

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pagination is as follows: [i]-iv, [1]-96 p.

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

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

METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,

EDITOR.

VOL. LXI.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1905.

62846

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

HALIFAX:

S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

CONTENTS.

LXI

	PAGE		PAGE
ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE.....	177	INDIANS OF CANADA, THE FUTURE OF THE.	
AUTONOMY.....	561	Rev. John McDougall, D.D.....	244
BARRIER. THE. A. B. Cooper.....	362	INDIANS OF CANADA, "THE FUTURE OF THE.	
BELIEVED PHYSICIAN, A. Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert,		Rev. John Lawrence.....	444
A.M., Ph.D.....	168	INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION	569
BONIVARD, FRANCIS, THE PRISONER OF CHIL-		IRISH POETS AND POETRY. Rev. J. S. William-	
LON. Rev. John Wilson, M.A., and W. H.		son, D.D.....	25
Withrow, D.D.....	334	ITALIAN PRIEST, THE.....	474
BOOK NOTICES..... 64, 189, 285, 392, 478, 570		JAPAN IN WAR TIME. J. H. Deforest, D.D....	306
BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY. Editor.....	483	JAPAN, THE STORY OF MISSIONS IN. Maude	
BUDDHIST PRIEST ON THE FALL OF PORT		Petitt, B.A.....	391
ARTHUR, A.....	469	JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA, "THE.....	478
CANADA'S CURSE.....	563	KING, IN ATTENDANCE ON THE.. Mary Spencer	
CANADA FIRST.....	163	Warren	365
CANADIAN SCULPTOR, A. Robert Barr.....	443	LAND OF RIDDLES, THE.....	383
CAVEN, THE LATE PRINCIPAL.....	92	LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW, IN THE. Sydney	
CHRISTIAN IDEALS IN COMMERCE.....	567	Hope.....	77, 160
CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.....	399	LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD, THE.....	465
CHURCH HYMNODY.—ITS RISE AND DEVELOP-		MAKERS OF EMPIRE.....	130
MENT. II. Rev. A. E. Hagar, B.A.....	314, 437	MASTERPIECE OF A MASTER MIND, THE.	
CIVILIZED POWER, WHICH IS THE? George		Sydney Hope.....	541
Kerran.....	230	MEDDLESOME WILLIAM.....	473
CLASS-MEETING, AN OLD-FASHIONED.....	371	METHODISM CAME TO SHILO, HOW. Myra	
CURRENT TOPICS	86, 177, 374, 387, 471, 560	Goodwin Plants.....	461
DEACONESS, OUR.....	568	METHODISM, THE EPIC OF. Editor.....	235
DEAN'S COMMISSION, THE. Mrs. F. Liffiton.....	171	MISS MINERVA'S GERANIUM TREE.—AN	
DICK BRIDCOMBE'S WEDDING.—A CANADIAN		EASTER STORY. Annie Hamilton Donnell	354
STORY. Rev. Mark Guy Pearce.....	358	MINISTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, A. Rev. G.	
DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN, A.....	564	Campbell Morgan.....	533
DOES CANADIAN METHODISM BELIEVE IN AN		MINISTRY OF ART, THE.....	141
EDUCATED MINISTRY? Rev. Dr. S. P. Rose	505	MISSIONS, THE PRESENT EMERGENCY IN. Dr.	
"DON QUIXOTE" TERCENTENARY, THE.....	428	Alexander Sutherland.....	19
EASTER READINGS.....	375	MORAL CHARACTER OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS,	
EDGEWORTH, MARIA. Mrs. Lottie McAllister.....	122	THE. Nathanael Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D....	150
ELIJAH'S GORLET. Israel Zangwill.....	349	MUNDEN, THE TRAGEDY OF.....	367
EMPEROR AND KING. Mrs. M. E. T. de Touffe		NEW EVANGELISM.....	565
Lauder.....	545	NEW SHYLOCK, THE.....	90
EXILED SIBERIAN OF TO-DAY, AN. Ernest		NEW PROBLEM FOR MISSIONS, THE. Rev. C.	
Poole.....	309	S. Eby, B.A., D.D.....	404, 493
FAMOUS WELSH PREACHERS. Jesse S. Gilbert,		NEW WEST, THE. L'Inconnu.....	387
A.M., Ph.D.....	254	NIBELUNGEN, THE TALE OF. L'Inconnu.....	33
FIRST IN PEACE.....	472	NOBLE PROFESSION, A.....	563
FORBIDDEN CITY, IN THE.....	322	NORTH-WEST, THE TRAILS OF THE. Thomas	
GATEWAYS OF KNOWLEDGE, THE. George A.		Overs, M.D.....	310
Dickinson, M.D.....	263	NOT FORGOTTEN.....	470
GRAFT IN RUSSIA.....	378	O NOSHI SAN. E. A. Taylor.....	457
GREAT MISSIONARY, A.....	163	PEOPLE'S VERDICT, THE.....	287
GREAT PAINTER, AN HOUR WITH A.....	548	PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS, THE. Rev.	
GREAT REVIVALS IN SMALL PLACES.....	361	R. O. Armstrong, M.A., B.D.....	92, 195
GREY, EARL, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL		PRAYERS IN PARLIAMENT.....	529
OF CANADA. William T. Stead.....	64	PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA, THE LATE.....	109
HANDS OFF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.....	379	PROMOTED BROTHERN.....	188
HARBIN AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.....	522	RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. 90, 185, 281, 379, 476, 565	
HOW TCHOMO YUKOKA FOLLOWED CHRIST..		RELIGION IN THE MODERN STATE, THE PLACE	
E. A. Taylor.....	263	OF. Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.D.....	114

	PAGE		PAGE
REVIVAL FIRES AROUND THE WORLD.....	283	THIBET, THE LIVING MUMMIES OF.....	417
RUSSIA, THE OUTLOOK FOR.....	279	THIBET, WATCHERS ON THE BORDERS OF.....	341
SALVATION ARMY, SOCIAL WORK OF THE.....	41	TO DRIVE OR TO DELIGHT? Geo. A. Dickinson	413
SARAH COOPER'S NEW YEAR'S CALL. Annie		TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR.....	205
Hamilton Donnell.....	83	TRUMPET OF PEACE, A.....	371
SCOTCH CHURCH CONTROVERSY, THE.....	284	TUCKER, THE LATE JAMES ALEXANDER, B.A.,	467
SHOEMAKER AND NATURALIST. Rev. Jesse S.		VINCENT, BISHOP, ON CHURCH LIFE.....	476
Gilbert, A.M., Ph.D.....	446	WAR: ITS SUBSTITUTES AND CURE. Rev. A.	
SIMPLE LIFE, "AN APPRECIATION OF PASTOR		C. Courtice, M.A., D.D.....	58
WAGNER'S "THE. G. Mercer Adam.....	128	WATER GIPSIES. Hugh B. Philpott.....	509
SOCIAL BETTERMENT.....	319	WELSH REVIVAL AND ITS LESSONS, THE. Rev.	
STORSEL'S LAST LINE.....	179	G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.....	251
STONE, DR., THE DEATH OF.....	477	WHERE THE BATTLE WAS WON. E. A. Taylor	550
STORY DRAWN FROM LIFE, A. Isabelle Horton.	558	WHITE PLAGUE, THE.....	184
STRAY SHEEP. A STORY OF LIAO YANG. E.		WILLARD, FRANCES E., HONORED.....	380
A. Taylor.....	69	WORLD'S FAIR AND ITS LESSONS, THE. Editor	3
TALBOT REGIME, THE.....	238	YANGTZE, ON THE. Robert M'Leod.....	344
TEN-STORY CHURCH, A.....	476	YEAR OF GRACE, A.....	281
TEXAS RANCH, ON A. Jennie C. Brown.....	166	YUKON, THROUGH THE. S. M. Wickett, Ph.D.	515

POETRY.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT. Rev. W. A. Thomson....	340	MASTER'S TOUCH, THE.....	129
ANOTHER YEAR. Frances Ridley Havergal....	40	NEW YEAR'S EVE. Susie M. Best.....	18
BATUSCHKA. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	272	"NOT AS MAN SEETH." R. V. Clement.....	257
BROTHERHOOD. Edwin Markham.....	492	NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE. Julia K. Tomkinson..	309
CHRIST LIVES TO BLESS. Susan R. G. Clark..	318	NOX ET LUX. R. Boal.....	321
CHRIST'S PRESENCE, THE BLISS OF. Harriet		OMAR REPENTANT. Richard Le Gallienne....	451
Becher Stowe.....	155	OMNIPOTENCE. Amy Parkinson.....	540
CIRCLING YEAR, THE. Aldis Dunbar.....	63	OPEN THE DOOR.....	353
COULDEST THOU NOT WATCH WITH ME? R. Boal	313	PHANTOM CITY, THE. Henry A. Delano.....	1
CROSS AND CROWN. Rev. C. Flemington....	333	RESPONSIBILITY.....	403
CZAR, THE. Algernon Charles Swinburne....	274	RIDE, THE. Miss C. Cameron.....	32
DESERTED CITY, THE. Mrs. E. B. Johnson....	1	ROBERT BROWNING. R. Boal.....	582
ECCO HOMO. Sydney Hope.....	305	ROMANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, THE.	
EASTER GUEST, THE.....	343	Elliott E. Mills.....	559
FLORENCE, IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.		RUSSIA, 1905.....	521
Katherine Hale.....	467	RUSSIA. R. Boal.....	288
HAIL, BREATH OF GOD. Albert Osborn.....	281	SOUL'S AWAKENING, "THE. E. N. Minkler..	427
HARVEST SONG. Eleanor Alexander.....	113	SLEEP.....	544
"HE WILL BRING ME FORTH TO THE LIGHT."		SPRING, THE MIRACLE OF. Donald Grant....	443
Amy Parkinson.....	108	STABILITY. Frederick W. Faber.....	557
HIS WOUNDED FEET. C. E.....	253	TERCENTENARY OF "DON QUIXOTE," THE.....	436
HUMILITY. M. E. Richardson.....	357	"THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF." Amy	
"I SHALL GO SOFTLY." Rev. W. A. Thomson	243	Parkinson.....	464
IN HIS FOOTPRINTS. Amy Parkinson.....	223	THREE POEMS. Emperor of Japan.....	224
JAPAN, 1905.....	521	THOUGHT FOR THE IMPENITENT, A.....	460
JAPAN'S REBUKE. J. W. Bengough.	532	TURNING THE HOUR-GLASS. Myrta L. Avery..	24
LAST TREK, THE. F. Edmund Garrett.....	273	VINES, THE. Marianne Farningham.....	250
LAURENTIAN HILLS, WINTER IN THE. William		WHAT I KNOW. Washington Gladden.....	159
Wilfred Campbell.....	82	"WHEN I MEDITATE ON THEE IN THE NIGHT	
LIFE. Henry Van Dyke.....	262	WATCHES." Rev. William Pierson Merrill	176
"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES." Margaret		WILLARD, FRANCES E.. Ella Gilbert Ives....	466
E. Sangster.....	348	WRESTLER, THE. Martha Gilbert Dickinson..	68
LOOKING AND LONGING. Mrs. R. L. Turner... 127		YEARNING. Bertha Ferne.....	170
LORD OF DEATH, THE. Zitella Cocke.....	374		
LUX IN TENEBRIS. R. Boal.....	121		

THE DESERTED CITY.

BY MRS. EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

Fairest of earth's embodied dreams,
Her magic spell is o'er,
For she who sat a peerless queen
Shall wield her sway no more.
No more the thronging millions pass
Her charmed gateways thro',
Or haste with wonder-asking eyes,
Her treasured stores to view.

No more the gondolier shall sing
Upon the broad lagoon,
Or the soft peal of sunset chimes
Blend with his merry tune,
While fairy peristyle and tower,
With sunlight all agleam,
Reflected in the water's glow
Like a transcendent dream.

Fair mansions buildd for a day,
With wealth and glory filled,
The eager throngs have vanished all,
The echoing courts are stilled.
The glory of departed things,
A memory and a spell,
A blossom of time's centuries thrown
Upon its tidal swell.

The banners of all nations, long
In unity unfurled,
Proclaiming brotherhood of man
And friendship of the world,
Are folded like the Arab tents,
'To wave in pride no more
Above the gathered millions here
Upon Columbia's shore.

And like some swift dissolving view
The splendid scene will fade,
The "Ivory City" of our dreams
In shapeless ruin laid ;
Yet golden suns and silver moons
Have visioned it in light,
A fadeless picture of the soul,
A memory of delight.

Oh ! city with thy walls agleam,
Thy spires and golden towers,
A fairer city waits the soul,
A holier dream is ours.
And no destroying hand shall fall
Upon its mansions fair,
And all its wondrous treasure store
Is held for ever there.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

BY HENRY A. DELANO.

MIRAGE of splendour and glory,
That rose like a phantom at night,
Eclipsing all fable and story,
Or dreams of pagan delight.
White city, of domed architecture,
Of temples, palaces, halls,
Of triumph that conquered conjecture,
Of triumph that knows no recalls.

As a dream when one waketh at morning,
A vision that melteth at light,
I see thee dissolve without warning,
O mirage of grandeur so bright.
Were thy towers only clouds of a painting
Aurora had sketched on the sky ?
The arches but rainbows, now fainting,
'Mid colours of darkness to die ?

Ye are gone ! The glory and beauty,
Pavilion, and court, and bazaar,
No guard nor wheelman on duty,
No caliph, mikado, or czar.
Gone, with your Persians so royal,
Egyptian, and Spaniard, and Moor,
Celestial and Buddhist so loyal,
Esquimaux, and Arabs of yore.

All nations, all sunshine, all tropics,
All the splendours of Orient zones,
All questions discussed and all topics,
St. Louis, the home of all homes,
The great West is warmed by the vision,
(All rivers to ocean must run,)
'Tis not all a dream of elysium,—
Mankind henceforth shall be one.



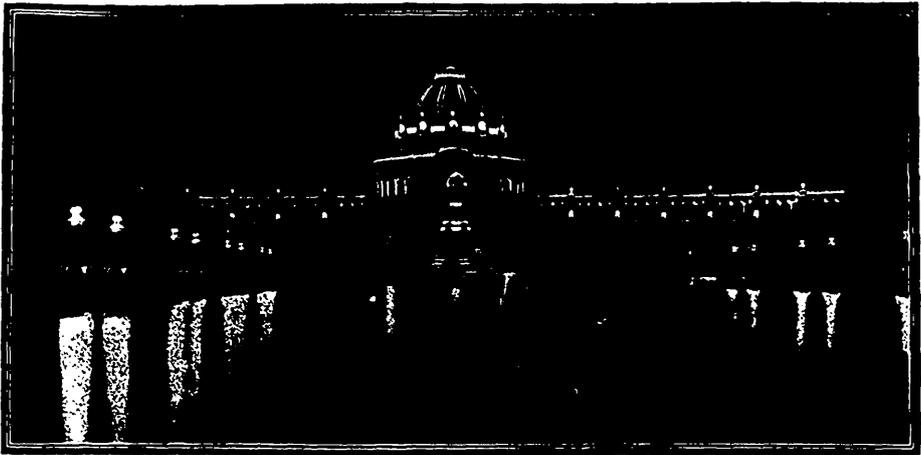
THE IVOBY CITY—PART OF GRAND PLAZA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1905.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

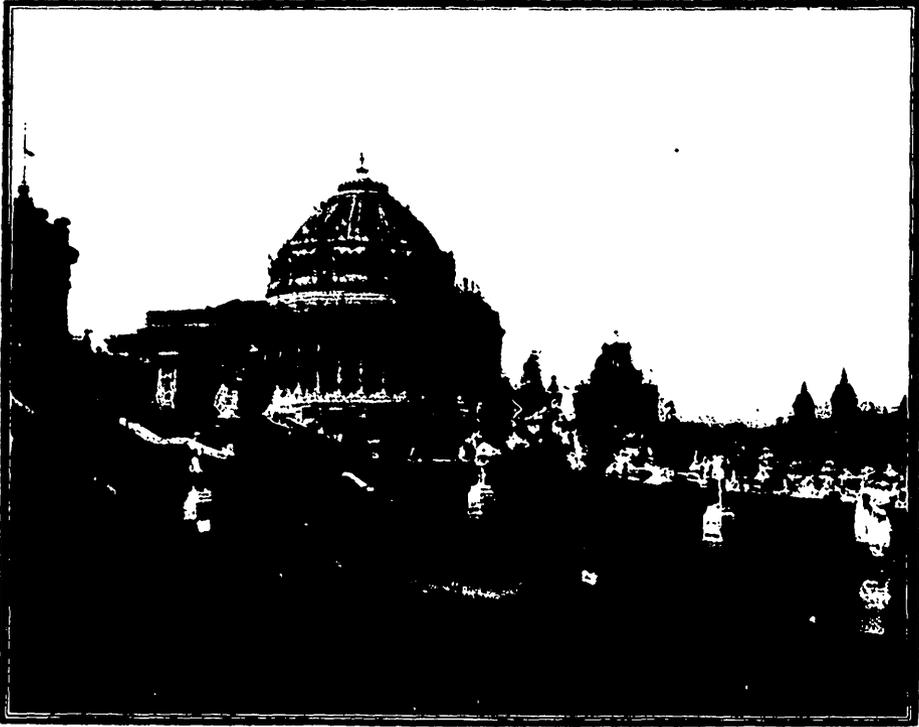


FESTIVAL HALL AND COLONNADES AT NIGHT.

AS one strolled through the stately arcades and corridors of the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis, a dominant feeling was that embodied in the poems which accompany this article—the transitoriness of it all. No earthly monarch, not Nebuchadnezzar or Semiramis, not Solomon in all his glory, inhabited palaces of such splendid architecture as those that crowned the heights and studded the plain of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was the finest efflorescence of the civil-

ization of the twentieth century—a dream of beauty, a vision of splendour such as the world never saw before.

Yet almost before its completion the evidences of its decay and disintegration began to appear. But much of it, and the best of it, is imperishable. The magnificent architectural scheme of the goodly structure, conceived in the mind of man before a brick was laid, shall endure when every vestige of its material splendour shall have passed away. In memories of delight, in picture and description, in poem and painting, the Ivory City shall continue to teach its lessons for many a long year. It was at once an

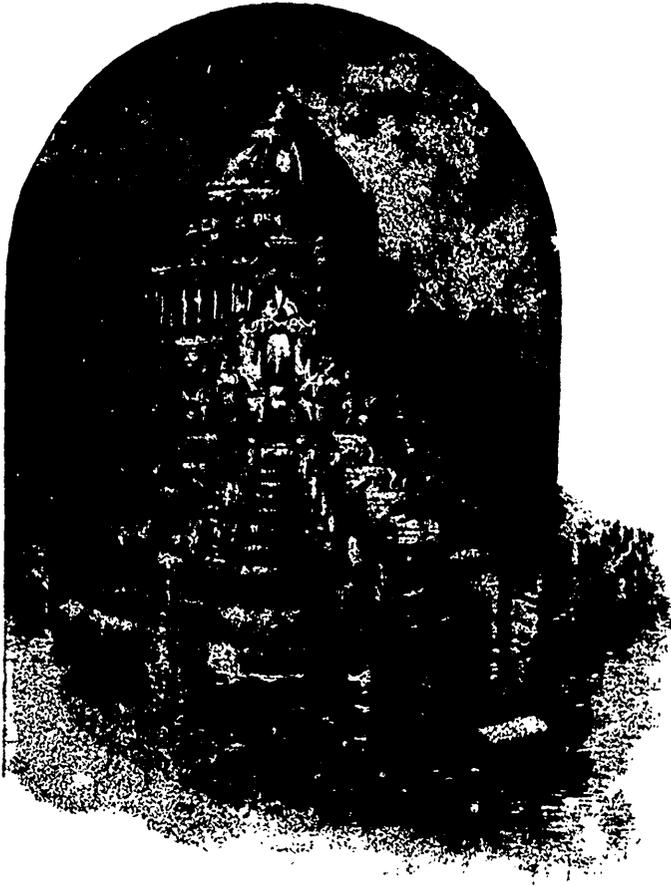


FESTIVAL HALL AND PAVILION, WITH GRAND STAIRWAYS AND STATUARY.

achievement and a prophecy—the crowning result of long centuries of progress and the presage of still greater triumphs and trophies of the future. It was a glorious augury of the reign of universal peace, when the only rivalry of the nations shall be a noble rivalry in the arts and sciences of a higher Christian civilization; when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; when upon every industry and enterprise of the ages shall be written “Holiness unto the Lord”; an earnest and a foretype of that city of God described in the Apocalypse of St. John, when the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings

of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into it.

There were, it is true, some jarring notes in this sacred symphony. There were earthly aspects of this fair vision. There was the deadly enginery of war mingled, with a strange irony, with the noblest achievements in the arts of peace. There were the thunders of the cannonade and the blare of martial music; but dominating them all was the thought of peace on earth, good-will to men. There were exhibits of the drink traffic, which the higher civilization of the future shall destroy. There were amusements of the frivolous, and in some cases of a pernicious, character. But the marvellous achievements of science, of



FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES.

art, of architecture, the displays of the bountiful goodness of God, who hath given us all things richly to enjoy—these gave its real character to the great exposition. The strains of noble music, the fair scenes of the landscape gardener, glowing canvasses of beauty in the galleries of art, these all ministered to the æsthetic sense. The gatherings from the ends of the earth of philosophers and sages, its conventions for the promotion of peace and preservation of the Sab-

bath, for generous philanthropies and social benefits, for the advancement of learning and science, these all contributed to the cultivation of the higher faculties of man.

The Churches neglected a great opportunity to bring before the multitudes a demonstration of the world's progress in the highest plane of all—the wonderful achievements of missions, the marvellous growth of Sunday-school work, the great diffusion of Christian literature, the organiza-



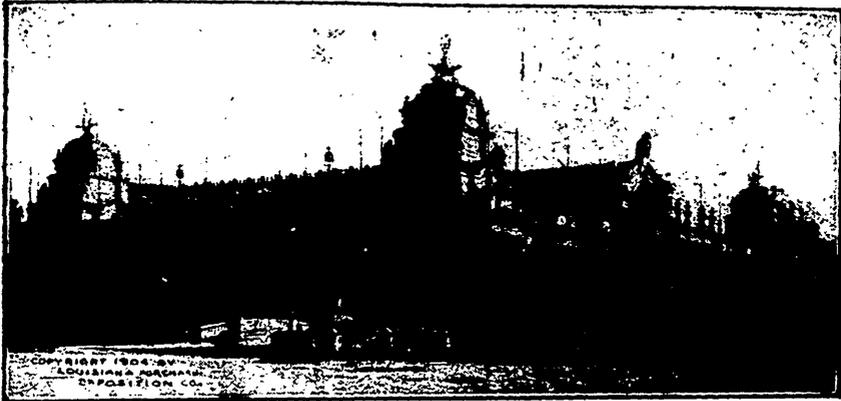
COLONNADE OF STATES.

tion of the moral forces of the world, its evangelistic agencies and enterprises—these were scarce at all represented. Their proper presentation would have cost a large amount of money, and we suppose the custodians of their funds did not feel warranted in the expenditure for this purpose.

But one splendid demonstration of the dominance of Christian sentiment was the Sabbath stillness that came upon this busy scene on the Lord's day. Of its multitudinous machinery no wheel stirred. Its great arcades and halls of trade and traffic were tenantless. The innumerable activities of its throbbing industries found rest. The tumultuous frivolities of the Pike were silent. The weary workers, custodians of its countless treasures, found surcease of toil. It was a demonstration such as no great fair

has ever given of the command, "The Lord our God hath commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath Day." The United States declared itself to be a Christian nation, and its government insisted on faith being kept with the pledges which were made, and the conditions under which the generous grants of money were given. That the city of St. Louis was cursed with an open Sunday, that beer-gardens, horse races and theatres were in full blast, but made more striking by contrast the rest and quiet of the "Ivory City."

One of the most striking impressions as one entered the grounds was their spaciousness, the vastness and variety of their exhibits. Long vistas of stately architecture stretched on every side. The hugeness and grandiose structure of the buildings,



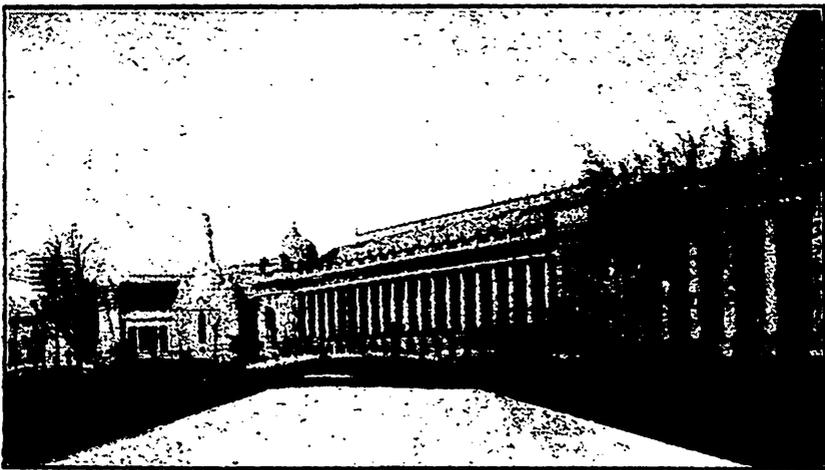
THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

the extent and beauty of the intervening spaces, their landscape gardens, their great water stretches, their long slopes of green sward and foliage, were a revelation of the possibilities of civic architecture and embellishment.

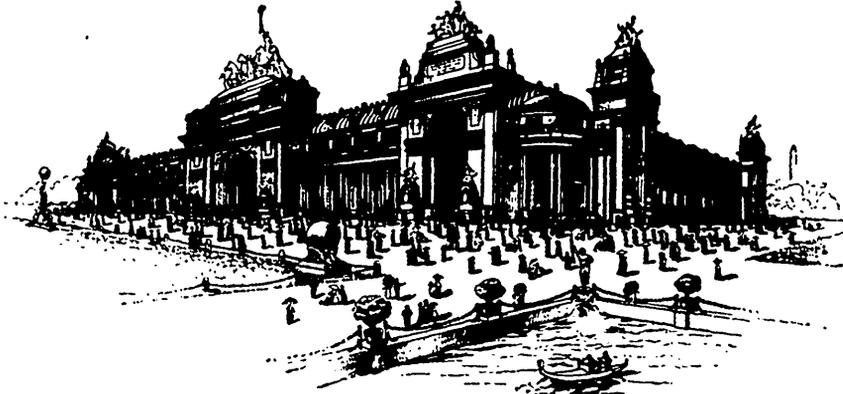
Another striking conviction was that of the immense value of the exposition as a popular educator. All the nations of the world and the glory of them seemed brought under review. People of many lands and many

tongues, in reproductions of their native environment gave much of the advantage of travel, and enabled one to survey mankind from China to Peru.

At the entrance to the Philippine exhibit was the statement that the careful observer would learn more of those islands, their people, their arts, their industries, than the average visitor to the islands themselves. One might circumnavigate the globe and visit its greatest marts of trade with-



THE VARIED INDUSTRIES. BUILDING

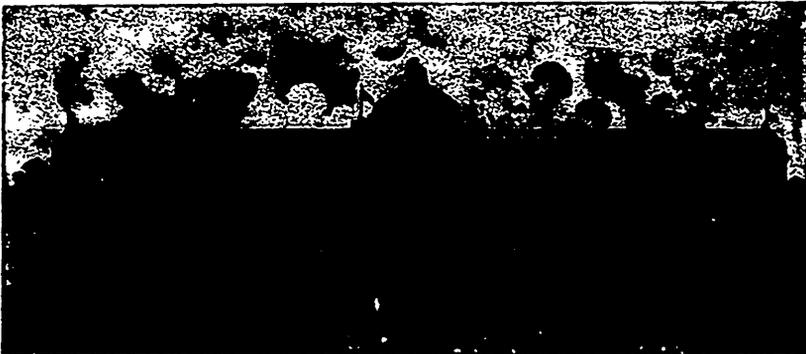


LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

out finding such a concentration of the finest achievements of all the arts and sciences as were here brought together. Frequent lectures were given, with limelight pictures, and courteous instructors gave fullest information to every inquiring visitor. "Come in, sit down, and ask us questions," was a frequent placard. The great fair presented not merely the finished work, but the process of its manufacture, and the places where this took place were always surrounded with curious crowds.

The people themselves were a study of very great interest. They were not a mass of frivolous pleasure-

seekers. Many of them were earnest students, examining machinery, studying charts and diagrams, asking endless questions, absorbing information at every pore. Neither was it a fashionable assembly. There were, of course, people of wealth, with elegant carriages and automobiles, who seemed bored and ennuied with much of the exhibits. But the vast proportion seemed plain, matter-of-fact people who wanted to get their money's worth of information and enjoyment. Many of them were family groups, middle-class folk from the country or rural towns, walking often hand in hand, and often, too,



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

trundling the baby in a carriage or carrying it in arms. These were the bone and sinew of the nation, these the broad substratum of the "common people," whom Abraham Lincoln said the Lord must love since he made so many of them. They were learning at every step how to beautify their homes, how to improve their farms or gardens, how to increase the productiveness of their business enterprises. It was a great

devoted to agriculture. Each State of the Union, and many foreign nations, displayed in attractive form the wealth of their natural products. Exhibits of corn and cotton and endless varieties of food and fibre prod-

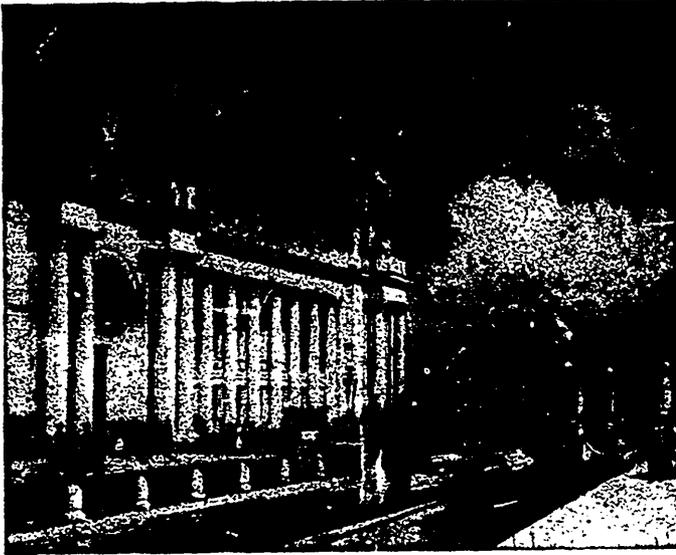


PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

"people's university." Dr. Brisbane Walker says that the country could well afford, notwithstanding the unrequited cost of many millions of dollars of these expositions, to hold one every decade as a great public educator, as a milestone in the world's progress.

Another feeling that grew upon one, moreover, was the exhaustless resources of this great continent—the treasures of the field and farm, of the forest and the mine, and of the lakes and sea. This was especially borne in upon one as he traversed the greatest building of all, with its twenty-two acres of space

ucts were presented in pavilions and minarets and domes of gay and fantastic design. In this respect the exhibit of Canada was one of the foremost of them all, with a beautiful and spacious pavilion, a reproduction of the noble architecture of the parliamentary library at Ottawa. It attracted universal comment and commendation. The great commonwealths of this continent, each large as many a European kingdom, sent their choicest products for the feeding and clothing and housing of mankind to this great gathering of the nations, and proclaimed that the name for America was Opportunity.



PALACE OF ELECTRICITY.

