Ben Williams, still riding like the wind, called out encouragingly. Nobody

knew better than he the danger of trying to swim the Bow when it chafed between its banks in springtime. "Good boy, Bill! hold hard; help's a-comin'; don't let go of the kid; good boy, Bill!"

Bill heard, but heeded not. If he could save Teddy what did he care for praise or blame from Ben? It was all one. He was too worn and spent to make progress, and the shore was receding instead of coming nearer. The chill of the waters seized him; faint, numb and beaten, he could struggle no more; unresisting he gave himself to the current and felt it whirl him about spitefully, then pull him down, down, down.

"Yes, he's going to make a die of it." The doctor was speaking cheerfully. "Shock to the system—no vitality; the fellow has abused himself these thirty years. Where's Ted? He's better away from here for awhile. I'll take him over to 'Bar-on-Tee' and leave him in kindly hands. Don't let him know anything about Bill for awhile."

Of the little group about his bed Bill saw only Mrs. Kelly when he opened his eyes. The young preacher pressed forward. "Bill," he said, "do you know you are going to die?"

"No," broke in Mrs. Kelly, "you're going to begin to live." Bill smiled. The scowl was gone, and with it the mocking expression and the wicked leer. It came to Hurst that the waters had gone over this man's soul as well as his body.

The scarred old face had something almost noble in it. He was muttering something—listen! "Driftwood, just driftwood, driftwood." Two of the group understood. In a flash it came to Mrs. Kelly and the young preacher that he had overheard their conversation. It was the latter who responded. He took Bill's hand in a tight clasp.

"No, no, William Tyrell—good timber yet. You've proved it to God and man." His earnest young voice thrilled all who heard it.

It was very still in the room. Ben drew his hand across his eyes, the new man looked down at his boots.

"You think—" Bill began and paused.

"I know," said Hurst with conviction. "He will remember," wistfully, "the soul He fashioned—remember." The white lids fluttered down over the eager eyes.

"Oh, yes, He'll remember"—Mrs. Kelly pushed the young minister aside and dropped on her knees beside Bill—"remember every good desire your soul ever

had, every temptation, every struggle, remember the pain and lonesomeness which took hold of it with the knowledge that no man cared for it, remember the storms and buffetings. And He'll remember Calvary. The Christ who died that men might live ain't goin' to be hard on you, Bill—you that gave your life for a fellow-creature's. Don't you be an atom afraid that God won't remember. He couldn't forget if He tried."

The Easter glory and gladness was on everything—the white face on the pillow caught the radiance. "Good timber once," he whispered, and smiled at Mrs. Kelly. The smile lingered—Bill's soul had reached harbor.

"And to think that all the time I was finding fault with Mandy 'cause she wouldn't start laying, she had a whole nestful of eggs hid in the rushes!" Ted had just returned and was pouring out confidences to Ben and the new man. "She was awful sly, but I caught her. 'All right for you, Miss Mandy,' I said when I peeked in and saw the nest, 'but you've got to give me one for Bill.' I went to reach after it and just then I slipped in the river. I want Bill. Where is he?"

The new man busied himself mending the fence. Ben called attention to some tepees lately set up in the valley.

"Where's Bill?" repeated the child. "I want him."

Said Ben, lightly, "Bill's gone."

"Gone where?" persisted Ted.

"Gone home, little man. Yes, Bill's gone home."

"But he said he hadn't any home." Ted's lips quivered. "Not a home at all."

"You see," explained the new man, coming forward, "he found out he was richer than he'd thought; found out he had just as nice a home as a man need want, and went to it. Aren't you glad, Ted?"

Ted pondered. "Was Bill glad?" he inquired cautiously.

The new man looked at Ben. Ben looked at the new man, and both nodded at the child.

"Ye-es," began Ben, then, with more assurance, "yes, sir, Bill was kind of keen on going home."

"He was that," agreed the new man.

"Then it's all right," announced Ted, smoothing a lonesome quiver out of his dimpled chin, "only with Bill gone and Mandy setting, it's not very lively at Scrub Oak."—Globe.

Easter Readings.

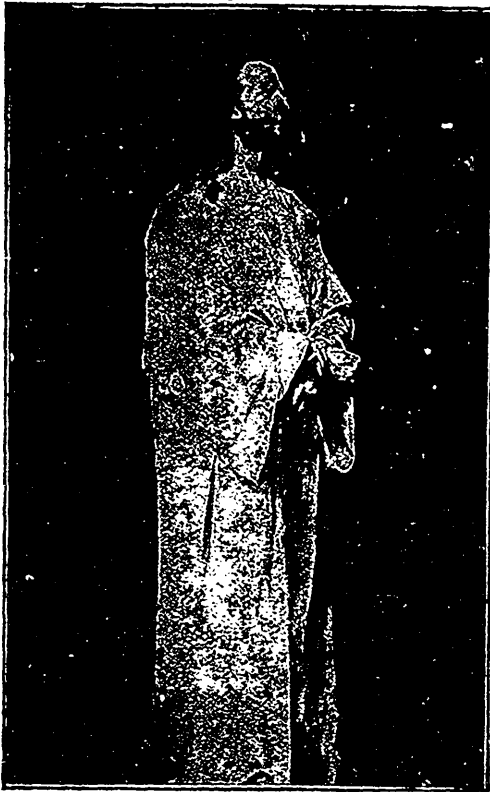


—Sigismund Goetze.

DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN.

