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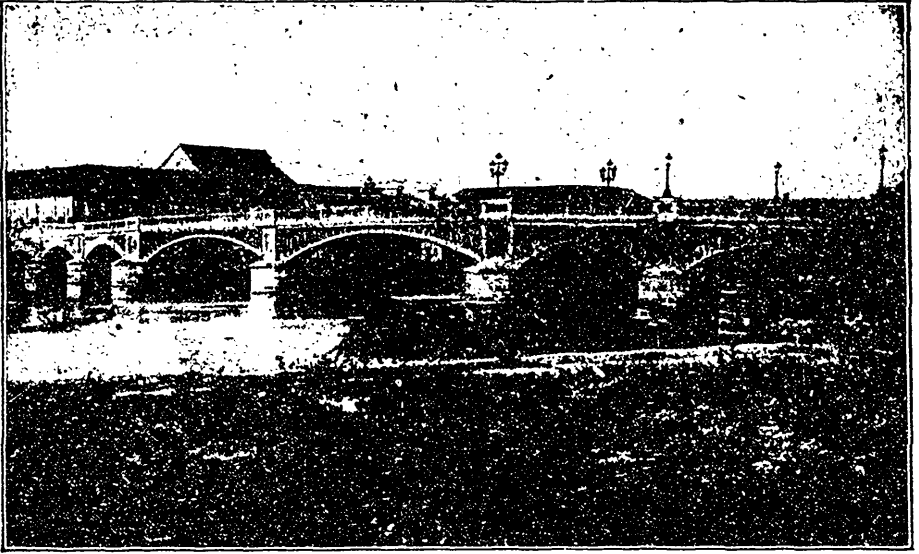
MANILA CATHEDRAL.

SAN SEBASTIAN CHURCH.*



FORT SANTIAGO, AT THE MOUTH OF PASIG RIVER.

*The San Sebastian Church, built of iron, was made in Germany, and transported in sections.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT STONE BRIDGE.



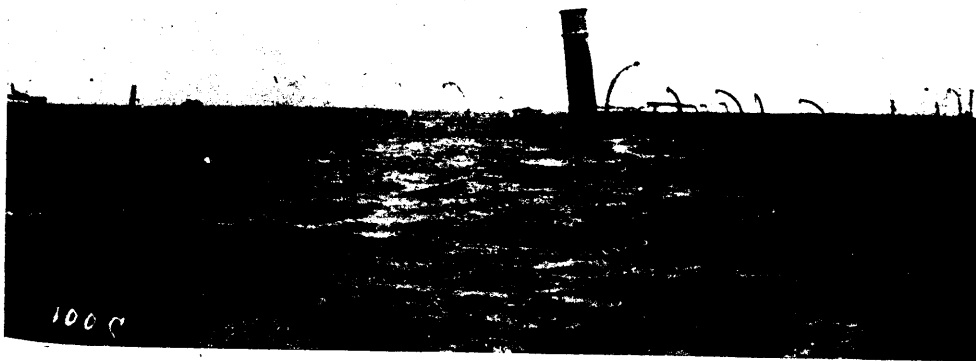
MAIN STREET IN BUSINESS QUARTER, MANILA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1905.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS.

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



SPANISH WAR VESSELS SUNK IN MANILA BAY.

II.



THE friars (of which there were four orders in the Philippines) were chosen in the first place because they made the cheapest missionaries, and that was an argument that outweighed all others with Philip II. Their vows bound them to a life of poverty and celibacy.

Their name henceforth was their order, while the individual sank for ever out of human reckoning. Why then should such self-denying

and unselfish men be so thoroughly hated? Let Dr. Stuntz, who has carefully examined the whole question at first hand, answer for us:

"1. Because the friars secured and held large tracts of the most valuable land and used these tracts as a means of enriching their orders." (See illustrations of costly churches and cathedrals.) The means used to secure this land was in multitudes of well-known cases most reprehensible. All such land, too, was free from taxation.

"2. Because they stifled all liberty of thought or freedom of speech in matters religious and political." Until



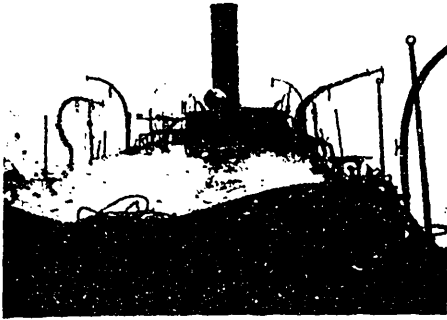
VOLCANO "MAYON," PROVINCE OF ALBAY, SOUTHERN LUZON, P.I.,
ONE OF THE CHIEF ACTIVE VOLCANOES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

1898 it meant imprisonment, banishment, or death to a dissident from the Catholic faith. It was a crime to own a Bible. Rizal's case is an instance of what it meant for a man to dare to think for himself. Paulino Zamora, done to death in a similar way, is another instance.

"3. Because of their insatiable greed for money." Besides their income from estates, they derived immense sums from sale of Papal Bulls, masses, pictures, bones of the saints, marriage, burial and baptism fees, raffles, etc. The ringing of a bell at a funeral cost from ten cents to one dollar a stroke. Images were rented at so much per hour. A funeral in a church cost according to how near the corpse was brought to the altar. Burial fees were so high that many

bodies went unburied or were thrown into a common pit. Exorbitant marriage fees compelled many to live in a state of concubinage. Thousands of couples have been married since Protestant missionaries went there. Couples had lived together by personal contract for years, and their families were present to witness the ceremony.

"4. Because of the immorality of the majority of the friars who served as parish priests." The evidence for this could not be clearer or more unanimous. Friars with rare exceptions had their mistresses, who took pride in boasting about their relation. Dr. Stuntz was once introduced to six children of a friar, only two of whom were born of the same mother. Homes were broken up, daughters enticed



SPANISH WAR VESSEL SUNK IN MANILA BAY.

away, and husbands banished by these professed representatives of Christianity.

"5. Because of the despotism exercised over all classes of people." Civil and religious power was in the hands of these men. No man could move from one parish to another without a permit. No enterprise could be carried out unless they approved. They were "shepherds of Israel" that fed themselves.

So deep was the hatred against them that in the various insurrections one of the first things asked for was the removal of the friars, and when some of them fell into the hands of the insurgents they were literally hacked to pieces, a sad comment on that old law, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

It would be manifestly unfair to make the Roman Catholic Church, as a whole, responsible for all this, but at the same time no one was in a better position than herself to know the condition of things. When circumstances forced investigation, and the light of public opinion was thrown upon them, only then did even the Vatican acknowledge the venality of these men, and give orders for their removal.

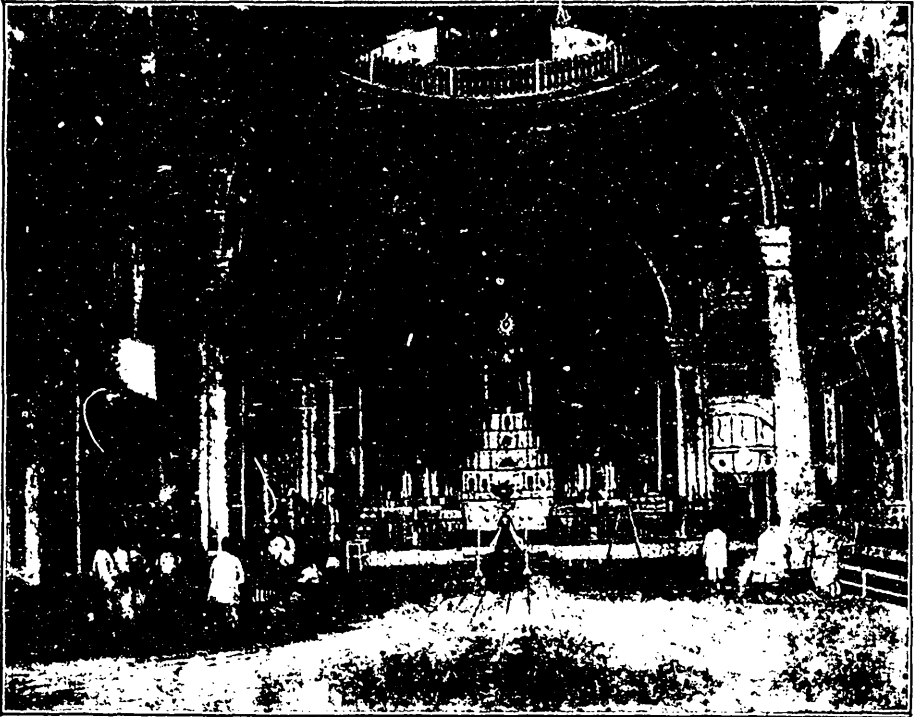
But these friars after their own manner did some constructive work in the Philippines, and it is but just that credit should be given them for that work. In the first place they helped to Christianize the people. Although the type of Christianity given them was superficial and characterized by great sensuousness, yet the lowest type of Christianity is better than the highest type of Paganism. A veiled Christ is better than an unveiled Buddha or Confucius.

"For somehow
No one ever yet plucked a rag even
From the body of the Lord, to wear and
mock withal,
But he looked the greater and he was the
better."

They taught the one God and the



A PARISH PRIEST.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, WHERE ALL PROCESSIONS BEGIN AND END.

divinity of Christ. They made the people familiar with the language of Christianity, and taught the doctrine of rewards and punishments. That they obscured the pathway to the Cross by Mariolatry, penances, indulgences, and so on is true.

The friars Romanized the vernacular alphabets of the people. This becomes a great service to the advancement of the Gospel, because the Word of God may be given to many of the races at once in their own language; something, by the way, which the friars never did in the three hundred years of their rule.

The friars introduced and maintained schools, of which there were two thousand, with 200,000 pupils registered. Their system was, of course, fettered by the restrictions of

their Church. Catechism, Church history, and a few Bible questions summed up the main part of the curriculum. The University of Santo Tomas was founded at Manila the year the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America, and has ever since been maintained, and was the only university work carried on in all Malaysia.

Schools for girls were founded in the middle of the eighteenth century. Those who testify to the impurity of the friars just as strongly bear testimony to the purity of the nuns, who through all the years "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

Further, the friars helped develop the resources and open up communication through the islands. Compared with American or European progress



A NATIVE PLOUGHING.

they were woefully behind. They were even behind Dutch and English colonies in other parts of Malaysia, although they had advantages over them. At the time of American occupation the public highways were scarcely worthy of the name, and there were few public works.

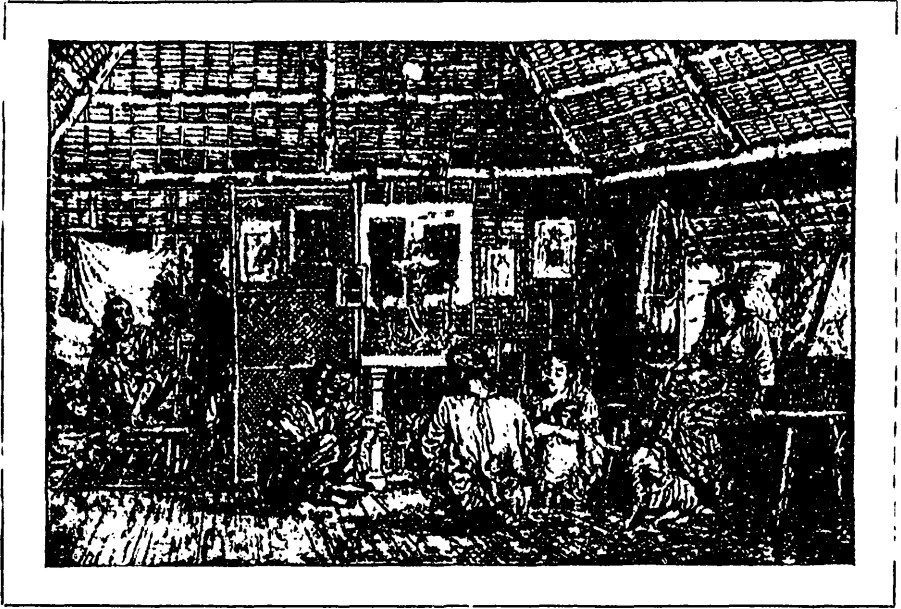
But now the friars have gone, nearly twelve hundred of them, "into space," as Carlyle would say. They were weighed in the balance and found wanting:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

In April, 1898, Admiral Dewey of the United States Navy, received orders to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the Pacific. The Philippine Islands had not the remotest connection with his orders. The enemy's fleet might have been in any other part of the Pacific. It

happened, as we say, to be at Manila, and there it was signally defeated. The Filipinos were in the throes of a civil war. Dewey found himself most unexpectedly with something more than the Spanish fleet on his hands. He and others began to realize that they were "up against" the islands themselves.

The United States was suddenly confronted with a problem, the solution of which involved a departure from her cherished traditions. The right man was at the helm, and President McKinley fully realized the importance of the crisis. He paced his study floor, thought, and prayed for light. Then he saw clearly certain things, namely, that it was out of the question to give these islands back to Spain, whose government had been so hapless, and whose fleet was now destroyed; that independence of the Filipinos was an impossibility; that



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT.

to give the islands over to European protection would involve still greater difficulties; and, hence the only course that remained was for the United States to take them over. He accordingly gave orders the next morning for the chief engineer of the War Department to put the Philippine archipelago on the map as a possession of the United States.

This course he well knew was contrary to the traditions of the Republic, and to the "Monroe doctrine" shibboleth. More than that, the United States had no colonial office or policy. McKinley believed it was a right course to take, and to him that was final. We are safe in saying that no nation ever before found itself in such peculiar relations to another people, and to their lasting honor be it said, they have on the whole most manfully taken up the White Man's Burden, though politically there were

many reasons why they might have declined.

What has American occupation done for the islands? Their first duty was to pacify the people, and get the various contending factions reconciled. The spiritual *misrulers* realizing that their game was up, and that a flag which meant freedom and enlightenment was raised over the islands, did much to stir up the opposition and prejudice of the people. At the cost of much blood and money the islands now enjoy peace almost universally. The United States had to frame a governing policy based upon the most experienced results of political science, and as far as possible consistent with the ruling ideas of their own history. There were innumerable difficulties "fore and aft." They were new at governing colonies, and they had possibly the hardest task in the history of colonization.