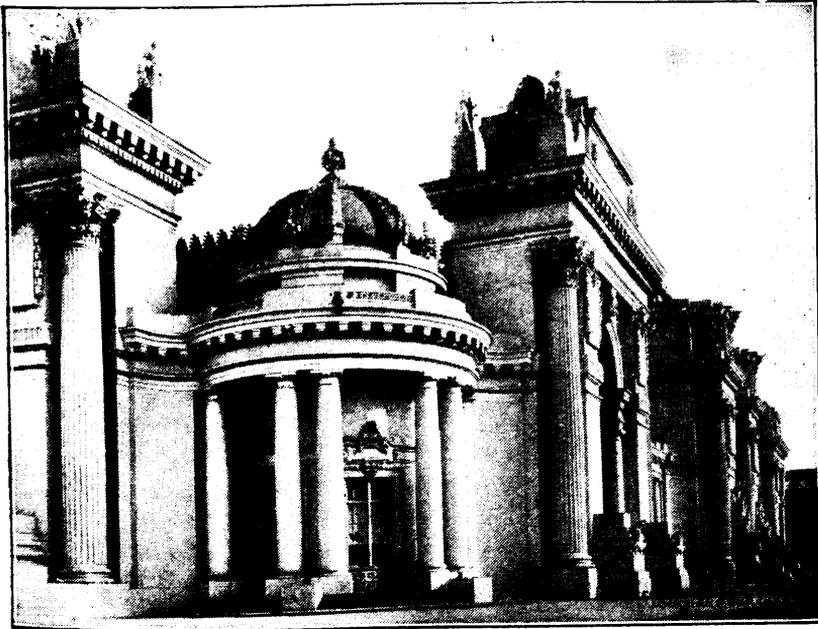
Another lesson of the Fair was that of mutual helpfulness. Each country might learn much of every other; each seemed anxious to teach everything it could. Take a single example: In a German agricultural exhibit was a section illustrating the redemption of bog lands. A great map showed the location of these lands. Models and diagrams showed how they might be drained and dried, the kind of foundations needed for houses, and the style of superstructure to be built thereon, the wooden

shoes for horses and long boots for men, the manner of pressing the peat into briquettes for fuel, into moulded panels susceptible of high polish, of converting it into mats and mattresses and many various economic processes. The ninety million tons of peat in Newfoundland, which cannot be sun-dried in its foggy climate, may have the moisture driven off by centrifugal rotation.

As one entered the bizarre-looking building devoted to mines and metallurgy he felt that here was the raw



THE CANADIAN BUILDING.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

material of civilization. Here again Canada's exhibit was a revelation of its magnificent resources. The legend confronted one: "Canada produces over fifty per cent. of all the nickel in the world, ninety-eight per cent. of all the asbestos in the world," and the great illuminated safe, with its massive Yukon gold, or gilt models, we suspect, was an eye-opener to our American friends. The wealth of marbles and building stones, of minerals and their products, were a magnificent advertisement of our great Dominion.

The immediate contiguity of the splendid mineral products of Colorado and Pennsylvania, Belgium, Bohemia and Britain were an object-lesson to each. A striking exhibit was that from the Alabama coal and iron regions, a colossal figure of Vulcan, some fifty feet in height, with a huge hammer like the hammer of Thor.

Models of mining towns, of coal breakers, of underground shafts and galleries and addits, made one familiar with mining industries. The marbles of Carrara and Pentelicus and Sienna were rivalled in beauty and colouring by those of Vermont and Tennessee.

At the Columbian Fair of 1893 there were a few toy-like exhibits of the applications of electricity, but the progress of eleven years has been amazing. The electrical building, the only one that was open in the evenings, was an Aladdin's palace of wonder and beauty. Electricity was a perfect Frankenstein, performing all manner of work. An elaborate menu was cooked by its means. It was the motive power of an endless variety of processes and operations. The palace was bright as day with its many kinds of illumination. That transmitted through mercurial vapour



CORNICE, THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.

made the spectators look a ghastly, grizzly, green group of goblins. But its actinic rays facilitated the taking a photo "while you wait." Some idea of the growth of electrical science is shown in the fact that the Westinghouse factories exceed by many acres the entire floor space of all the buildings of the great Fair. Here, too, Canada was well to the front, her electrical generator for the works at Niagara Falls being the largest in the world.

Crowning the magnificent slope of Forest Hill Park was the great festival pavilion, with a dome larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome. In the picture it looked too elaborately ornate, like a tremendous wedding-cake; but its colossal size took away all idea of pettiness and gave it an expression of majestic dignity. The cascade which poured like a river from the base of this great structure, and tumbled over colossal steps, shook

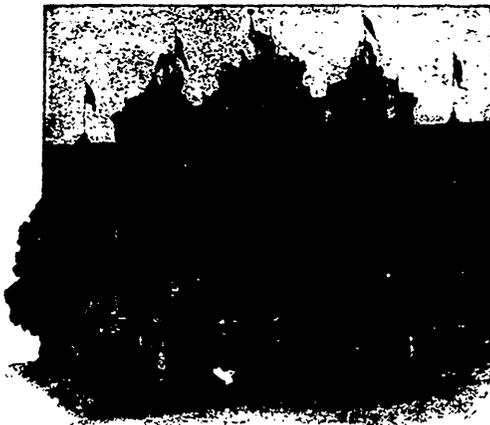
the very ground. The broad pavilions of the States swept like great wings on either side, and the architectural approaches had a dignity not equalled by anything in the great gardens of Versailles or Schonbrunnen.

Behind these were the great permanent structures of the art galleries, the very culmination of the æsthetic aspect of the Exposition. In number and variety of exhibits, that of the United States exceeded all the rest, the work of Sargent being unexcelled by that of any country. The average excellence of the smaller exhibits of Great Britain and the Continent countries was, however, of superior merit. Germany, as in every other department, was stately, imposing and grandiose. The most magnificent portrait in the whole gallery was that of Kaiser Wilhelm, standing before a majestic throne, which an irreverent observer declared was

like the great white throne of Heaven. His Uncle Edward was a very modest looking figure beside his Imperial and imperious Majesty.

The British exhibit had no such colossal canvasses nor battle scenes as those of France, Austria, Italy, where militarism seems part of the very life of the nation. But her sweet domestic scenes and noble portraits, her broad landscapes instinct with poetic feeling, reflected the more domestic character of the people. In the Canadian group, the portraits of Professor Clark, Dr. Milligan, Edward Blake, the fine landscapes of Mr. Knowles and Mr. Bell-Smith and other well-known Canadians, did not suffer by comparison with any in the gallery.

No building furnished such food for profitable study as the palace of Education and Social Economics. Here, as in many other respects, Germany took first rank. The extent and variety and excellence of her educational exhibits disclosed the secret of her rapid recent advancement in science, art and industry. From the primary school to the university most elaborate provision is



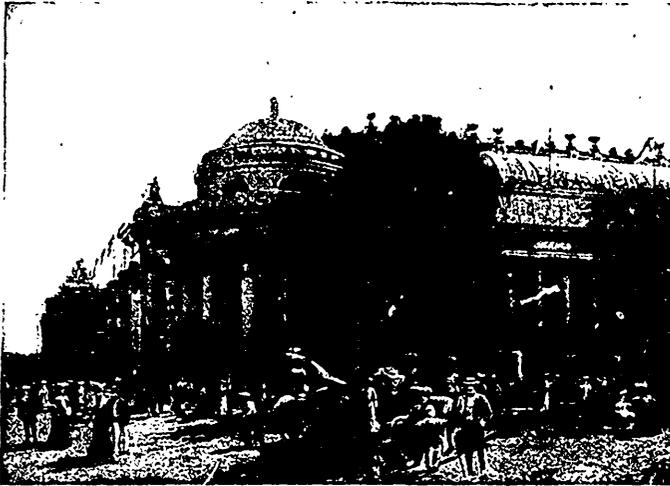
CORNER OF THE EDUCATION PALACE.



PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES.

made for the training of all the faculties. Take, for instance, the department of classics in the high schools or gymnasia. The old Roman life was accurately reproduced in full-size figures of Roman legionaries, with reproductions of armour, tools and implements, domestic utensils, models of houses, baths, temples, palaces, everything that would enable the student to live in the very atmosphere of that old Roman life. Especially in the technical and scientific department was this elaborate provision for studying displayed. Apparatus of every sort, models and preparations in natural science, costly acoustic, optical, astronomical and chemical apparatus was unequalled by any other country. The great universities in the United States had all admirable exhibits, but nothing to compare with those of Germany.

The Fatherland took the Exposition more seriously than any other country save Japan, and spent far greater



PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.

sums of money, had more magnificent installation and architectural and artistic construction and arrangement than any other foreign country. This was seen in the magnificent German building, a reproduction of the palace

of Charlottenberg at Potsdam, with splendid displays in furnishings, pictures and tapestries of its historic chambers. Great Britain was satisfied with the very modest reproduction of a part of the old palace of Kensington, dear to the nation as the birthplace and early home of Victoria the Good, but by no means imposing. The French reproduction of the Petit Trianon

and a section of the garden at Versailles was far more spectacular. We suppose the hard-headed, commercial common sense of John Bull saw that the American tariff so restricted trade that it was

BRITISH
BUILDING,
WORLD'S
FAIR.

FRENCH BUILDING.



GOthic ART.

not worth his while to make an elaborate display. Countries where the national purse strings are less tightly held by the tribunes of the people, as those of the Continent and even the republics of South America, made far grander displays.

It was again Canada that saved the situation. The British dependencies, India, Ceylon, New Zealand and other colonies had respectable exhibits, but in every building those of Canada were conspicuous, representative, admirably grouped, classified and displayed. In the Forestry and Fisheries Building, for instance, she had a striking architectural structure, one that challenged attention far and near, containing three thousand specimens of Canadian woods, with splendid trophies of moose and caribou, of fishing gear and fish products. In addition she had a Forestry Building of her own, displaying her splendid timber resources.

A feature of much interest was the buildings for the several states and colonies, in many cases reproductions of historic structures, that of Louisiana being the Cabildo of New Orleans, where the Louisiana Purchase was completed. The most magnificent of these was that of Missouri, of noble architecture within and without, sumptuous reception and rest rooms, and on the occasion of our visit—but not on account of it—decorated with two thousand American beauty roses. In these buildings the weary pilgrims found opportunities for rest in huge mission rocking-chairs and on ample lounges, and kind custodians furnished all manner of information about the state or country represented.

Canada's shrewd business methods were not surpassed by any. A series of fine bas-reliefs presented scenes in the history of the country, and a panorama of pictures displayed the progress of a Manitoba farm from breaking the sod to the display in ten years of a wide, waving harvest, splendid farm buildings and numer-



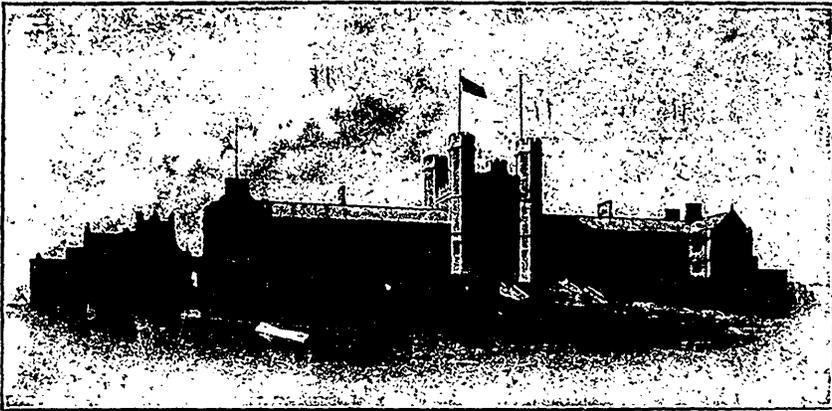
A SIOUX CHIEF.

ous stock. Annexed was an office where you could buy a ticket direct to this favoured land and pre-empt a free grant.

One of the surprises of the great Fair was the splendid exhibit in every department of the England of the East, the island empire of Japan. Characteristic of her pre-arrangement was the fact that Japan was the only country whose displays were ready when the exhibition opened. Her art products, her grotesque bronzes, her exquisite cloissoné ware, her silks and embroideries, her up-to-date educa-

packing-cases, some paltry wooden bowls and spoons, and in the art gallery were some preposterous pictures, with a few better specimens. This was all the Colossus of the North, with its superficial veneer of civilization, could present in this world competition in the arts of peace.

One exhibit was of peculiar pathos, that of the deaf and dumb and blind engaged in their industries and school work. Amid the splendours of these great collections they were enveloped in a cloud of darkness, yet pursued their avocation of broom and chair



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY PERMANENT BUILDINGS.

tional and scientific exhibits, gave proof of her advanced civilization. Her landscape gardening, with the stalking cranes, stone lanterns, quaint bridges, tea-gardens where dainty maidens, clad in silk kimonos, dispensed straw-colored tea and said prettily, "Thank you very much, come again," and the polite intelligence of the custodians, made the Japanese the favourites of the great Fair.

Japan's rival, Russia, was conspicuous by her absence. A few blank spaces, reserved for the double-headed eagle, had some unopened

making and the like with cheerful alacrity. "Oh, yes, we have seen nearly everything in the Exposition," said one, in reply to a question. "And they know more about it," said their teacher, "than many who possess all their faculties." He must be made of sterner stuff than the present writer who could see unmoved the eager, alert look of a deaf and dumb and blind girl of whom her teacher was asking questions in the finger language, while the bright girl promptly replied in the same medium. She could solve mathematical problems with a celerity greater, her

teacher confessed, than she could herself. One of the most beloved and honoured visitors of the Fair was that marvellous girl, Helen Keller, the only woman for whom a special day was named, the Helen Keller Day.

The exhibit of penological science was curious and saddening. The perverted ingenuity which many employ to rob and steal and cheat and elude detection, if directed to honest efforts would achieve distinguished success. The way of transgressors is hard, as shown by the prison cells and discipline and methods of detection, arrest and punishment. The Bertillon system of ear and finger measurement is superseded by the far simpler impressions of the rugæ or markings of the thumb.

"Here," said the penological expert, "is a letter I have just received," and opening it he found an impress of an unknown criminal's sign-manual—the imprint of his thumb. In a few moments he found amid his thousands of records its duplicate, revealing the identity of the man as a noted criminal. All other modes of identification are difficult and uncertain, and the marks change with the lapse of time, but this record written by God in the very fingers of our hands is unchanged while life shall last. In this latest of the sciences Japan was again well to the front. In the science of bacteriology she also has a splendid record, and Japanese scientists have discovered the bacilli of some of the most dangerous germ diseases.

No department of the Exposition was more interesting than the French section on social economics. It had an elaborate exhibit of the organizations for the social betterment of the French people—their better housing, better sanitation and better instruction. It was a surprise to see such aggressive protests against both strong drink and

tobacco. Very effective illustrated placards were displayed, showing the progressive consequences of the drink traffic, with striking sentences, such as "La porte du cabaret conduit a l'hospital," "The door of the tavern leads to the hospital," and "Ne fumez pas, le tabac nuit a la santé," "Do not smoke, tobacco injures the health," and others of like character.

If the great Fair was beautiful by day, it was a city of fairy-like loveliness by night. In the light of the setting sun its ivory walls seemed transfigured into pearl and alabaster, then flushed to rosy red and paled to spectral grey. But, lo, a miracle of beauty! Along every line and dome and frieze and architrave a faint flush of golden light appeared—at first almost imperceptible and gradually glowing and growing into lambent lines of loveliness till massy structures stood transfigured like a fairy palace in lines of living light. The dancing reflections in the lagoons duplicated this vision of delight.

Still more exquisite was the effect when the golden glow slowly faded and deep crimson colours took its place, and these were succeeded by lines of lambent green. The play of colours on the snowy statuary and flashing cascades seemed almost unreal in its exquisite beauty. This striking result was very simple in the process. Electric bulbs of white, red and green glass alternated along the architectural lines of the building. By switching the electric current from one of these to the other the magic transformation at once took place.

A marked feature of the World's Fair was its splendid statuary. In this respect, however, there were features at the Columbian Exposition, the allegorical series on the discovery of the New World, and especially the majestic statue of Columbus, which were not equalled at St. Louis. There

were, however, some very noble exhibits. The figures of the great States of the Union were of colossal size and very impressive character. The equestrian statues of Louis XIV. and of Washington, one of which we present, were also exceedingly fine. Of much historic interest were those of the explorers of the great West, our Canadian La Salle and Pere Marquette, De Soto, and other of the pathfinders of empire who have stamped their names on lake and river and mountain throughout half a continent. Of profound significance was the group illustrating the doom of the Red Man and his congeners—the buffalo, the moose, the wolf and bear—all disappearing before the march of civilization. The best of the statues, however, was that of Napoleon Bonaparte, a seated figure studying the map of the great

country which he signed away from France for ever.

The buildings of Washington University made a very admirable suite for the administration offices of the Fair, for the anthropological exhibits, and for the housing of the Queen's Jubilee presents. These costly tributes of love and loyalty were of very special interest, and on account of their immense value were more safely guarded from fire in this great stone structure than they could have been elsewhere. A single London bobby was all the visible sign of protection. A few red-coats would have been more spectacular, but not so impressive a recognition of law and order.

But it would take more space than we can spare to record a tithe of the marvels of this great school of the nations.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

"Is the door well barred? And the window?"
"Yea."

"And the outer gate, is it firm and fast?
There was one rode by on the bitter blast
That cried, 'Beware! I shall enter there
And set my seal ere the dawn of day.'"

"It is all secure. Sleep, sweet, nor fear;
There is none can dare to enter here."

"Quick! cover me close and sit on guard,
And shield my sight, for I seem to see
A Pallid Presence that beckons me;

His brow is cold and he's green with mould,
Oh, how could he enter if all is barred?"

"There is none has entered, beloved. Cease.
These are but visions that vex your peace."

"Oh, hold my hand, for to part is pain.
You see it not, but there's One defies
Our bolts and bars and bids me rise
And fare with him thro' the valley dim,
Whence none may ever return again."

Oh, strange and sad! Ere I answered, "Nay,"
Dark Death had stolen a soul away.

—*Independent.*

THE PRESENT EMERGENCY IN MISSIONS.

BY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church of Canada.



ANY person familiar with present-day religious conditions throughout the world must know that the Churches of Christendom are confronted with responsibilities unparalleled in their history. In one sense the responsibilities were always there, for they all grew out of the unrepealed command to preach the Gospel to the whole creation; but changed conditions have given the command a new significance, and opportunities undreamed of a few decades ago have opened up a vista of possibilities so immense and far-reaching that no limit can be set to the growth of the Divine Kingdom in the near future.

In the distant past a few saw the coming of the *City of Christ* and were glad. Men who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—not as they were influenced by surrounding conditions—"testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow them," and this led them to search diligently "what time or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did point unto," and to them "it was revealed" (observe it was not a conclusion reached by a process of reasoning, but unto them it was revealed) "that not unto themselves but unto" us "did they minister these things which have now been announced unto" us.

They saw the day of Christ afar off; we see it nigh at hand. They saw the triumphs of the Kingdom in pro-

phetic vision; we see them in process of actual fulfilment. The converging lines of prophecy which first met in the Incarnation and the Cross, converge yet again to meet in brighter splendor on the day of Messiah's crowning, and it is the near approach of that long-expected day that has revealed the imminence of the present emergency in missions.

But let us move warily and be sure of our ground, for nothing is gained in the long run by random assertions or exaggerated statements. What is an emergency, and are existing conditions such as justify the use of the term? If our lexicons are to be trusted, an emergency is an unforeseen occurrence or condition; a sudden or unexpected occasion for action; a pressing necessity. Now the conditions which call for prompt and vigorous action at the present time were not altogether unforeseen. Here and there, at least, on the walls of Zion, were watchmen who saw indications of a coming crisis, and strove with all earnestness to arouse a slumbering Church. Some heard and responded to the call, and the marked growth of missionary interest and activity that has characterized the last two or three decades is the proof that the watchman's challenge did not fall upon altogether heedless ears.

But the rank and file of the Church still slumbered on, or, immersed in worldly pursuits, went one to his farm and another to his merchandise; and when the hour came that demanded a great forward movement of a vast army, thoroughly organized and

equipped, the Church was found with here and there a small contingent—a forlorn hope, so to speak—bravely attempting to storm the immense fortresses of the world's heathenism,

“Striving, one against a million,
To obey their Lord's command.”

It is not often that international wars come on with startling suddenness. As a rule the world's statesmen see the war-cloud gathering months or even years before it breaks; but to foresee a coming struggle is of little avail unless prompt and decisive steps are taken to prepare for the campaign. Woe to the land that finds itself on the eve of a mighty conflict with depleted arsenals, a half-drilled and poorly-equipped army, a demoralized commissariat, and an empty treasury. Such was the condition of France when plunged into the Franco-Prussian war, and at Sedan she paid the penalty of her folly. Such, in many respects, was the condition of Russia when challenged to make good her claim to dominate the Far East, and the result was seen when her broken columns were driven from the Yalu and Liao Yang, “shattered and sundered.” And the Church cannot expect results widely different if she attempts a world-wide conquest with forces hardly sufficient for a respectable skirmish line.

The present emergency in missions—for it is an emergency, and a pressing one at that—has arisen from a variety of causes, some of yesterday, and some more remote. Among the remoter causes, one of the most important, though least recognized, is to be found in the prayers of the Church and the concurrent providence of God. When the missionary spirit that had long lain dormant began to revive at the beginning of the last century, first-fruits of the great Methodist revival,

many were led to pray that it might please God to open a great and effectual door unto the heathen. This desire, born of the Holy Spirit, was quickened by tidings that came at intervals from points remote from each other, telling how individual missionaries, or small reconnoitering parties, had scaled the walls and obtained foothold where heathenism was strongly entrenched.

Carey had entered India; Judson, after many delays, reached Burmah; Morrison was working secretly, at the peril of his life, on a translation of the Bible into Chinese and a dictionary of the language for the use of future missionaries. At a later stage, Madagascar, the Sandwich Islands, and the Fijian group were entered, and not only were many trophies won by the Gospel, but each of these island groups contributed its quota to swell the beadroll of the noble army of martyrs. All this tended to confirm the faith and stimulate the zeal of those who believed that the Gospel was for every creature, and prepared the Church to understand the wider providences whereby God suddenly opened the doors of all the nations, and summoned His people to go up and take possession.

In all great providential movements there are climacteric years when the cumulative force of the movement seems to reach its maximum, and difficulties and hindrances that appeared insurmountable suddenly give way. This has been strikingly illustrated in the history of missions. As I have said, there were some who, from the beginning of the last century were instant in prayer that the barred doors of heathenism might open, and as the years went by the number of intercessors increased; but for many a day there seemed to be no answer. The few who had penetrated into the dark

places of the earth were far in advance of their times, and even in the Churches they were regarded by many as fools and visionaries.

But all the while God was preparing the way, and at last, suddenly, and in unexpected fashion, the answer came. In India it came through the Sepoy mutiny; in China, through the Anglo-French occupation; in Japan, when Commodore Perry with his warships steamed into the Bay of Yeddo and knocked with a mailed fist at the gates of the Hermit Nation. All these unexpected and startling events occurred within the space of three years—1857-9—and they meant the opening of the doors to more than one-half of the world's population—doors which, up to that time, had been, for the most part, stubbornly closed to the missionary and his message.

If these providences meant that the Churches were at once to enter the open doors with forces adequate to the emergency that had been thrust upon them, the result could almost be described as a dismal failure, for volunteers were slow in coming to the front, the Churches, as a whole, were apathetic, funds sufficient for so great an enterprise were not forthcoming, and what seemed to be large and inviting fields for missionary effort either remained unoccupied, or were touched only on their outer fringes. And yet it would be unwise to assume that the Churches of that day were recreant to duty and failed to measure up to a splendid opportunity. Looking back with an unprejudiced mind, after the lapse of half a century, we may see reason to conclude that the time for a general advance had not yet fully come. Barriers of exclusiveness surrounding great heathen nations had been forcibly broken down, but the prejudices of the people remained, and these could not be overcome in a day.

People who for centuries have pursued a policy of non-intercourse with other nations are proverbially suspicious. The foreigner is regarded not only as an interloper, but as an enemy moved by sinister designs. Disinterested benevolence is a term that has no place in the vocabulary of the heathen, and how any foreigner can come among them except for selfish ends they cannot understand. It is clear, therefore, that in countries like Japan and China a sudden influx of missionaries in large numbers through doors opened unwillingly and under compulsion to trade and commerce, would have intensified prejudices of race and religion to a degree that would have rendered successful work impossible.

The few who entered the field during the first half of the last century, and whose limited numbers rendered them very inconspicuous, had to move warily and conduct their work with the utmost caution. But even this did not prevent the growth of that suspicion and hatred against the foreigner which culminated in the Sepoy mutiny in India, and in later times in the Boxer atrocities in China, in both of which uprisings the martyr's crown was won by many faithful servants of the Lord. But conditions have changed greatly for the better. The nations are open as never before. Prejudice and suspicion, if not entirely overcome, are far less bitter than formerly, and there are few places to-day where the missionary cannot pursue his work in comparative safety and obtain a quiet hearing for his message.

Perhaps the reader will begin to think that I am forgetting my theme, which is "*The Present Emergency in Missions*," and am speaking of an emergency which occurred fifty years ago, with which you say we have nothing to do; but these references to

remote events are necessary to a right understanding of present conditions and the responsibilities that are now upon us. What, then, let me ask, constitutes the present emergency in missions? There are several factors which go to produce the general result, and each demands separate mention.

The first is found in the changed attitude of the peoples in heathen lands. The old spirit of exclusiveness has been broken down. The people of China are discovering what the people of Japan discovered more than forty years ago, that national isolation is no longer possible; that the policy of the fifteenth or even the eighteenth will not fit into the demands of the twentieth century. A hermit nation is an anachronism that cannot be tolerated, and the nation that cannot or will not keep step with modern progress must fall behind and perish.

Japan saw this, and adjusted herself to the new conditions, and in the course of a single generation has advanced from a position of national weakness and obscurity to the very front rank of great world-powers. China, influenced largely by Japan, is beginning to move in the same direction, and there may be more truth than we wot of in the saying of an eminent statesman, that "When China moves the whole world will move." The significant feature in the situation is that in changing their attitude toward the commerce, the education, the science of Western nations, they have unwittingly changed their attitude toward Christianity, the religion of the West. A generation ago, Christianity was proscribed in Japan under penalty of death; to-day the fullest measure of religious toleration is guaranteed by the constitution, and Christian missionaries may propagate their faith without let or hindrance in any part of the empire.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the changed attitude of which I speak is toward the practical side of Christianity rather than toward its doctrinal and ethical teachings. The heathen mind, so oblivious of the spiritual element in Christianity, and so opposed to its ethical code, is readily attracted by a religion that feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, teaches the ignorant, heals the sick, and comforts the dying. And this has convinced the leaders in missionary work that we should lay greater stress upon methods that hitherto have been little more than experiments.

Modern military strategy has taught this lesson, among others, that there are times when far more can be accomplished by a flank movement than by direct assault, and it may be wiser to undermine an enemy's fortress than to storm its walls. And all this means that in heathen countries, like China, for example, multitudes can be reached through schools and hospitals and printing presses, who are beyond the reach, as yet, of churches and chapels. But such agencies, to be effective, must be up-to-date, thoroughly equipped and manned, and in sufficient number to meet the requirements of the case, and this means an expenditure that staggers many of the Boards.

At the present moment the attitude, not only of the governments, but of vast numbers of the people, in heathen countries, is favourable to the spread of Christianity, but may not always remain so. The doors so suddenly opened may be as suddenly closed, or, which would be still worse, the open doors may be entered and the fields occupied by forces more hostile to Christianity than was the old heathenism. In India, in Japan, in Africa, we have object-lessons which he who runs may read.

In the two former cases, Western education, especially Western science, has undermined a false philosophy, and with it has undermined superstitious religious beliefs. Old religions are everywhere giving way, and vast numbers of people are longing for something that will fill the vacant place in their lives. As a native gentleman in Japan once said to me: "Old faiths are passing old maxims and customs that had all the force of unwritten laws are being cast aside, and some of us are anxiously looking about us to see if we can find some controlling force that will make the new civilization a safe thing for Japan."

But that attitude was true of only a limited number; the multitude who adopted the new civilization were only too ready to throw away all restraints. Such a people are in danger of repeating the history of the man in the Saviour's parable: "The unclean spirit, when he is gone out of the man, passeth through dry places seeking rest, and finding none, he saith, I will turn back unto my house whence I came out, and when he is come he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first."

In Japan and India a sceptical philosophy, a materialistic science, and a non-Christian education are forces with which Christianity will have to reckon; in Africa the opposition assumes the grosser forms of the white man's licentiousness and the white man's rum; but in all these cases the message to the Church is the same: we must make haste to scatter everywhere the seed of the Kingdom before the enemy has so pre-occupied the soil that it will take generations to eradicate the tares.

But to understand the full significance of the present emergency in missions, attention must be turned, for a time at least, from the regions beyond and focussed upon our own country. The call from Macedonia must not go unheeded. The cry of the perishing heathen must be answered, and no paltering excuse of "Am I my brother's keeper?" can turn aside the swift answer of omniscient justice, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." And yet a little reflection should convince us that no plea of duty to the heathen can justify neglect of a work which lies at our very doors.

In the past the home mission problem—if it was a problem—was how to carry the Gospel to a few thousands of scattered settlers in the new settlements of three or four slowly filling provinces; to-day the question is how to cover more than half a continent with such a network of Gospel agencies as will meet the needs of a population increasing even now by hundreds of thousands annually, and destined to increase in vaster ratio as the years go by.

If to the fact of a rapidly increasing population we add the other fact of its heterogeneous character—the diversity of tongues, the illiteracy of many, their ignorance of Scripture truth, their defective moral standards—the problem of evangelizing these masses presents difficulties of no ordinary kind. And yet for the safety of the nation, if there were no higher consideration, this work must be done, and to do it thoroughly will require a measure of zeal, devotion, and liberality on the part of all the Churches far in advance of anything hitherto achieved.

What, then, is needed to meet this great and pressing emergency in missions? The answers must be given

in sentences, as there is no space for extended discussion.

1. There must be large plans. In the past we have thought and planned in parishes; for the future we must think and plan in empires and continents.

2. There must be large resources. To maintain a regiment in barracks is one thing; to equip and sustain a vast army in the field is quite another thing. As yet we have touched only an infinitesimal fraction of the Church's wealth. When the "whole tithe" is brought into the storehouse there will be enough and to spare.

3. There must be large reinforce-

ments. We admire and reverence the twos and threes who go into the midst of heathen millions, but the Church who leaves these heroic men and women unsupported by large reinforcements is criminally negligent. Where we have sent tens, we must send hundreds. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

4. There must be a mighty spiritual uplift, a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit. But this cannot be expected or believingly invoked when duty is neglected and the Master's command is disobeyed. Let there be a return of the old obedience and there will be a return of the ancient power.

TURNING THE HOUR-GLASS.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

Low run the sands—the hour is nearly done
That marks the solemn passing of a year
And sees another on its course begun—
We mingle sighs and laughter, grief and cheer.

One instant tolls a bell—with measured strokes—
Then silence—for a year is lost to sight.
Its deeds are memories now which thought evokes,
Its labours, loves and woes are shades of night.

We sadly bow in prayer as o'er a bier,
Where life itself doth lie in death's embrace.
We lift our heads—and hope transforms a tear
Into a smile—we see the New Year's face!

And all the bells peal forth in joyous chime—
Golden and silver-throated to the dawn.
The night is o'er—the strong, new child of Time
Fronts with brave eyes and true the New Year's morn!

How many, many sands his hour-glass holds!
How many wondrous hours a year may give!
A fair, new purpose in each heart unfolds—
So gladly, purely, truly may we live.