One of the most remarkable paintings exhibited at the London Academy two years ago was that by Sigismund Goetze,

shown in the accompanying half-tone reproduction. It is an allegory of the passion of our Lord. Crowned with thorns,



ECCE HOMO.

beaten with rods, bound to a column bearing the inscription "Devoted to the Unknown God," the world passes Him by and recks not of the world's Redeemer. Blended pride and fashion, poverty and misery are grouped in the picture. The gay society woman, tiaraed with diamonds, sweeps haughtily along, unheeding the petition of the little flower-girl or the mute appeal of the mother and babe. The scientist watches cagerly his test tube, the sportsman scans the racing record, the newsboy shouts out the sensational news and crimes of the day, the toiler goes to his labor, the priest and Levite wrangle over their rival interpretations of the Word of God, the played-out actor, the soldier, the beer-guzzling drunkard, the crowding multitudes behind, seem all oblivious of the most stupendous fact in the universe. Only the sick-nurse on her mission of mercy seems

to catch a vision of the meaning of that thorn-crowned brow. The august angel above holds aloft a chalice, the emblem of the world's hope through the blood of Christ. All the rest are unheeding, and as in the vision of the prophet the Christ of God is the despised and rejected of men.

PASSION PICTURES.

The world will never grow weary of the pictorial representation of the tragedy of Calvary and the triumph of the Easter Day. The genius of art has been exhausted in depicting the majesty of the meek Sufferer who did "oppose His patience to the fury of His persecutors and suffered with a quietness of spirit the very tyranny and rage of theirs." The accompanying striking figure shows our Lord as presented to the multitude with the mocking words of Pilate, "Ecce Homo"—"Behold the man—behold your king." But despite the fettered hands there is a might and majesty in the attitude of our Lord which seems to say, "I am in every deed a king," and as He soon showed, the Lord of both death and hell.

The next cut, shows the sad return from Golgotha, by Paul de la Roche, as though the arched and stone streets of Jerusalem the sad mother of our Lord and the weeping Mary Magdalene were led by the beloved disciple John to his own home. It was the hour and power of darkness. They trusted that this was He who would have redeemed Israel, but now all their trust seemed vain. They had seen Him die by the most cruel of deaths.

Yet through that holy Sabbath they watched and waited and prayed, and early, very early on the first day of the week the three mournful women set out on their message of love, bearing fragrant spikenard and balm, to pay their last sad tribute to the Lord they loved. How utterly despondent the attitude and expression of countenance in this picture. But oh, what joy as they found the stone already rolled away, the angel visitants watching by its door, and received the glad message. "He is not here, He is risen." Then what joy filled the soul of the waiting woman when the very Lord she loved, so changed in seeming she took Him for the gardener, uttered the word "Mary," and she replied "Rabboni," and fell at His feet in an ecstasy of love and tears.



—Paul de la Roche.

THE RETURN FROM GOLGOTHA.

In the Campo Santo, or cemetery at Genoa is a magnificent gallery filled with memorial sculpture and some showing the triumph of Christ over death. One of these is the most vital and virile figure we ever saw in marble, showing Christ triumphant o'er the grave and saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." Not such a figure of exuberant strength as that is the picture on page 373 in which with milder mien, with deep and piercing eyes, our Lord asserts His triumph over death.

MARY AT THE CROSS.

The Cross was not a fit place for a woman. Illegal the trial, tumultuous the mob, cruel and vindictive the cries and curses of the people, unchivalrous the conduct of the soldiers, and too ghastly for words the final scene—Calvary was also too bloody a battle-ground and too foul a centre of murderous hate for a woman—and such a woman as Mary!—to be present. Vitiating as human nature is, even savages prevent their wives and mothers from witnessing their slaughterings.

But customs and etiquette broke down under the tragedy of the Cross. Neither Roman nor Jew raised dissent against this woman following the man Christ Jesus and gazing, through her tears and

with her throbbing and palpitating heart, upon the ignominious business. She was the mother of Jesus. They cried again and again, "Away with Him!" No voice rang out, bitter as His murderers must have felt to her as the mother of "the teacher" of sedition, "Away with her!" No; the influence of this one woman's devotion was stronger than their hate. They were compelled to perform their work before the most powerful protest conceivable—a mother's presence, a mother's tears. Was she not God's lonely witness to the greatest tragedy in the history of the world? She stood by the Cross.

Next to the triumph of our Immortal Cross-bearer, comes the heroic devotion of Mary. She could not stay the onrush of the mob, or defy Christ's crucifiers, but she did what she could, she stood by her Son, and by that one act proclaimed, both as mother and ambassador of God, the injustice and crime of the proceedings. She was God's witness, and her lips would convey the truth of what she saw to Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John; and they, in turn, would tell the world for all time. We do not know, of course, how these evangelists compiled the complete facts of the work of Calvary; it is not at all unlikely that they took down from



THE THREE MARIES ON THE WAY TO THE TOMB.

Mary's own lips the description of Christ's last moments and last words. She was there; and no truer, better reporter could have been present.

"Mary stood by the Cross!" She did not question it. Once she suffered reproof for reminding Christ of His relationship to her, but only once. That reproof perfected her vision of His Divine calling, and, did we but know all, it is not improbable that to Mary the Cross presented no mystery at all. She knew that what He did was Divine, what He said was Divine, and what He permitted and submitted to was all in the Father's will. Hence, Mary did not rush to the side of her Son and cry, "Why suffer these bonds? Why endure this scourging? Why carry that ignominious tree? My Son, my Lord—you have done no evil; you are neither traitor nor false prophet. You have power to confound your enemies. You, who stilled the waves and raised the dead, bid this tumult cease and call fire down from Heaven on your traducers and persecutors. You saved others, prove now that you can also save yourself. For my sake, and the sake of the brethren who have turned their backs upon you, release yourself, I pray, from this bondage."