“ You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil ;
Think of a sleek French Priest in Canada,
Divide by twenty half-breeds, multiply
By twice the sphinx's silence. There's your
East,
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.”

The government of the islands had to be almost entirely reconstructed. The Philippine Commission, of which President Schurman was chairman, had this work in charge. The Acts of the Civil Commission were legion. There were the Municipal Code, the School Act, Constabulary Act, Penal Code, Public Health, etc. These had to be amended and revised as their weakness or insufficiency was proved by actual testing. Auditors were appointed to examine all public accounts—a new thing indeed! Equal privileges were granted to all religions. Like emancipated slaves it was difficult for them to understand the real meaning of this. A man one day secretly showed a missionary a copy of the Bible. He was overjoyed when told that no one would now interfere with him. An Act known as “The Fifteen-Minute Law,” because it was written and passed in that time, gave building privileges to other religions hitherto denied to all but the State Church.

A new thing under the sun! Yes. When in all the history of mankind did one nation send a shipload of school-teachers to the Antipodes? Such a thing happened in 1901, and on August 23rd of that year, five hundred and forty-two of them landed in the Philippine Islands, to share in the nation's burden. Those who went for the novelty of the thing, for pleasure, for financial reasons, or “for a trip,” had their reward like Portia's suitors; while those who went to help to civilize and raise the people had their reward, too. Their work will last and be a permanent asset to the Filipinos.

There were tremendous difficulties



A MESTIZA FLOWER-GIRL.

in the way of these untried men and women. The pathway was often blocked by the opposition of the Roman Catholic authorities who feared the results of a free school system. The work has gone on, however. The American staff of teachers has been strengthened, and the results have been encouraging. The native child is quick to learn, and they are becoming in turn teachers to their own people. The Normal School at Manila would convince the most pessimistic mind that the Filipino youth are responsive to their teaching, and give promise of rapid advancement to a higher plane of life.

Since the American occupation, through better sanitary laws, the death rate in Manila has been cut in



AUTHOR IN SILKEN SUIT : KIND WORN BY HIGH-CLASS NATIVELS

two. Seven miles of sewerage has been put in, thirty-six miles of electric railway built, six hundred miles of railway projected in Luzon, and seven million dollars spent on Manila harbor. There is a dark side to the American occupation. Under the protection of the "flag of the free" intoxicating liquors have been carried across the Pacific to prove the curse of the country and people. The American saloon is there doing an infinite damage. The United States

government has certainly abused the power in its hands and taken away the liberties of these people, who were comparatively innocent of the vice of drunkenness. The American population there, as a whole, has been found wanting in moral integrity and righteousness.

"As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they
are from home."

The most wonderful story in connection with these islands is that of the introduction of Protestantism. In the first place two agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society entered Manila in 1889, to sell Bibles. One died in a few days of poison, the other was banished peremptorily, and charged never to come back. His stock of Scriptures lay in a box in Singapore till September, 1898. As a result of that visit, however, bread was cast upon the waters which returned not many days after.

Fifteen years ago Bishop Thoburn was appointed to oversee the work of Methodism in Malaysia. The immediate point of contact in that vast field was Singapore, but God had given Bishop Thoburn the Pauline gift for seeking other lands. He saw that Malaysia meant dark and degraded Borneo and the Philippines. Both countries were laid on his heart. He was in London when he heard the newsboys crying Dewey's victory. None realized better than he that it was God opening another door. He wrote an appeal in *The Christian Advocate*, which met immediate response

from people who felt that God was leading them to help evangelize another land.

In February, 1899, Bishop Thoburn was in Manila. In a short time he had "discovered" Nicholas Zamora, who had once studied for the priesthood, but who had been led to Christ. The Bishop discerned that God had raised up this learned, eloquent and zealous young priest for a special work. He wished to ordain him, but there was no Conference meeting in any part of Asia. By referring to his schedule he found that the South Kansas Conference was in session. He cabled asking them to receive and ordain this man, and they, perceiving that the matter was of God, did so, and cabled the result to Manila. Thus the work was begun, and to this day it moves forward, attended by many signs of divine approval. Seven different Protestant bodies are now at work, beside two Bible Societies and the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s. The policy these societies have wisely adopted is not to overlap each other's work so that the whole country may be the more quickly reached.

The Roman Catholic religion, with all its form and ceremony, failed to reach the aborigines and many of the Spanish-speaking natives. In fact, it is stated on the best of authority that the Christianity the best of them received was but a veneer over their

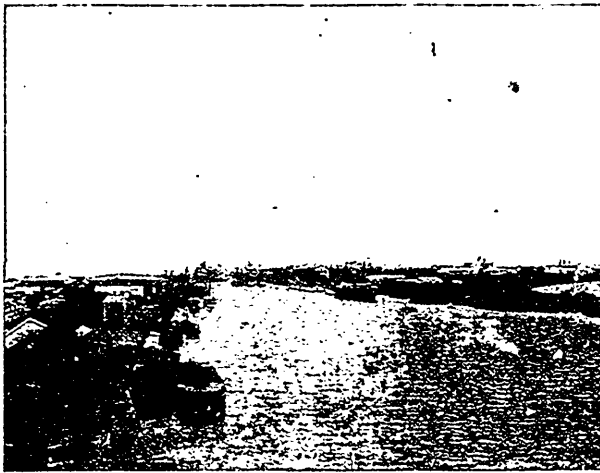


A WEALTHY MESTIZA OF THE UPPER CLASS.

original paganism. The Filipinos repudiated the friars and their rule. A better and purer priesthood was sent them, but in face of that they started

an independent Filipino Church, known as the "Aglipoy Movement." They welcomed the Protestants, who have never been able to reach but few of the people. Men and women will walk for miles to attend a Protestant service in some plain hut, while the stately Catholic chapel is almost deserted. No Roman Catholic country in the world to-day is so ready to receive the Gospel as this one.

What of the future of these people? They are said to be untrustworthy and untruthful. What people do not



RIO PASIG, MANILA.

become so under constant and powerful temptation? Duplicity and lying received the highest reward in Church and State. The Filipinos are said to be indolent, so are we in hot weather, and the climate favors indolence. Nature is lavish, shelter is cheap and easily obtained; a few hours' work supports a man perhaps for a week. The moral stability of the people is affected by this. Hence we have a country of vast wealth and resources, but almost entirely undeveloped. Enterprise is lacking, minerals abound. Its gold outrivals Alaska's. It will produce the best sugar-cane in the

world. There are fifty-two million acres of woods. The native laborer won't work, the foreign laborer can't. The great exception to this is the Chinaman, and they do not want him there.

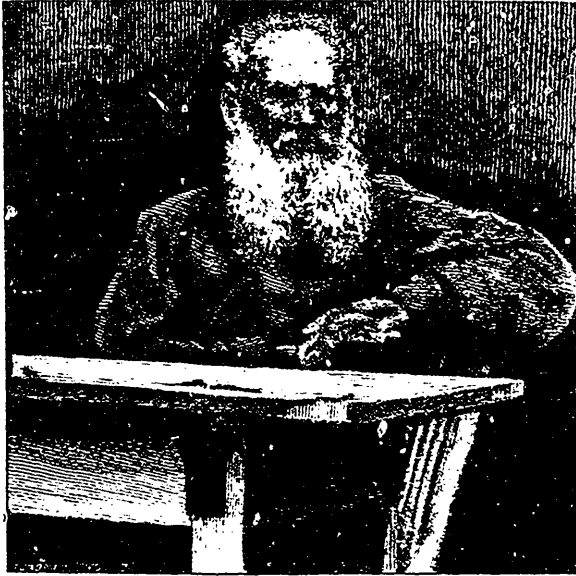
The Filipinos are noted for their hospitality. There are no hotels in Manila which cater to the native patronage. People do not need them. There are no poor-houses among them. A poor man's relations take care of him, and make no wry faces about it. They are exceedingly fond of music. Visitors at the St. Louis Exposition were astonished at the ability of the native Filipino band to render the most difficult music. They are fond of pleasure. They live for the present. Gambling is one of their chief pastimes.

So here we have eight million or more of our fellow-beings who by one of the most remarkable events of modern times have become the wards of the world's greatest Republic, both the State and Church of which are making magnanimous efforts to uplift them.

These people, already in advance of their Malay cousins, will soon be in a position to reach a helping hand to other islands where as yet cannibalism is maintained. The Philippines are within easy reach of nearly one-half of the world's population.

The supreme need of the people is character. There is no one can give them that except Jesus Christ. His followers must carry them the Evangel, and exemplify it by their lives. A great door and effectual has been opened, more particularly to our American kin, but "Christianus sum; Christiani nihil a me alienum puto."

TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR.*



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

DEAR BROTHER,—Such form of addressing you seems to me the most appropriate, because in this letter I appeal to you not so much as to a Czar as to a man—a brother; and also because I write to you as it were from the other world, expecting the approach of death. I do not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity and of what it might be, what great welfare it might bring to millions of people and to yourself, and what a great evil it may bring

both to the people and to you, if it continues in the direction in which it is now going.

A third of Russia lies in the state of special control—*i.e.*, outside the law. The army of police, visible and secret, goes on continually increasing. Prisons, places of exile and of penal servitude are overflowing, “politicals” with whom working men are now classified being added to the hundreds of thousands of ordinary criminals. The censorship of literature extends to such absurd prohibitions which it did not reach even during the worst period of the forties. Religious persecution has never been so frequent and cruel as it is now, and becomes ever more cruel and frequent. Everywhere, both in the towns and industrial centres, troops are concentrated and sent out

* This letter, translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M., was written by Tolstoy about three years ago, when he himself and all around him thought that he was dying.—The Times.

with loaded cartridges against the people. In many places fratricidal conflicts have already taken place, and everywhere such are being prepared, and new and yet more cruel struggles will inevitably occur.

As the result of all this strenuous and cruel activity of the Government, the agricultural population—those one hundred millions upon whom rests the power of Russia—notwithstanding the disproportionately increasing budget, or rather, owing to this increase, is every year becoming poorer, so that famine has become a normal occurrence. And the universal dissatisfaction of all classes with the Government, and their inimical attitude towards it, has also increased in proportion.

The reason for all this, so palpably evident, is this: Your helpers assure you that, by the arrest of all progress of life in the nation, they will thereby ensure the welfare of this people and your own peace and safety.

But one can sooner arrest the flow of a river than that incessant progressive movement of mankind which is established by God.

One understands how those to whom such a state of things is advantageous, and who in the depths of their souls say, "*après nous le deluge*," can and must assure you of this; but it is astonishing how you—a free man, needing nothing, and a rational and good man—can believe them, and, following their horrible advice, commit or allow to be committed so much evil for the sake of such an unattainable desire as the arrest of the eternal progress of mankind.

You cannot but know that ever since the life of man is known to us, the forms of this life, economical and social, as well as religious and political, have continually changed, passing from forms more coarse, cruel, and irrational to softer, more humane, and more rational ones. Your advisers

tell you that this is not so; that as for the Russian people at some bygone time orthodoxy and autocracy were suitable, so they are suitable now and so they will remain until the end of time, and that, therefore, for the welfare of the Russian people, it is necessary at all costs to maintain these two combined forms of religious belief and political organization. But this is a double error.

First, it is impossible to assert that orthodoxy, which may once have been natural to the Russian people, is now natural to them. From the reports of the Procurator of the Synod you may see that the more developed amongst the people, notwithstanding all the disadvantages and dangers to which they are exposed when they secede from orthodoxy—every year join the so-called sects in increasing numbers. Secondly, if it were true that orthodoxy is natural to the people, then there would be no reason for the use of coercion to support this form of belief nor for the cruel persecution of those who repudiate it.

So, as to autocracy, if it were natural to the Russian people while this people still believed in the Czar as an infalible earthly deity who alone rules the people, it is far from natural to them now when they all know, or else find out as soon as they get a little education, first that a good Czar is only "*un heureux hasard*," and that Czars may be and have been monsters and maniacs—like John IV. and Paul; and, secondly, that however good and wise a man a Czar might be, he himself cannot possibly rule a nation of one hundred and thirty-six millions, but that the people are ruled by those who surround the Czar, and who are more concerned with their own position than with the people's welfare.

You will reply that the Czar can elect as helpers for himself disinterested and good people. Unfortunately, the Czar cannot do this, be-

cause he knows only a few score of individuals, who have approached him accidentally, or through various intrigues, and who carefully screen from him all those who might replace them. So that the Czar chooses not from those thousands of active, energetic, truly enlightened and honest men who are anxious for social work, but only from those concerning whom Beaumarchais used to say: "*Mediocre et rampant, et on parvient a tout.*" And if many Russian people might be ready to obey the Czar, they cannot, without feeling insulted, obey those of their own circle whom they despise, and who so often rule the nation in name of the Czar.

In regard to the devotion of the people to autocracy and its representative—the Czar—you are probably misled by the circumstance that when meeting you in Moscow and in other towns crowds of people shout "Hurrah!" and run after you. Do not believe that this is an expression of devotion to you—these are only crowds of the curious, who in the same way would run after any unusual spectacle. Moreover, these people, whom you take to be the demonstrators of popular devotion to you, are often nothing more than a crowd collected and instructed by the police for the purpose of representing a people devoted to you—as, for example, was the case with your grandfather at Kharkov when the cathedral was full of the "people," only they all consisted of disguised constables.

Autocracy is an outgrown form of government, which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa, apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which is growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world, and, therefore, it is possible to maintain this form of government and the orthodoxy connected with it—as, in-

deed, is now being done—only by every kind of violence, special control, arbitrary exilements, executions, religious persecutions, prohibitions of books and papers, distortion of education, and, in general, every kind of bad and cruel deeds.