That every moment jewel-like shall shine
As through the glass it runs, serene and bright.
Ah! let us make the sands of life divine,
And all our years shall glow like lamps of light!

IRISH POETS AND POETRY.

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



IRELAND is noted for its beautiful scenery, salubrious climate, rich soil, witty men, beautiful women, potatoes and buttermilk. Few countries in the world of the same size and population have produced a greater number of clergymen, philosophers, statesmen, orators—and, well, some not so wise. The last class is sure to be found in large numbers where the former classes abound, or else the contrast is so marked that the difference is more observable than in other cases.

For large-hearted benevolence, true warm friendship, real genuine wit, no people in the world can excel the Irish. They are matter-of-fact rather than fanciful, real rather than visionary, literal rather than imaginative.

Such being the character of the Irish people we do not look for a large number of poets of note among them. There are, however, some who stand in the front rank of the great poets of the world.

Among the lesser lights of the poet's firmament of Ireland may be found the name of Andrew Borde, born in 1485, died in 1540. At an early age he became a monk, but was soon after released from his vows and studied medicine, becoming quite noted in his profession. He was a great traveller for his time; few, however, in those days ventured far from their own parish. Borde was a man of great wit, sense and learning, and became an author of some note. To him has been ascribed the authorship

of such tales as "The Mad Men of Gotham," and "The Introduction of Knowledge." He was far from being a saint though once a monk, and was imprisoned for something worse than saying his prayers. He died by poison administered, it is thought, by his own hand. His poems for the most part were neither elegant nor easy. A sample taken from a poem, entitled "An Irishman and a Lombard," will suffice :

" I am an Irishman, in Ireland I was born ;
I love to wear a saffron shirt, although that
it be torn.
And altho' I be poor I have an angry heart,
I can keep a hobby, a garden, and a cart ;
I care not for riches, but for meat and drink,
And divers times I wake while other men do
wink."

Sir John Denham was of English parentage, but was born in Dublin in 1615 and died in 1668. We do not hold to the theory that because a chicken is hatched in a stable it is therefore a horse; still we do maintain that a man born in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, is of necessity an Irishman, and notwithstanding the fact that the English class him as one of their poets we will persist that he is Irish—at all events, he started in life Irish. His descriptive poem, "Cooper's Hill," also his tragedy, "The Sophy," were greatly admired in his day. Sir John rendered valuable service to King Charles II. in his notable journey to Poland. One of the best of his poems was composed in reference to this journey. His poem on "Averice," as also that on "The Way Justice (or, rather, injustice) is Often Meted Out," so that the rich man goes free and the poor

man is punished, are excellent examples of his spirit and style. It is asserted that Sir John Denham was the first to discover the merits of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he went with the book new from the press, showing it to everyone, exclaiming, "This beats us all, and the ancients as well." Greatly as he admired Milton's wonderful work it did not keep him from his besetting sin of gambling.

John Cunningham was born in Dublin in 1729 and died in 1773. He was an actor by profession and won distinction in his own land. Had he lived in our day of telephones, telegraphs and cablegrams, with our daily press, his fame as an actor would likely have been world wide. He was the author of a farce called "Love in a Mist," and other poems, which gave him a prominent place among the poets of his time.

Richard Alfred Millikin, while almost as little known as Borde, was a poet of higher merit, born in 1767 in the County of Cork, and dying in 1815 at the age of forty-eight. Having chosen law, but caring little for the profession, he turned his attention to literature and painting, gaining quite a reputation as an artist. In 1807 he published a poem called "The Riverside," and another which gave him some notoriety, entitled "The Groves of Blarney." His poems were easy and graceful, frequently quaint and witty. An example is given in the poem entitled "The Fair Maid of Passage" (Passage is the town now called Queenstown, in Cork County). Our extract closes with a characteristic Irish simile :

"When dressed in her bodice
She trips like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky;
One kiss from her cheek,
'Tis so soft and so sleek,
That 'twould warm me like whiskey."

William Barnard was born 1727 and died 1806. The place of his birth is not known; but as England has claimed so many poets who were born in Ireland, we venture to class Barnard among the Irish poets, even if it shall be claimed that he was born in England. He certainly lived most of his days in Ireland and later in life became Bishop of Limerick. He was a haughty man and was very decided in his opinions, one of which was that a man reached his highest point of perfection by the time he was forty-five. He once asserted in the presence of Dr. Johnson that no man made advancement after that age. Johnson, who had not the highest opinion of the Bishop, retorted by insinuating that old as he was he could find many ways of improvement and also suggested that there was need of it, ending with an exhortation to set about the work at once. Johnson had reason later on to regret his lack of politeness.

The Bishop took the insult in good part and next day wrote a poem, which he sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Dr. Johnson's intimate friends, who did not fail to make good use of it. It is a fine piece of satire. The closing verse is as follows :

"Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace;
From him I'll learn to write,
Copy his free and easy style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow, like himself, polite."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in Dublin, September, 1751, died in London, July, 1816, was grandson of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, who was a clergyman and attached friend of Dean Swift. He was grandfather of Lady Dufferin, who was the mother of Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada. Lady Dufferin was herself a poetess of no mean

order. She was the writer of "The Lament o the Irish Emigrant," one verse of which we will give in passing :

" And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride."

In his childhood and youth Sheridan was pronounced by all his teachers a hopeless dunce. The first thing which gave him any notoriety and convinced anybody that he was not absolutely stupid, was his winning the affections of a beautiful and accomplished young lady who was a popular singer, with whom he eloped and to whom he was married. When this fact became known a great many young men who were hopelessly in love with the charming singer unanimsously decided that Sheridan knew a thing or two.

Sheridan's first effort was a comedy entitled "The Rivals," and another called "The Duenna." His best comedy was probably his "School of Scandal," which was followed by a clever farce entitled "The Critic." A few stanzas from the ode of Scandal is here given :

" The first information
Of lost reputation
As offerings to thee, I'll consign ;
And the earliest news
Of surprised billets-doux
Shall constant be served at thy shrine ;
Intrigues by the score
Never heard of before
Shall the sacrifice daily augment,
And by each morning post
Some favourite toast
A victim to thee shall be sent."

Francis Mahoney, born 1805, died 1866, was a genial Irish clergyman. He became known as an author and poet by his contributions in "Fraser's

Magazine" and other publications. His *nom de plume* was Father Prout, by which he was known rather than by his real name. His writings abound in quaint, witty, brilliant passages ; they are also frequently interspersed with apt classical allusions. There is a peculiar adaptation of sound and sense in many of his poems which gives them a charm all their own. A familiar and beautiful example is found in his "Bells of Shandon" :

" With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so well would in the days of
childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells."

His macaronic verses in Latin, Greek, French and other languages, or in a mixture of them all, are immensely clever.

The earliest trace we find of the poet Patrick O'Kelly is in 1808. His best efforts are those entitled "Poems on the Giant's Causeway," and "Killarney." In addition to these he published a volume of poems of considerable merit in 1824. A year later he met Sir Walter Scott, who evidently had discovered his poetic genius and also O'Kelly's lack of money, for our bard was so reduced financially that he borrowed five shillings from Sir Walter, which it is exceedingly doubtful that he ever repaid. Poetic genius and ready cash are sometimes quite strangers to each other, scarcely on speaking terms. Sir Walter was, however, more fortunate than his brother bard, and was both able and willing to help him in his distress.

It would be inexcusable to omit a name like that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a household word in Canada. Born in Ireland in 1825, he lived in the land of his birth till nearly thirty years of age, when he came to the United States, and after a short stay

settled in Montreal in 1857. In his youth he was connected with the Young Ireland Party, and at the age of twenty was editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal. O'Connell referred to McGee's writings as inspired. Soon after coming to Canada he was elected to Parliament and at once came to the front rank of Canadian statesmen and orators. During the Fenian troubles he denounced their wicked and wild schemes, and after delivering a brilliant oration in the House of Commons at Ottawa he was assassinated in 1868, and at the early age of forty-three closed his brilliant career. His poems are full of thought, easy in metre, and at times tender and pathetic, and again bold and heroic. We will give a few lines from his "Jacques Cartier":

"He told them of the Algonquin braves, the
hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks
her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every liv-
ing thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their wor-
shipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed
for Him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them
through the Gospel of St. John."

While we cheerfully give McGee a place among the Irish poets, Canada will not cease to claim him as one of her most illustrious citizens.

There are three Irish poets who stand out in greater prominence than all others, and these will now receive attention irrespective of their chronological order.

Jonathan Swift, or as he is familiarly known, Dean Swift, with more consistency than in many other cases, has been classed as one of England's poets. We must, however, claim him as Irish. He was born of humble English parentage in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his

father, who left the family in abject circumstances. By the kindness of an uncle, young Swift was educated first at the school of Kilkenny and afterwards for seven years in Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of twenty-one he left Trinity College and Ireland, came to England and found his way to Oxford, from which he took his M.A. in 1692. For about thirty years he had his residence alternately in Ireland and England, till in 1727 he left England entirely and spent the last eighteen years of his life in Ireland, dying at Dublin, the city of his birth, in 1745, being seventy-eight years of age.

He was a man of extremes, uniting many natures in his own. His most notable literary productions were, "A Tale of a Tub," in which he exposed many of the follies of his own Church, of which he was a minister, also "Gulliver's Travels," which has been perhaps more widely read than any of his writings. His poems were quite numerous, but none of them secured for him in the literary world the prominence he gained by his inimitable prose. In such poems as "The Confession of the Brute Creation," and "Union," he teaches important lessons.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London, in 1774. He was the son of a clergyman, which fact made him neither better or worse; but had he lived in this century and exhibited, as he did when a boy, that all the old Adam in the human family was not destroyed by Noah's flood, many people would account for his wickedness by the fact that his father was a preacher.

The first touch of his poetic genius was shown when but a lad. He attended an evening party and was called upon to dance a hornpipe.

Another lad by the name of Cummings played the violin. While Goldsmith was dancing the violinist was heard by him calling the attention of others to his ungainly person and calling him Æsop. Quick as a flash young Goldsmith turned and pointing to the player rang out the couplet:

“ Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.”

This for a boy of nine or ten years was exceedingly clever. Like Swift he was educated at Trinity College, from which he obtained his B.A. in 1749. After his death a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey bearing an inscription written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, a part of which reads, “Poet, naturalist, historian, who attempted almost every style and adorned whatever he touched.” “The Vicar of Wakefield” is perhaps his best prose production and has given him his greatest popularity. Among his plays, “The Good-Natured Man,” and “She Stoops to Conquer,” are his best. His poems, “The Traveller,” “The Deserted Village,” “Retaliation,” and the oratorio called “The Captivity,” are the most prominent. I am not sure that one would be justified in calling the above his best, for many of his short miscellaneous poems show the true genius as completely as any. The last couplet of the “Village Teacher” is familiar to all:

“ And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

The last few lines of his poem, “Dying at Home,” will be read with interest:

“ I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn’d
skill

Around my fire and evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she
flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home—at last.”

Last, but not least, of Irish poets comes the name of Thomas Moore, by common consent the most popular of Old Ireland’s sweet singers. We will all feel more at home if we call him Tom Moore. Like Sheridan and Swift he was born in Dublin, but spent a great part of his life in London, where he was a great favourite. He, too, was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, where he received his B.A. He was a clever Italian and French scholar. Being a great lover of music he became an accomplished pianist, an acquirement which was often a great benefit to him in after life.

Moore visited Canada in 1804, when he composed the well-known Canadian boat song found in our school book.

His most elaborate work and the one which gave him a world-wide reputation was “Lalla Rookh.” His most popular poems, however, are his Irish Melodies. Most of his poetry is easy, natural, and graceful. Oftentimes he becomes very tender and pathetic. Whose heart has not been touched while reading the following?

“ Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,—
The smiles, the tears,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.”

or this other delightfully sweet and sad melody?

“ ’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

In another poem Moore shows his unbounded confidence in the joy and stability of heaven while at the same time he exhibits too gloomy a view of this present life :

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven!"

When trying to cheer and comfort those whose burdens and sorrows have made life's pathway dark and wearisome he brings heavenly balm for earthly woes in his beautiful poem, found in our hymn book :

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

"Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.'

"Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever know-
ing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can re-
move."

Again he sings so plaintively :

"The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

"But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

"O who could bear life's stormy doom
Did not the wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above?

"Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Who could help marching with more majestic tread as he listens to the chorus of Israel's marvellous song of victory as ! . . . sings it ?

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free."

Moore would have us hate wrong-doing and teaches that the stains and dishonour of sin will live when we are gone, and so he warns us :

"Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stained by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain.
Die as we may, will live on."

One of Moore's most sadly charming poems is "Those Evening Bells," a part of which is as follows :

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells—
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime !

"Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

It is interesting to read his description of the young husband or lover declaring his enduring love in these grand sentiments :

"Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

"It is not while beauty and youth are thine
own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
known,

To which time will but make thee more
dear ;

No, the heart that has truly loved never for-
gets,

But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god, when he
sets,

The same look which she turn'd when he
rose."

When the true husband-lover has
walked by the side of his dear one for
many years, he sings again of the
maturity of that love :

"Oh, no—not even when first we loved
Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before
Has since been turned to Reason's vow,
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now.

"Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gained in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire ;
The flame now warms my inmost core
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet oh, I love thee better now."

In contrast with these lofty senti-
ments of the truest love, listen to the
closing stanzas of the sad wail of
"Disappointed Love":

The year lies white in the distance,
Like snow that no step has marred,
And we look at its shining distance.
As though through a window barred,
And we wonder w at idle footsteps
Shall trample the fallen snow,
Just as we watched and wondered,
A year ago.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right,"
We part—for ever part—to-night ;
I knew, I knew it could not last,
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !

"O, ever thus, from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.

"Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt, or knew !
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
O misery ! must I lose that, too ?"

Moore was a great admirer of the
true womanly character. I cannot,
perhaps, do better than to close with
one of his bright, though not exagger-
ated eulogies of woman's influence
and power :

"Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of
the morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the
thorn ;
And rayless that night is, that morning un-
blest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace
in the breast,
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in
the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the
smart.

"'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and
zest ;
And adorn'd by the bay, or enwreathed with
the willow,
Her smile is our meed and her bosom our
pillow."

Since then so many footsteps
Have fallen and stumbled past,
That the white perfection of promise
Grew scattered and dark at last ;
But the new drifts lie on the pathway
To cover the blackened snow,
And the new year comes in its beauty,
As it came a year ago.

THE RIDE.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

December frost lay sparkling bright
 On meadow, moor and hill,
 And through the starry winter night
 December winds blew chill,
 As sweeping o'er the silent snow
 Like spirit accents clear,
 The sound of church-bells deep and low
 Rang out the dying year.
 Ride fast ! ride fast ! on the stormy blast,
 Quick as the steed can go,
 Ride fast ! ride fast ! and fly aghast
 O'er mountains wrapt in snow.
 Ride, horseman, ride ! whate'er betide,
 And with the sweeping shears,
 Swift as they glide in the eddying tide,
 Cut down the rolling years !

Without the storm was fierce and wild,
 But in a lowly room,
 Where a mother clasped her dying child
 In the fast enfolding gloom,
 A silence lay, profound and chill,
 Faint grew the candle's flame,
 And faster still, o'er the snow-wrapt hill,
 The spectre Horseman came.
 Ride, phantom white, through the starry
 night,
 Bear off the dying year !
 Dash on thy course, swift-footed horse,
 Over the moorlands drear !
 Mow down the flowers of the flying hours !
 Soon comes the morning grey,
 And ere the first gleam of its rising beam
 Thou must be far away.

Yet wilder grew the tempest's roar,
 The wind blew fierce and high,
 As past that humble cottage-door
 Chelsea, London, England.

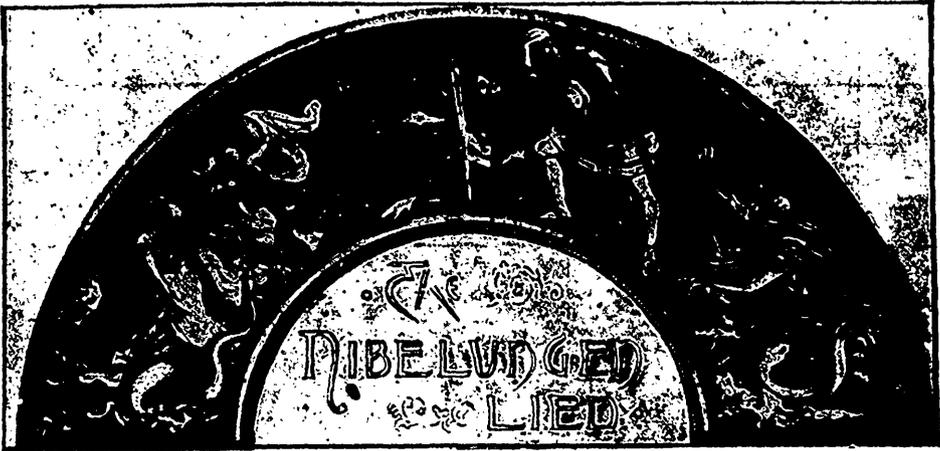
The Spectre pale flew by :
 In rushed the storm with a sudden sweep,
 Extinguished the candle's flare—
 And the mother sought in the darkness deep
 For the child no longer there !
 "A horse !" she cried, "I'll ride ! I'll ride
 Through the silver starlight dim,
 Through the winds that blow across the snow
 Till I catch the Spectre grim !
 The child is mine !—he shall resign
 What he has seized by force,
 For I'll ride as fast as the mountain blast !—
 Oh, for a horse !—a horse !"

Into the woods with winged feet
 Breathless and pale she flew,
 And a riderless horse, 'mid snow and sleet,
 Came trampling the brushwood through.
 On its back she sprang, and her clear voice
 rang
 Through the forest's dismal shade,
 "Speed—speed ! oh, speed, my trusty steed !
 Fly over hill and glade !"
 But no track was left on the silent snow
 By that Spectre Horseman grey,
 And whither he passed through the raging
 blast
 No human tongue could say.
 Through pricking her steed in the stormy
 wind
 The pursuer onward sped,
 And her cloudy hair flew out behind
 Like a halo round her head.
 Still no match was she for the phantom's
 flight,
 Though desperate and wild her haste
 And ere the first beam of the morning light
 He was lost in the viewless waste.

I watch the old moon in its slow decline.
 So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea !
 Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me
 I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.
 So fearless, 'mid the wild bells' mingled din,
 I ope the door and let the New Year in.

THE TALE OF NIBELUNGEN.

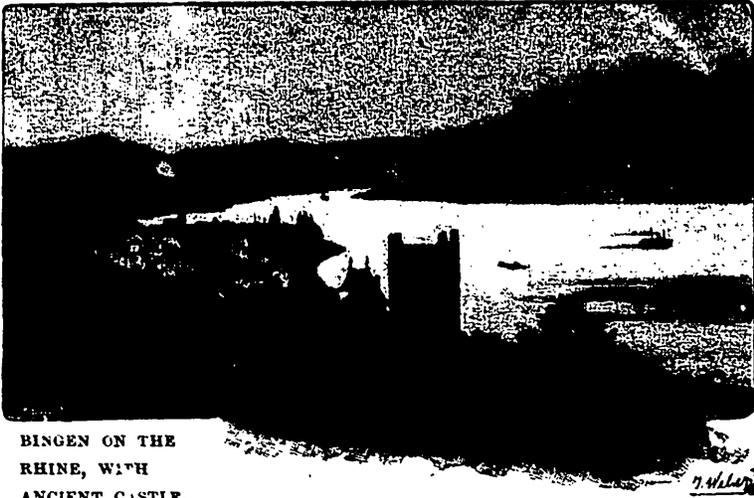
BY L'INCONNU.



WE were rounding the blue bends of the Rhine under the bluest of sun-bright skies. We had passed the cherry orchards of Salzig, the mining village of Ehrenthal, the old castle of Sonneck. We stood on the deck of the little Rhine steamer, looking eastward, as we glided up the river. Our eyes lingered in a last look upon the pretty little town of St. Goar, with the sun spreading its light in a great curtain of gold in the background. A little farther, and against the auburn-flooded west, rose sharply the ruins of Rheinfels. Hoary and grey the old castle lifted its head well-nigh four hundred feet above the waters over which we glided along. We watched it for some time, then turned our eyes toward Lurlei Rock, under which the famous Nibelungen hoard is said to lie buried.

Miss B—, who had been pursuing a vigorous study of Wagner during the preceding winter, recalled, for our benefit, some of the old legends as reproduced in music. We had heard Le Maire give "Das Rheingold" in far-off Toronto, and Miss B— went over the outline of the ancient myth, in her sweet, clear voice: The Rhine-daughters were sporting themselves in the waters, with the golden treasure spread out upon a rock, when suddenly Alberich, a dwarf, came out of a dark recess, and cast covetous eyes upon the gold. The Rhine-daughters informed him that whoever forged a ring from this fairy gold would have universal power, but he would have to renounce love. They believe that Alberich is in love with them, and will not touch the gold. But they are undeceived, for he immediately seizes it and hies away.

The Rhine-daughters pursue him, wailing, through the deep waters of the river, and in Wagner's majestic



BINGEN ON THE
RHINE, WITH
ANCIENT CASTLE.

D. W. L. W.

production the scene gives place to the beauties of Walhalla, which the giants have built for the gods. The Gothic gods are joyfully contemplating it, but feel uneasy lest the giants claim Freia, the goddess of love, whom Wotan, one of their number, had promised them as their queen. The giants, however, hear of the Rhine-gold and agree to release her for the all-powerful treasure of gold. The gods then wrest it from the dwarf, and with the restored Freia, enter Walhalla, crossing by a rainbow bridge at sunset. But all the while there rises from the river-depths the plaintive song of the Rhine-daughters bewailing their lost treasure.

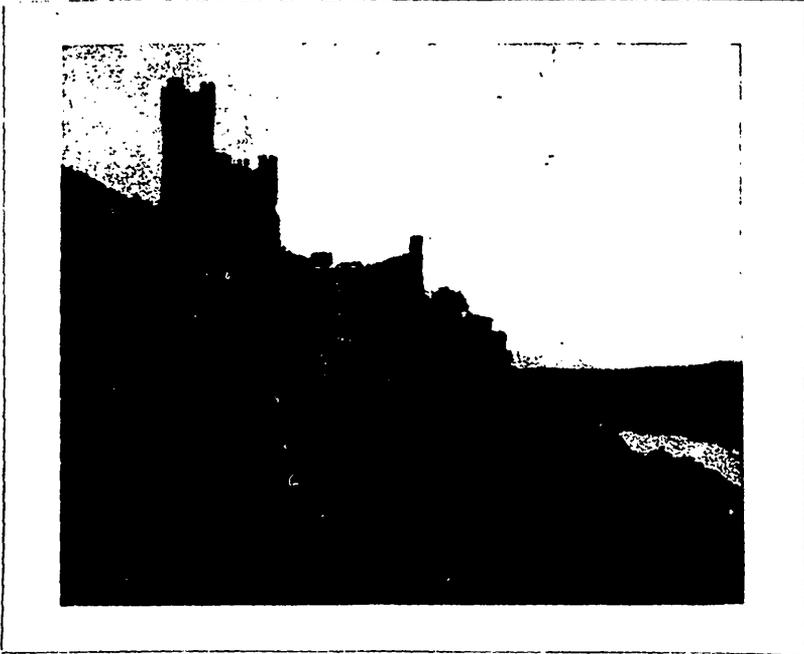
We recalled it all as Miss B—talked—that undertone of lament in the music, and the more majestic bursts of the grand pipe organ that proclaimed the triumphant entrance of the old gods into Walhalla.

The night was darkening. The shadows of the rocky shores seemed to be interlocking hands overhead. Just here, about the Lurlenberg, is the narrowest and deepest part of the Rhine. In some places it is not more

than two hundred and twenty yards in width. From a small boat one can awaken the famous echo from the cliffs. But the rock-voices answer not to the more commercial-looking steamers that pass. The moon rode suddenly out, white and ghost-like, above the Lurlei Rock, in the last light of day, as we passed; a mysterious wind sighed and moaned, and hushed, and moaned again. One shuddered a little in the twilight, and almost seemed to hear the Rhine-daughters weeping yet.

We had noticed, as we talked, a grey-haired man in a suit of shabby-genteel black, sitting not far from us by the taffrail. He had something of the air of the retired professor, a benign and kindly face, with the abstracted look of a man of letters. He could not have but heard most of our conversation on Wagner and the Rheingold legend. He had looked up several times with an interested air, as though, were it not an intrusion, he would like to speak. Dr. A—, of our party, asked him to join us.

“Strange,” he said, “what a volume of truth there is in these old legends.



SONNECK CASTLE, ON THE RHINE.

Stranger, too, how well it fits the present day. Take that old story of the Nibelungen hoard, the curse of gold, it is but an amplification of truth. 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' One sees the old fable many times fulfilled in the present age, the restless seeking of wealth to the exclusion of better things, and the hardening process in the soul through the pursuit."

The moon shining on the old man's white beard gave him a somewhat ethereal aspect. We were reminded of the "Ancient Mariner." We had either forgotten or never been well versed in German legends. Some of us had read Carlyle's essay on the Nibelungen Lied. But for the most part we were ignorant of the subject—a subject so in keeping with the hour gliding along under the white moon of the Rhine.

We saw that with the old man it was a favourite theme. He was steeped in old Teutonic myth-lore—a man, we afterwards learned, who in his younger days had filled the chair of Old English in a college, obscure, but with scholastic ideals. We drew him out till he told us the story of the Golden Hoard much as Guerber tells it in his collection of "Legends of the Rhine":

Three of the Aesir, Odin, Hoenir, and Loki, visited the earth disguised as mortals. The first two brought good gifts to men. But Loki lingered behind, bent upon mischief. The three made their way to the hut of Hreidmar, a giant, where they expected to be entertained. Loki bore on his back a magnificent otter, which he had caught on the way. But the giant, on seeing Loki, uttered a cry of rage, for the slain animal was his

eldest son, Otter, who frequently assumed this form.

The giant's two remaining sons, Regin and Fafnir, came and assisted him in binding the gods. Hreidmar then informed them that they must remain in bondage till they could get enough gold to cover every inch of the slain Otter's skin, a skin capable of spreading itself out farther and farther till it covered an immense tract of land. Hreidmar, however, consented to let Loki go in search of the ransom.

Loki made his way straight to the source of the Rhine, where a dwarf, Andvari, was said to be guarding an immense treasure. The only live creature Loki found at his destination was a magnificent salmon, which he at once guessed was Andvari. Accordingly, he netted his prize, and demanded the treasure as the price of liberty. But in his covetousness, Loki was not satisfied with the treasure; he wrenched from Andvari's finger a golden snake ring; and thereupon the dwarf cursed the possessor of both treasure and ring.

Loki hastened back to Hreidmar's hut, where the treasure covered all of the otter's skin but a single hair. This Hreidmar insisted must be covered too, and so the snake ring was deposited, and Odin and Hoenir were accordingly set free.

But alas for the new possessor of the treasure! Hreidmar sat gloating over his gold night and day, running his fingers through it, and gazing upon the runes of the snake-ring till his whole nature underwent a change. One day his son Fafnir, returning home from the chase, found a great snake coiled about the treasure. He slew it, only to find that he had slain his father, changed into a serpent.

With the knowledge of what he had

done came the thought that if he could only get the gold away before his brother Regin appeared, he would be its sole possessor. He accordingly transported it to what is known as the Glittering Heath, where he, too, sat and gloated upon it till he became a great loathsome dragon.

At this point comes in the hero of the Teutonic people—the famed Siegfried. The name itself is significant, the first part, "Sieg," meaning victory, and "fried," peace. This Siegfried was the son of a king, but had been apprenticed to a blacksmith, where he forged the sword Balmung, the most wonderful sword ever made, and performed other wonders. Mimer, the blacksmith with whom he was apprenticed, proves to be Regin, the brother of Fafnir, and is very anxious to secure the treasure. Siegfried reminds him of the curse attached to it, but in vain.

Finally, they set out on their quest. Now Fafnir had worn a track from the Glittering Heath down to the river where he went to quench his thirst. Siegfried dug a trench across his path, and there lay in wait with his sword. As the great beast passed over the trench, Siegfried thrust his sword up to the hilt into his body, and had not the beast rolled over, Siegfried would have been drowned in the monster's blood. As it was, however, his body was rendered invulnerable by the red bath, except a tiny spot on his shoulder, where a fallen lime leaf had stuck.

Regin, on seeing Fafnir dead, and himself possessor of the gold, became afraid of Siegfried, and was about to kill him with a sword-thrust in the back. But in the very act he slipped and fell himself upon the blade, and was self-slain. Siegfried, when he saw the curse following the treasure,

mounted his good horse, Greyfell, and rode away, leaving the gold behind him, and even his sword Balmung.

After many days he came to the Nibelungen land, or land of mist and darkness. Here he found again the great treasure. The king of the Nibelungen land had found it on the Glittering Heath. He had died, and now his two sons were quarreling over its division and asked Siegfried to settle the dispute. This he consented to do in exchange for the sword Balmung, which he recognized as his own.

"Here," continued our grey-haired entertainer "begins the famous Nibelungen Lied, that old epic poem, the great Iliad of Northern Europe. Of its author positively nothing is known. The poem was put into its present form by a wandering Austrian minstrel, about the year 1210. Many an obscure minnesinger has handed us down his name, but the author of this old German classic has handed down only his work.

"In the old song of the Nibelungen he tells how the two princes, when the Nibelungen hoard was divided, fell to quarreling about the snake-ring, and slew each other. Siegfried was thus again in possession of the treasure and of a cloak that made the wearer invisible, known as Tarnkappe, which he wrested from a dwarf. He then conquered the Nibelungen knights, and became king of the Nibelungen land.

"The body of the poem is taken up with the story of the fair Chriemhild of Worms, a world-famed beauty, and sister of King Gunther of the Burgundian court. Hither Siegfried went a-wooing. But before pressing

his suit he distinguished himself at tilt and tourney. At this time there came a herald from Queen Brunhild's court, offering her hand and kingdom to any knight who could outdo her in casting a spear, hurling a stone, and in leaping. But those who failed must forfeit their lives. King Gunther accepted the challenge, and Siegfried, although a king himself, offered to accompany him as his vassal. By wearing his Tarnkappe he was able to assist Gunther to surpass Brunhild in the leap and in other ways. So that



THE LURLEI ROCK, ON THE RHINE.

Brunhild was taken home as a bride to Gunther's court.

"Siegfried is given the fair Chriemhild as his reward, but Brunhild wonders that Gunther should bestow his sister upon a vassal. The two happily wedded ones return to the Nibelungen land, where for ten years they live in peace and plenty.

"At the end of this time Brunhild grows jealous that Siegfried pays no homage to her husband. She invites them both to Worms, and here begins one of the most impressive acts of the old Nibelungen Lied. It was at the

door of the Cathedral of Worms that the conflict broke out. It was the old story of precedence. Chriemhild was entering the cathedral gorgeously arrayed, and heading a splendid retinue, when Brunhild checked her with the words, 'Before king's wife shall vassal's never go.'



MARRIAGE OF SIEGFRIED AND BRUNHILD.

"The die was cast," said the old man, impressively, "the cloud of domestic war had burst. Chriemhild informed her rival that Siegfried was no vassal; moreover, that it had been in reality Siegfried's strength and

skill with which Gunther had outdone her in the contest for her hand.

"You will see when we come to Worms the very square in front of the cathedral where the quarrel between these two took place. Inside, the painter and sculptor have joined to immortalize the story. The cathedral is the one visited so often by Martin Luther, and here the famous ecclesiastical Diet was held. Near the church you will find the monument commemorating the heroes of the Reformation.