No! Mary—the woman of a tender, sensitive, loving nature; Mary, the mother of Jesus, privileged and honored by God—Mary did not thus reason. She was silent, except for her sobs and tears; she stood by the Cross. Her faith in the word of Him who spake as no man spake was unshaken in the hour of darkness, and thorns, and shame. She accepted the Divine will. She submitted to the shame. For it was her Son who was now branded a traitor to His people, and an impostor. She associated herself with all that took place on that Black Friday. If there was disgrace in it, she showed no signs of resenting it. Though mocked and taunted and harried; cursed by men, and extended at last between Heaven and earth—dying 'midst and with the type of society's pests—Mary, the mother of Jesus, did not flinch from giving a mother's approval to her Son's life and passion, and consequently, giving the lie to His defamers and murderers. "She stood by the Cross."

We are called upon to-day to follow this woman. Christ is still being forsaken and misrepresented; still held up to ridicule; still mocked and driven from His lawful place in the hearts and councils of men; still subjected to the derision of authorities; and His words

quoted and misquoted, to suit the hate of men for His laws and His government. "Away with Him!" men say. What are we doing? Are we asleep in the garden, or, like this noble woman, standing by all that the real Cross of wood represented—namely, God's anger to sin, God's mercy for the sinner, and God's power to overcome men and devils? If not, look at Mary, friend, this Easter time, and, in the spirit of her resignation to the Divine will, and devotion to her Lord, go where God wants you to go, and do His bidding at all cost.—Ex.

—
 THY WILL BE DONE.

Is the prayer "Thy will be done" a petition or a submission? Is it desire or acquiescence? It makes a great deal of difference whether we read into it the first or the second meaning. Submission is the surrender of one will to another; consecration is the devotion of one will to another. The patient submits to an operation in the hospital; the soldier devotes himself to death in a forlorn hope.

In the case of Jesus Christ it is clear that these are the words, not of submission, but of consecration; they are not the surrender of His will to His Father's will; they are the identification of His will with His Father's will. His interpretation of this petition in His prayer in Gethsemane; and His prayer in Gethsemane is, "Not my will, but thine, be done." He states what would be His inclination; but He couples this with the earnest petition that His inclination may not be decisive. I wish, He says, not to decide this question; I only wish to carry out Thy decision.

Throughout His life Jesus Christ was not merely submissive to His Father's will; it was His will to do His Father's will. When, a mere boy of twelve, His parents missed Him in Jerusalem, He wondered that they should not have instantly divined that He would be at the Temple school inquiring about His Father's business. When He was tempted in the wilderness, apparently He did not at first know how the suggestions came to Him; but all perplexity was dissipated when the tempter suggested that He acknowledge, even for a moment, the suzerainty of any other than His Father. When He went up to the Temple and found the traders filling the court with their cattle and doves, and maintaining a corrupt monopoly under the Temple



"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

roof, what filled Him with indignation was the fact that they had turned His Father's house into a den of thieves. When He preached His first sermon in the synagogue at Nazareth, His theme was the mission which His Father had given Him to fulfil. When He foretold His Passion and death, and one of His most intimate friends attempted to dissuade Him, He turned with indignation upon the disciple who would divert Him from carrying out His Father's will; "Get thee behind me, Satan," He cried. When the time of the Passion approached, He went up to Jerusalem without halting or hesitation, going before, and His disciples following after, amazed and perplexed. When the interval before His betrayal was counted by hours, not days, and, with the full prevision of the agony before Him, He knelt to pray, His prayer was, "Not my will, but thine, be done." And when, in the tramp of the soldiery coming to arrest Him, He heard the answer to that prayer, and the summons to drink the bitter cup to the dregs, He went forward to meet the betrayer and gave Himself up to cruelty

and death, fulfilling His declaration, "I lay down my life of myself." In all this record there is not once an indication of resignation and submission—that is, of the surrender of a reluctant will to the will of Another, wiser, stronger, better; there is throughout the consecration of a will to achieve the purpose of Another. His ambition to do that Other's will dominated all His life and inspired and directed all His energies.—Outlook.

A few weeks ago a friend dug from the woods a clod of earth, black and heavy, without a suggestion of life, and encased about the edges with ice and snow. Placed in an earthen dish, it has stood since then in my window, where the sun has poured its warmth into the heart of the cold, dark clod. I held it in my hand to-day, and was thrilled with the mystery of its beauty. Every part of that once cold bit of earth is covered now with greenness and flowers. Tiny blossoms so dainty and sweet as only the woods produce, varieties of grasses, little embryo bushes—the whole rich, productive forest is here in miniature. I have studied it eagerly, thrilled by its lesson. Who would have dreamed of this development when first this bit of ice-bound earth was brought to me? But the possibilities all were there, the seed of every beautiful growth was hidden within it. Dropped by the passing wind, they had lain under the winter snows waiting the touch of spring.

Thus in your heart and mine has God put wondrous possibilities. They wait only to "know the power of His resurrection" to spring into beauty and bloom.