Such have hitherto been the actions of your reign in all your measures concerning Finland, Chinese appropriations, your project of The Hague Conference accompanied by the increase of the army, your weakening of self-government and strengthening of administrative despotism, your support of persecution for faith, your consent to the institution of the spirit monopoly—*i.e.*, Government trading in that poison which is ruining the people—and, lastly, your insistence in maintaining corporal punishment notwithstanding all the petitions which are being addressed to you for the abolition of this senseless and utterly useless measure which disgraces the Russian people.

By measures of coercion one can oppress a people, but not rule them. The only means in our time to rule the people indeed is placing oneself at the head of the movement of the people from evil to good, from darkness to light, to lead them to the attainment of the objects nearest to this end. The desires which the Russian people would at present express, were it possible for them to do so, would, in my opinion, be the following:

First of all the working people would say that they wish to be delivered from those special laws which place them in the position of a pariah, deprived of the rights of all other citizens; then they would say that they desire freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education, and freedom to profess the religion which corresponds to their spiritual needs; and, above all, all the one hundred million people would say with one voice that they desire freedom of the land.

In every period of human development there is a proximate step to the realization of those better forms of life to which it (life) tends. Fifty years ago such a proximate step was the abolition of slavery. In our time such a step is that which is called the labor question—*i.e.*, the liberation of the working masses from the minority which oppresses them.

In Russia, where an enormous portion of the population lives on the land and is in complete dependence upon the large landlords, the liberation of the workers obviously cannot be achieved through the transference of factories and mines into common use. For the Russian people such a liberation can be attained only by the recognition of the land as a common possession.

I know that these suggestions will be regarded by your counsellors as being the height of light-mindedness, but I also know that in order not to be compelled to commit ever more and more cruel acts of violence on the people there is but one means—namely, to take as one's object such an aim as stands in front of the people's desires, and, without waiting till the descending cart knocks against one's legs, to draw it oneself.

Your advisers will tell you that the liberation of the land from the right of property is a fantastical and unrealizable idea. According to their opinion, to force one hundred million live people to cease to live, or to show signs of life, and to squeeze them back into a shell out of which they have long ago grown—that is not fantasy, and is not only realizable, but the wisest and most practical work.

At all events the first thing which now lies before the Government is the abolition of that oppression which prevents the people from expressing their desires and needs. One cannot do good to a man whose mouth has been gagged in order not to hear what he

desires for his welfare. Only after having ascertained the desires and needs of your people, or of the majority of them, is it possible to rule the people and to do them good.

Dear brother, you have but one life in this world, and you can spend it painfully in futile efforts to arrest the God-ordained progress of mankind from evil to good, from darkness to light, or you may, entering into the needs and desires of the people and devoting your life to their satisfaction, peacefully and joyously pass it in the service of God and men.

However great is your responsibility for those years of your reign during which you may do much good or much evil, yet still greater is your responsibility before God for your life here, upon which depends your eternal life, and which God has given you not that you may order all kinds of evil deeds or even merely participate in them and permit them, but in order to fulfil His will. And His will is that good and not evil should be done unto men.

Think about this not before the face of men, but before God—*i.e.*, your own conscience. Do not be troubled by those obstacles which you will meet, if you will enter upon this new way of life. These obstacles will disappear of themselves, and you will not notice them if only that which you do you will do not for human glory, but for your own soul—*i.e.*, for God.

Pardon me if I have unintentionally grieved you by what I have written in this letter. I was guided solely by the desire of welfare for the Russian people and for you.

Whether I have attained this the future shall decide, which, according to all probability, I shall not see. I have done that which I considered my duty.

Truly desiring your true welfare,

Your brother, LEO TOLSTOY.

AN EXILED SIBERIAN OF TO-DAY.*

BY ERNEST POOLE.



OW, in a few months they will rise by millions." A deep, musical voice spoke in Russian quietly. "We shall sweep away the System of the Czar, and Russia shall be free. See"—she showed me bulletins that had followed her to New York. "Day and night they work. In place of sleep, a dream of freedom; in place of warmth and food and drink, the same dream."

Her hair, once cut in prison, has grown again. A great wavy mass of gray frames a face broad, heavy, deep-lined with suffering. Her eyes, deep under high-arched brows, now flash the fires of her dream, now beam forth the warm affections of one whom hundreds call endearingly "Babushka"—little grandmother. Her voice, as she spoke through our interpreter, ran swiftly over her own sufferings, but rose passionately describing her country's degradation. Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist, hard-labor convict, and exile for twenty-three years in Siberia; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom. The Russian revolutionary movement is embodied in this one heroic figure.

"More than fifty years ago," she began, "Russia lay asleep. The peasants, starved, bowed low and staggering, broke out only here and there to

burn an estate or butcher a landlord, to be flogged back into submission or death. So deep was their subservience that when, a wee girl of ten, I used to tell how I hated the bad, flogging Government, my old peasant nurse would beg me to whisper.

"My mother was deeply religious. Ignoring the false pomps of the Greek Church, she tried only to impress on her children the ethical teachings of Christ. The incongruity between those teachings and our life soon bewildered me. My mother told me to treat the servants as brothers and sisters, but when she found me chatting in the great kitchen, she sternly told me that I must not forget my place as a nobleman's daughter. She taught me Christ's command to give away all that I had and follow Him, but when the next morning I went out and gave my handsome little cloak to a shivering peasant child, again she sharply reproved me. I had long spells of thinking.

"My father helped me think. He was a man of broad, liberal ideas. We read together many books of science and travel. Social science absorbed me. By sixteen I had read much of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and I knew by heart the French Revolution. I was not confined to Russian, for I spoke French from babyhood, my German governess soon taught me German, and at that time the world's best thought was not garbled by Russian censorship. So trained, I could hardly be called an ignorant fanatic.

"Fired by such ideals, I saw the poor, degraded slaves around me, and longed to see them free. At first I believed that freedom could be reached through the Government. No revolu-

*This thrilling story, reprinted from *The Outlook*, reveals the bitterness of Russian political persecution, and shows the grounds for the menaced revolt of the long oppressed people.—Ed.

tionary spirit had yet been kindled. It was the first great era of the Liberalists. The abolition of serfdom was soon to be effected; trial by jury to be instituted; and these promised reforms sent a social impulse sweeping through Russia. I was thrilled by the glad news; I read of thousands going to the peasants as doctors, school-teachers, and nurses; I read of agricultural schools opened and of model farms laid out; all teaching the peasant to be free. Filled with young enthusiasm, I opened a little school near our estate.

"I found the peasant an abject creature, who grasped not even the meagre rights he already had. He could think only of his mud hut and his plot of ground. As for Government, he knew only that in peace he must pay money; in war, lives. The new rumors had kindled his old heart-deep hope of freedom. The twenty peasants in my school, like the fifty millions in Russia, suspected that the proclamation had been hidden, and often went to the landowners demanding their freedom. At last the manifesto arrived.

"The peasant was free! No longer bound to the land, his landlord ordered him off. He was shown a little strip of the poorest soil, there to be free, and starve. He was bewildered; he could not imagine himself without his old plot of land. For centuries past an estate had always been described as containing so many 'souls.' It was sold for so much per 'soul.' The 'soul' and the plot had always gone together. So the peasant had thought that his soul and his plot would be together freed. In dull but growing rage he refused to leave his plot for the wretched strip. 'Masters,' he cried, 'how can I nourish my little ones through a Russian winter? Such land means death.' This cry rose all over Russia.

"The Government appointed in every district an 'arbiter' to persuade

the peasants. The arbiter failed. Then troops were quartered in their huts, homes were starved, old people were beaten by drunkards, daughters were violated. The peasants grew more wild, and then began the flogging. In a village like ours, where they refused to leave their plots, they were driven into line on the village street; every tenth man was called out and flogged with the knout; some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they thought their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in.

"I heard heart-rending stories in my little school-house, and many more through my father, the arbiter of our district. The peasants thronged to our house day and night. Many were carried in crippled by the knout; sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally wallowed, clasping my father's knees, begging him to read again the manifesto and find it was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region—the law court. From such interviews he came to me worn and haggard.

"I now saw how ineffectual were my attempts. I felt that tremendous economic and political changes must be made, but, still, a Liberalist, I naturally thought only of reform. To seek guidance, to find what older heads were thinking, I went, at nineteen, with my mother and sister, to St. Petersburg. Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young prince returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. Our excited voices rose steadily higher, until my mother

begged me, as my nurse had done before, to speak low. The young prince is now an old man in exile. His name is Peter Kropotkin.

"In St. Petersburg I entered the central group of Liberalists—men and women of noble birth and university training, doctors, lawyers, journalists, novelists, poets, scientists, the most highly educated people in Russia. Since higher education for women was strictly forbidden, they had already become criminals by opening classes for women in the natural and political sciences. All these classes I eagerly joined, constantly attending their secret meetings. Again my mother grew frightened, and at last she took me home. During the next three years, however, I returned again and again, travelled to other cities, and met Liberal people all over Russia.

"Then my father called me home. Here I resolved to support myself and help the peasants. My father built me a small boarding-school for girls, and through the influence of my relatives I received many pupils. He built, too, a cottage, in which I could teach the peasants. I now drew closer to them. I began to realize the dull memory every peasant has of flogging and toil from time immemorial. I felt their subconscious but heart-deep longing for freedom.

"Three years later I married a liberal, broad-minded landowner, who took deep interest in the zemstvos, our district moot. He established for me a peasants' agricultural school. Several of the younger landowners became interested in our work. We met together frequently; and this was my last attempt at Liberalist reform.

"He is a poor patriot who will not thoroughly try his Government before he rises against it. We searched the laws and edicts; we found certain scant and long-neglected peasants' rights of local suffrage; and then we began showing the peasants how to

use these rights they already had. They crowded to the local elections and began electing as judges, arbiters, and other officials the Liberals who honestly held the peasants' interests at heart. But when the more despotic landowners were ousted from the zemstvo and lost their source of (to use your language) 'graft,' their leader denounced us to the Minister of the Interior as a band of conspirators. Several of us were exiled to Siberia, my husband and I were put under police surveillance, and my father was deposed from office, without trial, as a 'dangerous man,' for allowing such criminals to be at large. Punished as criminals for teaching the peasants his legal rights, we saw the Government as it was, the System of Corruption, watching jealously through spies and secret police, that their peasant victim might not be taught anything that could make him think or act as a man.

"A startling event now occurred. A Liberalist named Netcharjev had already collected a revolutionary group. Discovered and arrested, their trial in 1871 was the first great event in the long struggle for freedom. Along the Great Siberian Road the procession of politicals began. Meanwhile their revolutionary documents had been published. Never again has the Government allowed this blunder. Those documents were read by thousands of Liberals like us. The spirit of revolution was kindled.

"I was at this time twenty-six years old. My husband, like me, had a whole life before him, and, therefore, I thought it only fair to speak frankly. I asked him if he were willing to suffer exile or death in this cause of freedom. He said that he was not. Then I left him.

"I went to Kief, joined a revolutionary group, and travelled from town to town, spreading our ideas among the liberals, both Jews and Russians.

As our numbers swelled we resolved to reach the peasants themselves. We divided into two groups—the Lavrists, who believed in slowly educating the peasants to revolution; the Bacuninites, who believed in calling on the peasants to rise for freedom at once. To the Bacuninites I belonged, as did most of those who had lived close to the peasants.

"We put on peasant dress, to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and drawers, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my face and hands; I worked and ate with the peasants; I learned their speech; I travelled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally.'

"By night I did my organizing. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. Rafters just over your head, and still higher, thatch. The room was packed with men, women, and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host—a brave peasant whom I picked out—and he in turn had chosen only those whom Siberia could not terrify. When I recalled their floggings; when I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands died under the lash—then men would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Then I told them they themselves were to blame. They had only the most wretched strips of land. To be free and live, the people must own the land! From my cloak I would bring a book of fables written to teach our principles and stir the love of freedom. And then far into the night the firelight showed a circle of great broad faces and dilated eyes, staring with all the reverence every peasant has for that mysterious thing—a book.

"Those books, twice as effective as oral work, were printed in secrecy at heavy expense. But many of us had libraries, jewels, costly gowns, and furs to sell; and new recruits kept adding to our fund. We had no personal expenses.

"Often, betrayed by some peasant spy, I left a village quickly, before completing my work. Then the hut group was left to meet under a peasant who could read aloud those wonderful fables. So they dreamed, until a few weeks later another leader in disguise came to them.

"In that year of 1874 over two thousand educated people travelled among the peasants. Weary work, you say. Yes, when the peasants were slow and dull and the spirit of freedom seemed an illusion. But when that spirit grew real, one felt far from weary. Then, too, we had occasional grippings of hands with comrades. We could always encourage each other, for all had found the peasants eager; to own the land had been the dream of the fathers; their eagerness rose, and stout words of cheer were sent from one group to another. An underground system was started, a correspondence cipher was invented, the movement spread through thirty-six great provinces of Russia and became steadily better organized. So the People's Party was established.

"The System, alarmed by their spies, made wholesale arrests. I was under a peasant's name in Podolia. In my wallet was our manifesto, also maps showing the places already reached and those next to be organized. A servant-girl spied them and told the servant of the local police agent. An hour later he came rushing in and jerked the manifesto from my wallet. His eyes popping with excitement, he read the paper in a loud, thick voice. As that simple but stirring proclamation of freedom,

equality, and love was read, the poor, ignorant people thought it the longed-for proclamation from the Czar. The news spread. Men, women, and children rushed up. The District Attorney came, and he too read it aloud. Then suddenly the chief of police arrived, glanced at the wild, joyous faces around, and seized the document. 'What is this?' he asked me, roughly. 'Propaganda,' I replied, 'with which the attorney, the gendarme, and the priest are viciously inciting the people.'

"In jail I was led down to the 'Black Hole.' As I came down, two besotted wretches were stumbling up. I was pushed in, the heavy door slammed, and bolts rattled in total darkness. At once I was sickened by the odor. I took a step forward and slipped, for the floor was soft with filth. I stood still until, deadly sick, I sank down on a pile of straw and rags. A minute later I was stung sharply back to consciousness, and sprang up covered with vermin. I leaned against the walls and found them damp. So I stood up all night in the middle of the hole. And this was the beginning of Siberia.