"As exemplifying the place this old legend has in the German mind, the very city of Worms is named for the gigantic worm, Fafnir, whom Siegfried slew there.

"From the hour of the quarrel Queen Brunhild swore vengeance upon the race of Nibelungen. She enlisted the sympathies of Hagen, her husband's uncle. He, by professing great love for Siegfried, won from his wife knowledge of the single vulnerable spot in his body, where the lime leaf had stuck when he was bathed in the dragon's blood. One day, when Siegfried was hunting in the Odenwald, Hagen thrust him in the back, and the pure-hearted hero of German legend was borne home a corpse.

"After this Gunther prevailed upon Chriemhild to bring the Nibelungen hoard and come back to Worms to live. But while there, Hagen wrested the treasure from her and buried it deep in the Rhine. There, in its rock bed under the Lurlei, that we passed up yonder, the German peasant folk believe it is resting still. But the green depths of the Rhine guard their treasure.

"The Nibelungen Lied goes on to tell how Chriemhild finally married Etzel of Hunaland, and by way of revenge invited the Burgundians to a great feast, then had her own people

turn upon them in the festive hall and slaughter them. Hagen was slain among the others, and so the Nibelungen hoard lies buried still in the Rhine. Chriemhild herself and most of her people were slain, too, in the fray. Thus ended in blood the trail of the accursed gold."

The old man had finished his story. The gentle rhythmic motion of his hand ceased. There was only the gentle puff! puff! of the steamer as

"And so the old Vaterland has here the linking of mythology and history. But it is not only with the past that the Nibelungen Lied has to do. It has entwined itself in the art and music of later times. Witness, for instance, Wagner's 'Rheingold' and 'Nibelungen Ring,' of which you were talking just now, and in the world of art, Hermann Hendrich's dragon picture. To Wagner the calamities that befell the possessors of the Nibelungen



THE CATHEDRAL OF WORMS, BEFORE WHICH OCCURRED THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CHRIEMHILD AND BRUNHILD.

we pressed on through the sleeping Rhineland.

"But one has to look deeper," continued the aged professor, "than the bald outline of the tale for the something that has endeared it to the German heart for generations. Interlinked as it is with the earliest history of Europe, one can hardly say how ancient may be some of the myths and traditions incorporated in the quaint old story. There can be no doubt of its connection with the great Northern immigrations.

hoard were but symbols of the sorrows wrought among men by their passion for gold. The money power he believed to be the source of all evil upon earth, just as the ring forged from the buried hoard in the Rhine caused strife and contention even among the immortals.

"The same idea of the struggle of the material with the better self runs through our English poetry. Take Tennyson's 'Holy Grail.' Sir Percival is but a later edition of the old hero Siegfried.

"It is strange," continued our narrator, "how the ways of a wise and kindly providence are manifest in literature as well as in life. The Nibelungen Lied lay in the dust of forgetfulness for several centuries, while works of far less merit were enjoying fame and popularity. But it did not suffer from this neglect. It has come down to us in its pure form without the creations of weird women and fiery serpents that the Middle Ages would have added had they known it at all.

"As it is we have the pure production of the great child-souled poet come down to our own time. It is believed by some of our scholars that the present Nibelungen Lied is evolved from an older one, traceable as far back as the age of Charlemagne. There can be no doubt it is especially dear to the German heart because of its interlacing with the history of those early ages before they had thought of becoming a nation.

"For example, it has been estab-

lished that Etzel, the second husband of Chriemhild, was Attila of the Huns. Such history as we have records that Attila had two sons, one by a Grecian mother, the other by Kremheild, a German; that Theodore, a Teuton, and relative of the latter, came and caused strife, taking the part of the younger son; that a terrible slaughter followed, lasting for fifteen days. This is, no doubt, the counterpart of the tale of Chriemhild's avenging the death of Siegfried."

The old man ceased speaking. His voice had grown weary. The moon glistening on his long white beard gave him a singularly venerable appearance, like one of the old sages and seers of the Vaterland. But he had aroused our interest in the Nibelungen Lied. We determined to make a study of Carlyle's translation of the old German epic, and to discover something more of the origin of the Teutonic peoples and of the great events linked therewith.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning :
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning :
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

SOCIAL WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



A PRISON GATE HOME DORMITORY.

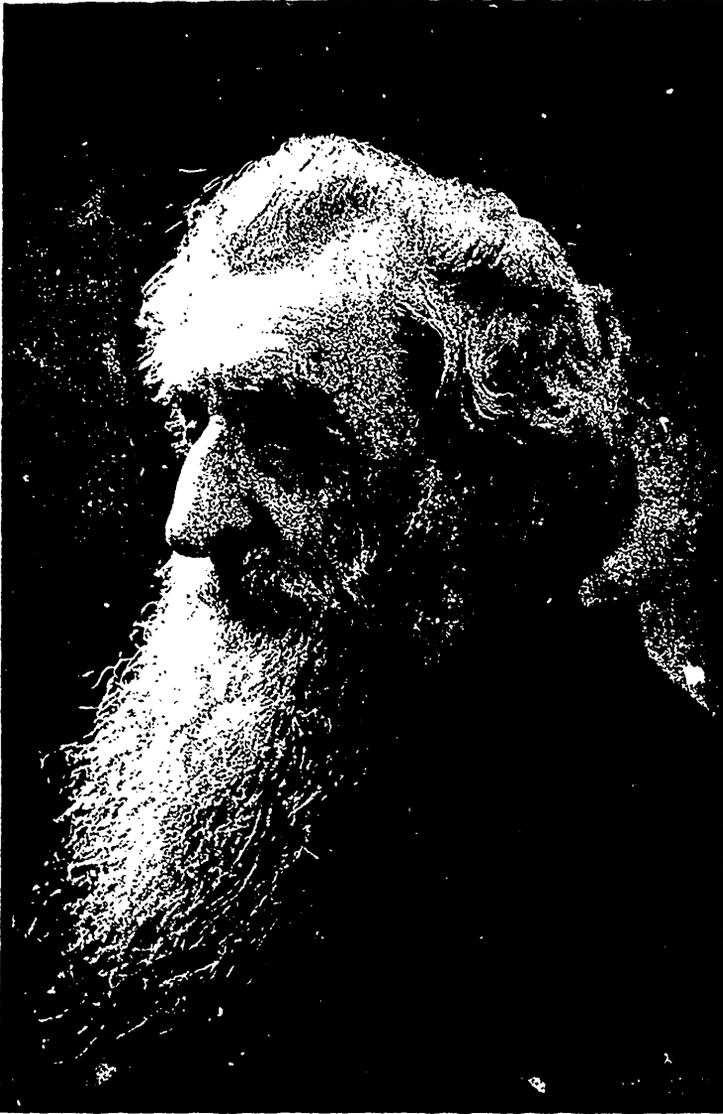


IN its world-wide evangelism the social work of the Salvation Army is apt to be overlooked. That is not its least important work. It seeks not merely to prepare men for the Kingdom of Heaven hereafter, but to establish that kingdom here on earth. General Booth's "Darkest England and the Way Out," was the most striking challenge to the British nation to solve the problem of her submerged tenth. Although with inadequate means, still the effort has been made at the Hadleigh Farm colony to restore the lapsed masses to honest industry by contact with mother earth. These, with her industrial shelters and her

colonies abroad, we believe, will prove the key to the solution of the most difficult problem which has ever confronted the British public. We have pleasure in presenting an account from "All the World" of some phases of this "Darkest England Scheme":

Human Documents.

A Salvation Army Shelter answers, in one respect, to the dismal-looking receptacles one meets with in the early morning outside the doors and offices in the city, or to the dustbins of suburban backyards. Admirably adapted to hold the superfluities of the household or business establishment, they are first inspected by the street gleaner, and then carted off to the city destructor. Rags, old



GENERAL BOOTH, RECENT PORTRAIT.

boots and clothes, broken crockery, remnants of food, papers and torn parchments are all thrown in a heap into one common annihilator.

There was a time when this refuse was much higher priced; but civilization, especially the very cut-and-dry article of the city, must get rid of its rubbish, and rid of it quickly and rid of it for ever.

And, analysed, society does not, after all, see such a wide difference

them. Give them their notice. Wives and families? Yes, yes; very hard on them, but why did they marry? Any way, it is not our business to unravel their social problems. We have quite enough of our own. Let them go—go to the Union, or go to their uncles and aunts, or go to—. We don't care where they go to. They may go to the devil if they like."

And it is to just that last Devour-



INTERIOR OF LONDON SOCIAL BAKERY.

between an old boot and an old boozier; a cracked tea-kettle and a broken-down artisan; a mass of paper fragments and a company of feeble-kneed, weak-backed fellows, willing but physically unfit to do a hard day's work; a blunt and awkward tool and a slow-going servant; an old-fashioned and distasteful ornament and the faithful, but aged, handy man.

"We can't have these people; they are in the way. It won't pay to keep

ing Destructor that the vast majority are driven.

Take a human document whom you would probably find to-night in one of our London shelters. "I have never been in prison," he says, "but I have suffered what is even worse, I have walked the streets as if they were my treadmill. Without a penny to buy it, I have seen the bread that would have satisfied my hunger. I have pleaded, and pleaded in vain, for

a situation that I knew would redeem me and restore me to the love of wife and child. I have stood with soaking feet and rain-saturated rags on my back outside the Gaiety and the theatres of the Strand, and watched old chums shun me as if I was a leper."

And thus proceedeth the human document, damaged almost beyond repair:

"In a state like this I came into the Blackfriars Shelter twelve months ago, one cold night when rain and

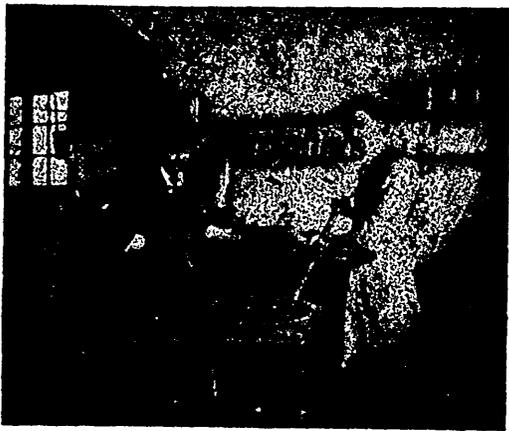
stepping-stone toward the restoration of a last chance in life.

But first one word, and only one word, as to the Shelter itself. The one in which we found these human documents is situated in one of the busiest and most thickly populated parts of London, as near to the brink of the poor and despairing as possible.

Being unwilling to take too dark a view of things, we entered the building with something like a light heart, but had not been there half an hour before all that lightness of heart was almost crushed out by a growing sense of the magnitude and character of the work which, down in that little narrow street and all unknown to the thousands passing through the great thoroughfare in the rear, was nightly carried on by the institution at which the "man of the world" wags his head, and which so-called "philanthropists" have too often tried to ridicule and persecute.

Passing through the main entrance, we found ourselves in front of a little box-office, around which were some half-dozen poor, ill-clad, ill-fed, and (in the case of three at least) infirm and sickly-looking applicants for a night's shelter from the then bitterly cold wind and inhospitable streets through which—shivering, hungry, foot-sore and, worse than all, with some heart-sorrow, perhaps, oppressing and paralysing their every faculty—they would (without such a refuge) have been obliged to tramp about all night, objects of aversion to some, of suspicion to others, but of practical sympathy to few, perhaps none.

We say he is not alone; let us examine a few others around him.



MIXING THE COMPOSITION FOR MATCH HEADS.

sleet were falling. I was broken-hearted. I had not had much to eat that day, and was so tired that hunger did not trouble me much before morning. When I sat up in my bunk and took in the whole scene, and wondered what heart-rending tales could be told by such an assembly of men, I was obliged to shut my eyes and think of my own case."

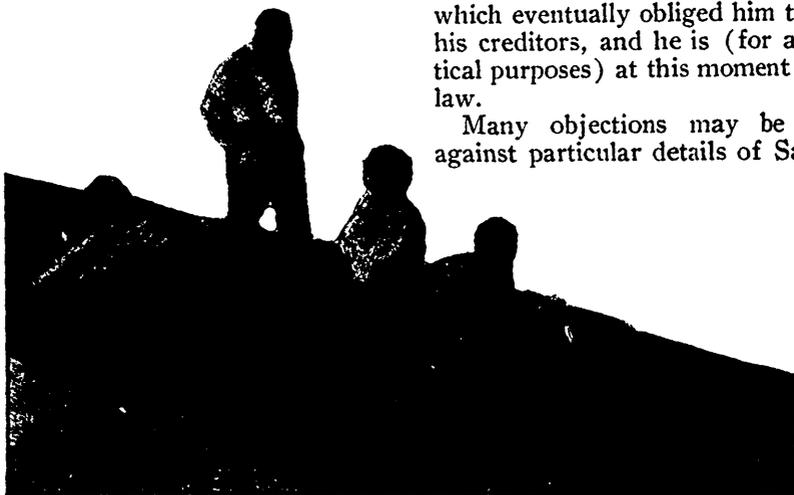
And he is but one among the five thousand to whom the Salvation Army Shelter in London is at once the barrier that prevents them from settling down in their despair or a

Here is a man who has been well educated. Intended for the church, he graduated at Oxford; but he emigrated, disgraced his parents, and was turned out of his father's house. "The money allowed me was," he confesses, "my curse, for it led me into all that was evil." Asked if there was no bright spot in his life, his eyes wandered right and left among his drowsy companions, and then, gazing into my face, he replied, "Yes,

the meetings in the Shelter had prevented despair completing its work, and had begun, perhaps quite unperceived, a new life of hope.

Here is another document who once held a good place on the staff of one of the leading London papers—on which he has often earned between £10 and £12 per week. He declined to give me details, but, from inquiry since made, I have reason to believe that most of his statements were true. He contracted various liabilities, which eventually obliged him to evade his creditors, and he is (for all practical purposes) at this moment an outlaw.

Many objections may be urged against particular details of Salvation



PREPARING FOR THE NIGHT IN THE MEN'S SHELTER—2d., OR 4c.

and it is here. I have lived a better and a happier life since I knew this Shelter, and I mean to reform. I'm trying hard, sir, God help me!"

"I was once a devout Catholic," runs another document, "to-night I am compelled to shelter under your good umbrella. There is no hope for me. I broke with my destiny when I allowed drink to deprive me of my position in the Law. I was the organist in a church; but I neither care for the past nor the future. I shall live out my time;" but his last words—"unless God does something with me"—showed that the influence of

Army Social Work—what is there against which some objection cannot be made?—but, with a full knowledge as to the nature of the disease demanding treatment, and after years of careful observation and enquiry (as to the means employed by that organization to meet and treat that disease) we are driven to the conclusion that it is to such institutions as these, more than to the cleverness of detectives of Scotland Yard, or to the inspection of the County Councils, or the superior wisdom of St. Stephens, that this diminution of crime is a fact and not a fiction. It is the direct

product of love guided by common-sense and common knowledge of human nature, for here the cast-off documents of society are put through the mill of love and salvation, and turned out, some like the rough stock-in-trade article, others with the gloss of honesty and sobriety, and not a

expect to arrive at no better goal on this side of the grave, but it is nothing short of a national disgrace that the honest, deserving poor should, after the strength of their bodies is exhausted in life-long labour, have no better place in which to end their days than that gigantic storehouse of misery known as the British workhouse.

Age is a powerful factor in throwing thousands out of work. It is becoming quite common for men to dye their hair on the signs of advancing age first appearing, that they may still pass in the crowd as young and able to hold their places in the workshop, the factory, or the office. The old and the infirm are not in demand, and so, if they cannot afford to live and die at their own expense, they are pinched and famished or consigned to the "Poor Man's Purgatory," the workhouse.

The tens of thousands of paupers in our workhouses are in reality the "Uitlanders" of Britain. They are disfranchised and deprived of other civil rights, for no other "crime" than their poverty. Both those inside the workhouse and those outside the workhouse have

to suffer, in different ways, for the clumsily-arranged farce of relieving the poor. Its cold-blooded and brutal heartlessness is its own peculiar trade mark.

The Baddish Ones.

"Not once have I doubted that



DEALING WITH WASTE PAPER—"50,000 TONS PASS THROUGH OUR HANDS ANNUALLY."

few, thank God, with the superfine evidence that they have been remade in all that makes a man good, and true, and Christ-like.

One of the most dreaded words in the English language to the struggling poor is "workhouse."

Drunkards and spendthrifts may

Jimmy would turn to the Lord," said a mother, proudly, showing the letter that had come across the sea, to tell of her son's conversion. "He had something good in him, though nobody else could see it. He would not have been my boy if he had been altogether bad."

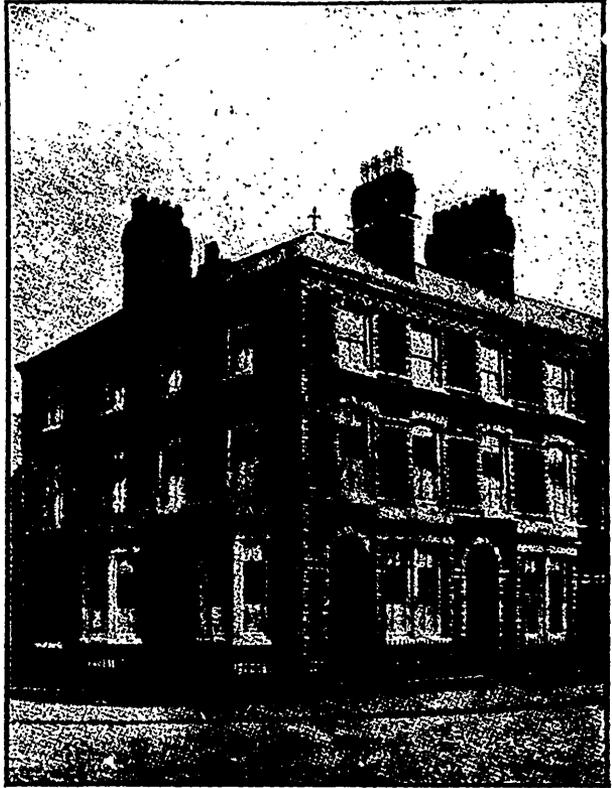
The mother lives in the man, and gives to her son the craving for godliness in greater or lesser degree, for never yet was woman too wicked to wish to be pure. Sometimes this trust of motherhood goes further, and with pathetic blindness denies the existence of evil in the loved one.

"What makes your boy so bad?" a woman was asked.

She lifted her arms out of the washtub with an eloquent gesture. "He ain't bad! He's a bit wild and baddish. Nothin' more. An' if people that's so ready with their tongues and their 'bads' was in his place they'd be a sight worse 'n him. He's got a good 'eart, has my lad, if he is a bit baddish!"

The legion of Boy Sinners scattered through every land would raise a cheer from their dense and disreputable ranks for the love that coined for their naughtiness a softer name. "Not bad!" cry the mothers of the prodigals to harsh strangers. "Not wholly bad. Just a bit baddish." Poor "baddish" ones! Many of them have learnt to their pain the truth of the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him."

"I wasn't no worse 'n nobody else," explained a baddish one, aged 15, "when I wor a nipper. But they sez I was alwers up to sumfin, an' the ole wimming wor alwers a-screamin', 'There's that young George ag'in! 'E's as bad as they makes 'em!' So I ups and shows 'em I'm badder 'n



THE GIRLS' HOME IN LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

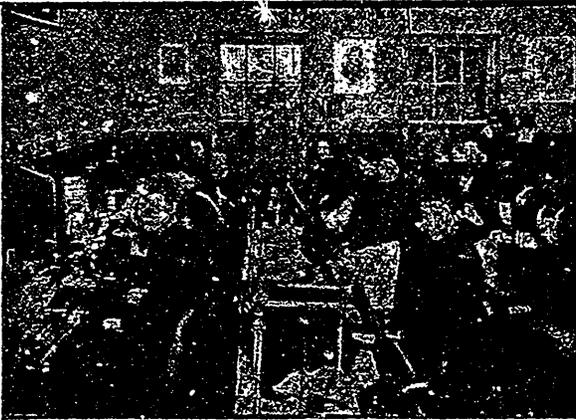
they thought, an' the end is, I 'ave to clear orf an' look after mesself, an' I'm a-doin' of it. What do you think?"

If the "ole wimming" had been able to discriminate between mischief and wickedness, George would have probably earned an honest living, instead of "hangin' round cadgin' when

'e couldn't find nuffin' to lay 'is 'ooks on."

"Becky Sharp" said she could be good if she had £5,000 a year—a very doubtful statement, since her character had no glint of goodness in it. There was more truth in the moan of a young Hooligan who, pacing the streets with his head hung low on the dirty jacket that scarce covered his naked breast, delivered himself thus:

"Yus, I'm miserable. 'Tain't no good sayin' I ain't. An' p'raps it is because I'm down on me luck an' 'arf



IN THE WORKROOM OF THE KNITTING FACTORY.

starved, but I tells you wot, Sister, we ain't 'arf as bad as they makes us out. D'you s'pose I never wishes I was good? Well, some people does. Wonder wot they thinks we're made of? Same stuff as the villains on the stage, I s'pose? D'you think I don't know sin don't pay? Look at me! I ain't got no 'ome, 'cept the Shelter, I ain't got no friends, an' I'm alwers on the mooch, an' one o' these days the p'lice 'll cop me ag'in. I know you're good to me, an' I've got a chance. God knows the Army does what it can for me, but I can't be

good. I wants to be. God knows I do, Sister, but I've been like this ever since I was a young un. You've got to steal your grub to live when you're a kid, and by an' by you takes to stealin' all you want, an' there you are. It grows on you."

What can be done to stop this fungus-growth of evil in such young souls, and nurse the feeble "want to be good" into action? Numerically, the world belongs to youth. Of each hundred persons eighty are children. In all great cities a perilous percentage of the eighty live in the streets

by the aid of their abnormally sharp wits. As their more fortunate brethren reinforce the professions and trades, they swell the ranks of thieves, tramps, beggars, and frequenters of the casual ward.

The occasional boy who rises from the gutter to affluence is sure to have a respectable parentage behind him. The sons of bad men and women have no ambitious prompting of the blood towards respectability; the strife of Ishmael against all his kind is born with

them. Yet the divine spark of good flickers in their warped natures. Oh for an infinite patience to fan it into flame!

Much has been done for the children of the last generation; more must be accomplished for the offspring of this. It is not long since the nation woke up for the first time to the sorrows and wrongs of the little sons and daughters of the poor and the wicked. Citizens see in the parks, in mean streets, or crawling along busy thoroughfares men and women, black blots on our civilization, whose filth

and too near approach to the beast makes them shunned by all. But these creatures have children. What becomes of them? Who keeps a record of the wanderings of the children passed out, lonely and forlorn, from the workhouse to the callous world? Whither go the little ones whom we behold trailing at the filthy skirts of a wretched, homeless drab who has lost even the shadow of womanliness? How does the drunkard's boy, tossed out at the age of fourteen to do battle for his life in the crowd of struggling bread-seekers, succeed?

We have a lesson to learn from, and a debt to pay to, outcast youth.

In Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, behind the clean windows of a quiet shop-front, is the home of nearly one hundred Young Ishmaels. "A den of little thieves," a hard critic called it, when he found that among the lads were pickpockets, shop-lifters, sneak-thieves, and till-snatchers. Too cruel a name! It is a colony of Baddish Boys who come there to satisfy the yearning of the small good leaven within them for the care of decent people, cleanliness, and kindness. We will not turn them away, be they ever so criminal. Not to the righteous does the Army carry the salvation of its Saviour, but to the sinners.

These boys are our property, since so few others care for them. Their badness is largely the result of their circumstances. Father and mother have sinned against them; their hands are lifted against all other hands; if left alone, the prison cell and pauper's grave gape for them; they are often deceitful, lying, full of hypocrisy and cunning. So they belong to us, and we shall keep hold of them, passing them on as they grow up from one section of the Social Work to another, fighting the

devil for their soul-and-body welfare every step of life's way.

Our lodgers include every variety of street boy, from the little chaps who sell matches to the hobbledohoy who vends sixpenny toys. Ages range from six to eighteen years, but every youngster under fourteen must be brought in and placed in the Officers' care by his parent or guardian. Homeless mothers and workless fathers sleeping for the night in our Women's and Men's Shelters bring their boys, pay the twopence, and know the lads are in safe keeping.

"No smoking; no swearing," are laws as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians. Eighty or ninety boys, "some of these the worst in London," are kept in order and yet allowed a large measure of freedom. How is it done? That is a mystery. Each night thousands of rough men are housed in the Shelters of the Social work under the charge of a few captains and boyish lieutenants, and disturbances are the exception, and the pink of quietness and order the rule. Perhaps the solution of the puzzle is in the practice of the law of love—a statute that is apt to be brushed aside as old-fashioned and useless in these modern days.

The longer the boys lodge with the Army the more obedient they become. They relish the cheap food (the daily menu contains plenty of jam in varied forms), and they assist in the nightly meetings. There is no such singing to be heard in London as that given by our untrained choir of fourscore "baddish" street urchins. Twenty mouth-organs softly playing the spirited Army tunes have a very pretty effect on the ear, though the unkempt cheerfulness of the players moistens the eye with pity.

When no strangers are present they

pull off their boots and play games of hide-and-seek and marbles, all the young "London rough" merged in an instant in boyish glee. After ten o'clock the rooms are quiet, and every well-scrubbed bunk holds the restless body of a gamin who has chalked on the board of his bed in a shaky figure the time at which the watchman is to call him in the morning. At four, five, and six a.m. the lads are scuttling out and running downstairs for a ha'porth of tea and a ha'porth of toast or bread and jam, ere the daily struggle begins again in the streets.

If they have but twopence the Shelter gets it. "Food will come along somehow," they declare, with



RUINS OF HADLEIGH CASTLE,
SALVATION ARMY FARM.

the optimism of youth. The men in the coffee shops and stalls will always give a boy a bite. Human nature has an inbred belief in youth and its future.

Acknowledgment of conversion is rare. "A chap does get so chipped" by his fellows, and they are "tough little nuts" on religion as on all else, according to those who know them best. Who can marvel at that? The world has not shown its Christianity to them in an affectionate light, and they are inclined to think, at first, that even the "good old Army" has an ulterior motive of profit in its kindness. Still, they do get saved.

A very little fellow came to the

door and asked to be taken in. "Oh, you are too small! How old are you?"

"Six, Captin. I've bin before."

"Nonsense. When did you come?"

"Muvver brought me a long time ago."

"How do you know it was here?"

"'Cos" (pointing) "we went in that room to pray!"

If a tiny chap of six remembers the room where he prayed, is it too much to expect that older boys will also recollect through the chequered years of manhood the Army's God? even though they do but echo Tom Hood's wailing—

"But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!"

The Captain in charge of the Home gives the worst "a good lecture now and then."

"But do they return after that?"

"Yes."

To any one who knows boy-nature, and its hatred of "sermons" and good advice, this is no small proof of the attraction the Home has for the boys.

"Then," continued the Captain, "we encourage them to get regular work, and show them the dangers and miseries of casual labour, and the laziness of being satisfied with just picking up a living.

"If they are ill?"

"We look after them; but there's not much sickness among them."

Strong, buoyant youth! Happy, careless, indifferent, independent, containing magnificent possibilities as well as the hideous seeds of crime and misery. After all, the Baddish Ones are too good for the devil! And while Christ has power to save and we have life to battle, Satan shall not have them!

The Farm Colony.

To some people the Farm Colony is the most interesting of all our social efforts, and those may be disappointed at the small space devoted to it in these pages. However, they will find what is short in matter is well supplemented by pictures, and they will also find that the story of Saunders gives a pretty full idea of the working of the Farm, with the exception that as he arrived at a very busy time, and though he was not overlooked, still he had to bide his chance so far as an interview went. But God overruled all for good; it was His way for Saunders.

That Saunders is one of many, not only in name, but in reality, is one of the joys of the Farm Officers this closing year. May the next year be still more fruitful and yield many more Saunders.

In the long summer evenings the walk from Leigh Station to Hadleigh Colony is a pleasant one. It is three miles of charming country; grass on either side of the broad high road, sweet, green hedgerows and fields, undulating farm lands and scattered groups of cottages as far as the eye can reach.

But in winter-time it is very different. The walk is dark and cheerless, and any one of experience admits that there is no mud so clinging, yet so slippery, as the muddy lanes of Essex.

George Saunders found this to be true on a winter's evening not so long ago.

Verbal directions were given him, as he left the little lighted station of Leigh and started to climb the steep hill, "Turn to your left when you come to three cross roads, and then keep straight on till you get to Hadleigh village." He limped on for a

long time, leaning heavily on his stick, but it seemed as if Hadleigh village would never appear. And by the time Saunders reached the village of Hadleigh, and turned down the rustic lane which leads to the Headquarters of the Colony, he regretted with all his heart having started.

"I'm out of this as soon as I can get enough to buy me a ticket back," he muttered, slipping and halting, his knee becoming more painful every moment.



"CASTLE HOUSE," AT HADLEIGH FARM.

"Fool that I was to come—a dark, miserable hole," then the lane dipped suddenly, and he splashed ankle deep in water and mud. "Well, if this sort of thing leads to Salvation, it's something new," and so he reached the Colony after three or four hours' trudge.

"Here, at any rate, are some lights," thought George, as he stood at the entrance of the queerest little street he had ever seen. Iron houses of all sizes and shapes were arranged on each side, illuminated by two or three brilliant lamps.

Enquiring, he was directed to a door, at which he knocked, and after a few words of explanation, he was handed over to a man bearing the dignified title of orderly, who had

instructions to "put him up" for the night.

"Like something to eat?" said the orderly, a young man in a red jersey and brown suit, with a cheerful note in his voice. George agreed, and followed his conductor past more iron houses and twinkling lamps into a large empty dining-hall, furnished with trestle tables and benches.



COW-SHED FOR ONE HUNDRED COWS, ON HADLEIGH FARM COLONY.

As the orderly disappeared behind the wide "bar" which partitioned off part of the hall, Mr. Saunders looked around him. The great dining-room, capable of seating 350 men, its curtainless windows looking out into inky blackness, struck him as anything but agreeable.

"Ugh," he shivered, "I've never seen the inside of a prison or a work-

house—but it's something on this line, I reckon," and the orderly came with his supper.

Now, the supper was good—cold beef, cocoa and bread—and Saunders ate heartily and in silence, watching the face of his guide and the one or two white-aproned men who hovered about at work in the great open kitchen behind the bar.

"Ready? Come on, then," said the orderly. "You're to be put up at Castle House to-night, and see the Guv'nor to-morrow," and the two turned out once again into the blackness.

The orderly ushered Saunders into a room where some dozen men were assembled, reading, smoking and chatting round a cheerful fire after supper. They all turned towards him as he limped in, and then, having with rough kindness made room for him

by the hearth, they began to question the new-comer.

But Saunders was not to be drawn. He had come to listen and learn, and find out all he could, and not to tell either his business or private affairs, so after a few fruitless attempts, the men stopped their interrogations. They were a motley set, including among their number a farmer, a sailor, a

barrister's clerk, a chemist, a commercial traveller, a railway clerk, and a South American ranchman.

Saunders listened to their talk with keen interest. Some were grumbling at the hardness of their lot, others, wiser, represented, "It's all your own fault that y're here, don't lay the blame on others." One or two argued that the Salvation Army was just a "money getting machine," others thought differently and said so, and altogether, by the time the lights were out, and George lay down on his small iron bedstead, he had gleaned a very fair estimate of the ideas and opinions prevailing in the Colony.