Put them where the Great Sun can reach them! Let the warmth of the light divine strike to their roots, and lo! what marvel of development we see. And after the winter of death is over, who shall foretell the possibilities of the life eternal through the power of Him who was dead, but is alive for evermore? "Oh, if we could only lift up our hearts and live with Him! live new lives, high lives, lives of love and hope and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud and the letting of the life out to its completion. May God give us some such blessing for our Easter Day!"—Dr. J. M. Buckley.

To look into the other life with reverence, not with fear; to rejoice in its possibilities; to be glad because of its length and breadth and depth; to believe in the truth of individuality preserved; to trust in the "larger hope" of a life of service and fulfilment, rather than in a rest of stagnation; to believe that "the Master of all good workmen will set us to work anew," because it is written that "his servants shall serve him;" to rejoice in the removal of limitations, in the freedom to be what we were meant to be; to look forward with expectant hearts to that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;" to believe in a growth onward and upward for ever; to be glad because this larger life is the portion of those we love who have entered into their inheritance—this is to get an Easter vision of what is reserved for us "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—Nellie E. Kuhns.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

BY E. HUNTINGTON MILLER.

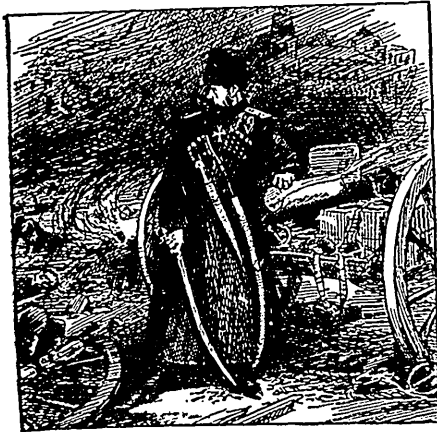
O soul of mine, to life's new rapture born,
Canst thou forget the splendor of that morn,
When, through the chill and silence of thy night,
Stole the warm radiance of the Easter light?

Did not thy Lord, before the dawn of day,
Unseal thy tomb and bid thee come away?
And in that sacred garden, cool and dim,
Amidst the lilies didst thou not walk with Him?

Then why shouldst thou, all trembling and afraid,
Still bring thy spices where the Lord was laid?
Unto the heavens lift up thy downcast eyes;
Thy Lord is risen, and thou with Him didst rise.

Not for the trump of doom and judgment hour
Waits, through slow years, the resurrection power.
To-day He lives; to-day His life may be
Eternal life begun, O soul, in thee.

Current Topics and Events.



PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW.
The Czar: "Now, I think, the way is clear for universal suffrage."
—Punch, London.

PEACE AT MOSCOW.

"They made a desolation and called it peace," says Tacitus in his concise way, of the Roman "pacification" of Germany. Similar are the ethics of the Czar in making peace at Moscow and Warsaw. Under this drastic treatment the old-time reverence of the mujik for the Little Father has well-nigh evaporated, and he who might have reigned in the hearts of his people is hated as a tyrant and his ministers as murderers.

The accompanying rather crude cut from the New York American shows the state of utter collapse of the poor little Czar beneath the conflicting demands of the radical Reds, the reactionary Grand Dukes, and the temporizing DeWitte. Their conflicting claims are impossible. Whether a modus vivendi can be secured is doubtful. Only time can tell what the result will be.

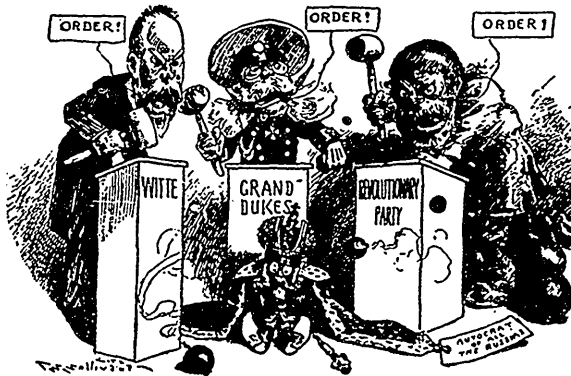
Outside the palace of the King of Dahomey used to be

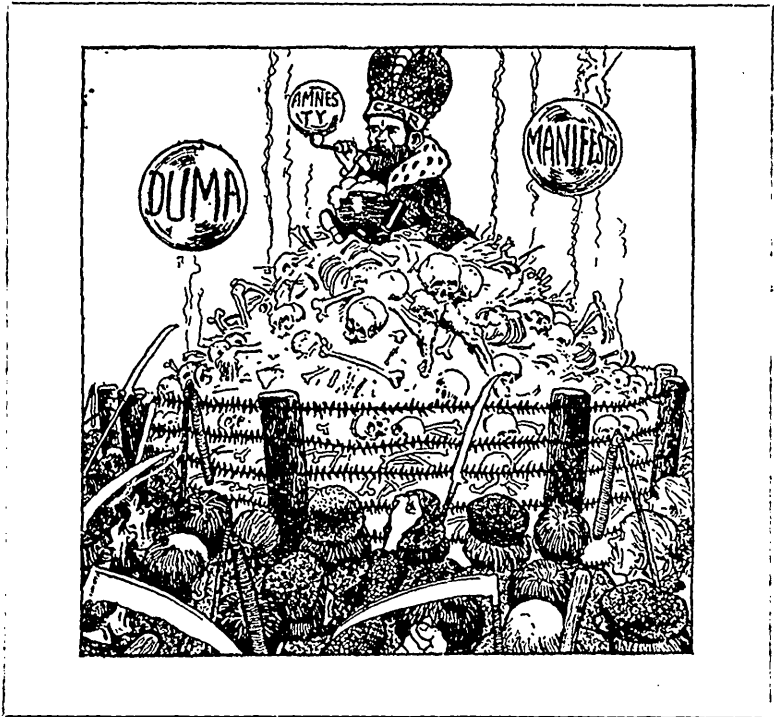
seen a pile of bones and skulls not unlike that shown in our cartoon. It is alleged that Genghis Khan accumulated a similar mound. It is the travesty of civilization that the unhappy Czar should even remotely resemble either of these savage despots. There is one respect in which the cartoon can point its moral. If you substitute for the Czar the personification of the drink traffic, which has caused more wreck and ruin than famine, pestilence or war, it would fit to a T.