"I awaited trial in a new St. Petersburg prison. My cell was nine feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high. It was clean, and a hole above gave plenty of air. My bed was an iron bracket, with mattress and pillow of straw, rough gray blanket, coarse sheet and pillow-case. I wore my own clothes.

"In solitary confinement? No, I joined a social club.

"On that first evening I lay in the dark telling myself that our struggle must go on in spite of this calamity, and yet fearful for it, as we fear for things we love. I lay motionless, and solitary confinement began to work on my mind, as the System had planned it should. Suddenly I sat up quickly. I could hear nothing, but as I started

to lie down my ear approached again the iron pipe supporting my cot. Tick, tick, tickity, tick, tick. I felt along the pipe, and found that it went through to the next cell. Again I heard. Tick, tick, tick, tickity, tick. I had once heard a code planned at a meeting in Moscow, but I could not recall it. At last I had an idea. There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. I rapped. Once! Then twice! Then three times! So on until for the last letter I rapped thirty-five. No response. Again, slowly and distinctly.

"My heart was beating now. Steps came slowly down the corridor. The guard approached and passed my door. His steps died away. Suddenly — Tick! — Tick, tick! — Tick, tick, tick! — and through to thirty-five! Then slowly we spelled out words, and by this clumsy code the swifter code was taught me. After that, for three years, the pipe was almost always talking. How fast we talked! The pipe sounded so—" Her gray head bent over the table, her face was flushed, her eyes flashed back through forty years of danger and prison, and her strong, subtle fingers rolled out the ticks at lightning speed.

"Our club had over a hundred members in solitary confinement, some in cells on either side of mine, some below and some above. Did we tell stories? Yes, and good ones! Young students, keen wits, high spirits!" She laughed merrily, becoming Babushka. "How some of those youngsters made love! A mere boy, two cells to my right, vowed he adored the young girl of nineteen five cells to my left on the floor above, whom he had never laid eyes on. I helped tick his gallant speeches and her responses continually along. They passed to the cell below hers and were ticked up the heating-pipe to her by a sad little woman who grieved for her babies. Did they ever

meet? Ah, Siberia is large as your States and France and England and Germany all together.

"Our club was not all a club of pleasure. Some died of consumption; others killed themselves, and others went insane. The pipe raved sometimes. It spoke many sad good-byes to wives and children. But the pipe was not often so, for a Revolutionist must smile though the heart be torn. We older ones continually urged the young girls to be strong, for they told us how they were taken out and brutally treated to make them give evidence. A very few broke down, but there were many young girls who endured unshaken months of this brutality.

"From new prisoners we heard cheering news. The fire of our Idea had spread among workmen as well as peasants; in the factories many were arrested, some were imprisoned here and joined our club, but were soon condemned into exile. Still the Idea spread. In 1877 came that tremendous demonstration on the Kazan Square in St. Petersburg. Hundreds were imprisoned; again many joined our club and were condemned, sent us last words of cheer along the pipe, and so were rushed off to Siberia.

"In 1878 we were tried. One hundred had died or gone insane. We one hundred and ninety-three were packed into a little hall. Over half had belonged to our club, and I had a strange shock as I now looked at these clubmates with whom I had daily talked. White, thin, and crippled, but still the same stout hearts! We nerved each other to refuse to be tried, for the trial we knew was to be a farce; the jury allowed us by law was not given us; we had only a jury of seven, of whom but one was a peasant. Our judges had been appointed by the Czar. They divided us into groups of ten or fifteen; the trials lasted half a year. When my turn came, I pro-

tested against this farce; for this I was at once taken out and my prison term lengthened to five years as hard-labor convict in the mines. This is the punishment given to a murderer. My term served, I was a Siberian exile for life.

"Secretly at night, to avoid a demonstration, ten of us were led out. Other tens followed on successive nights. In the street below were eleven 'telegas'—heavy hooded vehicles with three horses each. Into one I was placed, a stout gendarme squeezed in on each side, to remain there two months. Just before my knees sat the driver. We went off at a gallop, and our five-thousand-mile journey began. The Great Siberian Road was feelingly described by Mr. Kennan. A succession of bumps of all sizes; our springless telegas jolted and bounced; my two big gendarmes lurched; our horses continually galloped, for they were changed every few hours; we bounced often a whole week without stopping over ten minutes day or night; we suffered agony from lack of sleep. Our officer ordered the gendarmes never to leave us.

"At times we women held shawls between the gendarmes and our friends. Three wives who had come to share their husbands' exile were treated the same. We were all dressed in convict clothes. The men had also heavy chains on feet and wrists; their heads were partly shaved. Our officer kept the money given him by our anxious friends at home, and gave us each the Government allowance of about five cents a day. For sleep we were placed in the etapes (wayside prisons). Mr. Kennan has well described the cells—reeking, crawling, infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. They had log walls roughly covered with plaster. The air was invariably noisome; the long bench on which we slept had no bed-

clothes. Through the walls we heard the endless jangling of fetters, the moaning of women, the cries of sick babies. On the walls were a mass of inscriptions, names of friends who had gone before us, news of death and insanity, and shrewd bits of advice for outwitting gendarmes. Some were freshly cut, but one worm-eaten love poem looked a century old. For along this Great Siberian Road over a million men, women, and children have dragged, two hundred and fifty thousand since 1875, people from every social class; murderers and degenerates side by side with tender girls who were exiled through the jealous wife of some petty town official.

"You keep asking me for scenes and stories. But you see we were thinking of our dream, and did not notice so much the life outside. Did any die? Yes, one by typhoid. Our officer rushed the sufferer on at full gallop, until his delirious cries from the jolting vehicle so roused our protests that he was left in the Irkutsk prison, where he died. Were there any children? Yes, one little wife had a baby ten months old, but the rest of us did all we could to help her, and the child survived the journey. Friends to say good-bye? Ah, let me think! Yes; as we passed through Krasnoyarsk, a student's old mother had come from a distance to see him. Our officer refused to allow the boy to kiss her. She caught but a glimpse, the gendarmes jerked him back into the vehicle, and they galloped on. As I came by I saw her white, haggard old face. Then she fell by the roadside.

"On reaching the Kara mines I found that the hard-labor year was but eight months, and that my forty months in prison had been taken from my forty-eight month sentence. So, having stayed ten months, I left Kara—as I then hoped—for ever. I was

taken to Barguzin, a bleak little group of huts near the Arctic Circle. We arrived in February—forty-five degrees below zero. I began to look for work. Seeing a few forlorn little children, I proposed a school. The police agent forbade me, and showed his police rules from St. Petersburg, which forbid an exiled doctor to heal the sick, or an exiled minister to comfort the dying. No educated person may use his powers to improve his hamlet. Many politicals have hired out to the Cossacks at five cents a day.

"Here were three young students, 'administrative' exiles, exiled for life without a trial because suspected by some gendarme or spy. We decided to escape, and searched two years for a guide to lead us a thousand miles to the Pacific. We found a bent old peasant who had made the journey years before. With him we set out one night, leading four pack-horses. We soon found the old man useless. We had maps and a compass, but these did little good in the Taiga, that region of forest crags and steep ravines, where we walked now toward heaven and now to the region below.

"Often I watched my poor stupid beast go rolling and snorting down a ravine, hoping as he passed each tree that the next would stop his fall. Then for hours we would use all our arts and energies to drag him up. It was beautiful weather by day, but bitterly cold by night. We had hard-tack to eat, also pressed tea and a little tobacco. So we walked about six hundred miles; in a straight line, perhaps two hundred.

"Meanwhile the police had searched in vain. The Governor had telegraphed to St. Petersburg, and from there the command had come that we be found at any cost. The plan adopted was characteristic of the System. Fifty neighboring farmers were seized (in harvest time), and

were exiled from farms and families until they brought us back. After weeks of search they found us in the Apple Mountains. Their leader shouted across the ravine that unless we gave in they must keep on our trail, and escape was impossible. As we went back, around each of us rode ten armed men.

"The three students were sent in different directions up into the worst of the Arctic wilderness—Yakutsk. Here each slept in a little 'yurt' (mud hut) with wild Mongolians and their cattle, sealed in winter, stifling, lined thick with rotting straw rags, and animal filth. If the exile walked out to breathe, the watchful natives dragged him back. To such yurts two young girl friends of mine—Rosa Frank and Vera Sheftel, students from the medical college in St. Petersburg were sent, each alone, and spent years without a word from civilized people. In such places even men have gone insane. But I leave my story. Of the three students one is dead, another is dying of consumption, and the third escaped, returned to the old struggle in Russia, was caught, and given eight years as a hard-labor convict, and, having again escaped, is to-day renewing the struggle.

"As punishment for my attempt I was sentenced to four years' hard labor in Kara and to forty blows of the lash. Into my cell a physician came to see if I were strong enough to live through the agony. I saw at once that, afraid to flog a woman political without precedent, by this trick of declaring me too sick to be punished they wished to establish the precedent of the sentence, in order that others might be flogged in the future. I insisted that I was strong enough, and that the court had no right to record such a sentence unless they flogged me at once. The sentence was not carried out.

"Back in Kara I rejoiced to meet

seventeen women politicals, with whom I lived in four low cells. Here we had books and writing materials, and were quite comfortable, discussing plans for the future struggle.

"A few weeks later eight of the men politicals escaped in pairs, leaving dummies in their places. As the guards never took more than a hasty look into that noisome cell, they did not discover the ruse for weeks. Then mounted Cossacks rode out. The man hunt spread. Some of the fugitives struggled through jungles, over mountains and through swamps a thousand miles to Vladivostok, saw the longed-for American vessels, and there on the docks were recaptured. All were brought back to Kara.

"For this we were all punished. One morning the Cossack guards entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. That scene cannot be described. One of us attempted suicide. Taken to an old prison, we were thrown into the 'black holes'—foul little stalls off a low, grimy hall which contained two big stoves and two little windows. Each of us had a stall six feet by five. On winter nights the stall doors were left open for heat, but in summer each was locked at night in her own black hole. For three months we did not use our bunks, but fought with candles and pails of scalding water, until at last the vermin were all killed. We had been put on the 'black hole diet' of black bread and water. For three years we never breathed the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the warden. This 'hunger strike' was used repeatedly. To thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force food down our throats.

"Kara grew worse after I left. To hint at what happened, I tell briefly the story of my dear friend Maria, a woman of education and deep refinement. Shortly after my going Maria saw Madame Sigida strike an official who had repeatedly insulted the women. Two days later she watched Sigida die, bleeding from the lash; that night she saw three women commit suicide as a protest to the world; she knew that twenty men attempted suicide on the night following, and she determined to double the protest by assassinating the Governor of Trans-Baikal, who had ordered Sigida's flogging. At this time Maria was pregnant. Her prison term over, she left her husband and walked hundreds of miles to the Governor's house and shot him. She spent three months in a cold, dirty 'secret cell,' not long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in, wearing the cast-off suit of a convict, sleeping on the bare floor and tormented by vermin: she was then sentenced to be hanged. She hesitated now whether to save the life of her unborn child. She knew that if she revealed her condition her sentence would be changed to imprisonment. She decided to keep silent and sacrifice her child, that when the execution was over and her condition was discovered the effect on Russia might be still greater. Her condition, however, became apparent, and she was started off to the Irkutsk prison. It was midwinter, forty degrees below zero. She walked. She was given no overcoat and no boots, until some common criminals in the column gave her theirs. Her child was born dead in prison, and soon after she too died.

"Meanwhile I had been taken to Selenzensk, a little Buriat hamlet on the frontier of China, where Mr. Kennan met me."

Kennan speaks of her in these words:

"Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair, cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray. But not hardship nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely-tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor and duty. . . . There was not another educated woman within a hundred miles; she was separated for life from family and friends, and she had, it seemed to me, nothing to look forward to except a few years more or less of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga River. . . . The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they are heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were: 'Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!'"

"The seven years that followed," she continued, "were the hardest of the twenty-three, for I spoke to but three Russian politicals, who stopped three weeks. In winter—from twenty to fifty below zero—I used to put my chair upon the brick stove and sit with my head close to the thatch." Hence the severe rheumatism that now affects her. "The Government had allowed me six dollars a month. My hut rent was fifty cents, wood a dollar and a half, food four dollars. My friends at home? Yes, they sent money, too, but of course I sent this to my Kara friends. At long intervals one of their many letters reached me—sometimes sewed in the lining of a Buriat cap. I grew almost frantic with loneliness, and to keep my sanity I would run out on the snow shouting passionate orations, or even playing the prima donna and singing grand opera arias to the bleak landscape, which never applauded.

"The seven years over, I was allowed to travel all through Siberia. I lived three years in Irkutsk, the main Siberian city, and many years besides in Tobolsk, Tiumen, and other smaller towns. Here, as my hard-

ships ended, I saw the sufferings of others begin. By the increasing procession from Russia I knew that our work was spreading. With hundreds of comrades, I planned future work. In September, 1896, thoroughly reformed, I secured permission to return to Russia, and three hours later I was on the train.

"Our old 'People's Party' had become the 'Party of the Will of the People' and had died, as thousands of its leaders were sent to exile or prison. In 1887 the Social Democratic party was formed, working mainly in the factories and mills. Here they found ready listeners, for the laborers who had formed unions to mitigate their wretched existence were often lashed to death. It was against the law to strike. Once when a labor leader had been arrested and a committee from the workers came to the prison to ask his release, they were shot down by the prison officials. Several times men were shot for parading on the first of May. Among the workers the new party gained strength until about 1900. Then all its Jewish members seceded and formed the 'Bund'—which favors immediate revolution. Others, too, seceded, and its power has slowly declined.

"The Social Revolutionist party, of which I am a member, began only five years ago, but it is now the most promising in the growing struggle for freedom. Like the Social Democrats, we strive for the Socialist commonwealth. But, unlike them, we believe that to secure our freedom the first step is to throw off the System of the Czar. To this standard—Freedom by Revolution—members from all parties rally. The Liberalist Miloshevski served for years on the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Education in his city, striving to lift the people out of the dense ignorance which made them slaves. For years

he struggled to make the school education of real value. Constantly thwarted by the Government, as I myself had been, he was at last driven to our party, became a valuable worker, was captured, and is to-night at the silver mines of Nertchinsk, to which the Kara prisoners have been transferred.