"You've to see the Guv'nor," announced the watchful orderly immediately after eight o'clock breakfast the next morning. The meal had closed, to George's great interest, with a ten minutes' Bible reading and prayer from a brisk uniformed man, who was, as a neighbour whispered, "the Captain," and in charge of the meetings held in the Colony.

"You'd better wait here," said the guide, planting him down in a warm corner of the plain outer office, where a couple of men were busy writing. And George, still weary and stiff from his long tramp, sank down gratefully by the fire. There he waited to be sent for, and interviewed by the Governor.

It was New Year's Eve. Every one was busy with the preparations for the coming "big go," and beyond being given some dinner, George sat there hour after hour, apparently unnoticed. True, once or twice the dark man, whom he instinctively guessed to be the Governor, cast a keen glance in his direction as he hurried from one room to another, and the slight, spectacled Captain at the desk looked up to make some pleasant passing remark, but nothing more.

"I should go back to the House now, my man," said the Captain, kindly, as the afternoon closed in and the gas was lighted, "the Colonel won't see you till Monday; you'd better come back then. You'll be all right at Castle House over the week end," and back George went, mystified beyond words, and yet perhaps interested in a way he could never have explained.

The meetings that evening puzzled him still more. They lasted on and off from six o'clock till midnight, and yet the interest never flagged. The large Barracks were crowded, not as he had supposed with rows of uniformed Salvationists, but with ordinary looking people, the majority of them Colonists. A company of children on the platform sang their Christmas carols—sweet, happy children, evidently quite at home. George thought of his own as he looked at them, and a lump came in his throat.

In one of the pauses in the meetings, when the sellers of tea and coffee and buns were doing a roaring trade at the back of the hall, the Governor came and spoke to him.

"When did you come?"

"Last night, sir."

"Ah"—pause—"Is it the drink that brought you here?"

"Oh, no,"—hastily—"nothing of the sort. The fact is, I've been unfortunate, luck's been against me. I speculated a good deal, and—"

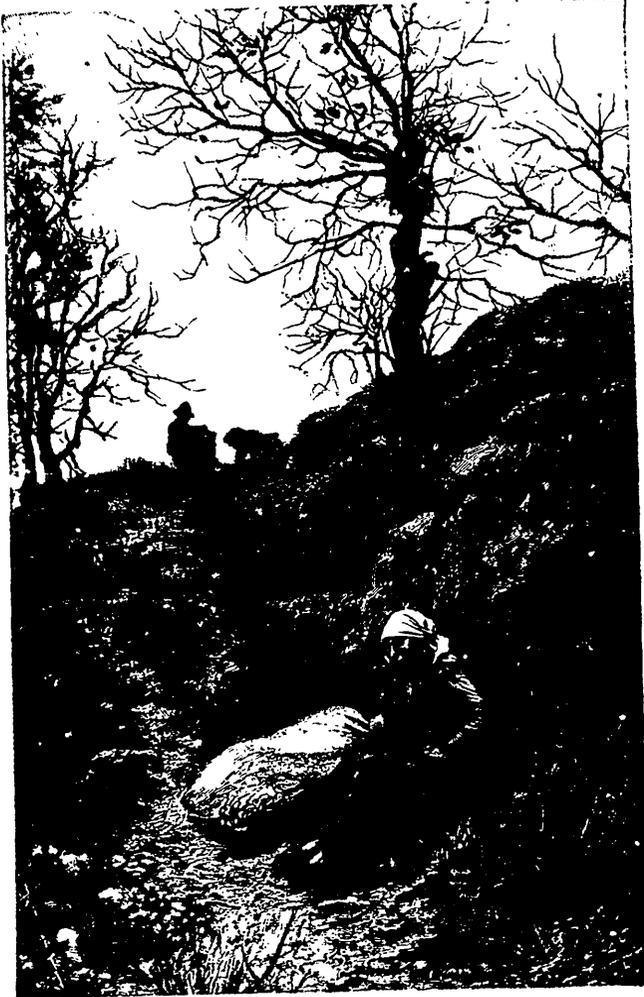
"I see," said the Colonel, gravely: "God bless you. We'll help you." And he passed on.

All day Sunday the new Colonist attended the meetings, and abstained from drink, the first because he had nothing better to do, the second because his circumstances did not permit of the indulgence.

Oh, if he could only get one glass of whiskey—what a start for New

Year's Day! "Fool that I've been to come," he soliloquized, more than once.

not a long one, but it made a good impression on him. This Governor seemed to be an honest sort of man,



"CHILL PENURY."

Monday, after breakfast, saw him again at the Office. This time he had but a short wait. His interview was

and ended his talk by giving Saunders a note for the Ensign in charge of the Colonists. The Ensign read it, sat

down, and wrote another, which Saunders was directed to take to the Captain in charge of the Poultry Farm across the valley.

Here after a few kind words, a spade was put into his hands, and he was set to plant trees.

"You can't walk far, as you're lame, and you aren't able to lift or carry heavy articles, but this is work you can do," he was told; and so he started.

Now, since his boyhood, Saunders had never done manual labour, and by the time the blast of the steam whistle echoed over the Colony, summoning the men to tea, he was all but ready to succumb with fatigue.

But the next day, when the same loud whistle roused him and his mates at 6.30, he felt glad to go with them into the lighted dining-room, where hot tea and coffee, and bread and butter were prepared for them, rather than hang about aimlessly as he had done on Monday.

For Saunders was not by any means idle. He had worked hard all his life; and though he had come to the Colony full of strange prejudice and mistrust of all his fellows, and of religious people most of all, he was now prepared to give the experiment a fair trial. "After all, the Colony didn't seek us; we sought it," he would argue, when met with discontent or grumbling from some inveterate loafer.

The weeks went by; he planted trees and mended hedges, and the regular healthy work, plain food, and no whiskey began to make a difference to the Colonist. Saunders looked better, he felt better, he was better. That is, as far as the outer man went.

Within he was as burdened and wretched as mortal could be.

Reserved and silent, he kept his own sorrows to himself, and watched with suspicion and doubt the whole staff—officers and officials alike.

They were always kind and friendly to him, always glad to help him, and to give him a kind, cheering word, "but"—and that "but" darkened his sky, and kept a fearful doubt and mistrust alive in his heart.

For George had not come to Hadleigh as a makeshift for the time; he was determined to find the thing out. He had the usual idea of a certain type, that the whole concern was a gigantic "mare's nest," a scheme for making money out of the poor, and he meant to get that idea confirmed. He would then write a full account to one of the leading weeklies, and get good pay for his articles.

Why didn't the Governor stop and talk with him, instead of passing on with merely a greeting?

"Hang it all," he would scowl, as he watched him hurry by, "I'm better than you any day. Time was when I wouldn't be seen speaking to such as you; and do you mean to pretend you're too busy to wait and talk to me?"

And yet, when in the meetings any advance was made to get below the surface, Saunders resented it as an interference.

"My dear, good woman, it's no use your talking to me!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright and looking full into the face of the Governor's wife, as she leaned over the back of her seat to speak to him about his soul in the meetings.

But she came again and again. And just because something in her words and look appealed to him, he avoided her; he did not want to be influenced; and her stepping from the platform was often the signal for him to take his cap and turn out into the night.

One night, however, she talked to him earnestly with tears in her eyes, and her evident sympathy and interest prompted him to say:

"Yes, I am fully persuaded that Jesus Christ can forgive my sins, but how can I ever forgive myself? Here is my difficulty." And, as he spoke, despair and anguish looked out of his eyes.

Saunders saw only two courses open before him. He had been six weeks at the Colony now. He must either cast himself and his burden of guilt at the feet of Christ, and claim salvation—or he must clear out. He could not stay on, feeling as he did.

"But what about the past; the past," cried a voice in his heart. "The past that has been like a haunting ghost for the last five years? But for your proud, unforgiving spirit, your wife might have been living now. What about your children—now in some workhouse school owing to your drink and passion? How can you get rid of the past?"

"I'll venture all on God," he answered back. "I'll tell the Colonel all the truth. My reason will go if I live as I am"; and as they were singing in the following Sunday night meeting:

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free!
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."—

George Saunders rose from his seat and flung himself down at the penitential form.

The Governor left the platform and knelt beside him, the Colonists listening to his sobbed-out confessions.

"His prayer that night," says some one who was present, "I shall never forget. It was as the cry of a drowning man, sinking in an ocean of despair, but God heard it, and he rose to his feet a new being."

Up to that moment Saunders had had no rest. He had slept, certainly, exhausted by his labour; but his mind had ever been on the rack—tormented—haunted—living in the past.

But this night the burden was gone. God had come, and had undertaken the salvation of the shattered life. Whatever might be in the future, Saunders had a clear conscience, and the Governor knew the worst there was to know about him.

And now a strange disappointment awaited him. He had braced himself up to face chaff and jeers of some of the Colonists who had watched him go down to the penitent form and heard him pray. But no one said a taunting word to him. They treated him just as usual—a trifle kinder, perhaps, if anything. Saunders was surprised and rather sorry. He had hoped to have a chance of standing up bravely for his new-found Saviour.

Saunders was wondering where the persecution and hardship he had expected was coming in, when a man he disliked shouted out—

"Saunders, the Captain wants you; there's a couple of policemen come to fetch you."

His blood boiling at the Colonist daring to give him such a message, Saunders hurried through the gate, and there stood two constables, a warrant for his arrest in their hands. The storm had burst, indeed, but from an unexpected quarter.

Everything had prospered in the hands of George Saunders up till the death of his wife, five years before. Starting from his village home in Aberdeenshire as a ploughman, he had made his way and risen to the position of chief corresponding clerk in a large London firm. He had then gone to the Cape, and done well with his own business. Returning to London, he got in with notorious company promoters, worked for them, caught the money fever, and began to speculate on his own account. He paid eight hundred pounds a year for the rent of his City offices and his private

house a little way from London. He had five children and a wife who adored him. A misunderstanding led to the break-up of his home, and sent him hopeless and helpless down to ruin. It is a sad story.

Remorse and despair took possession of him. He found but one consolation, his whiskey bottle, and he had it by his side night and day. Nothing else kept him up.

And now followed five years of misery. Step by step he went down, down, down. His five children—the oldest ten, the youngest but a baby, suffered with him; for in his fits of drunken fury he would not let them stay with those who cared and could do well for them.

Speculating wildly, with a mind always dangerously excited by drink, naturally his capital melted away, and soon he was known to haunt every public-house from the City to Charing Cross, while there was scarcely a police court in London where he had not been fined for drunken brawls.

It was in one of these that his knee was dislocated and fractured, so causing a permanent lameness.

He lodged where he was just able to pay for a sixpenny bed, when a friend on the Stock Exchange came to see him. Shocked beyond words to find him drifted so low, he brought the case before a brother stockbroker, who is a soldier of the Salvation Army, and through his influence Saunders was persuaded to try the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

Three of his children had already been placed in schools, two were in lodgings, and it was in respect of these two, who had been sent to the workhouse, all unknown to him, when the weekly payments were not forthcoming, that the warrant for his arrest was made out.

It is too long a story to tell in detail, the events of the following few weeks.

"Trust God," said the Governor's wife, coming to her little garden gate as the Colonist, accompanied by the two policemen, went by.

"I do," he answered, heartily, and he did.

"It wasn't hard either," Saunders says, when speaking of that time.

"I did not feel at all angry or bitter. It serves me right," I thought, "and God will help me to prove myself, even if I get two months."

"It was strange how little I minded it. A week before I should have been mad with rage, and should have thought, 'What will So-and-so say, and So-and-so?' but now I didn't trouble over it at all. The worst had come, and it only seemed to anchor me more to God."

Saunders was taken to London, tried, and, after some delay, received a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour for deserting his children.

Through the intervention of the Army, however, the Home Secretary remitted a considerable part of his sentence, and the released prisoner was taken back to the Colony. He was welcomed home by his comrades, and after some months a good situation was offered him at fifty shillings a week.

But Saunders did not accept it. God when He saved him put some of His own love and pity into his heart. George Saunders thinks that there is no work so attractive or so divine as to help those who are to-day where he was once, going down to destruction as fast as sin and drink and despair can take them.

WAR: ITS SUBSTITUTES AND CURE.

BY THE REV. A. C. COURTICE, M.A., D.D.,

Organizing Secretary of a Peace Movement for Canada.



THE title of this article indicates a method of approach to the subject which is both positive and constructive, and this method should become increasingly prominent in the advocacy of peace. The other method, which is negative and destructive, also critical and belligerent, has played a large part in the advocacy of peace up to a recent date. The evils of war are so obvious that they invite attack, and deserve it; the proper substitutes for war have not been so plain and well-established as to command public confidence, but this defect is passing away.

This truth may be put in concrete form. The promotion of peace after the manner of Mr. W. T. Stead's "War Against War," is the old method in vigorous operation, but the promotion of peace after the manner of King Edward's arbitration treaties and through the Hague Court and its provisions is the newer method.

The negative side of the subject should receive some attention. Is war a blessing? Can this view be maintained? Very few will attempt it. Most men and women admit that war is always to be regretted, and as much as possible to be avoided. There are some, however, who claim that occasional war is essential to the happiness and prosperity of nations, and that war preparations are a necessary feature of every growing nation's life, now and for evermore. Captain Charles Ross, an English writer, sets

forth this view *in extenso* in a book entitled, "Representative Government and War." He takes the ground that the human race would quickly degenerate without the stimulus of war, and goes the full length of approving all the immorality and brutality involved. He says: "Nations are potential robbers; there is no law or police force to prevent robbery; fear of the intended victim or of other nations will alone deter." The "preparations for war" involve the establishment of "an efficient intelligence in the adversary's territory and elsewhere, by means of which not only shall good information be forthcoming, but false information circulated, sedition and disunion caused in the ranks of the adversary, and that adversary brought into disrepute throughout the civilized world."

Civilized world? Mark the phrase and then reflect on the picture. Thanks be unto God it is not the Bible picture of civilized society, patriarchal, prophetic, or Christian. If war is in any genuine, valuable, and permanent way a blessing, it is difficult to understand why the Old Testament patriarchs and the Old Testament prophets were so markedly men of peace; or why the great prophets of Judah and Israel were inspired to picture the Messianic Kingdom as marked by the absence of war and the prevalence of industry and peace; or, above all, why Jesus Christ and His apostles and the early Christians took their stand so clearly and firmly against carnal weapons and military methods. Lesser lights count for little after the authoritative teaching and example of Jesus

Christ, God's Son and the world's Saviour. He commanded His fighting disciple, "Put up thy sword," and under the light of His teaching made plain and powerful by His example that war should disappear from human history?

Is war a blessing? Note in this connection a voice from one of the present century's rulers. Theodore Roosevelt, in a presidential message, says: "The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace. More and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war, and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which will in the end make world-wide peace possible."

What other view can be held? That war is an evil without a remedy! This view has been stated thus: "War is an evil which human effort can never entirely eradicate from this world." Or thus: "The most effective preventive of its dire consequences is a thorough, constant readiness for its terrible prosecution." This is the attitude of the Emperor of Germany. He says in effect: "I keep Germany and Europe in peace by keeping myself so strong that no one dare attack me."

On this basis, Europe is an armed camp to keep the peace. But the competitive development of armies and navies in times of peace in order to preserve the peace has proved to be a ruinous policy. The Czar's Rescript and the Hague Conference and Court of Arbitration are the outcome of the intolerable burden. A very eloquent and effective address at the Hague Conference was given by a military general, General Den Beer Portugael (Holland).

He said, concerning armed forces on land and sea, and war budgets:

"You know, gentlemen, that these have now reached gigantic, disquieting, and dangerous proportions. Four millions of men (since increased to five millions) under arms, and the total military budgets up to five milliards of francs a year. Is it not frightful? I know that these soldiers are only kept under arms for the maintenance of peace. The Sovereigns have only in view the safety of their peoples. The States believe sincerely that these forces are necessary. But they are mistaken. It is to their inevitable loss, to their destruction, slow, but sure, that they labour along this path. Please understand me, gentlemen, I am far from being an Utopian. I do not believe in an eternal peace. But the more armed forces accumulate, military budgets are swollen, populations are crushed under the weight of taxation, the more the States are pushed to the edge of the abyss into which at last they will fall. They will ruin and destroy themselves. Let us stop on the edge of the abyss, otherwise we are lost. Let us stop! Gentlemen, it is worth while to make this supreme effort. Let us stand fast (*Tenons ferme!*). The price of peace, when burdensome armies and navies are the price, is serious enough, and the price is ever ascending. The civilized nations did say: 'There is a better way, and we will try.'"

Neither of these views have satisfied the great and good men of the ages. The prophets of the Christian centuries have been against war. In the English-speaking and Protestant world this is true, as well as in the broader Christian world. Amongst those who have written or spoken against war are John Wycliffe, George Fox, William Penn, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Brougham, founder of the Howard Association, Lord Falkland, John

Bright, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Hugo Grotius, Victor Hugo, and Elihu Burritt. In the United States of America there is a distinguished list of peace prophets: George Washington, Russell Lowell, Dr. Ellery Channing, Gen. Grant, Charles Sumner, George Dana Boardman, Edward Everett Hale, President Mark Hopkins, President C. C. Bonney, and Cardinal Gibbons, whose words have been often quoted, "God is the God of Peace to the individual, the Father of Peace to the family, and the Prince of Peace to society."

War is not a blessing from God to humanity, in the judgment of these men. By the true prophets the sword is classed with famine and pestilence as judgments. War is not an evil to be hopelessly endured to the end of time. Some settle the matter, finally thus: "All war is wicked, having its origin in sinful passions, and being always prosecuted by violent, immoral, and wicked methods." Others will not go so far, but will take their stand thus: "War is a worn-out method; it is barbaric; it belongs to the ages of passion and force; it has no rightful place in the ages of reason and conscience; it must disappear." Still others are concluding from the study of history that war is ineffective; it is futile. A consideration of great importance should be made most clear to this effect; it is the province of history to sit in judgment on individual wars and not the duty of peace advocates.

Whatever may be the line of approach, and there is divergence of view on the negative side, certainly on the positive side there should be unanimity and co-operation. On the constructive side there are three main factors at work: (1) The Peace Societies, (2) the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and (3) the Hague Court.

Peace societies have grown in Christian countries in Europe and America, and these have joined in a remarkable series of International Peace Congresses, the last of which was the thirteenth, recently held at Boston, the largest and most influential of the series. The Inter-Parliamentary Union is made up of members of the Parliaments of Europe devoted to Peace by Arbitration. A large American group has been recently added to this Union. As these parliamentarians are all from Sovereign States, colonies like Canada and Australia are not represented. This is to be regretted.

The Peace Societies and Congresses constitute the popular element in the movement. The Inter-Parliamentary Union constitutes a body of experienced, expert, and responsible men, who give practical wisdom and solidity to the movement. The Hague Conferences (a second one is being called) deal with International Covenants and Commissions, International Law and an International Court.

The Peace Societies belong to the nineteenth century, and there are hundreds of them now (about 450). The largest and most influential of all is the Inter-Parliamentary Union, with two thousand and fifty (2,050) members. This Union held its last meeting in St. Louis in September, and the International Congress held its last meeting at Boston in October. Over one thousand delegates from the civilized world registered at Boston, and two hundred members of European Parliaments were entertained by the American Government, Congress having voted fifty thousand dollars to provide suitably for the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The President of the United States delegated two distinguished members of his administration to welcome these bodies. The

Hon. Francis B. Loomis welcomed the Union to St. Louis, and Secretary of State John Hay, welcomed the Congress at Boston.

Notwithstanding the good work that has been done, there are sincere peace advocates who are impatient and belligerent when a special war is under consideration. When the Boer war broke out Mr. W. T. Stead became impatient. Concerning the Inter-Parliamentary Union and the Peace Societies, he wrote thus: "A Conference constituted to secure peace by arbitration, that cannot even condemn a power which has deliberately appealed to war, and rejected arbitration, stands self-confessed as impotent. We must, therefore, look further afield for the headquarters staff of the Peace Army. Where shall we find it? The existing Peace Societies are earnest, but they themselves bitterly deplore their impotence. They have neither funds, international organization, nor influence. We have been too namby-pamby in our Peace War. We have not been half military enough, we have not been bellicose enough."

The organized Peace forces bore this undeserved criticism patiently, and have done some of their best work this very year, in moving President Roosevelt to call a second Hague Conference, and in stimulating binding Treaties of Arbitration, which are now so prevalent.

What is the practical, accomplished record for Peace by Arbitration? Not dreams or visions, but facts, constitute the answer. Within the last one hundred years there have been more than two hundred cases in which international differences have been adjusted by arbitration. The Government of the United States has been a party to seventy of these. The most notable case of the kind—one that has had the most profound and beneficent results

—was the treaty negotiated at Washington in 1871, which provided for four arbitrations. On this treaty, Mr. John Morley says: "The Treaty of Washington and the Geneva Arbitration stand out as the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy, and the most signal exhibition in their history of self-command in two of the three chief democratic powers of the western world!"

The march of events moved forward to the Hague Conference, called by the Czar of Russia. The famous Rescript was a plain, carefully-considered indictment of militarism. There is no escape from its facts or its practical conclusions. The gist of it is in this sentence: "The system of armament *a outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our day into a CRUSHING BURDEN."

The Hague Conference was called for two weighty reasons: (1) First, because it would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord"; and (2) secondly, because "it would cement the agreement by a co-operate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

Only the briefest summary of the result is possible.

The opening clause authorizes the agreements and arrangements in the name of the Sovereigns or Heads of Independent States and their Plenipotentiaries. The names are fully given in both cases. In this clause the following ideals are set forth as guiding principles: The empire of right; the sentiment of international justice;

permanent institution of arbitral jurisdiction; regular organization of arbitral procedure; consecrating by international agreement the principles of equity and law.

The first article indicates the purpose:

"In order to prevent as far as possible the recourse to force in international relations, the signatory powers agree to employ all their efforts to bring about the pacific solution of the differences which may arise." Then follow the three methods: 1. Good Offices and Mediation. 2. International Commissions of Inquiry. 3. The Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The mediation of friendly powers has proved very helpful in the past. This is approved and provided for.

The second provision is very important: "In cases in which differences of opinion should arise between the signatory powers with regard to the local circumstances which have given rise to a disagreement of an international character, and in which neither national honour nor vital interests are at stake, the interested parties agree to have recourse to the institution of International Commissions of Inquiry in order to establish the circumstances which have given rise to the dispute and to clear up all questions of fact." The report of such a Commission, limited to the statement of facts, has in no way the character of an arbitral decision.

International arbitration has for its object the settlement of disputes between States by judges of their own choosing on the basis of respect for right. The agreement to arbitrate may be for existing or eventual disputes. The arbitral convention implies an engagement to submit in good faith to the arbitral decision. Each of the powers designate four persons of

recognized competence and of the highest moral standing, to be arbitrators. The term of appointment is for six years. When a case is referred to the Court each disputant chooses and appoints two arbitrators from these, and the four choose a chief arbitrator. Thus the Arbitral Court is constituted, and then the Arbitral Procedure is outlined.

What has happened since to bring this Court at The Hague into recognition? The United States and Mexico referred a long-standing diplomatic dispute (the Pius Fund Case) to the Court and it was settled.

The Government of Switzerland had become a recognized umpire in international difficulties, but now declines to act and refers the nations to the Hague Court.

President Roosevelt pursued the same course in the Venezuela case. He was asked by three European Powers, Britain, Germany, and Italy, to arbitrate their differences with Venezuela. It was flattering to his impartiality and ability. He courteously declined and referred them to the Hague Court. It was a memorable event, which testifies to the progress of the world in the appeal to reason as against force, when those powerful nations stopped their coercive operations against a weak foe, recalled their navies and agreed to arbitrate. Voluntary and binding Treaties of Arbitration have formed the great nations of Western Europe into a peaceful brotherhood of States. The King of England has taken a leading part in negotiating these treaties, and is already referred to as Edward the Peacemaker. Similar Treaties are being announced almost faster than one can keep them in mind.

Fourteen Treaties of Arbitration between various powers of Europe

and America have been signed within the year and they represent the deliberate action of all the leading powers of Europe and North America. The extension of this movement to Central and South America and to the countries of Asia is only a matter of time. The nineteenth article of the Hague Convention laid the foundation for this chain of Treaties of world-wide influence.

Another fact of great importance is the action of Great Britain and Russia over the North Sea affair. The action taken expressly cites articles nine to fourteen of the Hague Convention as forming the basis for the work of the commission of inquiry which was resorted to instead of threats and force. A very menacing difference which had arisen between England and Russia was peacefully settled without the loss of dignity on either side.

Another fact of importance is that all the great powers signatory to the Hague Convention have signified their willingness to co-operate in a second conference, with the exception of Russia and Japan. The purpose

is to complete the work so well begun in 1899, and the prospect is very bright.

While these practical provisions are established and operative as the rational and Christian substitutes for war, and they are just such substitutes as have been found effective in abolishing private and civil wars, yet the real cure for war lies deeper. It lies in the fuller apprehension of God and His Law and His Love; His Law as ultimate Righteousness, and His love as the sufficient motive in fulfilling His law. The law which is to rule the world, the human world, and all worlds, is and must be the Law of God. The Divine Law and Condition, as made known through Christ, is not war—it is peace. Peace is not stagnation—it is not mere negation—it is the wise and benevolent balance of forces. The fundamental principle and spirit of the Christian religion, whether viewed theologically as Atonement, or ethically as Righteousness in all human relations, or spiritually as New Life, is Peace based on established Good-will. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

THE CIRCLING YEAR.

There is a tower in a lovely land;
 Fair, tall and stately will it long abide,
 For strength and beauty therein are allied:
 A noble tower—well and wisely planned.
 But he who on the pinnacle would stand
 Must tread the stair that upwards winds inside.
 Each weary turning marks a view more wide,
 Each onward effort shows a sight more grand.
 So curves a life around another year;
 Each day a step we take and ne'er retrace;
 And slight the progress, made unconsciously,
 Until, a circle rounded, there appear
 Our broader thoughts and actions, face to face,
 Our wider grasp of human sympathy.

—*Aldis Dunbar*

EARL GREY, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.*

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.



THE appointment of Lord Grey to succeed his brother-in-law, Lord Minto, as Governor-General of Canada, has been hailed with general satisfaction both at home and abroad. For Earl Grey, to use an expressive North Country phrase, is "as good as they make them." He has long since won recognition throughout the Empire as an almost ideal type of the younger generation, especially of that section which combines Idealism with Imperialism. The combination of the loftiest aspirations after the realization of the most magnificent ideals, with a keen appreciation of the immense importance of those practical measures by which social systems are revolutionized and empires reared, is not unusual among the higher minds of our race. General Gordon had it; so had Cecil Rhodes; and so, to an equal degree, has the Northumbrian peer who for the next five years will represent the King in the Dominion of Canada. The only note of dissent in the chorus of approval which hailed his nomination is due to the dismay with which many active social reformers in this country heard of the approaching departure of their leading spirit.

Earl Grey is one of our Elizabethans, a breed which will never die out in England until the English race is extinct. In his person, in his ideas,

in his restless energy, he recalls the type of the great adventurers who sailed the Spanish Main. There is about him the very aroma of the knighthood of the sixteenth century, whose fragrance lingers long in the corridors of time. He is not a sophister or calculator, "a sly, slow thing with circumspective eyes." Quite the contrary. He is ever in the saddle, with spear at rest, ready to ride forth on perilous quests for the rescue of oppressed damsels or for the vanquishing of giants and dragons whose brood still infests the land. There is a generous *abandon*, a free and daring, almost reckless, spirit of enthusiasm about him. He is one of those rare and most favoured of mortals who possess the head of a mature man and the heart of a boy. His very presence, with his alert eye and responsive smile, his rapid movements, and his frank impulses remind one of the heather hills of Northumberland, the bracing breezes of the North Country coast, the free, untrammelled outdoor life of the romantic Border.

He is personally one of the most charming of men, one of the most fascinating of personalities. By birth an aristocrat, no one can be more democratic in his sympathies. An unfortunate antipathy to Home Rule alone shunted him into the Unionist camp. Otherwise it would have been difficult to find a stouter, sounder Liberal within a day's march. Nor is his Liberalism confined to party politics.

He is Liberal in Church as well as in State; Liberal in the catholicity of

* Abridged from the November number of The Review of Reviews.

his friendships and the breadth and variety of his sympathies. Nor is his Liberalism mere Latitudinarianism, which leads many to be as weak and feckless as they are broad and shallow. No fanatic can be keener than he in the active support of definite and practical reforms.

His critics—I was going to say enemies, but enemies he has none—attribute to him the vices of his virtues, and complain that his sympathies are so keen and so multitudinous that “Grey is all over the shop.” This is, however, a vice so much on virtue’s side that it can hardly be regarded with disapproval. It is something to find a member of the House of Lords suffering from an excess of cerebral activity. A man more mentally alert and more physically active it would be difficult to find in a day’s march. He turns up everywhere, whenever any good work is to be done, at home or abroad, and seems to find time for every kind of social and political effort.

The last time I saw Earl Grey was in the Albert Hall, at the great demonstration which brought the International Congress of the Salvation Army to a triumphant conclusion. We were then both in our fifties. He was full of appreciative enthusiasm concerning the veteran General Booth and his marvellous work.

Albert Henry George Grey, the fourth Earl, was born November 28th, 1851. He came of notable lineage. His father, General Sir Charles Grey, had been for over twenty years more closely and confidentially connected with the Court than any other man, courtier or statesman. In 1849 he was appointed private secretary to the Prince Consort, a post which he held till Prince Albert’s death. He was then appointed private secretary to the Queen, and this post he held till his

death in 1870. The private secretary to a king or queen is often a more important person than a cabinet minister. He is privy to all the business which a sovereign has to transact. He has access to all the papers. He knows all the secrets, and he is often much more than the private secretary. He is the trusted confidential adviser of the sovereign. Unlike the official advisers of the Crown, he is appointed for life, and holds his position independent of popular caprice or changes of public opinion. General Sir Charles Grey stood high in the favour of his royal mistress. He was devoted to the memory of the Prince Consort, of whose early years he published a book in 1867.

The new Governor-General for Canada is, therefore, not only the grandson of one of the most famous Prime Ministers of the nineteenth century, he is the son of a man who from 1849 to 1870 occupied a position which made him the personal friend and trusted confidant of the Queen in all the business both of Court and of State.

Grey is one of the names which continually recur in the history of England. Most of the Greys of earlier times began as De Greys. There were the Greys of Groby, from whom sprung one of the most pathetic and tragic figures in English history—Lady Jane Grey, beheaded in the sixteenth century.

The first Earl Grey was born 1729. He entered the army and rose to the rank of a general. He served with much distinction in the foreign and colonial wars of Great Britain. It is interesting to note, in view of the fact that Lord Grey is now Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, which General Wolfe won for the British Crown by his death and victory on the Heights of Abraham, that the first

Earl smelt powder for the first time as a subaltern under Wolfe, then Quartermaster-General of the British force sent to attack the French fortress of Rochefort in 1758. He is best known as one of the few British generals who did not lose laurels in the desperate attempt which George III. made to crush the rebellion of the American colonists. He defeated Wayne, commanded the third brigade at the battle of Germanstown in 1777, and in the following year annihilated Bugler's Virginian dragoons. His successes, however, could not stem the revolution.

His son, who succeeded him, was destined to be even more famous in peace than his father had been in war. When twenty-two years of age, he entered the House of Commons as member for Northumberland, and became a follower of Charles James Fox. His subsequent career is written at large in the history of England. What will never be forgotten is the part which he played in transforming Britain from an aristocracy to a democracy. The great fight which began in 1797, when he introduced the first Reform Bill into the House of Commons, he carried to a triumphant conclusion in 1832. The reign of the nobles was ended; the era of democracy had begun. And it was the great Northumbrian earl who had achieved the revolution.