"See on a pile of bones, children and wives,
Moloch sits throned on high, blasting men's lives."

It will be a great travesty on civilization if the obstinate belligerency of either France or Germany should provoke a European war over the wretched Morocco controversy. If they would take the counsel of the crippled Czar they would think a long time before they pushed matters to such a disastrous result.

An Italian paper gives its view of the political situation on the allegory of the three cakes—the Russian one that smells quite too much of powder and nitroglycerine; the Morocco one, of which the powers all want a share, has a very attractive look; the poor Pope's cake, the separation of Church and State in France, is not at all to his liking. Yet he has





NICHOLAS AND HIS PEOPLE.

—Wahre Jacob, Stuttgart.

had the good sense to protest against the rioting of the fashionables, the anti-republican faction in the Paris churches. Their zeal, however, was pretty effectively abated by a douche of cold water. Not the stuff, these, that martyrs and heroes are made of.

It was undoubtedly disappointing when a united Europe seemingly had effectually blocked the Kaiser's path, to have the reef of Casa Blanca suddenly loom up, and the cloud of sullen obstinacy settle

on both France and Germany. One thing is manifest, however, the peace principle is gaining in popularity. It is not so long ago that the whole of Europe could have been plunged into war by even so small a thing as the policing of "a small and miserable town" like Casa Blanca. For smaller things whole armies have spilled their blood. In spite of the varied settlements and unsettlings of the Moroccan question, it has shown the world how affairs might have been arranged between Japan and Russia at in-



POLITICAL CAKES.

Russian cake—with
fire-crackers.

Colonial cake—most
delicious.

Vatican cake—a little
too salt.

—Fischietto, Turin,



JUST A WHISPER FROM AN EXPERT.
—Bradley in Chicago News.

number thirty-six, other Methodists eleven.

There is keen satire in the accompanying German cartoons of the cowardly Cossacks flying from the little Japs in Manchuria, and their valor in riding down defenceless men, women, and children, and flagellating them with their cruel knouts in Moscow. But not for ever will such tyranny be tolerated.

The position of John Redmond and his party in English politics has hitherto depended upon their ability to throw their weight on either side of the political see-saw that better enabled them to secure political advantage; but the very solid weight of the new Government's majority makes that little game no longer available. The capital portraits of C. B., Redmond and Balfour in this little cut are very clever.

initely less cost had the latter been more amenable to reason.

Uncle Sam finds his Philippine conquest rather an elephant on his hands. It is costing enormously and brings very little revenue. It is a rather shrivelled and dilapidated-lookin' animal that he is showing off to Japan. If the Japs would only buy it now it would be a great relief.

The Monroe doctrine carries with it responsibilities as well as privileges. Its wholesale application to the whole continent is being questioned by even American publicists. If the United States holds this doctrine as a shield over the anarchic republics of Central America when the sheriff comes to collect just debts, it should at least guarantee the nations of Europe against fraud and defiance of law by its restless and reckless proteges.

There are forty-seven Methodists in the new British Parliament, all but two of whom are Liberals. In the last Parliament there were only twenty-three. Only six Methodist candidates were defeated, one of whom was Silas Hocking, beaten by Walter Rothschild. The Wesleyans

Hard To Get a Seat.—The London Graphic thus depicts the splendid isola-



IS THIS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

—New York Life.



MR. BALFOUR AS A STRAP-HANGER.

Mr. Balfour (on the Electric Railway): "I shall find a seat presently."—London Daily Graphic.

The face to the extreme left is that of Mr. Horridge, the Liberal candidate who ousted the former Premier from East Manchester; and next to Mr. Horridge is Mr. Winston Churchill, who achieved a brilliant win in an adjoining division of the city.

tion, for a time at least, of Mr. Balfour as a strap-hanger. It is quite a change of fortune from being Premier of the Empire. The House of Commons will hardly be itself without his philosophic humor.

It is said of Marshall Field that in his hundred million dollar fortune there was not a crooked penny. There are those who go so far as to say that in the fortune of the Standard Oil King there is not a single straight one. Much of that colossal fortune has been exploited by the reckless ruin of competitors and the unearned increment of public property. The striking French cartoon given here-with exhibits the stature of this modern Colossus bestriding the world, and his huge fortune compared with that of the crowned heads of Europe. Even the Czar of Russia, with his vast private

estates, is only half his height, while Kaiser Wilhelm and King Edward VII. dwindle to almost insignificance. The weight of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune, if all in silver, as shown by the picture, would equal that of two first-class ironclad ships. This gentleman is said to be very modest and kind-hearted in his personal relations, and to be exceedingly generous towards the Baptist Church, of which he is a member, and to its favorite child, the Chicago University. But it is hard to make the small dealers, whom his huge monopoly has crushed out of business, see the equity of acquiring such colossal fortunes so largely at the expense of other people.