"To the peasant we teach the old lesson: To reach freedom—first, the land must be owned by the people; second the System of the Czar must be swept away. There is not a province in Russia where our literature does not go. The underground mails run smoothly now. Scores of presses work ceaselessly in Switzerland, safe from capture. Not to take useless risks, our central committee is scattered all through Russia; it rarely meets, but it constantly plans through cipher letters and directs the local committees, which in turn guide the small local committees, and so down to the little peasant and laborer groups that meet to-night by thousands in huts and city tenements.

"These thousands of groups draw swiftly closer. Proclamations, open letters, and announcements pour through the underground mail. Our leaders constantly travel from group to group. As a leader, my story is typical. When, on reaching Russia eight years ago, I began again to travel, I noticed at once a vast difference. I no longer walked, but had money for the railroads, and so covered ten times the ground; for six years the railway compartment was my home. I had meetings on river boats by night, in city tenement rooms, in peasant huts, and in the forests, but now, unlike the old days, the way had always been prepared by some one before me. I was constantly protected. Once, in Odessa, the police came into the house where I was staying. Their suspicions had been aroused, and they

made a search. I at once became an old peasant woman."

In a twinkling she had changed. Her shawl had come up over her head, her hands were clasped in her lap, her head nodded. A bent, decrepit old peasant looked from under the shawl with a vacant grin.

"My ruse succeeded. The next month, far down in the south, I was living as a Frenchwoman. On some rumor the police came along, examining passports in every house on the block. I slipped out while they searched the next house, and entered it just as they came to the house where I had stayed. Again, only eighteen months ago, I was in Kief with a young girl of seventeen, an active worker, who had been suspected, and was under police surveillance. We slept together in her tiny tenement room. I had been there a week when the spies watching her window observed me with her. The next night suddenly a gendarme knocked and said, 'There is some one sleeping with you; why have you not reported to the police?' Fortunately, I was out at the time. She, being so young, was very frightened, but managed to reply, 'Only my grandmother, who has come to see me.' The moment he had gone she slipped out into the rain and found me at a secret meeting. There they dressed me in silks as a grand lady, and I drove to the railway station in style. I doubt if the police can ever arrest me again.

"Besides these constant communications from group to group by leaders and by printed words, we believe at times in demonstrations; for the excitement that comes with the sudden burst of speeches and enthusiasm, the arrests that follow, and the new victims started to Siberia—these help further to rouse the dull peasants.

"Some believe in the effectuality of 'terror.' In 1901 the Fighting League was organized. Its only business is

so-called 'terror.' It has few active members, all strictly secret; none of us know their names. A long list of candidates eagerly wait to carry on the work. They have killed a dozen officials in the last three years. De Plehve, when Chief of Police in 1881, started riots against the Jews, and recently as Minister of the Interior he caused the Kishinev massacre, wishing to let the peasants at each other's throats, and so keep them down. For the same purpose he revived the use of the knout to lash men and women. It is men like him who are picked out to be assassinated.

"Few believe in assassination. Revolution by the whole people is our one object, and for this the time is near. The Japanese war has caused the deepest bitterness ever felt in Russia; to the six hundred and sixty-four thousand lives lost in a century of useless wars, now over a hundred thousand will be added; and every hamlet will mourn its dead. Then will our four hundred thousand workers call on the millions around them to rise for freedom. Arms? There are plenty. Why in recent riots have soldiers refused to fire on the crowd? Because all through the army are soldiers and even officers working secretly for the cause. Arms—yes, and brains—for in the universities and in every profession are wise, resolute men to guide the wild passions of revolt. In the zemstvos are hundreds of officials straining to hasten our struggle. So in this last year the movement has suddenly swelled. Already four hundred thousand strong! Day and night they work. In place of sleep and food and drink—the dream of freedom. Freedom to think and speak! Freedom to work! Justice to all! For this cause I shall travel three months in your free country. For this cause I have the honor of making to free Americans our appeal."

WHICH IS THE CIVILIZED POWER?*

BY GEORGE KENNAN.



JAPAN, as a power, is civilized and modern, while Russia, as a power, is semi-barbarous and mediæval. It is my purpose in the present article to set forth some of the facts that seem to me to support and justify this conclusion.

1. Mental and moral culture. One of the first things that strike the attentive newcomer in Japan is the great number of external evidences of widely diffused education. In Tokio, for example, there is a bookstore on almost every block, not only in the parts of the city inhabited by the higher social classes, but in the quarters and districts tenanted almost exclusively by poor shopkeepers, artisans, and day laborers. Since I took up my residence in the capital, I have ridden hundreds of miles through its universally clean streets, from Ueno Park to Shinagawa, and from the Botanical Garden to the River, and I think I am well within the limit of moderation when I say that there are ten bookstores in Tokio for every one that can be found in St. Petersburg.

School-children, of both sexes, are quite as much in evidence as bookstores; and at certain hours of the day one cannot ride or walk three blocks in any part of the city without meeting boys in the visored caps and girls in the maroon-colored Occidental skirts of the Japanese student world; while on holidays long processions of

younger children from the primary schools march through the streets, singing as they go, on their way to some excursion suburb or picnic ground. If one had no other material for the formation of a judgment than that afforded by the bookstores and school-children of Tokio and St. Petersburg, one would naturally and inevitably conclude that, in educational facilities at least, Japan is far in advance of Russia.

But there is other and more conclusive material for a comparison of the two countries in the matter of culture. Official statistics show that Russia has at school only 4,484,594 pupils, or about 25 per cent. of her children of school age, while Japan has under instruction 5,351,502 pupils, or 92 per cent. of her children of school age. Russia, with a yearly national revenue of about \$1,000,000,000, spends for primary education something less than \$12,000,000, or 8 cents per capita of her whole population; while Japan, with only one-eighth of Russia's revenue, spends for the same purpose nearly \$16,000,000, or 34 cents per capita of her whole population. Russia's military expenditure bears to her primary school expenditure the ratio of nearly 18 to 1, while Japan's disbursements for military purposes bear to her primary school expenditure the ratio of less than 4 to 1.

In Russian schools the teaching is largely based on mediæval bigotry and superstition, while in Japan it is founded on reason, and is outlined in the Imperial rescript to students which says: "Be filial to your parents and affectionate to your brothers; be loving husbands and wives and true to your friends; conduct yourselves with

* The recent massacre, by brutal Cossacks, of unarmed men, women and children petitioning for mercy, but emphasizes Mr. Kennan's argument derived from intimate knowledge of both Russia and Japan.

modesty, and be benevolent to all. Develop your intellectual faculties and perfect your moral powers by gaining knowledge and acquiring a profession. Promote public interests and advance public affairs. Ever respect the national constitution and obey the laws of the country, and, in case of necessity, courageously sacrifice yourselves to the public good."

There may not be as much "religion" in this as in the teaching that trains Russian children to repeat a mediæval catechism, cross themselves before icons, rely on the intercession of the saints, worship old Byzantine pictures, and kiss the half-decayed bones of dead priests; but the Japanese teaching strikes, at least, a modern note; while the instruction given by the Holy Synod is an echo from the gloomy ecclesiastical walls of the Dark Ages.

2. Enlightenment and toleration in religious faith. In almost every country that claims to be civilized, a man is free, not only to worship God in accordance with the promptings of his own mind and conscience, but to recommend his own particular faith to others whom he regards as less enlightened. In Russia, however, withdrawal from the Established Church is strictly forbidden, and every attempt to enlighten the minds and quicken the consciences of orthodox Russians, even although it be based on the words and example of Christ alone, is punished by the State with barbarous severity. Missionaries are not tolerated in Russia. Attempts to proselyte are punished with penal servitude; and harmless Bible Christians, like the Stundists and the Doukhobors, are either driven out of the country by ecclesiastical persecution or exiled to remote parts of Siberia and the Caucasus.

If you are able to show a Japanese a purer faith or a better way to wor-

ship God, you are perfectly at liberty to do so, whether you are a Protestant, a Jew, a Roman Catholic, or a captain of the Salvation Army. The whole empire is dotted with Christian missions, and religious thought, belief, and instruction have long been as free here as in Great Britain or the United States. Even now, in time of war, the Orthodox Russian Church, established in Tokio by the Czar's Holy Synod, is tolerated and protected, and Father Nikolai,⁸ the Russian priest, is ministering to Japanese converts and carrying on his services as usual.

Which nation, in this particular case, is the civilized and Christian power—Japan, who tolerates and protects the Church of her enemy in her own capital, or Russia, who calls the Mikado "Antichrist," and urges her people, in the name of God, to exterminate the Japanese Canaanites of the twentieth century?

A large part of Russia has been in a "minor state of siege"—that is, under a modified form of martial law—for fifteen or twenty years, and ministers and governors-general have exercised the power of life and death by virtue of their authority to send a civil offender before a military court for trial. Russian society, moreover, is divided into "privileged" and "non-privileged" classes, and the protection that the law gives to one is denied to the other. A "privileged" citizen—unless he happens to be a disorderly student—may not be struck with a whip; but a peasant citizen, up to the date of Czar's recent amnesty proclamation, might be legally flogged by sentence of a cantonal court, and, in practice, was often illegally flogged by order of a provincial governor. The right of public assembly, without official preknowledge and permission, does not exist, and the signing of a collective petition to the Czar or to a minister is a penal offence. The pass-

port system is still in force, and a man may not change his residence, or even his boarding-place, without notifying the police.

The citizens of Japan are not hampered by a passport system, and are at liberty to go where they like, read what they choose, think and talk as they please, and act freely within the widest possible limits of law.

3. Individual and national integrity. Every war in which Russia has been engaged, since her struggle with the Allies in the Crimea, has shown the dishonesty of her officials, and the general corruption of her civil service. The frauds that were brought to light during the Crimean War filled the Russian patriot Aksakoff with disgust and despair, and one of the prominent nobles of the court of Nicholas I. invited the latter to his house in order to show him a life-size picture of the Crucifixion, in which the Emperor himself appeared as the central figure, hanging on a cross between two thieves. At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War, thousands of bags, supposed to contain black rye-flour, were transported beyond the Danube, and upon being opened there were found to contain sawdust mixed with earth.

In Siberia I had personal knowledge of many corrupt agreements made with contractors by Russian officials of high rank, and in one case the person involved was the governor of a province. Everybody in the Far East who had commercial dealings with Dalny and Port Arthur before the war knows how Russian army and navy officers were accustomed to defraud their own Government by means of false bills. So general is the dishonesty in Russian bureaucratic circles that one is almost ready to give credence to the report from Berlin that eight million rubles have been stolen from the treasury of the Russian Red Cross.

Turning now to the Oriental empire, I am very well aware that there is fraud in Japan. At the same time, business upon an immense scale is being carried on honestly, and there are no public scandals, at least in connection with the Government service.

When it comes to a comparison between Russia and Japan in the matter of political truthfulness, sincerity, and honor, the Asiatic power stands far higher than the European. Japan has never resorted to the deliberate falsification and mistranslation of documents, as Russia has done many times before in political trials at home. The Mikado has never broken his promise and violated sacredly pledged honor, as the Czar did in the case of Finland; and the Japanese Foreign Office has never dealt with a diplomatic question as dishonestly as Admiral Alexieff and his supporters dealt with the question of the evacuation of Manchuria.

4. Modesty, morality, and humanity. The comparison that I purpose to make under this head is not intended to comprise the peoples of the two countries *en bloc*, but merely the officials, on each side, who compose or represent the State, the subordinates whom they have trained, and the newspapers that reflect, more or less accurately, the opinions and feelings of the ruling class. The world does not hold a more ardent lover and admirer of the Russian people than I; and I wish to make the sharpest possible distinction between that people and the Church and State by which it has been oppressed, misled, kept in ignorance, and, in part, corrupted. The Russian bureaucracy is not Russia; on the contrary, it is Russia's greatest enemy.

To an observer who has had an opportunity to compare the official statements and the newspaper comments of the two combatants in this

war, nothing is more striking than the modesty and self-restraint of the one and the arrogance and boastfulness of the other.

The Moscow Gazette, the able but unscrupulous journal edited for so many years by M. Katkoff, boldly advocated the indiscriminate slaughter of Japanese wounded. "In our war with Japan we are like a man attacked by a viper. It is not enough to frighten it and leave it to hide in a bush, it must be destroyed; and we must do this without considering whether England and the cosmopolitan plutocracy object or not. To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus, and cholera among the Russian people, would perhaps be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. No quarter and no prisoners should be our motto."

The reply of the Japanese "viper" to the Moscow Gazette's cry of "no quarter" finds expression in action as follows. In the first place, the

Japanese newspaper press treats its enemy with what seems to me extraordinary fairness and generosity. Every exploit or achievement of the Russian armies that deserves commendation is either recognized or praised. In the second place, Japan treats the wounded soldiers of her enemy better, in some respects, than her own. They are humanely dealt with on the battlefield and skilfully cared for in hospitals; their daily ration is more generous than that of wounded Japanese; their mail goes without postage, and packages for them pay neither customs duty nor freight; and detailed statements of their condition in respect to health are made at short intervals to the French Legation for transmission to Russia. In the third place, the squadron of Admiral Kamimura rescued from the sinking cruiser "Rurik" the very same Russian sailors who torpedoed the Japanese transport "Hitachimaru," and who afterwards fired on her survivors as they were swimming in the water.—The Outlook.

IN HIS FOOTPRINTS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Weary? Oh, yes! for the road is so rugged,
And long seems the time till earth's shadows shall flee;
But what is my weariness, when I remember
How wayworn and footsore my Lord was for me?