He did not remain long in office after the passage of the Reform Act. He retired in 1834, and died in 1845. He was succeeded by his son Henry, who entered Parliament in 1826, and died as the Nestor of Britain (in retreat) in 1894, when he had lived ninety-two years.

He died childless, and was succeeded by his nephew, the present earl, in 1894. Mr. Albert Grey went to school at Harrow. He graduated at

Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1877 he married Alice, the third daughter of Mr. Slayner Holford, M.P., whose residence in Park Lane is one of the most famous palaces in London. He was elected as Liberal member for South Northumberland. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone plunged for Home Rule. Mr. Grey refused to follow him, and his place in the Liberal party and the House of Commons knew him no more. He did not reappear in Parliament till his uncle's death in 1894 opened for him the portals of the House of Lords. He has never accompanied his dissent from Home Rule by any expressions calculated to wound Irish susceptibilities. Being a man of open mind, he may be converted to Home Rule by the sojourn which he is about to make in the greatest of our self-governing colonies.

Lord Grey's chief interest in politics has been the maintenance, the extension, and the consolidation of the Empire. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament predisposed him to be a leading spirit among the young optimists who believed that in the union of the English-speaking race there might be discerned the dawn of a new heaven and a new earth. Mr. Rhodes found in Lord Grey a man after his own heart, full of passionate enthusiasm for the Empire, and keen to do his part in the revival of the old Elizabethan tradition of adventure and romance. He is for the Empire first, for the Empire last, and for the Empire all the time.

The task which Lord Grey attempted as Administrator of Rhodesia in 1896-7—years of native war and of profound political unrest—did not afford him much experience likely to be helpful to him as Governor-General of the Dominion. The Rhodesians, a handful of white men, were fighting for their lives against overwhelming

numbers of savage Matabele. Lord Grey was a novice in South African affairs, and he was necessarily overshadowed by the colossal personality of Cecil Rhodes.

When the Czar launched the Peace Rescript, to which we all look back to-day with poignant feelings of vain regret, Lord Grey threw himself heartily into the popular agitation which secured the meeting of the Hague Conference.

Lord Grey took little part in the annexation of the Republics. He has been chiefly interested in the affairs of the vast territories acquired and still administered under the Charter. His hopeful disposition enables him to labour on cheerfully, where others would be apt to abandon their task in sheer despair.

In home politics Lord Grey has devoted himself with untiring enthusiasm to two great causes—the cause of co-operation and the cause of temperance reform. He has for many years been the most brilliant and highly-placed of the advocates of co-operation. Co-operation in all its forms, as the practical method of realizing voluntarily the ideals which the Socialists can only attain through legislation, has always been near his heart. Distributive co-operation, productive co-operation, co-partnership in every kind of industry, have always found in him a zealous and a sagacious supporter.

In the advocacy of co-operation he was but one among many. In the work of converting the drink traffic from being a source of local demoralization into a source of local amelioration, he is the leading spirit. Many people, Mr. Chamberlain not excepted, had, from time to time, been fascinated by the working of what was at first known as the Gothenburg system of dealing with the supply of

intoxicating drink. Mr. Chamberlain drafted a bill to permit of its introduction into this country. But nothing came of it. Then the Bishop of Chester took up the subject and formed a small company to manage a public-house for the public good, and not for private profit. At this stage of the discussion Lord Grey came into the field. He became the apostle of the Bishop of Chester's Trust. What might have been a mere local experiment was taken up all over the kingdom. Everywhere Lord Grey was to the fore. He argued, pleaded, persuaded, until at this moment public-house trusts have been formed in nearly every county in the land, and every month sees an addition to their number.

The essential principle of Lord Grey's trust public-house is that the profits arising from a monopoly created by the public authority should be devoted to purposes of public usefulness, and not to build up the fortunes of private individuals. When the year's balance-sheet is presented, a dividend not exceeding five per cent. is paid to the shareholders, and the balance is then devoted to the various local improvements. A footpath may need to be repaired, a public playground secured, books may be wanted for the library, a water-fountain may be needed, a hospital may require assistance.

Lord Grey, as sufficiently appears from this brief and rapid survey of his public career, is a man of great public spirit, of keen intelligence, and of passionate patriotism. No man is less of a fanatic either in Church or State. He is a Liberal who supports the Conservatives, a temperance reformer who runs public-houses, a free-trader who takes the chair for Mr. Chamberlain, a peace crusader who promoted the South African war. In

his mind there is room for many antinomies or apparent contradictions. Yet he is consciously consistent even in his greatest apparent inconsistency. He is an opportunist-idealist of the first magnitude. There is no danger that he will fall foul of the somewhat pronounced prejudices of race and religion which he will find in Canada. He will be tolerant even of the intolerant, and in his broad philosophic survey the Ultramontanes of Quebec and the Orangemen of Toronto are all members of the universal catholic church which in its essence is a society for doing good. He is no stranger to Canada. He has twice visited the Dominion, and the fact that his sister was the wife of his predecessor at Government House will make him feel at home in his new position.

Lady Grey has never taken a prominent part in the political world. Her eldest son, Lord Howick, who was born in 1879, acts as his father's

private secretary. Her eldest daughter, who excites enthusiastic admiration wherever she is known, will probably play a considerable part in the social life of Canada. They are in one respect admirably fitted for their new rôle. They are singularly free from the reserve that gives to some English peers an air of pride and aloofness that harmonizes ill with the freer life of a democratic colony. He is a near relative of the Lord Durham whose mission played a great part in the evolution of Canadian liberty. Whatever else may be lacking in Government House during Lord Grey's tenure of office, of one thing we may be quite certain there will be no stint, and that is a hearty, sympathetic *camaraderie* with all comers, and eager, enthusiastic support of all that makes for the prosperity and greatness of the Dominion and of the Empire of which it forms a part.

THE WRESTLER.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

The New Year comes—not like the child of glory
To vanquish sin by helpless innocence;
No wise men kneel adoring at His manger,
No virgin breast His tender Providence.

A wanderer from out Time's stormy mountain,
Untried he comes—across the eastern hills;
New grief, new hate, new victory await him—
His flying track the old year snowflake fills.

Far spent the night of hoary shepherds' dreaming;
Arise! O prostrate worshippers, arise!
Mark ye with joy the shining feet approaching—
O sons of men, lift up courageous eyes!

Thy naked thigh, anointed, is it supple?
Gird up thy loins! Art thou Peniel shod?
Gauge well the lusty sinews of the stranger—
A wrestler coming forth to thee from God!

Fling thou upon him! Waste no moment's vantage,
Loose not the straining purpose of thy thrust—
Let not thy fist relax to old temptations,
Nor faint from consciousness that thou art dust!

Wrestling for peace, for country, love and honour—
Wrestling alone—in combat for thy soul—
This be thy cheer should dawnlight worst or bless thee,
Another challenge meets thee at the goal.

—*Congregationalist.*

STRAY SHEEP.

A STORY OF LIAO YANG.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."—John x. 16.



THREE armies were converging on Liao Yang. Entrenched behind miles of earthworks and barbed-wire entanglements, Kuropatkin waited the attack of those audacious Little People, who carried the banner of the Dawn.

And by thousands they were coming, the small men, who did not talk of what they meant to do. They came from the banks of the Yalu, where they had

crossed two rivers and scaled almost precipitous heights, in the face of Russia's army. From Kinchow they came, victorious, though they left a hecatomb of their dead in that place of gun-commanded wire entanglements and mines. And from Telissu, where their routed enemy were driven in confusion before them. Through the mountain passes they were coming, those passes of Motien Mountain, where for the first time Russia had attacked and Nippon defended—and won. And from Tatchekiao, where the little soldiers had carried the entrenched heights by assault, and raised their banners over evacuated Newchwang.

And with them and among them came the Third Army. Also its banners waved within the walls of ancient Liao Yang, and its tents rose white behind the Russian batteries. It had its commanders and munitions of war, this army, yet neither Kuropatkin nor Kuroki ever troubled themselves as to the movements of its forces. When the battle guns roared from the hill-tops, and fiery death leaped out from among the tall millet stalks in those Manchurian fields, when with stiffening wounds and pain-racked bodies, men sank helplessly on the blood-stained ground, then the Third Army came into action. Asking none if they were for Russia or Nippon, it gathered up all it found. Taking away their weapons, and stripping them of their uniform with its badges of the Mikado

or the Czar, it gave them instead its own dress of white cap and long kimona, each marked with the sign of the cross. And among all those thousands of men sent out to slay, there was not one who would have knowingly fired upon those who fought against pain and disease and death, under the banner of the Cross.

Half a dozen cars with the Red Cross flag floating over them, lay side-tracked a day's march from Liao Yang. Three of them were open trucks, with awnings spread above them, to keep the fierce rays of the sun from the helpless men who lay beneath, all white-robed and capped, and marked with the sign of the Cross.

There was the sound of heavy wheels coming very slowly up the steep grade below them, and some of the patients sat up, and others turned their heads, as a car came into sight, with the war-flag of Nippon above it, and a crowd of half-naked coolies tugging at the ropes that drew it, for locomotives were scarce just then, and Nippon rushing her men and stores to the front, for the great five days' battle of Liao Yang, was fain to use many-man power to draw some of her trains along the captured railroad.

After the car and its hard-working crew marched a regiment of small, cheerful-faced soldiers, who cheered and saluted the wounded and their flag. And a fine black collie dog, with a thick ruff of white fur round his neck, came out at the end of the open car, wagging his tail, as he barked in acknowledgment.

"Banzai!—the very good dog," shouted a little soldier, who had met him before, that night beside the Yalu, when he lay for hours in the deep ravine, where he had fallen wounded, and where he must have died, had not the keen scent and instinct of the sheep-dog brought him to his side. And the collie barked again in dignified delight as the men cheered him.

He was a Red Cross dog, with its sign on his saddle and collar, for under that saddle were lint and bandages, and from his collar hung a tiny barrel, to be filled with stimulants when he was on duty.

And not a commander in Russia's or Nippon's armies had a greater sense of his own importance. And not a man of any rank had a clearer understanding of his duties, nor a more loyal devotion to his flag, than Black Douglas, one-time sheep-dog, and now a soldier of the Red Cross.

The door of one of the closed cars opened, and a tall, fair-haired nurse, with the glint of Scotch sunshine in her blue-gray eyes, came out on the platform. Douglas frisked to her side, as she looked over the passing troops as if for some one who was not there, then sent a little dark bearer to the colonel of the regiment.

He came to her at once, bowing and smiling, as he assured her in flowery English that he only existed at that moment to do the pleasure of the most honourable elder sister.

"Thank you," said Lois Gordan, briskly; "now, I have just received this telegram from Dr. Worth—you have heard of him—asking me to send my dog to the front at once. It is marked 'urgent'—and could you not take him?"

The colonel looked at her sadly. "Let the honourable sister believe me," he said earnestly, "it would give me great pleasure to execute her request, but does she understand that duty might prevent me seeking at once the saintly servant of the Cross she has mentioned? It might be that I was called first to a place of danger, where the dear dog might die."

"Of course," answered Lois, "I don't ask you to be responsible for the dog; he will have to take his chance like plenty of other folk. But if you can take him, I shall be obliged."

So it was settled, and greatly to the delight of the first company, Douglas was formally handed over to the charge of its captain, Hiro, and trotted up the road beside them.

The change did not trouble his doggish mind in the least; in his few months campaigning he had become a veteran in his knowledge of the ways of fighting men, and he knew that in all that war-swept land he had no enemy. Men might fight and kill and wound each other—he might be sent on long journeys after these strange, sad stray sheep—those wounded men who had fallen where they might be passed unnoticed; but no matter how far or where he went, if he did not see his own flag when he was foot-sore and hungry, he would enter the first camp he found, never troubling himself to look whose uniform they wore, for he knew no sentry would refuse to let him

pass, nor any soldier hesitate to welcome him to his mess.

So at peace with all men, he lay in the shadow of the big tree at the noontide halt among Captain Hiro's company. They looked a very unwarlike crowd just then, those mild-eyed boys. Some sitting placidly on their heels, fanning themselves with the white paper fans, which each soldier carried in his knapsack, while others climbed down the rocky banks of a near-by stream with their fishing lines—also an indispensable part of the equipment of those soldiers of Nippon—where they waited in smiling patience for a three-inch minnow to bite at an angleworm. It was hard to realize that these were the fighting men who stormed steep embankments under showers of shrapnel, and brought back huge Cossacks, of awesome reputation, as their captives.

A man came riding swiftly from somewhere; a bugle sounded near-by, and there was a sudden stir under the great tree. Captain Hiro closed his fan, and gave a few very quietly spoken orders. And all the confusion and most of the noise consequent on breaking camp, was made by Douglas, who nearly fell head over heels into the creek, in his mad hurry to hunt up the men, who, he fancied, might hesitate, sheep-like, to join their companions, unless he loudly reminded them.

He then flew round the entire regiment twice, and counted his own particular company carefully, before he could imagine his duty done, and consent to trot sedately at Captain Hiro's heels.

The comparative carelessness of the morning's march was gone, as leaving the railroad track the regiment struck across the open country, marching swiftly and in silence along the rough roads marked on the colonel's carefully-prepared map. There was no chance of them losing time or themselves by taking a wrong road, in that country, which none of them had ever gone over before, for their movements were directed by a system which did not make mistakes, because it had no time to rectify them.

Douglas sniffed at the air uneasily; it had a taint he did not like; then the white fur on his neck stood up ominously, as his quick ears caught the distant growling roar he knew so well. Earth and air brought the vibrations of those far-off cannon to him, and an answering growl rose in his throat as he recognized the voices of those war wolves who worried and scattered his sheep.

"Do you know what is the matter with the dog, Yamamoto?" asked Hiro, of Douglas' acquaintance of the Yalu; "he seems to think he sees an enemy."

"He has none, sir," answered Yamamoto, "but I expect he can hear guns. I believe he never growls at anything else, and always at them."

"No matter who is firing them, eh?" said Hiro. "Ah, you are a wise dog. Poor fellow! to have never learned to hate, and to call no man 'enemy,' but only the dark forces that destroy him."

But Douglas was not happy; round the regiment he trotted again, trying to suggest a prompt retreat before anybody got hurt, but no one understood him, and he paused by the colonel, looking up at him with wistful eyes.

"Good-afternoon to you, my most gallant aide-de-camp," said that officer, smiling at him. And with drooping tail and spirits Douglas went back to his company.

These sheep he was with had no shepherd, that was very evident; the man who seemed to lead them was only a sheep who, too, was wandering out of the way. All astray together they were going right into the jaws of the war-wolves, who would leave them worried to death and torn, strewed on their battlefield.

Then the duller ears of the men caught the sound of far-off battle, and Douglas raised his head with a howl of despairing protest, as he felt the quickened thrill in the tread of the men behind him. They were glad to hear the cry of the wolves; eager to be within reach of those flaming jaws. And was there no shepherd who would lead, not these sheep only, but all those tens of thousands, who, under the flags of Russia or Nippon, were rushing to be destroyed together, because they were all alike astray, and could not find the way to peace? Was there no shepherd for those sheep? Or was He calling, and they could not hear His voice, because their ears were filled with the noise of their battle-guns? Bright stood out the Red Cross on the saddle of that canine crusader as he trotted on.

There was another halt called, and the men stood still in rigid lines waiting, for they were on the battlefield now. And Douglas lay down with his nose on his forepaws at Captain Hiro's feet.

Beneath and around him the earth and air vibrated with the continuous roar of the guns, though they could see nothing. Directly in front of them was a field of millet, its tall green stalks masking one of Nippon's batteries, whose guns were

shrieking out in thunder, and far, far away, on distant hill-tops, other guns thundered in answer.

Mounted men galloped past them at headlong speed, and once another regiment of infantry went by at a quick march, with their bayonets gleaming. And above the roar of the cannon the men who were waiting heard the exultant shout of "Nippon Banzai!" as beyond their sight their friends received the word that set them free to charge the enemy.

Douglas moved restlessly, the excitement and stress of the hour stirring his blood, but placid as when he sat fanning himself under the great tree, Captain Hiro looked along the calm faces of his men, and waited, as ready to wait as to act, something which a white man, or even a white man's dog, finds it very hard to understand.

Then the battery in front of them was suddenly silent, and out from among the screening millet, came a hurly-burly of great guns and wild-eyed plunging horses. Away they all went at a gallop, and Douglas stood up and barked after them—he liked batteries with their horses, not identifying them as the makers of the sounds he hated.

Then the word to advance came to them, and Douglas stood there, alert from the tips of his pricked-up ears to his wagging tail, no man more ready than he to advance and find out what was really going on. Then Hiro turned to him—

"Poor fellow!" he said, sharply, being under the impression that it was the dog's name; "lay down, and stay laid down, you very good dog, just here."

Poor Douglas obeyed, though he felt very doubtful that Hiro had any authority to command him, a sheep-dog, to lie in a safe place, while thousands of demented sheep, following, as is the manner of sheep, the craziest among them, were rushing round the country, regardless of the death-wolves who were waiting for their prey.

So he lay still while the regiment marched out of his sight, and the wind rustled among the tall millet stalks. Far in front of him now, he could hear the ceaseless roar of the guns, and all the noise of battle, the rattle of musketry, and even the shouts of the men as they went into action. It was more than canine flesh and blood could stand. He looked round him carefully to see if the regiment had left anything behind that he might be expected to guard, then bounded off among the trampled millet.

His nose showed him the trail of Hiro's company, and four brisk feet soon brought him up to them, though misgivings as to his possible reception led him to keep out of their sight. This was not difficult, for like a green sea the millet covered plain stretched to the island-like hills, where the Russians fought behind their earthworks; earth-works so cunningly built that not the keenest scrutiny could show the enemy the exact location of their guns. And before these batteries the ground was sown with mines, and spread with an entanglement of barbed wire.

And yet the men of Nippon still came on. For miles their long, thin line of battle stretched across the plain, curving slowly round fort-guarded Liao Yang. From the tall millet rose the fire-flashes and slight smoke that showed where Kuroki had placed his batteries, and showed, too, the Russians where to drop their shells. Still, even their terrible fire could neither silence nor check those guns among the grain. And nearer the Russian lines, the tall millet rustled and swayed, sometimes with the wind, and sometimes because men were pushing their way among its stalks. Then death would rain down on them, but in open formation, each man far apart from his fellow, they came on. Bursting out of the green sea with levelled bayonets, and a cry of "Nippon Banzai!" then in silence rushing on, sometimes to die before they would ever reach their enemy, sometimes to win his trenches, and fight him hand to hand. But they never went back, and so, though at a terrible cost, they were taking, foot by foot, those awful miles of Russian fortifications. For they valued their own lives as much as they did those of their enemies, and went into action hoping to die for Nippon, and incidentally to take as many as possible of the enemy with them.

Douglas was at Hiro's heels when the young captain at last left cover, and sprang across the bare slope, with the charging line of his men behind him.

And forgetting everything in the excitement of that wild, silent rush, Douglas bounded forward with the Red Cross standing out distinct on his saddle, past Hiro, past the first of those cruel wires that stretched to trap them; he squirmed under them, and turned round to bark encouragingly, explaining how easy it was. And Hiro was beside him, pausing an instant to strike him very forcibly with the flat of his sword. Douglas retreated, about as rapidly as a glacier

moves, as the Russians, who had waited for their enemy to be fairly entangled among the wires, opened fire. And not a score of that first company were left to follow Hiro, as he leapt down into the Russian trenches.

The guns on the hill crest were silent now, and company after company of men with set yellow faces rushed past Douglas up the slope, as unhurt by the Russian fire, he walked with drooping tail toward the shelter of the millet, realizing that even if he were not a soldier of Nippon it was certainly needful at present that he should obey her officers. So as slowly as possible he went back. There were his own stray sheep, wounded and dying men, lying behind him on the hillside and among the millet, and it was with feelings of the deepest disgust that he found his trail, and followed it back to the place where he had been told to stay. Indeed, had he possessed the higher nature of the man who, with the kindest intentions, had driven him from the firing line, he would doubtless have committed hara-kiri on the spot; however, being only an insensate brute, he obeyed orders, and lay down with his nose on his fore-paws, as the sun set red, and the first day of the battle of Liao Yang was over.

But night brought no lull in the firing of the great guns; no cessation in the fierceness of the struggle; white and yellow, flesh-feeder and rice-eater, west and east; two races, two creeds, two worlds, were joined in a conflict of life and death. And forgotten and forsaken, Douglas lay still.

Morning came, and still the battle went on, and still victory was uncertain. Kuropatkin had been unable to check the slow advance of Nippon's men over his outermost entrenchments, yet the price he had compelled them to pay made it doubtful that they could be considered to have had the advantage.

The dog looked about him wistfully, but he did not move, and no one passed his way. So the day went by, the sun was westerling again, and still the men came out from the millet to fight the men who held the hills; and still from among the tall grain, and from behind earthworks, cannon answered each other in thunder.

Then hurrying along the rear of Nippon's army came a jumble of Chinese carts and empty ammunition waggons, drawn by coolies and oxen, and above every one waved the flag of the Red Cross.

They did not notice Douglas until the foremost bearer was nearly knocked

down by a wildly excited Red Cross dog, who hurled himself on those men who carried his flag, half crazy with delight. Then with every hair on his body instinct with a sense of his own importance, he trotted at the head of the train, back to the battlefield.

No one in that company had seen Douglas before, but they did not stop to wonder how he came to meet them there; the need of his services was too urgent. For those millet fields of Manchuria were both aiding and handicapping Nippon in her struggle with Kuropatkin. The tall crops served to hide her guns, and mask the movements of her troops, but they also made the work of searching for the dead and wounded exceptionally difficult. Appallingly long was the list of names under "Missing"—explained by the trite sentences: "Owing to the crops many of the wounded could not be found, and must have perished miserably. Their bodies will probably not be found till harvest."

There was no need to explain to Douglas what he was wanted to do. To the right and the left of his company he went, backwards and forwards with tireless feet, and quick nose and ears, never crossing his own trail and never leaving a yard of the ground he searched unbeaten. Very often came his quick bark telling that one stray sheep was found; and still barking to guide the bearers, he would lie beside the wounded men, letting him take the drink from his barrel, or the bandages from his saddle, if he was able, but whether he could or no, Douglas never left his side until the bearers came, with their litter swung between two long bamboo poles, almost obviating the jolting as he was carried back to the waggon train.

So the third day of the battle of Liao Yang passed. Douglas and his friends had gone over the outermost earthworks, now manned by Nippon's men with their guns. They had gathered up those big fair-haired men, who lay there in heaps, the wounded among the dead. Douglas had his work beyond, where the fields of millet stretched out among the still thundering forts. Here his stray sheep lay thick, torn and worried by the wolves of hate and fear. Mostly these were the big blondes; though to Douglas all men were alike friends, for he did not know how to hate or fear any one. For by hundreds the retreating Russians had fallen, as they vainly tried to reach the inner forts.

As the tide of battle passed the Red

Cross followed; the only flag that ever rose above the millet, and the only moving thing on all that field that was not made a mark of by the keen-eyed men behind the guns. Wherever the waggons moved, wherever the litter-bearers went, they carried the flag of the Cross, only Douglas had to trust that he moved too near the ground when he passed among the millet, to attract attention.

He was lying at the field-surgeon's feet now, quite willing to rest for a little while, yet as willing to leap up if the word was given, as if he did not know what sore feet were. The doctor was looking with his field-glass at a little village, a mile away. It lay among the millet in the line of the Russian defences, but there was no sign to tell if men were there who needed them. He looked at the worn-out men and animals with him, then spoke to the dog, and Douglas was off, running in his long wolf-like gallop towards the Chinese village, keeping, as he had been taught to do, as much in the open as possible, so that all might see the Red Cross on his back.

Men had been fighting in that village; they were fighting there still. Douglas ran to and fro on the mud wall barking, and knowing that if he could not be heard, he would be seen and understood. Then as he saw his flag moving, and coming towards him, he trotted off among the huts, for Captain Hiro's trail lay fresh on the ground beneath him, and he was eager to find his master of an hour.

Beyond the village was a deep, broad trench and a low wall. Behind that wall the Russians had fought; over it had come the men of Nippon, and now they were fighting in the ditch together.

Outnumbered and almost surrounded, the little yellow men stood against the wall, defending themselves desperately. Not one of them opened his mouth, and among the swearing, yelling giants who attacked them there was something ominous in their silence. There was no firing; men fought each other with clubbed rifles, or struck out with stones they had dragged from the earth with their hands.

"With God! With God!"

The wild battle-cry of the Russian soldiers rang out, and from the millet they came, a swearing, howling, ferocious mass of fair-haired men; tumbling over into the trench, firing with revolvers; jabbing with bayonets, at friend as well as foe; for the mad blood of the Slav

was up, and his only thought was to kill, and kill, and kill.

The position was won, and the fighting turned to butchery, for the surviving men of Nippon, disdaining either to attempt flight or surrender, crouched stolidly against the wall, while in a ferocious ecstasy at their victory, the Russians struck them down, kicking in their faces, braining them with their rifle-butts, or running them through; while from their throats, hoarse with thirst and blood-mania, rang out the blasphemous cry of triumph—"With God! With God!"

(And this, stripped of the glamour we have dared to throw round it, is war.)

But even as they triumphed, one of Kuroki's batteries, which had been carefully getting their range, opened fire with shell and shrapnel. There was a prolonged hiss over their heads, and a dozen men were down in a line, while far off sounded the deep roll of the guns. The Russians flung themselves prone in the trench to escape the shrapnel, but shell after shell burst directly above them, and a rain of molten lead fell on them heaped there together.

There were no orders given; no one would have heeded them if there had been; but, as they could, the Russians crawled out of the pit of slaughter, hiding among the ruined huts, or running among the millet—as often toward the enemy as away from him. And the bombardment ceased.

Douglas had lain down very still while the firing lasted, then he went forward quickly, for he heard his friend's voice, down in that ditch of death beyond the further wall.

Hiro had staggered to his feet as the firing ceased. Bare-headed, blinded, and bleeding, he stood up unsteadily, with one arm across his crushed face, and crying weakly, "Nippon Banzai!" Then he tried to call to his company, if there were any left to hear him. On the edge of the trench appeared a giant Ukrainian, his swollen face twitching with passion, and the fire of hell in his blazing eyes.

Waving his blood-stained sword above his head, he yelled: "With God! With God!" and sprang down into the trench.

Hiro turned at the hated cry, and flung his empty revolver blindly at his enemy. Dropping his sword the Russian threw himself upon him, clutching his throat with savage hands; and lifting him clear off the ground he flung him ten feet across the trench, with his wild cry of "With God!"

Hiro lay where he fell, his head dropping limply, though his body quivered as the Russian again sprang on him, showing that he still knew, and could feel. His enemy paused, with his recovered sword in his hand, and his eyes glittering insanely with the longing of the savage to torture before he killed. Then he felt a sudden firm grip on his arm.

With hell in his face he looked round, into the sheep-dog's soft friendly eyes. He saw the sign of the Cross on the saddle, and slowly his face grew human.

Not savagely, but firmly, Douglas had caught him, as he had caught at the fleece of many a four-legged sheep, madly bent on its own destruction, with strong teeth that held fast, yet never even marked the skin. Then understanding that this mad stray sheep was saved for the moment from itself, he let go, and the man stood up with the half-dazed look of one who is suddenly awakened, and a dawning horror of himself in his eyes. While Douglas, to prevent further mistakes, stood across Hiro, looking at the Russian with wagging tail, and gentle, puzzled eyes.

Then wriggling out from from under the mound of Russian dead came a dozen little black-haired men—Yamamoto the sergeant, and a few of his comrades, who had held together, and defended themselves in a hollow of the wall. Now nimbly as cats they were scrambling up to where their captain lay helpless at his enemy's feet.

There was no lust for battle in the Russian's eyes as he saw them come, and stood with sword and revolver ready, far too proud to ask for the quarter he guessed by their faces would be refused. And before him stood up the Red Cross dog.

Douglas had looked up at his face, then whirled round as Yamamoto and his men came near. And now he turned round and round, distressfully, scolding, with short, sharp growls, first the fair-haired man, and then the dark, in an affectation of rage, which he anxiously hoped would frighten these bad, mad sheep away from each other. And the little man stood still.

Yamamoto smiled. "The very good dog seemed to be in command here," he said, as he saluted Douglas gravely. Then he added to the Russian: "Monsieur is also under the holy sign of the Red Cross? This seems evident to my consideration at the present."

He paused, his knowledge of his

enemy's language being very limited, and waving his hands, he bowed, and smiled again.

Serge Lobenko returned his bow stiffly, then climbed slowly out of the trench, with Douglas close beside him. Hiro was in the hands of his friends now, and the dog decided to see his new protege in a safer place before he left him. So they went down the trampled lane, through the millet together, and across the open beyond, where they were not fired upon by Nippon's gunners, because of the Cross that the dog carried.

Douglas declined Serge's invitation to enter the Russian lines, and walked wearily back to the village, over which the Red Cross flag was now flying.

In the trench a gang of coolies were laying the dead in rows, preparatory to covering them with earth and quicklime. While a tall-hatted, long-bearded, black-robed priest of the Greek Church, with the Red Cross on his arm, was reciting the prayers for his dead. A very little Buddhist priest near him was fastening up long paper streamers, and burning a teaspoonful of incense on the tiniest of altars, presumably for the same reason. A white Methodist missionary, with very rough hair and a torn coat, who had been helping the coolies, sat on the ground, going over a rough list of the dead he had been making up. And over them all waved the flag, with the sign of the Cross.

Among the ruined huts temporary shelter had been erected for the worst of the wounded, and there the surgeons were busy; while a score of men, their wounds roughly dressed, were left sitting or lying on the ground outside, by a pole, where floated the flag of the Cross.

Douglas joined these, for among the yellow-haired men he saw three who were dark—Hiro and two of his company. The little captain was sitting on his heels, with the upper part of his face covered with bandages, and fanning himself slowly with his bruised and bandaged hands.

"So, Poor Fellow, you have joined us again," he said, as the dog pushed a cool nose against his fingers.

"Yes, it is the very good dog," said a little soldier, who lay at his captain's side, fanning himself and his companion, who could not use his hands. "Into the trench he came to save you, my captain, for he is indeed a good dog in every way, though he would not do for a Russian soldier."

"Why, Sada?" asked Hiro.

"Because, my captain," answered Sada, "as you yourself know, he does not like to retreat."

"To every race its own customs," said Hiro, hastily, fearing that some of the Russians might have understood Sada. "And it is those who control themselves so that they do not boast nor criticise, who will probably also control the inferior races."

Then slowly and with difficulty he extracted from his pocket some tiny cigars, and keeping one for himself, passed the rest to Sada.

"And am I to pass them round among the honourable Russians?" inquired Sada, after he had lighted one and put it between his companion's lips, and taken another for himself.

"Of course," said Hiro, sternly, "would you smoke while they look on? One would think you belonged to a people who have no manners."

Sada smiled cheerfully at the rebuke, then in spite of broken bones and bandages, he managed to crawl among the group until the cigars were all handed round and lighted. Then, their pains partially soothed by the mild drug, the men of those rival armies smoked in peace together under the sign of the Cross.

But it was very hot, and when the cigars were done, there was nothing to make them forget the fierce sunshine that was baking and blistering their faces. And they had no water. Not till nearly sunset did any one come near them, and then it was only the battery which had shelled the village in the afternoon. Now they passed at a lumbering gallop, and a half-delirious Russian, lying almost in their path, cried:

"Water! for Christ's sake, water!"

They understood his meaning, if not his words, and without pausing two of the riders unslung their cans of water and threw them across to him.