The tremendous velocity of over two miles a minute—to be exact, two miles in fifty-eight and four-fifths seconds—has been secured by a French two hundred horse-power automobile at a recent contest in Florida. That is at the rate of one hundred and eighty-seven and three-fourths feet per second, or one hundred and twenty-seven and three-fourths miles per hour, or twice the rate of the fastest long railway journey in the world. The Scientific American thinks these records make it impossible to prophesy where "the craze for speed will end." The two-mile-a-minute motor without tracks, observes the Washington Star, "is dangerous to a deadly degree,

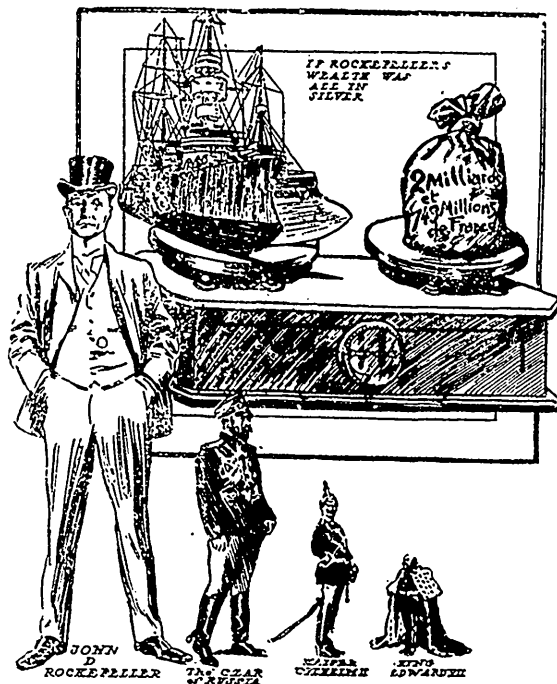


THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

Uncle Sam! "Awfully nice elephant!"
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

and incapable of practical use on the roads." The main problem of transportation to-day, it prints out, "is not the attainment of great speed, but the making safer of the cars and trains that are now running at from sixty to ninety miles an hour in service."

The largest ship of war ever constructed, says The Independent, is H.M.S. "Dreadnought," a name famous in the annals of the sea. The battleship will displace 18,500 tons. Her armament is peculiar in that she carries ten of the heavy 12-inch guns and no other guns, except some quick-firers for repelling torpedo attacks. The cost of the "Dreadnought" is placed at \$7,500,000. All the details of her construction have been kept in strict secrecy, but it is understood that all the arrangements and plans are a result of the observations made by British experts in the recent war.



SIZE OF ROCKEFELLER'S FORTUNE COMPARED WITH THOSE OF RICH SOVEREIGNS, AS PORTRAYED BY A FRENCH CARTOONIST.

—New York Herald.

We learn from private advices that Canada's participation at the Liege Exhibition was a great success, and will be the means of bringing to our country thousands of desirable settlers, a large amount of capital, and increase considerably our trade relations with European countries.

rowed from England, of conducting a model flat in connection with the public school. The model apartment in New York is located in the centre of the Russian Jewish district. There is a passionate genius for home-making inherent in the heart of the Jewish race. The flat has been productive of much good at a small expense. The children are taught how to furnish a flat cheaply and

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO COOK.

Recently the metropolitan School Boards have tried the experiment, bor-



In front of the enemy at Mukden.

In front of the enemy in Moscow.

HEROISM OF THE COSSACKS.

—Wahre Jacob, Stuttgart.

economically. The materials used are inexpensive, but appropriate. School girls from the tenement districts are learning how to cook sustaining meals, to care for infants, to keep house on

sanitary principles. It is gratifying to know that a similar work is carried on by our own Fred Victor Mission, and that domestic science is gaining an increasing place in our educational system.



A NEGLIGIBLE QUANTITY.

John Redmond: "Well, my weight doesn't seem to matter much now."

—Partridge in the London Punch.

Religious Intelligence.

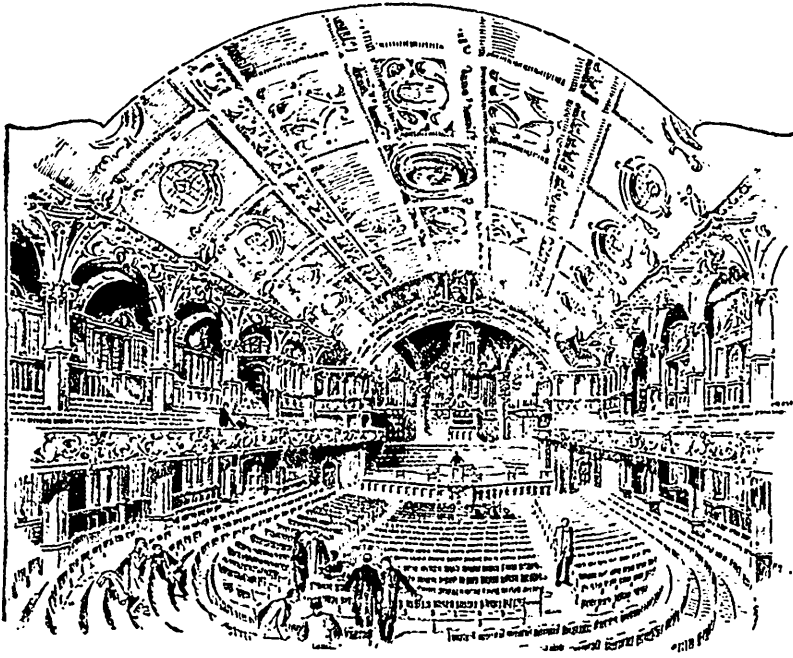
THE NEW EVANGELISM.