Down from His kingdom of gladness and glory
Came He to earth, with its grief and its gloom;
And bore such sad burthens as mortals can know not,
O'er a rough pathway from cradle to tomb—

All for my sake: for He knew I could enter
The mansions of light through His guidance alone,
And in His great love He had long since prepared me
A dwelling of joy near His radiant throne;

So He counted it nothing to toil and to anguish,
And gave not one thought to the griefs He must bear:
But hastened to make a plain path for my treading,
That I in His glory might fail not to share.

Then what though the road is uneven and dreary?—
It is marked by His footprints Who loved me so well;
And I follow it thankfully, sure that its ending
Will bring me safe Home, in His presence to dwell.

Toronto.



THREE POEMS.

BY MUTSUHITO—EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

I.

MY heart's at peace with all, and fain would I
Live, as I love, in life-long amity ;
And yet the storm-clouds lower, the rising wind
Stirs up the waves ; the elemental strife
Rages around. I do not understand
Why this should be.

II.

'Tis surely not our fault,
We've sought to be sincere in deed and word ;
We have exhausted every means to press
A clear and truthful case, but all in vain.
Now may the God that sees the hearts of men
Approve of what we do !

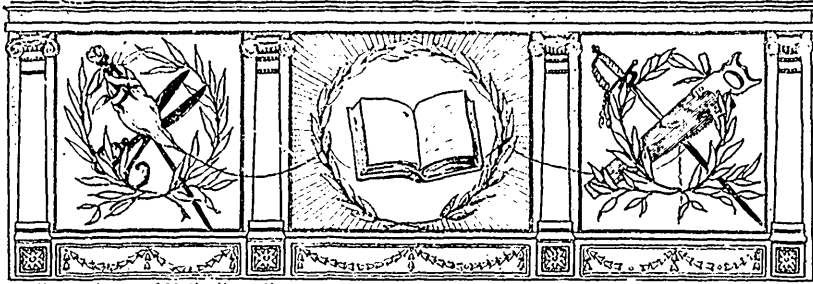
III.

They're at the front,
Our brave young men ; and now the middle-aged
Are shouldering their arms ; and in the fields
The old men gather in the abundant rice,
Low stooping o'er the sheaves : all ages vie
In cheerful self-devotion to the Land.
Kyoto, Japan.

[The above translations of poems by His Majesty, the originals of which appeared in the Kokumin Shinbun for November 7th, 1904, seem to have been composed at different periods. No. I. evidently was written before the war, when the Emperor saw himself surrounded by ominous signs of a coming conflict. No. II. dates from the actual commencement of the war, when all peaceable means had been exhausted and the declaration of war had become inevitable. No. III. is what we see in Japan to-day. Only this afternoon I passed a gang of women taking their husbands' and brothers' places in the building of a bridge. His Majesty has every reason to be proud of the ready self-sacrificing spirit of his people.—Arthur Lloyd, in the New York Independent.]

THE EPIC OF METHODISM.*

BY THE EDITOR.



From History of Methodism—Hurst.

By permission Eaton & Mains.

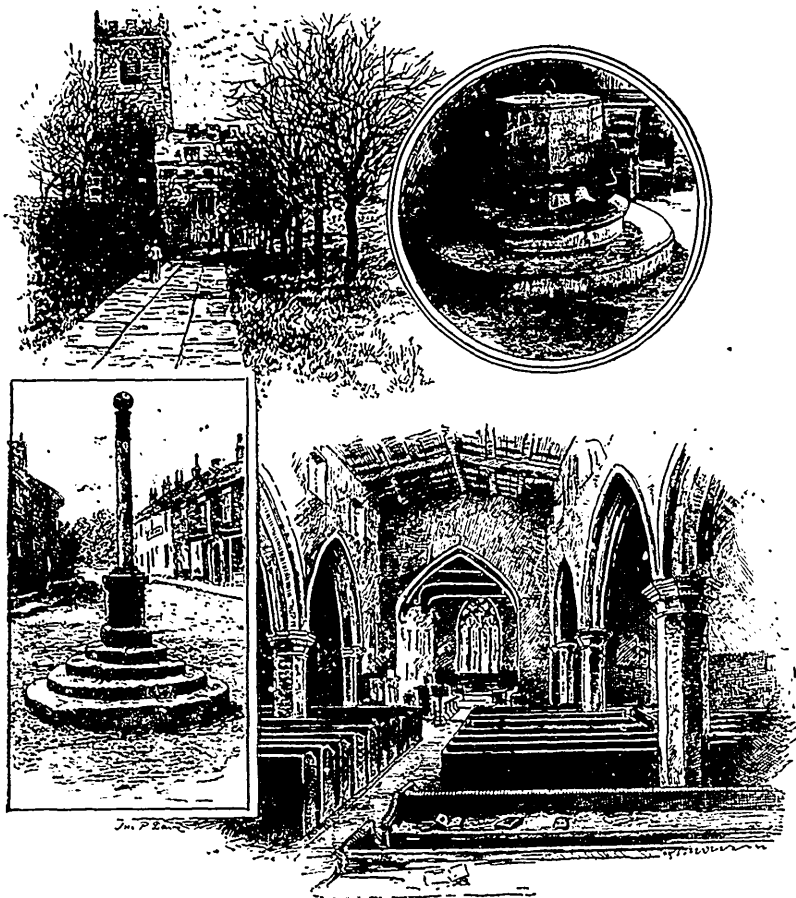


THE history of Methodism is a sequel to the Acts of the Apostles. Seldom, if ever, has there been a closer parallel than between the spread of Christianity in the first century and its revival in England in the eighteenth. Judaism of the time of our Lord found its counterpart in the dead or dying type of Christianity in England in the days of the Wesleys. There was the same torpid condition of a truth grown false by the accretions of error. In each case there was a man sent from God whose name was John. The great burden of their mission was: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Each ministry was accompanied by a great demonstration of the Divine Spirit; multitudes were pricked to the heart and cried, "What must we do to be saved?" Each was followed by bitter denunciations and

fierce persecutions; each had its martyrs and confessors of the faith; each was the precursor of a great missionary revival. The first century gave earnest heed to the Saviour's words, "Preach the gospel to every creature," the eighteenth century echoed the command. John Wesley replied, "The world is my parish," and a Whitefield, a Coke, a Hunt took up the glorious traditions of Paul and Barnabas, of Philip and Thomas. Each had its ministry of holy women; the three Marys of olden time had their analogues and successors in Susanna Wesley, Mary Fletcher, and Barbara Heck.

The history which records such a great world movement must fulfil high requirements. It must have high scholarship, wide outlook, spiritual insight, philosophic treatment, and picturesque style; and it should be presented in a garb worthy of the theme, with mechanical accuracy and elegance and with suitable artistic illustration. All these conditions the great work of Bishop Hurst fulfils. 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

* "The History of Methodism." By John Fletcher Hurst, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Seven volumes. Pp. 3,521. Price, \$15.00.



From His ory of Methodism First.

GLIMPSES OF EPWORTH.

By permission Eaton & Mains.

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 labor 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, Eng-

land 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 Expansion, 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, with portraits and pictures of persons and places connected with its development. Then follow the Wesleyan Churches and missions in Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica; then missions in Mexico, West Indies, and South America; Methodism in Norway and



STAIRCASE AND THE HAUNTED CHAMBER,
EPWORTH RECTORY.

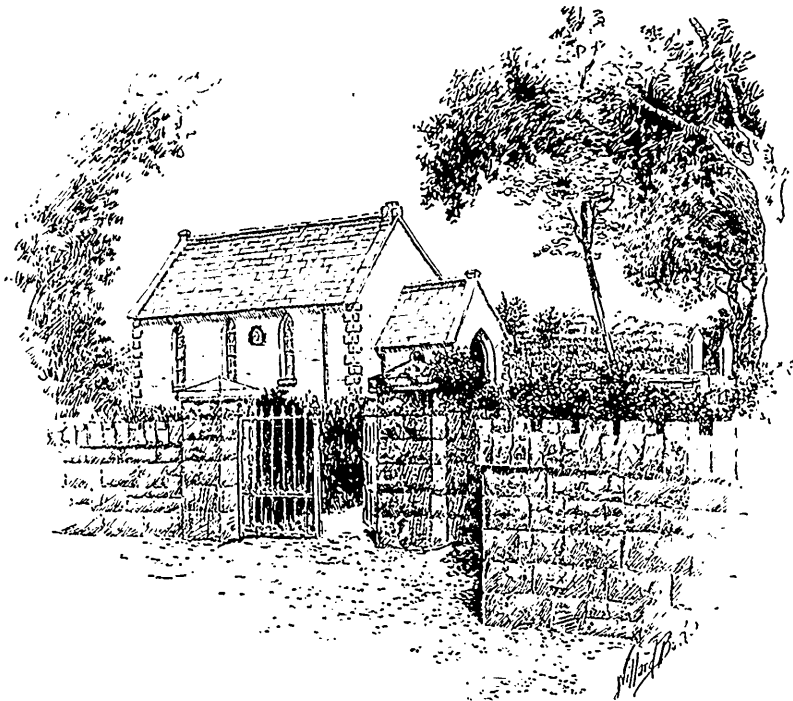
History of Methodism—Hurst.
THE "JEFFREY" HAUNTED CHAMBER.
MAIN STAIRCASE AND HALLWAY.

light in the Dark Continent, Liberia, Congo, Angola, and South America.

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.

"The history of Methodism has never before received the artistic illumination which it deserves. The whole chain of heroisms and sacrifices by which Wesley and his noble helpers and followers came into close and loving touch with the millions whom they have led from vice and ignorance

Sweden, Germany; France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria; Methodist conquest in India and Malaysia; Chinese and Korean missions; Methodism in Japan; and



From History of Methodism—Hurst.

By permission Eaton & Mains.

BALLINGRAN CHAPEL.

A MEMORIAL OF THE PALATINE METHODISTS.

into the joy and light of God's peace form most fitting themes for the pencil and the brush. To present in pictorial form the actors and scenes in this series of events, the keen scent of the antiquary and the taste and skill of the artist have been summoned."

In this particular this work surpasses every history of Methodism yet written. 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 protogravures 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.

The pronounced religious character of the book is, as it ought to be, one of its most marked features.

"What eye, save the All-seeing One, shall follow the impulse given to souls in other communions, on both

sides of the sea, by the vitalizing touch of John Wesley, by the flaming zeal of George Whitefield, or by the seraphic fire in the stanzas of Charles

their permanent place and office in the giant Republic of the West by Francis Asbury and William McKendree? The going to and fro of



From History of Methodism—Hurst.

BARBARA HECK AND THE CARD PLAYERS.

By permission Easton & Mather.

Wesley? Who shall trace into the texture of the national structure of the United States the elements of strength and endurance, brought to

these leaders and their itinerant comrades were the veritable movements of God's own loom and shuttle as He wove the fabric of American

life and civilization. What statistician shall tabulate the civic, the social, the commercial, the political results of Methodism in its rapid march across the continent, leavening each new community with industry and righteousness, and planting its

The beginnings of Methodism in the dear old land which is the mother of us all are admirably set forth. In the humble rectory of Epworth was fulfilled the ideal of Christian family life, as in no other household of that age. The more light there is thrown upon the subject reveals the character of that "mother in Israel, Susanna Wesley, as the true mother of Methodism. In spiritual insight, in breadth of vision, in rare common sense, she was far the superior of her opinionated, pedantic, and rhyme-writing husband. To her training of her nineteen children in piety, and subsequent influence, Methodism owes its use of household worship, its revived lay preaching, and other of its strongest features.

The old rectory life is finely depicted. The following is the story of the Epworth ghost:

"Old Jeffrey,' as they called him, did not begin his antics until John had left Epworth for the Charterhouse School. Strange noises were heard at night and during family prayers—knocks and groans and rattling doors and pans; trenchers danced and dogs howled. Clergymen and others would come and urge Wesley to leave the

'haunted' parsonage, but he replied, 'No; let the devil flee from me, I will not flee from him.'

"On the general question of apparitions Mrs. Wesley guardedly wrote to 'Dear Jacky,' in 1719: 'I do not doubt the fact, but I cannot



History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.
BARBARA HECK EXHORTING PHILIP EMBURY TO
PREACH THE GOSPEL.

strongholds of piety in every village? These subtle, but no less real, results largely elude the grasp of the historian, but form a part of the imperishable records kept by a Hand that wearies not and guarded by an Eye that never sleeps."



From History of Methodism—Hurst.

By permission Eaton & Mains.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING IN NEW YORK.

understand why these apparitions are permitted. If they were allowed to speak to us, and we had strength to bear such converse—if they had commission to inform us of anything re-

lating to their invisible world, that would be of any use to us in this—if they would instruct us how to avoid danger, or put us in a way of being wiser and better, there would be sense

in it; but to appear for no end that we know of, unless to frighten people almost out of their wits, seems altogether unreasonable.' There is much of Susanna Wesley's characteristic common sense in these words.

"The latest biographer of Mrs. Wesley—Eliza Clarke, 1886—states that about a hundred years after the Wesleys had left Epworth strange noises were heard in the rectory, and the incumbent, not being able to trace or account for them, went away with his family and resided abroad for some time. The present rector is of the opinion that "Old Jeffrey" is, to some extent, answerable for a marked feature in Wesley's character—his love of the marvellous and his intense belief in the reality of the apparitions and of witchcraft."

Bishop Hurst thus recounts his courteous treatment by John Wesley's successor on the occasion of his visit to Epworth:

"You may be interested to know how I became rector of this venerable church. A vacancy having occurred, I was nominated for the position to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone asked of his adviser:

"Where was Mr. Overton educated?"

"At Oxford," was the reply.

"At which college?"

"At Lincoln College," was answered. 'And not only that, but Mr. Overton was the occupant of the same room in which John Wesley lived when he was a fellow of Lincoln College.'

"Then," said Gladstone, quickly, 'let Mr. Overton follow on in the footsteps of John Wesley, and continue the work of Samuel Wesley in the Epworth Church, and live in the old rectory.'

"To the inquiry how the noises came about, the rector answered that the story beneath the roof, which was one long, great rambling room, was

floored with a kind of concrete, which, on being trodden, made a short metallic sound throughout the upper part of the house. He attributed the entire fancy to the fact of the unfriendliness of the townspeople, who might throw missiles and make noises, to which by a vivid imagination could be attributed a preternatural origin."