Douglas carried them to Hiro, and the precious drink was carefully shared round. The night passed, a night of ceaseless battle by Liao Yang, except in places like that Chinese village, which had been taken and retaken, and lost again. Men, fighting each other like mad beasts for its possession, and then when it was won, finding it useless, leaving it to the soldiers of the Cross, who, perhaps, were the truest victors after all those five days of battle.

For Liao Yang was not the decisive victory both sides had hoped for. At a cost too terrible for reckoning, Nippon

had forced Kuropatkin's lines, but she was too exhausted by her losses and too weak in cavalry to be able to follow up her success and prevent his retreat with the wreck of his army.

But the great guns were still at last. Serge Lobenko noted their silence as he lay among the millet on that forsaken battlefield. The Red Cross had been unable to keep up with the work on that last day, and though it was twelve hours since he had fallen, he still lay with the wounded, who were dying among the dead, their faces scorching in the blinding sun.

It showed what war means, stripped of its glory and romance, that field when the tide of battle had passed on; and terrible as were ever the vultures among the slain, innumerable clouds of flies came, to pollute the dead and torture the living.

The air grew thick with their black, buzzing myriads. Down on the dead they came, and where there had been ghastly white faces, were now black masses of stirring horror; while, with feeble arms, the wounded strove in vain to save themselves from a fate more terrible than death.

For half a day Serge had fought the flies, tormented with thirst and the fever of his wounds. Then when night came he lay still, breathing thickly, too weak even to raise his hand, too weak even to call when the battle guns were silent, and the Red Cross passed over the field. And the millet, which could not screen him from the sun or flies, hid him from them.

So now he lay there despairing, sometimes cursing God in wild whispers, sometimes imploring Him for death, or a moment's strength in which to take his life. Then above him he saw the sky grow suddenly red, a fierce, lurid, throbbing light, that looked as if hell had opened in the heavens.

Away in Liao Yang millions of pounds of stores were burning, for before he left the city Kuropatkin had fired the warehouses, where all the supplies brought for his use by rail from European Russia, all through Siberia, were stored. Then, under that blood-red sky, he was flying with the remains of his army, on the trains wisely kept in readiness for a retreat. It is not Russian to burn your bridges behind you.

And with pain-dimmed eyes, Serge looked in terror at the blood-hued

heaven, and at the tall millet standing up redly in the reflected glare. He was thinking of the pictures on the altar screen of his church at home. On one side, Christ on the Cross, dying for His enemies; on the other, this same Christ enthroned in power, coming back to judge the nations, and treading all who had rejected Him under His feet, down to where the fires of hell leap up to devour them. It was Christ in this last aspect that Russia had taken for her model, and now to Serge's pain-dazed senses came a fear that was worse than the torture of the flies. If Christ was indeed returning, who could say but what He might not confound friends with enemies? Judging his God by himself, Serge fancied that in the wild murder-lust of the conqueror, He might destroy every one.

"Is Heaven fire, as well as hell?" he gasped; "and you—you fire-thing—are you Christ? Are you there, coming with flames?—or where are you?"

The millet beside him crackled and swayed as an animal forced its way through, and fell rather than sprung to the side of the wounded man. And upon its back Serge saw the sign of the Cross.

For it was Douglas, with his coat matted with mud and blood, and his soft eyes dim with hunger, thirst, and weariness. Only the pride of race, and the strong blood of the thoroughbred had held him to his work those last twelve hours, when he had dragged himself more than walked through those miles of millet, that he would have died rather than left unsearched.

Now as he lay by this last of the stray sheep he would need to seek round Liao Yang, he gathered his strength to bark for aid, and in agony of fear that he meant to leave him, Serge clutched at his hair with weak, hot fingers that could not hold. Douglas licked the feeble, fevered hands. Sheep were foolish things to think that a sheep-dog would ever desert a stray sheep he had found. He certainly could know nothing of the shepherd-spirit which animated even this dog-servant of the servants of the Cross.

And vaguely understanding, Serge struggled to raise his hand, till he could lay it on the dog's saddle, touching the shepherd-sign, and then, with his face hidden against the brave beast's panting side, he sobbed weakly in content.

Toronto, Ont.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

CHAPTER IX.



IT was worth more than the sacrifice of a season's carefare to see the expression on the children's faces that morning as we ushered them into the car at the railway station. They presented a rather unique, not to say amusing spectacle compared with the other passengers.

Clean they were all without exception, but that did not conceal the fact that Joe's waistcoat and trousers did not associate in the back, disclosing a pair of suspenders of unmistakable home manufacture. His shoes were likewise of different—nationality, I was going to say—while his hat was contemptuous of brim or band.

Johnny, in his own estimation, at least, defied criticism, by the display of a shiny pair of bran-new chirping boots, while little Polly looked quaintly pathetic in a tiny pea-green gauze shawl, and a bonnet that might have been her aunt's when she was Polly's age.

Everything was new to their wondering eyes. They heeded not the amused faces around them. They sat rapt, absorbed in the ever-changing panorama of the open window. And the thought that they were being whirled on to ever increasing joys filled their little faces with a look such as is seldom seen on human countenances; it is generally reserved for contemplation of the last prospect.

It was after four o'clock when we stepped out at the village station. We engaged a carter to take our luggage and some provisions ordered at the village store, while our little party started to walk. I had some scruples as to the advisability of this for the children, but they were all eager, so we started. I had written to a trustworthy person to open the house and prepare it for our reception.

What a flood of remembrances rushed in upon me, as leaving the others seated under the tree in the yard, I entered the house alone, went over the silent rooms,

and greeted silently each dear old piece of furniture, book and picture.

Here I knelt, too, at the bed on which "Little Mother" died, and prayed that my life might be like hers: true, grand in its simplicity, noble in its repose.

We spread our simple supper out on the grass where Polly could scarce be persuaded to sit down, looking round with trepidation for the "perlice-man," whom she doubtless expected to emerge from the shadow of the house with his inevitable "move on."

It would be too monotonous to relate all the little incidents that went to make up the pleasure of those two weeks. There were excursions through lanes and by roadways to the woods, where we spread our repasts and drank from crystal springs, the water-cresses around furnishing a tender salad to our fare.

There were no deceptive snares laid, no effort made to delude any creature from its joyous liberty. Instead I rummaged out all my old books for stories and anecdotes concerning birds and animals that came under our notice, entertained them with the habits and industry of the little bee that hovered suspiciously over the flaming artificial flower on Polly's bonnet, and the ants that fearlessly, but with alacrity, ran over the boys' bare feet as they lay stretched out on the ground.

A wretched stray kitten, and a little flock of late chickens, belonging to a neighbour, shared the divided devotions of Polly's heart, until the old hen, doubtless fired by jealousy by such ardent protestations of affection, broke her moorings one day and implanted a souvenir of her sentiments in Polly's meagre arm.

That these young representatives of the alley would display some unlovely characteristics, and a tendency to evade some of the unwritten laws of the social code was not unforeseen. On the whole, however, they were amenable and were successfully managed by a little tact and an invariable show of good-nature.

Only on one occasion did Joe threaten to prove obstinately refractory. This was no more or less than the irrepresible boyish inclination to aim pebbles

at the windows of a small unoccupied house opposite. Mild protestations proving unavailing, I was debating on more stringent measures.

"Leave it to me," said Marion, confidently, "I'm used to managing small boys."

Stepping outside without further opening introduction, she said firmly:

"The sender of the next pebble in that direction goes back to Y— on the next train. That man," she added, pointing over the garden fence, at a stout, bristling old gentleman, dexterously wielding an iron spud, "will carry out my orders."

"Is he a perlice-man?" inquired Joe in alarm.

"He does not wear the official uniform," she replied, "but on occasion he will serve in that capacity."

To impress the lesson still deeper, Marion calmly walked over to the fence and conversed with him in low tones about his expectations of a cabbage crop, to which he replied with many emphatic nods of his head, looking fixedly over her shoulder all the time at the boys who were regarding him with increasing awe.

On rainy days—there were three or four, which I think none of us regretted—there were rummagings in the garret for curiosities, of which many to their wondering eyes were brought to view; clipping and making of scrap-books; telling of wonderful stories, while the rain pattered softly on the roof, and music at the organ down-stairs, that responded only to me in vibrating echoes of voices that were stilled for ever: one that swelled the anthem of the choir invisible; another that perhaps sang its melodies in some fairer ear.

What I intended as our crowning pleasure of all was arranged for the last day but one. This was a trip to the sand-banks, for which, as it was a distance of some seven miles, we were under the necessity of engaging a carriage and driver for the day.

It was with visible trepidation that Polly allowed herself to be sandwiched between Marion and I in the rear seat behind "that animal," while Joe and Johnny enconced themselves with confidence beside the driver.

The drive was as full of unspeakable and delightful surprises to Marion as to the children. It certainly was beautiful with its handsome farm-houses, with their smooth, well-kept lawns and profusion of flowers; little turns in the road

leading off down grassy lanes to groves of clustering maples, through which could be caught glimpses of the lake, with here and there a tiny sail upon it like the brooding wing of a dove, then lost again, while our way lay through a noble avenue of great maples, so interlacing their branches as to make an unbroken shade.

The children's delight was unbounded as, emerging from this on a slight eminence scarce a mile in advance lay the great white banks, gleaming in the warm sun. They would have climbed right out and begun investigations (Joe was of a particularly inquiring turn of mind) had I not restrained them by promises of better landing ground farther on. There was considerable further winding about through heavy sand-strewn roads until a sudden turn brought us, through an evergreen avenue, full upon our destination.

What a delightful shade! What sweet spruce-laden breezes from the lake!

Sand, sand everywhere—smooth, fine, silvery—dotted in every direction with fragrant, drooping evergreens, half buried beneath it. What delight to drop down upon it; to sift it through the fingers; to bury one's toes in it!

Shoes and stockings were instantly abandoned; hats in the sombre shade of the evergreens were a superfluity.

It was with an exuberant sense of freedom and irresponsibility that we spread our luncheon out in the shade of the evergreens that sent their fragrant odour to our feast; on one hand the lake with its gentle ripple swelling from the distant horizon; on the other the palatial hotel, with its long line of tiny cottages stretching far down to the very borders of the wood.

After luncheon there was wading on the large flat rocks in the warm soft water, the launching of innumerable bark boats freighted with neither oars nor crew, the gathering of stones and shells and scrambling up the huge white banks, that shifted constantly beneath the feet, making climbing slow and toilsome work.

Marion and I were children, too, that day. We joined in all the sports we planned for them; energetically dug excavations in the sand that kept constantly caving in, in search of the snow that as a standing tale is said to lie deep hidden beneath the dunes, tumbled the children unceremoniously down the banks and helped them up again.

How short the afternoon was! How tired we all were, and how ravenously hungry!

The sun, descending into the consuming expanse of water, like a noble martyr advancing to his fate, warned us it was time to spread the remaining contents of our lunch basket, which we did upon the height of that silver plain, lingering long over the skeleton of our feast, until the lake had completely swallowed up the sun, and touched like a sea of blood the scarlet of the west. Then we mounted our vehicle and rode reluctantly away.

Little voices were too tired that night for song; prayers were on our hearts, rather than on lips, and sleep was to live over again all the joys of the blissful day.

Something of the sorrow of departure unconsciously pervaded the amusements of the following day. Evening found them unusually quiet and subdued. As the soft twilight lent its influence to the tranquility, I gathered them about me in the hammock, and told them in simple language the story of a child and a wonderful star, of a boy at his work at Nazareth, of a man in the streets of Bethany and Jerusalem, of a divinity upon Calvary.

They were greatly interested, and from time to time some incident evoked comment.

"I know'd a boy once that were like that man," said Joe. "He wouldn't never fight 'cept for some little feller who were bein' beat. He were the friend of all 'em little shavers. The others called 'im 'parson' an' a 'gal,' and lots other names, but he never took no 'count; an' when a big boy who bullied 'im worse nor any one else were took sick, we found out he sold 'is knife to buy him jell' and an orange."

"Yes, that was very noble. I should like a boy like that for a friend, Joe."

"He be dead now," Joe added softly. "An' when 'e died, we all sold our tre'sures and bought flow'rs to put in 'is hands."

"I am sure you would not have done that had he fought and been rough and uncivil, would you, Joe? It is gentleness and goodness in people that make us love them. I am sure this boy in Nazareth never struck any one or behaved rudely in any way. That was why the poor people loved him and the little children gathered about him.

"You see, he had no money to give them, but he showed them by his words

and actions how to be good; how they must never deceive, nor take what was not theirs, nor speak God's name only in reverence and prayer.

"And he loves little boys and girls to-day quite as much as he did in those days, and wanted them to love him and always try to do right. He knew it would be very hard sometimes, so He taught His followers a little prayer that they might say every day, and every time they felt inclined to do wrong, and this would help them."

Joe and Polly had never heard it, so I promised each of them a little book, with the prayer underlined. George said he would teach it to Polly, and Joe said he would say it on Sundays anyway.

"But you know," I said, "we all need to pray every day, every time we are in danger, every time we fear we may do wrong."

But that would take er lot of time," Joe protested, "an' maybe yer boss would see ye, and yer would lose yer job."

"It is true, Joe, we cannot always kneel to pray, but at any time or place we feel in danger we can close our eyes, just for a moment, and say, 'Jesus, help me,' and 'e is very certain to hear it and answer that prayer quite as readily as a long one. And I think he knows just how to help a boy, because, you see, he was a boy once himself."

"An' he loved little girls, too?" said Polly.

"Yes, indeed! very, very much. So much that when a little girl, scarce bigger than you, Polly, was taken sick, and died, He came where she lay, and took her little hands in His, and spoke to her so that she opened her eyes, and came back to life."

Polly remained very thoughtful, contemplating the large doll she had taken to her bosom in the absence of her aunt's baby. There was something pathetic in the tenderness she lavished upon it. Everything in Polly's world was susceptible to the sense of hatred or love. If little of the first had been present in her experience, enough of the latter was absent, to surround it, in her mind, with a golden halo, that transformed the expression of the very curb-stones, after her aunt had gingerly bestowed on her a kindly word.

"It has all been so different from what we planned," I said to Marion that night, when we were alone in our room, "I suppose you don't much regret it's over."

"Next summer we'll bring twelve instead of three," was her only reply.

"But that would demand the resources of a treasury."

"Well, get some of your wealthy cousins interested in the cause. I'm sure it's a good one. The expense would be a mere nothing compared with some other schemes productive of not half the good. I'm not sure but that it's work you're especially adapted for, seeing how you are circumstanced."

Marion's tone was half-comic, half-serious.

"It would be a great work," I assented, "next to carrying them the Gospel."

"Next? It is the Gospel," Marion declared emphatically, "the gospel of love, of cleanliness, of beauty, and of liberty. That was a genius who exclaimed that 'God made the country and man made the town,' not, too, without an implied sarcasm on the relative contrast of the two

"I pity city people who see nothing in the country but its inconveniences, its provincialism, or its rusticity. People who won't understand the country had better stay away from it; they mar its simplicity for those who do."

After this little outburst, Marion dutifully performed her devotions, and went to bed.

The children, I believe, would have taxed every valise to the spring. An endless array of souvenirs had been collected, including everything from a rose-leaf to a hatchet.

I verily believe the boys would have treasured a picket from the old fence on which they climbed to reach the limbs of the harvest-apple tree, while almost at the last moment Polly was found, bending, in tears, over a bed of malodorous poppies that had sown themselves with prodigality from season to season in the garden.

However, there must be a rigorous thinning out of those.

Polly was only half-consolated with a scrap-book, an Indian work-basket, and a few sprigs of evergreen scattered between the layers of her meagre bundle, while Joe and Johnny took charge of a tin can of real sand-bank sand.

"Yer see, ma'm," Joe said, "it is so different from other sand, and when we stick little sprigs of Polly's evergreens among it, we'll have a sand-bank of our own."

It was about four p.m. when our party invaded the precincts of ——— Alley.

We arrived at the doors of Joe's domicile first. His mother answered our summons.

"Well, ye've got back, have ye. Been havin' a soft time of it, I'll be bound. Well, yer father's got yer a job at last and yer can try that now fer a change," disdainingly to show any other form of welcome.

"Oh, yes! I am sure Joe will work with a will now," I hastened to stipulate for Joe, who began to look rather uncomfortable at this sudden transition from ease to activity.

"Don't you think he has improved, Mrs. Hurst?" inquired Marion, in an almost bland tone.

"Hope the land he has," rejoined his mother. "There were room for it, goodness knows," regarding her son more kindly.

"Well, good-bye, Joe," we all exclaimed, as we turned away, leaving him looking wistfully after us.

Polly's joy on again beholding the baby was present compensation for all the world of beauty we had left behind. She stood at the door, bending under the weight of her willing burden, looking quite smiling and contented.

CHAPTER X.

I found a note at my room from Ruth, anticipating my arrival. I had not heard from her in a week, and was surprised that she was still in town, especially as the weather was very warm.

She declined to say anything of her plans for the summer until I had told her all about our holiday.

"It was a rare and delightful treat for the children, I've no doubt, but I fail to see where your enjoyment came in."

"Why, I was a child with the others," I laughingly replied. "It's easy in the country to lay aside one's dignity, and be a child again. But you have not told me yet where you were going to rusticate. Before I went away you were considering the Thousand Islands."

"Grace and her governess are there now, but the very name is to me a suggestion of weariness and confusion; one would suit my capacity quite as well, I think."

"No!" she added slowly, "I have finally decided to go to see your wonderful sand-banks, and judge of their attractiveness for myself."

"That will be delightful," I exclaimed. "I almost envy you your pleasure. One may remain as secluded there as they could wish. There are innumerable little nooks and crannies for a mile around, where one may hide themselves without fear of intrusion."

"Yes, that will all be very nice, but I must have some society. I can't live entirely alone," she replied, glancing meaningfully toward me.

"Flora will go to take care of you, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes, Flora, and I expect my cousin Alice to accompany me."

I laughed indulgently. "Your cousin would undoubtedly enjoy the pleasure under any other circumstances, but holidays for her, unfortunately, are now a thing of the past. There will be a vacancy awaiting her at the office tomorrow morning, and—there are expenses to make its acceptance imperative."

"Alice," said she, assuredly, "my father has arranged all that! he has secured a substitute. You will be at no expense on this trip, whatever, as you accompany me as my guest, or if it suits you any better, my companion, necessary to my comfort and enjoyment. And, besides, you need the rest."

"When we return, at the end of six or eight weeks, your position awaits you, while your salary goes on the same."

"I cannot accept pay for work I do not perform," I answered resolutely, "and as to six or eight weeks of idleness—Ruth, I should positively grow too dissipated and worldly-minded for any further use."

"Well, I will curb that tendency by sending you back, immediately you begin to grow too unbearably indolent."

Well, it was all arranged, so there was practically nothing for me to do but acquiesce. I consigned the occasional remembrance of Polly, Joe and Johnny to Marion, who would be in the city from time to time during the holidays, repacked my valises and was off again.

Travelling and change were painful and wearisome luxuries to Ruth Andrews. For three days after our arrival at the Banks she did not leave the balcony of her room.

"How delightfully invigorating this lake air is," she remarked cynically the second day, as completely wearied by the ordeal of dressing she sank back among the pillows of her couch, while hot tears crept beneath her closed lids.

It was not many days, however, before she was sufficiently recovered from the

effects of the journey to be wheeled down to the beach in her chair. From this the excursions gradually lengthened until we found ourselves beyond the grounds, in the woods at the edge of the lake.

We contracted the habit of coming here on afternoons with our books, and sometimes busying ourselves with our sewing as we talked. Rugs and pillows made a soft couch for Ruth on the green turf, where she loved to lie and listen to the rustle of the trees, while the sun played upon the dimpled waters of the lake, turning it into a "sea of glass mingled with fire."

I remember one afternoon we had been reading Addison's dream of the Mountain of Miseries, and were compelled to laugh not a few times over the ridiculous seriousness of the adventurers, who, after exchanging their miseries for the supposed lighter ones of somebody else, were surprised to find themselves more heavily burdened than before.

"I suppose," said Ruth, "that people delivered themselves of their physical and apparent deformities instead of their passions and frailties, under the impression that these latter would be modified and eliminated in proportion as the others ceased to harass them."

"Some strong natures might afford to indulge in that chimera, but to the majority it would prove a fallacy."

"You mean to say," she replied sharply, "that misfortune and misery are not the direct cause of most of the unlovely traits of character in the afflicted?"

"It may, or it may not be," I said. "It depends on the individual, and—on circumstances. Misfortune and sorrow have been known to stimulate and develop all the noblest possibilities of which a nature is capable. There are thousands who could testify of that to-day."

"And when it has that effect on one, there are ten who sink beneath it, hardened, embittered, rebellious."

"That is only when we do not recognize the Hand that sent it, or, recognizing, do not love," I said gently.

"It is hard to love that which gives us pain," she replied.

"Yes," I said, abstractedly, for my thoughts were busy with the past, "but a simple faith makes it possible to believe He is too wise to err."

"Do you think you could believe it under a calamity like mine?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"I have believed it through my own

experience," I replied quietly, without looking up.

"What was that?" she asked gently. "Would you mind telling me?"

"That would involve a long story," I replied, without encouragement, for truth to tell, I shrank from a recital of that sad chapter in the history of my past.

"Then," I reflected, "should I withhold, merely on personal scruples, anything from this poor girl whom I was so anxious to help, and who was feebly struggling toward the light?"

With my eyes bent on my sewing, while hers, turning away from me after the first few sentences, rested on the long stretch of horizon to the south, I told her my story something as I have set it down here at the beginning. She neither spoke

(To be continued.)

nor moved all the while I was speaking, the silence after I had finished being broken by the supper-gong and the appearance of Flora, who came to assist her mistress back to the cottage. We were a little late, and the dining-room as we entered was filled with a subdued clatter of china, silverware, and busy tongues.

Ruth shrank instinctively on the threshold before this cheery noise and babel. Turning to Flora she whispered entreatingly, "Take me back to the cottage, and order my supper sent there."

When I went to kiss her "Good-night" she was already in bed, and as I bent over her, she put her arm about me and said, with tears in her eyes, and in the softest tone I had ever heard her use, "Forget him, dear—he was unworthy."



WINTER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Already Winter, in his sombre round
 Before his time, hath touched these hills austere
 With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,
 The ghostly Frost walked out by wood and mere;
 And now the sumac curls his frond of fire,
 The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold:
 And down the gullies the North's wild, vibrant lyre
 Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.
 O'er this short afternoon the night draws down
 With ominous chill across these regions bleak;
 Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
 The purple loneliness of crag and peak;
 Leaving the world an iron house wherein
 Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

SARAH COOPER'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



LITTLE Sarah Cooper finished her morning's work as speedily as possible and exchanged her clean print apron for a clean white lawn one.

"I wonder if Cynthia Broadstreet will put on hers to 'receive' in," she thought whimsically. Sarah Cooper was a humour-loving little person and enjoyed her own little witticisms when there was no one else by to enjoy them. The

notion of stately Mrs. J. Henry Broadstreet receiving New Year's calls in a white apron, no matter how "deep" its knitted edging, was worth smiling over.

"Still, Cynthia used to be simple-minded enough, even after she married J. Henry Broadstreet—John Henry he was then, plain John Henry. But I guess it turned both o' their heads getting so well-off. I guess it's liable to. Probably it would turn mine and Pliny's! I guess I'll tell Pliny it will not be safe for us to get rich!"

She looked around the bare little room, involuntarily noting all the patched places in the carpet and the crafty little make-shifts of poverty. Perhaps, after all, it wouldn't be necessary to mention it to Pliny!

Then she drew up the corners of her pleasant mouth again and went back to her appointed task of watching for Cynthia Broadstreet's callers. They would be coming along any time now; by and by there would be a little stream of them—inflowing and outflowing. And some would come in carriages—old Dr. Truro and young Horace Dalrymple, and the man that hired Pliny.

"He might call here!" laughed the little woman, gently. "It would only be showing proper respect to Pliny's wife!—and I have my best apron all on! Hi, hum, I wonder how it would feel to 'receive' a New Year's call? I'm going to shut my eyes and make believe!"

Sarah Cooper—when she had been little Sally Munn, and from "there on"—had been addicted to making believe. Pliny said it was her besetting sin, but he didn't mean it. In Pliny Cooper's eyes, "Sally" had no sins.

She had made believe her dolls were alive and her bits of broken china were gold-rimmed plates and cups. She had made believe she had been to college and could read and speak eleven languages! She had made believe Pliny was handsome—and learned—and rich. She had always made believe, like a little child, and enjoyed herself doing it. The sweetest, the sacredest, thing she had ever made believe was a little white-spread cradle and a little head dening the pillow.

Now she leaned back and began to rock gently—that was part of it. Her eyes were closed.

"I'm just putting on my best bombazine," she smiled, dreamily, "Cynthia's been over—Mrs. J. Henry Broadstreet, I mean—and asked me to come across and receive with her. 'I need you,' she says, 'you're just the one I want.' Now, I'm all ready; I'm crossing the street. Now I'm there. Now I'm receiving! I'm shaking hands with the man that hires Pliny! 'A happy New Year, madam!' he says, and 'The same to you!' I says. There's a lot more coming in the door; we're right in the middle of it now. We're having a beautiful time! Cynthia whispers how nice I look—and I do. My bombazine has turned into satin! I have on a thread lace collar.

"Now young Horace Dalrymple is coming toward me, smiling and holding his hand out. 'Why, Mis' Cooper, if it ain't you!' he says, 'And if it ain't good for sore eyes to see you! How's Pliny?' And then he has to let go of me to make room for somebody else. The room is getting pretty crowded. Why, here comes Pliny—in a swallow-tail coat—to call on me!"

That woke the dreamer up. Her eyes flew open and she began to laugh softly to herself.

"I can't make believe that!" she cried, "I guess that's a good place to stop at." And she went back to her watching at the window. Several men were going into the great front door of the big house; probably she had missed some while she day-dreamed, and served her right! But she settled down now to the watching, determined to miss no more.

"I'm glad the curtains aren't drawn close together and I'm glad I'm good and far-sighted," she mused aloud. "I can

see Cynthia once in a while, when she drifts this way. That's just the word—drifts. Cynthia makes a fine-looking receiver. I guess it's just as well I'm not over there with her—to take the edge off!" The little person laughed again enjoyingly. It was a good thing to laugh at yourself sometimes—when you were getting to feel a little "down-hearted-y," and to wishing Pliny was rich.

Pliny Cooper was poor. There was no making believe that could alter that fact. He hadn't the "faculty," people said—poor Pliny! But he wasn't in debt. Sometimes his little wife counted up the pro's in favour of Pliny on her fingers, and that always came first. He wasn't in debt; he had a little white-washed, cool-in-summer, warm-in-winter home; there was a spare room in it—there were roses in the front yard of it, and always a row of pies on the pantry shelf. And the little wife was contented. It was only on New Year's Day that she had her little wistful longings to be rich, and that was because she lived across the street from Cynthia Broadstreet's big house—and was so far-sighted! She might have pulled down her shade, of course, but she didn't do it; she pulled them up.

"Well, they're having a beautiful time over there," she sighed gently, "and you're having a beautiful time over here, Sarah Cooper." She added: "Do you mean to look me in the eye and deny it? You know Pliny's going to be home all the afternoon, and there's roast chicken for dinner. Go and baste it, my dear, this minute, and be thankful for all your mercies!"

It was while she was going away from the window that her New Year's caller came. It was a shrunken, cowering, little figure, and it came hurrying up the walk with anxious back glances over its shoulder. It did not stop to knock.

Sarah Cooper looked up from her basting and started at the sight that met her eyes. A drop of melted butter spilled over on her hand and burned her.

"Maria Thacher!" she ejaculated, sharply.

"Yes, it's me, Sally. Hide me, hide me, quick!"

"For—the—goodness'—sake! I guess you're crazy, Maria!"

"No, but I'm on the verge—I'm on the totterin' verge!" groaned the New Year's caller. "If you don't—let me have a place to hide in before they come, I shall topple clear over the edge, Sally."

"They?—who come?"

"The selectmen. They're coming to carry me to the poor-house. They've been a-threatenin' an' a-threatenin'. Then they came; I saw 'em through the front window. I had just time to run out o' the back door over here. Sally Cooper, you get up off'n your knees and look at me! When we was little together, you useter be makin' believe the whole time; now you make believe you was me and they were comin' to take you to the poor-house. Make believe your heart was broke. Make believe you'd ruther lay down an' fold your hands an' die, an' you would've, only there wasn't any money left to bury you with—"

The shrill, excited voice came to a sudden stop, but the low-ceiled little kitchen seemed to ring with it still. It rang in Sarah Cooper's ears. She had not closed her eyes, or swayed dreamily in a rocking-chair, but she had made believe it all. There had been time, standing there facing the little weird, wild figure of her New Year's caller.

"Maria Thacher," she caught the shrunken shoulders with her strong, gentle hands and pushed the little figure before her, into the other room. "You lay down there on that sofa and rest you! Don't you think about selectmen and poorhouses again, and don't you worry. I'll see to everything."

"But they'll find me, here. I wished you'd hide me, Sally," shrilled the broken voice.

"I'm not going to hide you, Maria," calmly; "you're going to lay right there in plain sight. I guess you've got as good a right to stay out in the open as anybody. Now you drop off—a little mite of sleep will do you a sight o' good. I tell you I'll see to everything." She was gone instantly, before the excited voice could wail again. And she had closed the door behind her.

Half-way across the kitchen floor she encountered two men. They stood awkwardly, hat in hand, and smiled apologetically at her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Cooper."

"Good-mornin', Sally." The older man had trotted her on his knees. "We come right in after we'd knocked a couple o' times. We calculated you didn't hear."

"Why, Mr. Vose! Why, Uncle Silas! Walk right in"—the little fun wrinkles were in Sarah Cooper's gray eyes—"I wish both o' you a happy New Year! It was real neighbourly in you to call on me, but you made a mistake in the door. I don't receive New Year's calls in the kitch—"

"Er—er—wait, Mrs. Cooper," inter-

posed the younger man, nervously. "An—er—explanation is needful. We are out this morning in our official capacity—er, *capacities* to perform a painful duty."

"Oh, does it hurt?" smiled the little hostess, wickedly; "I never made a New Year's call myself, but I didn't suppose it hurt—"

"Sally," laughed Uncle Silas, "you jest quit your foolin'! We're in solemn earnest. It ain't anyways a pleasin' duty to take a poor, innercent soul to the town house."

"Then don't take me," promptly. "Besides, Uncle Silas, no knowing but Pliny would object!"

"You piece o' mischief! You ain't growed up much since I trotted ye on my knees an' you tied your blue ha'r ribbon into my whiskers an' let me go to meetin' with it thar! But, serious, Sally, we're lookin' for poor Maria Thacher. She's got to the last end of her rope an' has be'n starvin' herself on nothin', this nobody-knows-how-long."

"Poor Maria!" Sally was serious enough now.

"Yes, yes, poor soul! It'll come hard to a Thacher to go thar, but she'll be took care of an' have a warm room an' victuals—somethin' she ain't had lately. The town's got to interfere. Pleasant or no pleasant, it's a matter o' duty."

"Yes, duty, Mrs. Cooper," echoed the younger selectman, with important stress on the little word. "We failed to find—er—Miss Thacher at her place and so came over here to inquire for her."

"Yes, she's here. She's laying on my sofa, and I hope to goodness she's dropped off and can't hear us talking. Her heart is broken, Uncle Silas, Mr. Vose."

"Poor little soul!"

"And she'd have taken her time for dying out o' the Lord's hands, if there'd been any money left to be buried with. Wicked? Yes, but we don't any of us know what it's like to be a Thacher and come on the town. Maybe we'd all be wicked. Now, what I want to say is, Maria Thacher ain't coming on the town, while I've a spare room and pies on my pantry shelf! She's coming on me. I haven't seen Pliny yet, but I know

Pliny. Now I have to baste my chicken again."