Not far from City Road Chapel, London, is the new Leysian Mission, a splendid incarnation of the devotion and zeal of the cultured young Methodism of the world's metropolis. A devoted band of Christian workers, many of them of university culture and learning, have organized an aggressive forward movement, have erected a magnificent hall, the interior of which is shown in the accompanying cut, have made it a humming hive of Christian industry and enterprise. The missionaries go out in bands at night scouring the neighborhood, into the highways and byways of London life, almost literally compelling the people to come into the soul-saving services.

This is not, as will be seen, an uncouth,

unkempt, unembellished mission hall, but a splendid auditorium whose graceful architecture would suit the most cultured audience in the great metropolis. Here the poor are welcomed, and music, song and sacred eloquence are employed to win them to a nobler life. There are suites of rooms for every possible use of an institutional church; and all this within a stone's-throw almost of the Old Foundry where John Wesley held his services, often before daylight, and established those schools, dispensaries, and soul-saving services which have spread throughout the land and throughout the world.

This is described as the largest mission plant in the world. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other patrons of high rank were present at the opening



GREAT HALL OF THE LEYSIAN MISSION

of this hall last July. Royalty and Methodism then came into friendly contact. Monster meetings are held, and this is how they are advertised as described in a late number of *The Christian Advocate* :

A large trolley wagon, gaily decorated, was the centrepiece. On it, high and lifted up, was the junior choir, surrounded by Chinese lanterns. Heading the procession were the ministers of the circuit, and Mr. Southall, Mr. McArthur, and Dr. Taylor. Behind them a brass band, behind the band a company of lady workers, each carrying a Chinese lantern on the end of a long pole. Behind the trolley wagon more ladies and lanterns and more men. The men were decorated with sandwich boards in front and back of them, held by cords upon their shoulders. Thus on Saturdays for weeks they marched into the new neighborhood into which they were about to move. Thus they announced their coming. Scouts were out on the edges of the procession giving away handbills announcing the opening services. This was done regularly for weeks before the opening services.

It would be difficult to find a man, woman, or child in that region who did not know of the great Leysian Mission Hall soon to be opened, and that they would be welcomed there. Who were these marchers in procession? Some of those sandwich-men, with notice boards in front of them and notice boards behind them were not unaccustomed to wear dress suits. The ladies were ladies indeed.

Where could we find in America Methodist gentlemen and ladies to do such work as this? Where could we find musicians, whole bands of them, ready to give their services for such work? Before you ask your preachers to repeat such scenes as one beholds in these English Methodist Missions, please tell them where they can find the volunteer people like those who troop to the help of English Methodist preachers in such work.

Is it any wonder that the house was filled to overflowing on the first day of opening, and has kept filled ever since? But how were the men gathered? It was in this way: First a canvass was made of the whole neighborhood into which they were to move and settle.



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Political and municipal election methods of canvassing were used. Each man's full name, street, and number were obtained, and a personal letter written to each man, and separately mailed to him, invited him to the opening services. This letter was followed by a personal call of a male worker, who if the man were not at home, called again, and again if needs be, in order to give him a personal invitation to the men's meeting. Is it any wonder that the men came and that they keep coming because such personal interest in them is kept up? These same men thus gather in themselves, give themselves to this personal work for others. If men stray away from that meeting they are missed and called on.

This Monster Men's Meeting which gathers every Sunday of the year in Queen Victoria Hall, of Leysian Mission, is to us the most striking illustration of successful personal evangelism we know of.

There is a school of French artists that reproduces the scenes of our Lord's life amid the surroundings and costumes of the present day. We remember seeing one of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem depicted as occurring in a humble village. The poor people, dressed in peasant garb, brought out their little flowering plants in pots to deck the highway and strewed the path of the benign Saviour with flowers.

Another represents the crucifixion of our Lord on Montmartre, overlooking Paris, amid a mob of ecclesiastics, the ruling classes and the working people, typical of the scribes and Pharisees and mob at Calvary.

More tender and touching is the picture where our Lord is shown in a village school calling to him the little children who, unafraid, draw near under the spell of his winsome smile and winning words. Would that amid the daily scenes of life



CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

we could realize the unseen presence of the blessed Lord. What tender sacredness would it give to the daily round, the common task; how like a sacrament would be every meal; how like a Sabbath every day!

Seven of the prominent gods of Japan are shown in this interesting photograph. The idols are, respectively: 1. The god of the rice fields, who is supposed to give a bountiful crop. 2. The god who brings children to bless the home. 3. The god of the fish. 4. The goddess of beauty. 5. The god who confers long life. 6. The god of memory. 7. The god of war. These quaint-looking figures may be met

with everywhere in Japan, but it is indisputable that in many places they are no longer held in their ancient repute and veneration.

That the rumblings in China have not resulted in a repetition of the horrors of 1900 is a source of great thankfulness. We trust that the present uneasiness may be stayed, and that the church of Christ may reap her harvests from sunlit fields instead of from martyrs' blood. Said a speaker in the recent convention in Nashville: "It is no wonder if there is commotion in China, for a new nation is being born."

Book Notices.

"On the King's Service." By Harry Lindsay. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-444.