This book has for us in Canada very special significance and interest. Bishop Hurst, in his admirable foreword, says:

"Two strikingly beautiful instances of the blending of the British and the American currents will be found, first, in the romantic story of Canadian Methodism, marked by its many varieties and sharp frictions of the earlier day, but now more signally characterized by its singular solidarity; and, second, in the more recent joining of the forces of the American and English Methodists in their effective labors to kindle to a new flame in the Fatherland the fires that once blazed on German altars, and to give added glow and power to the people and work of Luther and Zwingli. The unity and grandeur of the common progress of the whole family of Methodists, rather than the diversity of the district branches, have been kept well to the front, with sufficient attention to the minor issues and facts which relate to the origin and development of the various and separate bodies. The broad and catholic spirit of John Wesley is finding its way to a new, or perhaps a continuous, leadership, and bids fair during the twentieth century to bring into harmonious and federated activity, if, indeed, not into compact and organic union, the severed and, therefore, weakened ranks of the Methodist host."

It is especially the beginnings of Methodism in the New World, in both the United States and Canada, that appeal most strongly to our Canadian patriotism. The first chapter of Book



From *History of Methodism*—Hurst.

By permission Eaton & Mans.

CAPTAIN WEBB PREACHING IN THE SAIL-LOFT.

IV., which takes up this story, is headed, "A Woman, a Carpenter, and a Red Coat." Its opening sentence reads: "The beginnings of Methodism in America belong to the high

realms of religious romance," and that romantic story is retold with dramatic skill. By a strange providence of God the persecuting armies of Louis XIV. drove the Protestant Palatines

from the Rhine valley into exile. They found refuge in England and Ireland, became incorporated with the people, received the congenial germs of Methodism, and developed a noble type of piety. The rack rents and pressures of population upon means of living led the more adventurous spirits to seek a new home in a new world. Among the very first of these were Dame Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada; Philip Embury, and others of that godly band of Palatines.

Amid the disappointments of hope deferred, and the novel temptations by which they were surrounded, deprived, too, of the spiritual ministrations with which they had been favored in the old home, these humble Palatines appear to have sunk into religious apathy and despondency. Like the exiles of Babylon they seemed to say, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury, for a time, lost his zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, shrank from the responsibility of religious leadership. While he justly ranks as the founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck may even take precedence over him as its foundress. She nourished, during all this time, her religious life by communion with God and by the devout reading of her old German Bible.

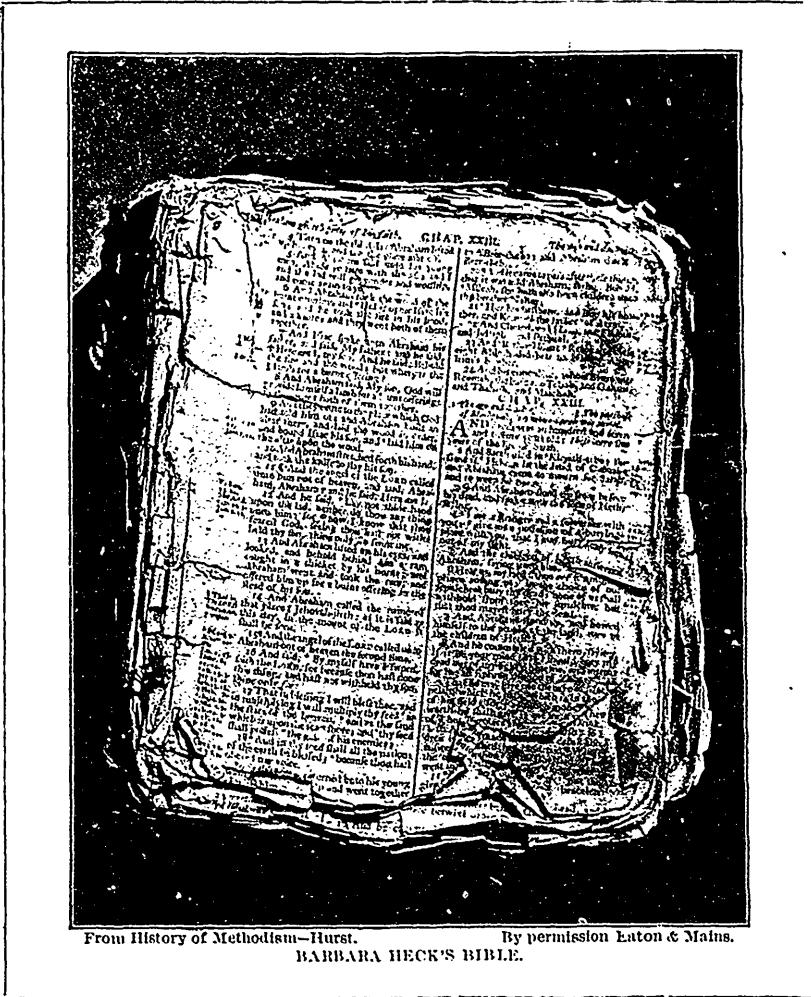
Five years later other Palatines, some of them relatives or old friends of the Emburys and Hecks, arrived at New York. Few of these were Wesleyans, and some made no profession of religion whatever. In the renewal of social intercourse between the old and new arrivals a game of cards was introduced. There is no evidence that any of the Wesleyans took part in this worldly amusement. But Barbara Heck felt that the time had come to speak out in earnest remonstrance against the spiritual declension of

which she regarded this occupation as the evidence. In the spirit of an ancient prophetess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly warned the players of their danger and their duty.

Under a divine impulse she went straightway to her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him to be no longer silent, "entreatings him with tears." With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she exclaimed, "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand." "I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation," he replied. Nevertheless, at her earnest adjuration, he consented to preach in "his own hired house," and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience. Its composition was typical of the diverse classes which the vast organization of which it was the germ was to embrace.

Small as it was, it included white and black, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his "hired man," and by her side an African servant called "Betty." Thus Methodism began its ministration among the poor and lowly, destined within a century to cover with its agencies a vast continent, and to establish its missions in every quarter of the globe.

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to in-



From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.
BARBARA HECK'S BIBLE.

crease, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. No small excitement began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the Bread of Life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of them-

selfs, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived. In the good and brave Captain Webb they found a firm

friend and fellow-laborer in the Lord. He was one of Wesley's local preachers who, sent with his regiment to America, found out the New York Methodists and gladly cast in his lot with them. He soon took his stand at Embury's preaching desk, "with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible," and declared to the people the Word of Life. The preaching of the soldier-saint roused the whole city, and promoted at once the social prestige and religious prosperity of the humble Church. For the ten years that he continued in America he was the chief founder of Methodism on the continent, preaching everywhere among the seaboard towns and villages.

In 1767 the famous "Rigging Loft," in William Street, was hired for the growing New York congregation; but "it could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the Word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative, but where could this humble community obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman.

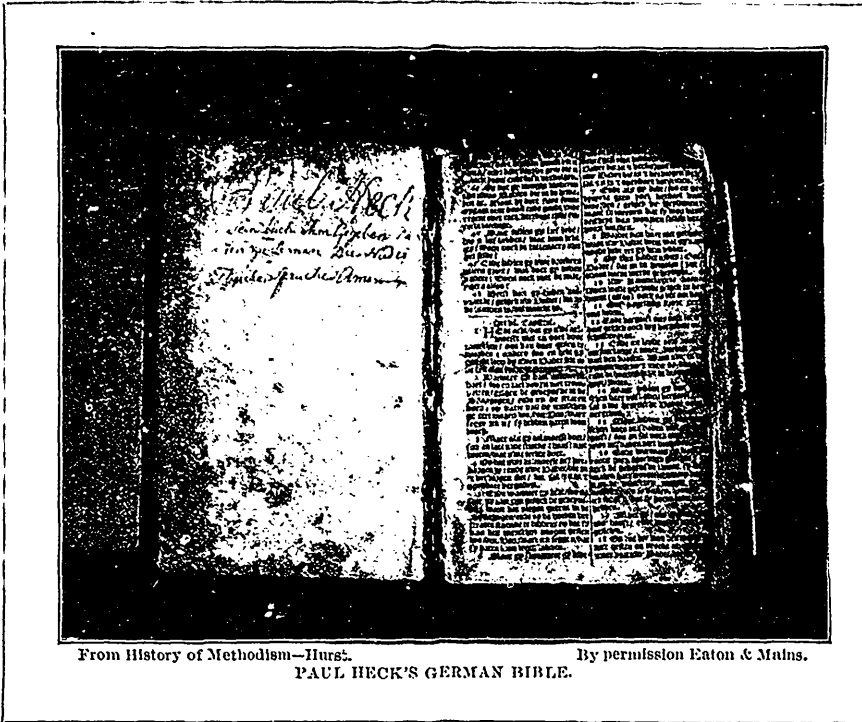
A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law, it was

provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to white-wash its walls."

Within two years we read of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship.

On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, many of the loyal Palatines maintained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada. Here they remained for ten years, chiefly in Montreal. In 1785 a number of them removed to Upper Canada, then newly organized as a colony, and settled in the township of Augusta, on the River St. Lawrence. Among these were John Lawrence and Catharine his wife, who was the widow of Philip Embury; Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Palatine Methodists. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Canada, as they had been in the United States. A "class" was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Thus, six years before the advent into Canada of William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher who entered the country, Methodism was already organized through the energies of those honored lay agents.

Barbara Heck died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in 1804, aged seventy years. Her death was befitting her life; her old German



From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Malns.
PAUL HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. Thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure.

The admirable illustrations which, through the courtesy of the publishers, accompany this article, are examples of hundreds which illustrate this noble work.

Of special interest will be the photo-

graph of the Bible of Barbara Heck, the companion of her sojourn in Ireland, the United States, in Canada, the source of her high faith and heroic courage, the book which she held in her hand when her spirit fled from earth, the book out of which has grown the great and goodly Methodism of this broad continent. The companion photo is that of Paul Heck's German Bible, with an autograph inscription.

It is a gratification to the present writer that he discovered these venerable relics of Methodism in the old Heck household near Maitland, Ont., and at his suggestion they were procured and deposited in the library of our own Victoria University, Toronto.

This book takes rank as the standard history of Methodism, and not for many long years, if ever, to be superseded. The price of this great work, \$15 for the set of seven volumes, is exceedingly cheap.

THE TALBOT REGIME.*



COLONEL THOMAS TALBOT.

THE early settlement of Upper Canada possesses some striking associations with the chivalry and high estate of the Old Land. This is true not only of the ancient

seigneuries of Lower Canada, but in less degree also of some of the older settlements of Upper Canada as well. A notable instance is that of the Talbot Regime, to which this handsome volume is devoted.

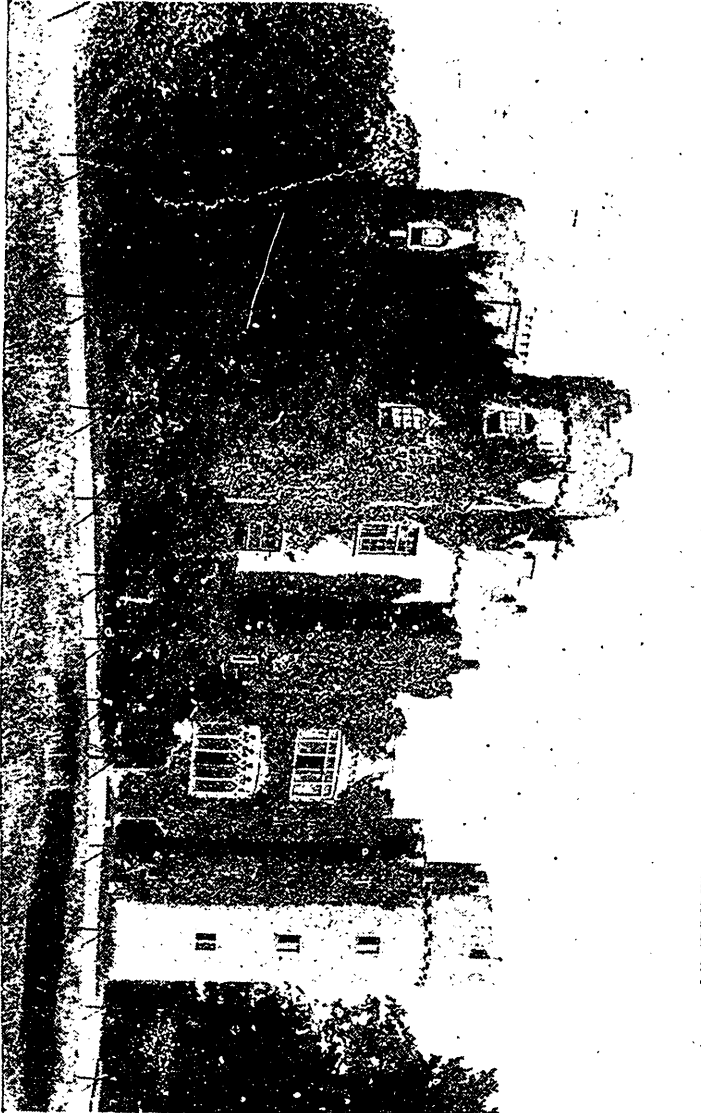
* "The Talbot Regime; or, the First Half-Century of the Talbot Settlement." By C. O. Ermatinger, K.C. Special edition. St. Thomas: The Municipal World, Ltd. Pp. ix 393.

The Talbots of Malahide were among the oldest families in Ireland. Richard Talbot, founder of the house,

crossed the Irish Channel in 1172, in the suite of Henry II. The family name is recorded in the Domesday Book, and a copy of the patent to

manding a view of the bay, is a stately building, whose vine-clad walls and towers present a most picturesque effect, while its hall of purest Norman

MALAHIDE CASTLE, COLONEL TALBOT'S BIRTHPLACE.