When Pliny Cooper came home at noon, the whole little house he stepped into was savory with good, warm smells, and a smiling wife, in a white apron, met him at the door.

"Happy New Year, Pliny! You came home just on the minute; the chicken's done to a turn. But wait, Pliny. Pliny, we've had a New Year's caller."

"Sho!—no?"

"Yes, and I've given her the spare room and the seat nearest the stove at the table, to set in as long as she lives. I've got her knife and fork on. It's going to be a happy New Year to Maria Thacher, Pliny."

"Maria Thacher!" He sat down on one of the wooden chairs, a little bewildered by the suddenness of it all. Sarah Cooper sat down, too—on the same chair.

"Pliny, you're a good man," she said softly, touching his rough cheek with her small, loving fingers. "Set right here as long as you're a mind to and get used to it. I'm comfortable."

"But they were goin' to take her to the poor-house to-day, Sally. I met Phineas Vose, an' he said so."

"Phineas Vose didn't take her, Pliny. The Lord did—to this poor-house. When you're rested and used to it, I want you to go into the setting-room and look at Maria Thacher's face. I've told her, Pliny, this morning I made believe I received New Year's calls. Cynthia Broadstreet 'received' with me. I didn't know I was going to have one!"

It did not take Pliny Cooper long to become used to anything Sally proposed. He rose presently and tip-toed clumsily into the other room. He was gone some time. When he came back he kissed Sally first.

"She's smiling in her sleep," he whispered. "She looks all wore out, but as if she'd got to a restin' place at last. I never saw a peacefuller smile than that."

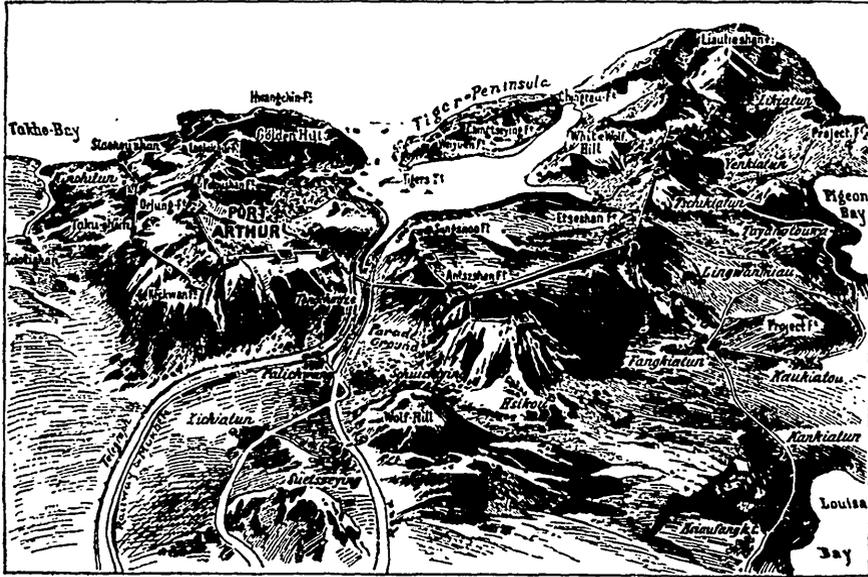
Then Pliny Cooper, rough, plain, and lacking the "faculty," made as beautiful a speech as was ever made.

"Sally," he said, "the Lord 'received' with you."

I love to think as wanes the year,
The world for me has wider grown;
Through conquered strife and silenced fear,
Through joyous hour and secret tear,
Life's psalm has gained a fuller tone
Than e'er before its chords have known.

Oh, passing Year so nearly told,
I thank thee for the changes wrought;
For all the sadness thou didst hold,
For all the gladness manifold,
For quiet, earnest, helpful thought,
Take thanks for all, forgetting naught.

Current Topics and Events.



PORT ARTHUR'S LAST LINE OF FORTS.

The above sketch of the forts is taken from the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, but all maps of the defences of Port Arthur vary from one another in some essential details. There is a parade ground at the foot of one of the forts—perhaps Antszhan—to the possession of which the Japanese seem to attach great importance. The Etseshan (Itsushan) fort is said to have been captured and subsequently lost by the Japanese at least three times, with a total loss, according to the Paris Temps, of over 5,639 men. Wolf Hill, outside the fortifications proper, must not be confused with White Wolf Hill inside.

The eyes of the world have been focused on the tragedy of Port Arthur as never on any other siege. The loss of life has been enormous, although not greater than that in other notable sieges of history. Its horrors are surpassed by those of the siege of Jerusalem, in which, according to Josephus, over a million Jews perished, though this doubtless is a great exaggeration. In other sieges, however, as in that of Acre, Leyden, Rochelle, and even Londonderry, the sufferings through famine were more accentuated. But never were the resources of science so employed for the destruction of human life as in this memorable siege. It was probably a tactical mistake of the Russians to retain Port Arthur. Though Stoessel has won great fame by his desperate defence, yet his losses have been

enormous, and have involved also those at Liao Yang and Shakhe River, where Kuropatkin had to make a stand. But for Port Arthur he could have retired to Harbin, and, supported from both Vladivostock and Moscow, would have been unassailable by the Japs.

It brings home to us the horrors of war to read of the cessation of fighting for a few hours to bury the dead, and then both armies proceed with might and main to kill as many more as they can. If the Russians deserve credit for the stubbornness of their defence, the Japs, by the same standard, the animal instinct of bulldog courage, deserve credit for the persistence of the attack. Under a withering fire, and in spite of mines and trenches and barbed-wire entanglements they captured fort after fort, in



THE PHANTOM FLEET.

"Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet."—Daily Paper. —Punch, London.

the last assault losing 4,000 in one hour, till from 203 Metre Hill they were able by a plunging fire to sink or shatter practically the whole Russian navy. It would now be criminal for Stoessel to hold out longer. The kernel being destroyed, the shell is valueless.

The duration of the siege, though it is only about half as long as that of Sebastopol, will be better understood if we remember that the enormous range of modern artillery makes isolated but mutually sustaining forts, such as surround Port Arthur, almost impregnable. Our diagram will indicate the character of these fortifications. There is a pathos about this lone outpost of empire, cut off from communications with the world, looking with longing eyes, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, for the news of the Baltic fleet and of the relieving legions of Kuropatkin.

On the Shakhe River half a million men along a front of eighty miles are burrowing in underground bomb-proofs like wild beasts in their lairs. The country is devastated, the wooden houses of the Chinese are used for fuel, and their inmates driven shelterless to endure the rigours of a Manchurian winter. The zero weather, the icy storms, the shortage

of food, the ravages of disease, work their havoc on both armies as well as on the hapless noncombatants. Upon Russia rests the guilt of refusing the moderate terms of Japan, the fulfilment of her pledges to restore Manchuria to China, and to maintain the integrity of Korea. It but confirms her own perfidy to her plighted word.

Meanwhile, the game of "Beggar my Neighbour" goes on. Our cartoon on the next page shows with what desperate results. For generations victor and vanquished will alike groan beneath the burden of war. In Russia this is already felt acutely. While the Siberian Railway is congested with troops and stores, the great roads of European Russia are denuded of engines and rolling stock; the grain, on which the nation is depending for its foreign trade, lies rotting in the fields or wasting in the stores. Manufacturing, except that stimulated by the war, is dead; merchants are bankrupt; the peasants are starving. The reserves are dragged from their beds by night to the barracks, and their weeping women are scourged by brutal Cossacks with the knout. Unwilling to be sent as food for powder, and in terror of the tortures of the pitiless journey to the front, thousands of conscripts are fleeing from their country, thousands more are demanding wider liberties or threatening revolution. How can Russia win against a people that throng to the front as eagerly as the Russians fly to the rear?



"The bear thinks of hibernating, but the locality is not safe."—Kladderadatsch (Berlin).



HOW IT WILL END.

—From Der Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.

Yet even in Japan, self-contained and prosperous as it is, the burden of the war is fearfully felt. Our Japanese cartoons on the next page show how the proletariat are groaning beneath the burden of the war. Long before the war, indeed, a socialistic development took place in Japan. The doctrines of Henry George were disseminated by his "Progress and Poverty." The growth of manufactures was accompanied by increased distress of the workers. Mechanics and railway operators received at best thirty cents per day; cotton workers received only fifteen; cotton, silk and linen spinners ten; dyers, twelve. The working day was ten to twelve hours. The works of Marx and Engels were translated into Japanese. "Brotherly Unions" of workmen were formed, co-operative societies introduced, and hours of labour much reduced. The war for a time swept everything into its vortex, but its burdens will accentuate the needs of social reform, and Japan as well as Russia will reach a larger liberty.

A NEW WITENAGEMOTE.

It is a healthful sign that both political parties in this province should call at the same time a great council of the people—

a sort of modern Witenagemote, or "meeting of the wise men." In a democratic country like ours all authority is derived from the people, and the more directly and freely, without let or hindrance, the will of the people is expressed the better for the nation: The people as a whole can be trusted to approve of just and righteous measures, to abhor wrong and fraud and corruption; and both parties will be purified and strengthened by the frank discussion open to the world, where every man can say his say, and where the wisdom of the wise may be formulated in principles for action.

It is significant of much that at the great gathering at Massey Hall the great question of all questions was one of morals and not of politics. To this the greatest time and thought was given, around this the hottest debate waged, and upon this strong advance ground was taken. We regret that still further advance was not made, that the immense majorities of two plebiscites did not count for more. We believe that the party which takes the highest ground, appeals to the highest motives, is the party that, in the long run, will command the support of the country.

It is a great deal that the temperance platform, proposed at Massey Hall, provides that there shall be no new licenses in New Ontario for all time to come, that the virgin soil of that great country, larger than many European states, shall be for ever free from the curse of the liquor traffic. The possibility of the banishment of the bar by a majority vote of any municipality on the initiative of a petition signed by twenty-five per cent. affords a splendid opportunity for circumscribing the baneful drink traffic. We regret that the vote is not to be taken simultaneously on January, 1906. We regret that regard for policy rather than principle made so many vote against this reasonable request.

We congratulate the pronounced prohibitionists, especially their spokesmen, Mr. Frank Spence and Mr. N. W. Rowell, for the cogent arguments and eloquent appeals for still more stringent legislation. We hope that the next election will turn upon this great moral question, and that good men of all parties will unite to speed the day when the greatest bane and evil of our land shall be utterly abolished.

The abstract denunciations of political corruption and fraud in both these great conventions are good as far as they go. Let them be rigidly applied. Let both



JINRIKISHA MAN PROTESTING
AGAINST STREET-CAR COMPETITION.—Tokio Kodo Sekai.



THE WORKMAN MARTYRED
BY THE CAPITALIST.—Tokio Labour World.



THE WORKER SUPPORTING SOCIETY.—Heimin Shimbun.

parties hew to the line, no matter where the chips may fly. The revelations of fraud at Algoma and Belleville and elsewhere make patriotic Canadians hang their heads with shame.

We present herewith a remarkable literary curiosity. Never before have the heads of two great nations locked in the deadly struggle of war appeared at the same time as poets. What an irony of fate that men with such amiable instincts and distinguished abilities should be the leaders in one of the most devastating wars of modern times :

WISDOM'S GOAL.

BY MUTSUHITO.

[HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.]

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup
Changes its form to its receptacle ;
And so our plastic souls take various shapes
And characters of good or ill, to fit
The good or evil in the friends we choose.
Therefore be ever careful in your choice of
friends,
And let your special love be given to those
Whose strength of character may prove the
whip,
That drives you ever to fair Wisdom's goal.

The above poem was written for the students at the Peereses' School, of Tokio. It is translated by our Japanese correspondent, Arthur Lloyd.—EDITOR.

—From *The Independent*.

MY LIFE.

BY NIKOLAI ALEKSANDROVITCH ROMANOFF.

[CZAR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.]

My happiness was born at night ;
It has only flourished in darkness :

I have lost my joy in life,
And wander wearily in gloom.

My soul gropes sadly searching
In mental fog ; it pines
And prays and suffers,
But finds no peace on earth.

The Czar of Russia, like several other sovereigns and noted leaders, is a poet. The foregoing stanzas were secured for *Success* by special arrangement. The translator has made no effort to produce rhymes, his aim being to make a literal reproduction that would preserve the exact original sense of the Russian verses.

CANADIANS IN EUROPE.

The Editor of this Magazine has several times made the journey to and through Europe. He finds that he can do more and better work by taking an occasional holiday trip. There is a wonderful invigoration in a sea voyage. His tours abroad have made him familiar with the places and things best worth seeing in Britain and the Continent. A number of friends wish to share the benefit of his experience. He will be happy to extend that privilege to others desiring it. He will leave Canada the latter part of June, and will visit Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy as far as Rome, over the Rhetian Alps, through the Black Forest, down the Rhine, and through Belgium. A feature of special interest will be a visit to the World's Fair of industrial and fine art at Liege, Belgium. Persons interested in such a tour may receive a descriptive pamphlet by writing to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Religious Intelligence.

THE NEW SHYLOCK.

The Wee Free Church in Scotland, like Shylock, has demanded its pound of flesh, and, unlike Sylock, has got it. The Scottish court to which appeal was made declared that only Parliament itself could reverse the decree of the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords, that it must carry out that decree. In consequence the United Presbyterian Church is ousted from the college built with its own money



DR. ROBERT RAINY,
Leader of the United Free Church of Scotland.

while the Wee Free remnant takes possession. It will be a dear bought victory. The heart of the nation revolts at the high-handed injustice done; when Parliament meets this will become a national issue, and it will go hard with the party that refuses to do justice. We have nowhere seen this subject so well treated as in an admirable paper by the Rev. Professor Wallace, in *Acta Victoriana*. From his able article we quote as follows :

"Their success, under the splendid leadership of Chalmers, was equal to their heroism, both at home and abroad. They raised, without State aid, magnificent churches, colleges, mission premises, and endowments. Their relations with the seceders who had preceded them gradually became more cordial and intimate as they felt more and more the impracticability of their own ideal of an establishment which should not infringe upon the spiritual liberty of the Church. Soon after the "Disruption" of 1843, the centrifugal forces in the religious life of Scotland began to lose their vitality and the centripetal to assert themselves. In 1847 the United Presbyterian Church was formed by the union of the "Secession" Church with the "Relief" body.

"Not, however, until 1867 did the idea of the union of the Free Church with the U. P. Church find expression in the Free Church Assembly. But a committee on union deemed the question of establishment to be an insuperable barrier between the Free Church and the "voluntaries" of the U. P. Church. The movement, nevertheless, went quietly on.

"But for the death of Lord Shand, as is now known, the committee would have been equally divided, the appeal would have failed, and the property would have remained with the United Church. A leading Scotch paper bluntly reiterates the charge of 'the packing of the court by the exclusion of the Scottish judges competent to sit in it, and the selection by the Lord Chancellor in their place of English judges as ignorant as himself of the Scottish conception of a Church, if not of the law of Scotland.'

"One of the most iniquitous features of the case is the fact that the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, created by the annual payments of the ministers, is taken and handed over to the twenty-eight ministers

of the minority, and the widows and orphans for whom it was accumulated are cast upon the charity of the world. In Edinburgh one congregation remained out of the union of 1900, fifty-five en-

and 70,000 people is handed over to two congregations. How can the twenty-eight ministers of the "Wee Free" man all the churches handed over to them, to say nothing of the three theological colleges



MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH.

tered; the property goes from the fifty-five to the one, 23,000 people are left without churches to worship in, and fifty-five ministers without manses. In Glasgow the property of 103 congregations

with their fifteen professors and two hundred students? On the foreign fields 304 missionaries and 344 native helpers are stripped of churches, colleges, and homes.

"Three-fourths of the property in question has been given to the Church since 1874, when the Free Church Assembly declared that there was 'no objection on principle to union with the United Presbyterian Church.' Money given after that is handed over to those who object to such union. A large proportion of the donors of the property are alive, and have gone into the United Church, and yet their wishes are not to be considered. Is this justice? Is this faithfulness in the administration of a trust? For instance, out of \$685,000 raised in the Free Church during the last ten years for church extension in Glasgow, all but \$75 was subscribed by men who not only approved but entered the union. Their wishes are ignored. This money is snatched from them and handed over a handful of dissidents. The 'Wee Free' Church, if it takes possession of this great property at home and abroad, will do so not to administer it; but to wreck it.

"To the honour of Presbyterianism and Scotland be it said that the great question which is stirring men's souls is not that of the property but that of the spiritual autonomy of the Church. Robertson Nicoll, in *The British Weekly*, makes the issue one between 'the living church and the dead hand,' and declares 'a church constituted according to the judgment of the Lord Chancellor has parted with essential liberty.' One happy issue of the crisis will be a passionate earnestness in proclaiming a broad, free Gospel, in spite of Lord Halsbury's contention that that is inconsistent with the Confession of Faith.

"No one has put the issue better than that leader of High Anglicanism, Bishop Gore. He writes to *The Times* as follows: 'That "Churches" should be tied by a law of trusts never to vary their convictions as expressed in formulas or constitutional methods, except at the risk of losing continuity and the corporate property which goes with such continuity, seems to me to be a state of things which every lover of truth or freedom ought to shrink from. . . . I am writing simply from the point of view of a citizen of a great nation, who desires that the nation should be on the side of religious reality and freedom of spiritual movement. And, though I do not agree in many important respects with the United Free Church of Scotland, I cannot but think it is a grave moral disaster that our law should be such as to lay a dead hand upon a process of normal intellectual and spiritual

growth in an important and noble religious community."

VALE ET AVE.

The departure from among us of Commissioner Evangeline Booth is felt as a loss by the whole community. During her vigorous administration, from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island, she "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." Her executive ability, magnetic power, and consecrated eloquence impressed every hearer. She is one of the most remarkable members of that remarkable family whom God raised up to do a great work in the homeland and throughout the world. The good wishes and prayers of all the Churches will follow her to her still wider sphere of labour in the United States.

We welcome again Commissioner Coombs, who had the honour of introducing the Salvation Army into Canada. His work of faith and labour of love, which has borne such marvellous fruit, will be renewed and extended as one of the great forces for the moral and social uplift of our Dominion.

A LOST LEADER.

Not only the Presbyterian Church, but the Church universal, is the loser in the death of the Rev. Dr Caven, the honoured principal of Knox College. A man of broad sympathies and widespread influence, we, of other Churches, have come to look upon him as belonging, in some measure, to us all. The following testimony of *The Montreal Witness*, while yet alive, was true: "In no other man has the Canadian Church greater confidence. He has all the astuteness, foresight, and caution necessary to leadership, and his grasp of great questions is statesmanlike."

Principal Caven was born in the parish of Kirkcolum, Wigtonshire, Scotland, December 26th, 1830. He was the son of the late John Caven, a school-teacher and superintendent, under whom he began his education. The father was a man of keen intellect, who seems to have transmitted his high mental endowments to his son. In 1847 the family migrated to Canada, where they spent several years in the township of South Dumfries, Ont. Feeling a call to the ministry, he began his studies in theology, in the Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church, where he gave in-

dications of ability, along the lines in which he has since distinguished himself. Licensed to preach in 1852, he became the pastor of the congregation in St. Mary's, Ont., where he remained till 1886.

In that year he began his career as an educator. He was appointed to the chair of Exegetical Theology in Knox College, Toronto. In 1873, he was appointed principal of the college, a position which he filled most acceptably up to the time of his death. Indeed, we may call Knox College, as it now stands, in some sense a monument to his labours. In conjunction with Dr. Gregg, he succeeded in procuring the funds for the erection of the new college buildings, which were completed in 1875.

He was twice elected Moderator of the General Assembly. He was an earnest advocate of union in the Presbyterian Church. He also took an active interest in the formation of the Pan-Presbyterian Council.

He was in every sense a leader of public opinion, and a man interested in all questions affecting the public weal. His able pen has several times contributed to this Magazine. He lived above the isms and the schisms that divide the Church of God. We saw in him one of the dawnlight rays that give promise of that better day when God's people shall forget their differences and work shoulder to shoulder for the salvation of men.

Of the many tributes to his memory, none was more terse and strong than that of Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University: "For clearness of thought, purity of motive, steadfastness of purpose, and broad grasp of all the problems of the country, as well as of the Church, he has left few, if any, equals behind him. In his death the country, the university, and the whole Church of God has suffered a loss which will not be easily repaired."

A marked characteristic of Dr. Caven was his genial personality, and his intense and strong convictions—the silken glove with the hand of steel beneath. We once met him in the great Mohammedan University at Cairo, where were fourteen thousand students. We remarked it was a great deal larger than Knox College. "Yes, in numbers," said the genial Doctor—and certainly it would take a large group of those semi-barbaric Moslem students from the Soudan and equatorial Africa to measure up to the intellectual and moral weight of our intelligent Canadian students.



THE LATE PRINCIPAL CAVEN.

The cause of Christian union lost an earnest advocate in the death of Dr. Caven. It is touching to know that in the delirium of his last illness it seemed to be a burden on his soul. But doubtless in the important joint meeting on this subject on December 20th his unseen presence will be felt, and the mantle of this ascending Elijah will fall on another prophetic soul. At his funeral the earnest words of Principal Sheraton echoed Dr. Caven's spirit of broadest Christian sympathy and yearning for the reunion of the Churches.

Dr. Caven did not live "to lag superfluous on the stage." He died, as he would have wished, with the harness on. He laboured in pulpit, platform, and lecture-room to the very last. After his impressive address at the Metropolitan, at a recent meeting of the Sabbath Observance Association, a meeting to safeguard that bulwark of the people's weal, the Christian Sabbath, we congratulated him upon his restored health and strength, and said that during his last serious illness we had an obituary tribute to his memory prepared, which we were glad we were not able to use. "It is only for a little time," he replied, with a smile, but we did not dream how prophetic were his words.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. VIII. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 705. Price, to advance subscribers, \$6.00.

The eighth volume, just to hand, completes two-thirds of this great work, the most exhaustive and complete ever published about any religion or people. It is an exhibition of remarkable enterprise. The singular thing is that it is published by a great house devoted largely to the production of evangelical literature, and its literary department is the co-operation at once of Israelite and Christian. There is a profound interest, a sublime pathos, in the history of God's ancient people, who guarded so sacredly for centuries the deposit of divine truth committed to their care, and through whom all nations of the earth are blessed. The story of their sufferings and persecutions by Christian hands is one of the saddest pages in the history of civilization.

This great work is a monument of learning and research. It presents the form and spirit of this ancient race as does no other in English tongue. It will be completed during 1905, and will have cost in production nearly \$750,000. The number of editors engaged is over six hundred. In the present volume 1,644 topics are treated, ranging from "Leon" to "Moravia," with 248 illustrations, many of them in illuminated colors.

Among the subjects more fully treated are London, with its important record of the Jewish people in that world centre, in 24 pages; marriage, with its picturesque Jewish rites and customs, in 10 pages; medicine, in which the Jews were the leaders of science for hundreds of years, in 14 pages; the Mendelssohn family, made famous by the philosopher and the musician, in 9 pages; the Midrash, or Bible expositions, in 33 pages; the Jewish view of the Messiah in 7 pages.

We are familiar with the Jewish records in art and literature, but few of us are aware that Lillenthal, the famous

aeronaut, was a Jew. Lillith, to whom Browning's poem, founded on Hebrew legend, describes as Adam's first wife, has a copious bibliography, which is here summarized. The lion in Bible history fills a remarkable place. It is to the credit of the Jews that they refused to sell lions to the pagans, because of the use of them in the circus. The cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought of the sons of Heth, for the burial of his beloved Sarah, according to legend was also the burying place of Adam and Eve. But to this day this ancient tomb is sealed alike to Christian and Jew by the fanatical bigotry of the Moslem.

The strange rabbinical legends give a spice of romance to the subjects here treated. The manna, for instance, is the subject of many quaint stories, and is reserved as the future food of the righteous in the third heavens.

While the Hebrew Bible has become the common treasure of civilized mankind, the post-biblical literature of the Hebrews has been greatly neglected by all but Jews. This great work brings it before the general reader in the most advantageous manner. The great Hebrew scholars of the present make us familiar with the great scholars of the past. The Jew in legend and in history is treated very fully. His tragic past is vividly recalled in the articles on Lithuania and Moravia. In the former grandduchy they were a prosperous community, a striking contrast to their kinsfolk in Poland, and especially in the States of the Church. In London they suffered from their position as buffer between the king and the barons. Seven hundred years ago the London Jewry was pillaged and plundered, and the Jews were expelled from the city. Under the protection of Cromwell and the Puritans they became again prominent in English affairs. They attained great wealth in the East India and West India trades, that of Jamaica was almost monopolized by them. After long conflict Jewish disabilities were removed, and the services of a Disraeli, a Montefiore, a Rothschild were made possible for British people, the latter being elected to represent the city of London in the great council of the na-

tion. In 1880 there were about 230,000 Jews in the United States, now there are 1,200,000. Every fourth man in Manhattan Island is a Jew. The New World is the land of promise, whither the Russian and the Pole flee to escape the tyranny of the land of their birth. Even in the New World the spirit of persecution of the Jews so prevailed that for adhering to the faith of his fathers he was at one time punishable with death. Jewish magic is the subject of an interesting article, giving much quaint and curious information.

Sir Moses Montefiore seven times visited Palestine in the interest of his people, established hospitals and almshouses, promoted agriculture, built synagogues and tombs. Even the Sultan of Turkey issued a firman denouncing the charge of ritual murder, of which Russia alone of all nations still accuses the Jews. He became the personal friend of Queen Victoria, was by her knighted, and reached the age of one hundred and two years. These references will indicate the great variety and range of treatment in this great work.

"The History of Methodism." By John Fletcher Hurst, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Seven volumes. Octavo. Price, \$15.00.

At last we have an adequate history of world-wide Methodism, one worthy of the majestic theme and worthy of the great scholar by whom it was written and edited. Bishop Hurst's accurate and comprehensive learning particularly fitted him for the treatment of this august subject. This is the crowning work of his life. It is at once a monument of his consecrated labour and of the triumphs of the Church he loved. It is a strong, terse, ample presentation of that great movement which has encompassed the world. It glows with life, yet we feel that it is based on thorough research.

The treatment divides itself naturally into three parts, first, three volumes on British Methodism, England before the revival, the Wesleys and their helpers, Wesleyans after Wesley, the Scions and Secessions, and the recent Forward Movement of Methodism in the Old Land. Three volumes more treat American Methodism, its picturesque and romantic beginnings, the ministry of Barbara and Paul Heck in both the United States and Canada, the development of the Young Church and the Young Republic, its Ex-

pansion, its Progress and Diffusion, its Affiliations, and the Southern Phalanx.

A large and fascinating volume of over six hundred pages describes "World-wide Methodism." Of special interest to ourselves will be the story of Methodism in Canada, which is well illustrated with portraits and pictures of persons and places connected with its development. Then follow Wesleyan Churches and missions in Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica; then missions in Mexico, West Indies, and South America; Methodism in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria; Methodist conquest in India and Malaysia; Chinese and Korean missions; Methodism in Japan; and light in the Dark Continent, Liberia, Congo, Angola, and South Africa.

Such is the outline, but it gives no more idea of the book than a skeleton does of a man. It is not an articulation of dry bones, but a living thing. In one particular, especially, it surpasses every history of Methodism yet written, that is in the artistic illumination which it receives. The hundreds of illustrations are gathered from authentic sources. The caricatures of Gilray and Hogarth have been drawn upon to illustrate the condition of England before Methodism, the horrors of Gin Lane, and the prisons of the period, and the fashionable follies and vices of Tunbridge and Bath, and of the gaming table. A striking series of symbolical vignettes head the chapters, that, for instance, of the beginnings of Methodism in New York showing the saw and sword of Embury and Colonel Webb, and the distaff and shears of Dame Barbara Heck. The splendid photogravures of historic portraits and scenes, among them the unique Wesley group of our own J. W. L. Forster, are admirably printed. We follow the footprints of the Wesleys from their Epworth parish throughout their far wanderings and adventures at home and abroad. The quaint old churches, the historic places and scenes are faithfully reproduced.

A literary feature of much interest is the striking and often alliterative titles of the chapters, as Oxford Memories, Men and Manners; The Coming Creed; First Fruits of Field Preaching; Fascinated Mobs, Methodists and Magistrates; Building the Bulwarks; Erin's New Era of Light and Life; and later, The Apostle of Nova Scotia, Missions and Education; Methodism among the Maoris; Sunbeams and Shadows.

These are but indications of the vigorous and vivacious mode of treatment of this great work. It is impossible in a brief book notice to give it adequate treatment, to do more than glance at its character. So important is this theme and its treatment that we shall devote to it in the near future a special chapter. In romance and heroism, in historic and religious development, in spiritual uplift and outlook, it is a perpetual inspiration. The price of this great work, \$15 for the set of seven volumes, is exceedingly cheap.

"The Appreciation of Sculpture." By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 235. Price, \$1.50 net.

There are few subjects about which the average observer is less qualified to judge in accordance with the canons of art criticism than sculpture. Pictures we all think we know something about, but the grammar of sculpture is to most of us a sealed book. We, therefore, hail with great pleasure an authoritative work by a connoisseur in this oldest and most difficult form of art—a form too which reached a perfection which has never been equalled by modern sculptors over two thousand years ago.

Our author describes the development of sculpture from the early Greek, and still earlier Egyptian period, through the centuries to the present time. The gradual loss of exquisite conception and proportion, and technical execution, which made the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Milo the rapture and despair of all the ages, are traced. The revival of sculpture in the queer elongated figures which guarded the doors of the Gothic churches, the more realistic work of the Renaissance, the splendid achievements of the Italian revival, and insensible decline of the Italian decadence, are described. Of growing interest to the reader will be the development of recent art as treated in the successive chapters on form, sentiment, and monumental effect. The keen analysis and criticism of the author will enable the reader to form an intelligent judgment on the important art work of the early and more recent times. The sixty-four half-tone plates of the most important work in the different schools of sculpture enhance the value of this volume. For a book of its high character the price is very moderate.

"The Mountains." By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 282. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. White has won a unique place as an epic singer in poetic prose of the mountains and forest. His strong stories of "The Blazed Trail," and "The Silent Places," will be recalled by many and will procure a warm welcome to his latest volume. This account of mountaineering in the far west breathes the keen and difficult atmosphere of the snow-clad Sierras. The coast ranges, the foothills, the pines, the canyons and valleys, the giant forests, the night winds, the mining camp, the big game, are all graphically described. We can enjoy in our arm-chair all the mountain adventures that we need in these pages, minus the inevitable fatigue and perils. The book is admirably illustrated. We must protest, however, against the increasing tendency in literature to the use of profane language. We suppose the mountaineers use it, but that is no reason why the author should repeat it. Sir Walter Scott could describe every phase of life without offending his readers, but nowadays lady writers, who would resent, any charge of lack of refinement, will swear like troopers in their books, while they would almost faint if they heard the same words from others.

"Our Christmas Tides." By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. Author of "Recollections of a Long Life," etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 101. Price, \$1.00.

The venerable Theodore Cuyler still brings forth fruit in old age. His fine taste and evangelical spirit are the highest qualification for editing a book of messages from the poets, the sages and the seers on the significance of Christmas-tide. Some of the imperishable Christmas hymns and carols and Christmas sketches are presented in dainty pages with striking carmine decorative borders. A full-length portrait of the editor, and photos of scenes in Bethlehem and scenes associated with the first Christmas embellish the book.

"The Dynamic of Christianity." A Story of the Vital and Permanent Element in the Christian Religion. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-345. Price, \$1.25.

Reserved for further notice.