Mr. Harry Lindsay will be remembered as the writer of that fascinating story, "Rhoda Roberts," which ran through this magazine, also of "Methodist Idyls" and other popular books. In this volume he pays a worthy tribute to those noble men who have kept the fires burning on many an altar of Methodism, where, but for their religious fervor, they would have languished or gone out. The first chapter shows Anthony Emberton as a rejected candidate for the Wesleyan ministry—rejected, in spite of marvellous gifts and grace, for lack of technical scholarship. Instead of sulking, like Achilles in his tent, he took up his work as local preacher and for over thirty years preached almost every Sunday three times, walking many miles o'er moor and fell to his appointments. At last, broken down in health and strength "in the King's service," he was "ordered to the rear." It was the bitterest moment of his life when his name was omitted from the preacher's plan. At last, after long illness, it was restored again, and in one supreme effort, while preaching from the text, "Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's, he passed from the pulpit to the presence chamber of the King. An interesting story with many episodes is presented in this volume. It will find a fitting place in the libraries of our schools.

"The Failure of the 'Higher Criticism' of the Bible." By Emil Reich, Doctor Juris, author of the "Græco-Roman Institutions," etc., etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 203. Price, \$1.00 net.

This distinguished German scholar is already well known for his book on historic and Biblical criticism. Two of these lectures have stood the test of wide circulation in the Contemporary Review; the others have been given as lectures in London, Edinburgh and elsewhere. The author is a layman and serves no ecclesiastical party. He at one time fully believed in the scientific character of, so-called, Higher Criticism, but further study led to the conclusion that this is bankrupt as a method of research and pernicious as a teaching of religious truth, that it is a perversion of history and a desecration of religion. The book is intended not only to destroy the scientific spell of Higher Criticism, but also to construct the right method of comprehending the Bible. It takes up the different critical theories and discusses them with thorough German scholarship and acumen.

The story of Abraham is one, it asserts, of complete credibility; it puts to shame all the attempts of the Higher Criticism to strike it out as a forgery or as an "astral myth." He who misinterprets Abraham mis-reports and misunderstands Jesus of Nazareth. To deny Moses is o

deny "noon at twelve o'clock," as the French say. All the personalities of Hebrew history, from 2000 B.C. to 10) A.D., affirm a living chain of organs linked together, the same great life, the same great destiny. It must be understood that it is to the destructive Higher Criticism that the writer refers, not to the reverent and constructive study of the constructive critics.

"Hebrew Ideals." From the Story of the Patriarchs. A Study of Old Testament Faith and Life. By Rev. J. A. Strachan, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 170.

This book, says the author, is an attempt to give a sympathetic interpretation of Hebrew ideals as set forth in the Old Testament Scriptures. Such subjects as worship, warfare, peace, mercy, judgment, laughter, tears, love and heaven are explained in the terms of the patriarch sages and seers of the olden time. It is specially a book for preachers. Will be found exceedingly suggestive and inspirational in its studies of the oldest classic in the world.

"Fruit from the Tree of Life." By J. Hardwick. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 384.

Carrying out the idea of its title this book dispenses day by day some of the choicest treasures of the Tree of Life. The tree had its twelve manner of fruits, so each month is given to the study of such all-important themes as life, love, joy, peace, humility, holiness, power, faith, obedience, wisdom, truth and patience. What goodly fruit is this for the feeding of hungry souls. A page a day will enrich the spiritual life and aid the growth in grace.

"With the Sorrowing." A Handbook of Suggestions for the Use of Pastors, Missionaries and other Visitors in the Homes of Sorrow. Edited by Frederick W. Palmer. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 160. Price, 75 cents, net.

One of the most sacred and tender duties of the Christian pastor is to visit the suffering and sorrowing in their sickness or bereavement, and, to use the striking phrase of Dr Torrey, from the Scriptures, the pharmacopœia of their holy healing, to take the special medicine for the suffering soul. The selections in prose and verse are full of comfort and consolation.

"The Allens of Harrock." A Tale of Three Loves and Contrasts in Character. By Edward H. Jackson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii+357.

The stories issued by the Wesleyan Conference office, unlike much of the flood of fiction which issues from the secular press, can always be depended upon as sound, wholesome, in harmony with evangelical teaching, and especially the doctrines of Methodism. This tale of English life traces a family history from the lad's love of boyhood to its ripe and happy fulfilment in after years. It traces development of character, the solving of some of the exigent religious problems of the day. The motive finds expression in the Laureate's words—

"Plowmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once and still could find,
Sons of God and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind."

The book is handsomely illustrated, but one of the pictures attributes to the student group an indulgence in pipes and cigars not warranted by the descriptive text. To this we object.

"A Mother's Year." Compiled by Helen Russ Stough. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 215. Price, \$1.25 net.

A delightful book of counsels from many writers on the various aspects of mother love and mother lore. The resources of our literature in prose and verse have been explored for these sweet and tender messages on which the mother heart may ruminate day by day. The book is beautifully printed with rubricated pages.

"Songs of the Heart." By Alfred H. Vine. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 96.

Another volume of verse of a well-known Methodist writer, the author of "The Doom of Saul" and "Songs of Living Things." These books are striking evidence that Methodism possesses much of the old-time force and fervor of its poetic muse.

"Thomas Collins." A Typical Evangelist. By the Rev. Simpson Johnson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 118.

A short life study of a famous evangelist whose large life is one of the best biographies ever written. The stirring tale is here told in condensed form.