Thomas Talbot from King Edward IV. was found among the papers of the late Colonel Thomas Talbot in Canada. Malahide Castle, of which we give a picture, "built on an eminence com-

architecture, and oak room lined with antique carving of scriptural subjects, are justly celebrated, and its numerous art treasures both old and precious. "The nobly-wooded grounds con-



VIEW OF PORT TALBOT, LOOKING TOWARD LAKE ERIE.

tain ancient oaks, chestnuts, and sycamores, whose lives extend back to Tudor days. Beneath two of the latter, and close to the castle, are the ruins of the ancient chapel and burying-ground, within which, among other interesting monuments, is the sixteenth-century tomb of Maud Talbot, of whom was sung :

“ The joy-bells are pealing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is sighing along the sea-side ;
The maids are assembling with garlands of
flowers
And the harpstrings are trembling in all the
glad bowers.

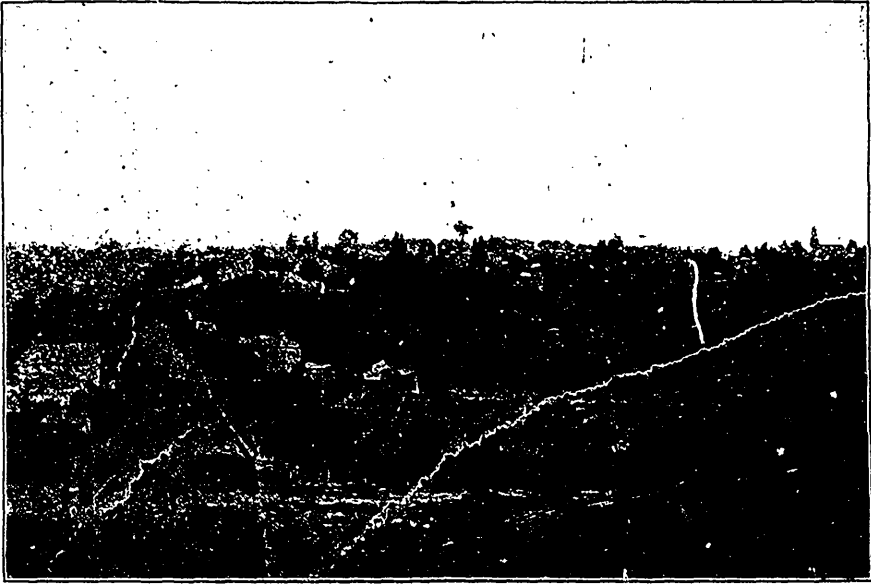
Before the high altar young Maud stands ar-
ray'd,
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother for ever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.”

“ But the wedding feast being interrupted by tidings of the approach of foemen, the bridegroom has perforce to leave his bride and lead the wedding guests to battle. Toward evening, when news of victory comes, Maud joyously sets forth to welcome

her valiant bridegroom, whose corpse, borne home on a shield, she, alas, meets. Broken-hearted, she

“ Sinks on the meadow, in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride.”

Here was born in 1771 Thomas Talbot, one of a family of seven sons and five daughters. Two of the brothers became peers of the realm, one an admiral of the Royal Navy, one a lieutenant-colonel, who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo in 1810. One of the daughters became a countess of the Austrian Empire, another became the wife of Sir William Young, the Governor of Tobago. The rollicking young Tom Talbot and Arthur Wellesley were aides to the Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. They both entered the army, but one attained to name and fame as the Iron Duke, the other plunged into the then wilderness of Canada from which he seldom emerged. It is said that as octogenarians these two met and conversed at



VIEW OF ST. THOMAS, FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

Apsley House, calling each other by their familiar names, "Arthur" and "Tom." To quote from our author: "Over what divergent vistas of intervening years of war and statecraft, of sanguinary battlefields and splendor of courts, on the one hand—on the other, of lonely sombre solitude, of battles with the giants of the forest and its wild denizens, of lake and river travel, of ice and snowstorms and blazing log fires—until, the long intervals spanned, their minds focussed and tongues wagged over happy youthful days in Dublin—in 'dear, dirty Dublin,' as it was once called."

At the age of twenty Tom Talbot—we quote a recent reviewer—"came to Upper Canada as private and confidential secretary of Governor Simcoe, with whom he travelled much over the country, and by whom his services were so much appreciated that after his return to England the Gover-

nor interested himself successfully in securing for his young friend a grant of five thousand acres on the shore of Lake Erie, in the township of Dunwich. The settlement which he began subsequently included within its area a large proportion of the present county of Elgin. For over half a century he was personally identified with its development, and was involved in all its vicissitudes."

In the spring of 1803 young Talbot landed at the little port which subsequently took his name. "He set to work with a will and energy characteristic of him, and soon had erected a log house on the hill facing the lake to the south, and overlooking the valley of Talbot Creek to the north and north-east. Here with a few men-servants he lived in his embryo Canadian 'Castle Malahide,' a humble log abode of three rooms—a store-room, sitting-room, and kitchen—which was afterwards enlarged into a rambling

collection of one-storied buildings, not inconsiderable in extent, but with no pretensions to architectural beauty."

This book is well called the Talbot Regime, because the colonel kept a sort of vice-regal state in his little domain. Judge Ermatinger's interesting volume gives a graphic account of those early days in Canada, the privations of which few of us can now understand. The primitive mode of preparing flour is thus described:

"A stump hollowed at the top by fire, and a rough wooden pestle, formed the ordinary means for grinding the grain into coarse but not unwholesome flour or meal, from which bran and shorts were not extracted. Sometimes a hollowed pair of stones in the hollowed stump, the upper one fitted with a handle, produced a superior brand of home-made flour, in the neighborhood where a hand-mill was owned, it did duty for all its owner's neighbors."

Colonel Talbot erected the first water-mill in the settlement in 1808, but it was burned by the American invaders in the War of 1812.

"To obtain flour, however ground, grain was required. Seed, usually supplied by Colonel Talbot at first, was sown—wheat, barley, peas, oats. While the land was virgin, it was not worked, the grain being hand-sown, raked or harrowed (sometimes a tree-top or branch doing duty for harrow) and covered with leaves, roots, and loose earth—Indian corn being planted with an axe or hoe. The crops were reaped with sickles—in some cases with only knives or scissors.

"In this laborious work the settlers' wives were at times forced by circumstances to participate—nor did they shrink from the task."

The wife of Finlay McDiarmid, without even a sickle, not only cut the entire crop of wheat on an acre and a half with a butcher-knife, but

threshed the grain and ground it with a hand-mill to feed her young children and sick husband. This heroic woman lived to within a month of a full century of years, passing away in September, 1878. The wife of George McGregor, while her husband was ill, split rails enough to fence a four-acre field, and carried them on her back and erected the necessary fence.

During the War of 1812 Colonel Talbot saw active military service, but was unable to prevent the ravaging of the Erie frontier and destruction of the lake settlements.

While Lower Canada abounds in places bearing the names of the saints we have very few in Upper Canada. One of these, St. Thomas, takes its name, not from St. Thomas the apostle, but from the jolly Tom Talbot, who has never been otherwise held up as either saint or doubter.

"Colonel Talbot had himself gone through all the hardships of a backwoods settler during the first years after his arrival. He did not shirk from the most menial occupations. A he told Mrs. Jamieson, the authoress, he assumed the blanket-coat and axe, slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodmen, cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread. In this latter branch of household economy he became very expert, and still prides himself on it.

The following lines describe his mode of life:

"No contiguous palace rears its head
To shame the meanness of their humble shed.
At night returning, every labor sped,
They sit them down—the monarchs of the
shed."

Colonel Talbot was an eccentric old gentleman, was very popular among those who knew him best, and well deserved the name of Pater Patriae

given him by William Lyon Mackenzie, who afterwards became his pronounced enemy. The temperance sentiments of later times were not in vogue in those early days, and Colonel Talbot does not fail to pronounce his anathemas upon "those blank cold-water-drinking societies," in guise of which, he says, the rebels organized their conspiracy. Had the gallant colonel become a member of one of these societies and adhered to its principles, it would have been better for him in his old age. His habit of dining "not wisely but too well" grew upon him till he became its unfortunate victim.

We quote a recent reviewer: "The Talbot settlement was typical of other pioneer plantations in many respects, but in many others it was unique. Its settlement was small in area compared with that of the Canada Com-

pany, which extended from its northern border through Middlesex and Huron. The constant presence of a proprietor in one was both a benefit and a drawback. His regime was, on the whole, not unkindly, and it was fairly efficient and thoroughly honest. The Canada Company's settlers were not so fortunate in some respects as those located by Colonel Talbot."

A graphic account is given of many incidents of the rebellion. This was the country of Dr. Duncombe, Dr. Rolph, and other leading spirits in that revolt.

Judge Ermatinger has done his part well. His work is founded upon a previous volume by his father, Mr. Edward Ermatinger, but greatly expanded and fortified by a copious array of authorities. Their family history is as romantic as that of the Talbots themselves.



"I SHALL GO SOFTLY."

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

Adown the corridor of years,
To melody of falling tears,
And harsher chords of strife and care,
I still the fragile life must bear.
As toward the palace of the King,
I softly bear this precious thing.

As ocean-spirit fills his days,
Who loves its freedom, sings its lays,
Anear the soundless, shoreless Deep,

I find a faultless grace to keep,—
A quiet faith to quell my fears,
And meagreure softly passing years.

I yet thine itterness shall meet,
And night-long marches tire my feet :
Oh, sweeter Presence, gentler touch,
Uphold me, lest I falter much !
For through the stresses I would bring
This treasure safely to the King.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS OF CANADA.*

BY THE REV. JOHN M'DOUGALL, D.D.,

Superintendent of Indian Missions.



AS the future of any race or people may reasonably be discussed by knowing in a measure something of their past and present, then let us retroject our thought to recent times when the Indians owned and roamed in what is now known as the Dominion of Canada. Four million square miles of territory was their camping-ground, and in order to better understand this question let me state that in so far as we have learned no individual or tribe claimed any particular portion of this immense land. The whole country was held in common by all these multiple tribes speaking many diverse tongues.

Where they came from is a matter of speculation. My own experience would lead me to think that they have come from the north and west. Within the last few hundred years the Blackfeet tribes and the Stonies and Crees have moved south. It is not so long since the Blackfeet were on the Peace River Plains and around the Great and Lesser Slave Lakes, and if one in studying types is travelling westward in Canada he will find that the Mongolian type intensifies as he approaches the Pacific coast. Out of northern Asia into northern America seems to have been this trend of human movement.

How long have they been here? Who knows? However, ere has been sufficient time to create language, and reconstruct form and

feature, and implant varying degrees of courage, and to allow the topography and geography and climate of this wonderfully diverse land to impress themselves upon these nomad peoples. For so crude and limited were the means of transport of these Indians that each, while constantly roaming, yet did not travel far from the land of his birth. If we can measure the time needed to determine the sound of a language, or the strength of a limb, or the shape or color of an eye, or the erect stature and symmetrical form of the man of the mountains and plains; could we know how long it takes to make men eloquent, to impart the genius of poetry, to perfect a language, to create many dialects of the same, then we might answer approximately as to the period of these Indians dwelling in this part of God's fair earth.

Barbarians without law or order or government, without literature, without any part of what is termed "civilization," nomads owning a mighty dominion, but having no home therein—thus the man "sailing across the ocean" found them; that is, the altogether barbarous man was now visited by the semi-barbarous man—the eighty or ninety per cent. barbarian had discovered the one hundred per cent. barbarian.

The small percentage of civilization in the former had in the process of centuries made him the exploiter. The fulness and denseness of the latter's barbarism made him the easily exploited. Semi-civilization had, in the case of the white man, made him to be full of the greed of conquest and the greed of domination and of

* A paper read before the Missionary Convention at Edmonton.

commerce, and had it not occurred that into this masterful being there had come some of the principle of Christianity, there would be no Indian question to discuss at this time. "This God-sent principle conserved in some degree the honor of the white man, and also in some measure has saved from destruction the Indian."

If the present were the only life, if present contentment and abject inertia were ideal for humanity, then the Indian surely had a glorious past. He built no cities, he cleared no farms, he tilled no plains, he hewed out no great highways, he made no hay, he fed no stock, he branded no cattle, nay, the cattle upon a thousand hills were his and God's. Millions of cattle, millions of deer, and countless millions of fowl; the trout in the streams and lakes, the whitefish and sturgeon filling great inland oceans, and myriad lakes and streams were his, all his. The bracing winters made him strong, and the warm, fruitful summers made him glad.

For him the storm winds blew and the mild zephyrs played. For his ear there was music in the lowlands, and loud-toned anthems in the mountains. He listened, and the birds singing and the rapids calling were as hymns and psalms of praise to Him who had created them all—for the Indian did believe in a great Creator. He offered sacrifice and worshipped in his own way; worrying as to creeds and business, and time and life, and all things that some men do so mightily concern themselves with, did not concern him. He gratefully accepted things as they were, and did not look for more and better.

In the slow progress of evolution he was unconscious of the process. If he had ever thought of it he could honestly and consistently have intoned "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." Unto

him as yet had not come the voice of revelation, saying unto man, "Arise and subdue this world which I have made for you to dwell in." Unto him the voice of the Spirit had spoken. He knew the distinction between evil and good, but not as yet had the clear voice of the great Resurrector rung into his inmost being—"Lazarus, come forth."

No, the Indian's past was dead to progress; dead to the destiny of our race, and there had to come a wonderful change, and now that the small beginnings of this necessary change have come, let us consider the present of the Indians.

His contact with the new life has, as doubtless was the case with that of all men, been fruitful of both blessing and ban. This strange new man, who came to him with the Bible in one hand and absolute domination and rum and whiskey and many foul diseases in the other, has been, indeed, as a living paradox to the docile, passive Indian; and hundreds of thousands have fallen victims to war and pestilence, and rum and vice. This civilization with its permanent home life and dwelling in houses and fixed habitations and its multiple insanitation, has been cruel and full of disease-breeding to the Indian peoples. While their former life gave pure air and constant change of camp and scene, the steadily demanded need of a permanent residence on the reserve has thrust the Indian into crude cabins full of foul atmosphere and surcharged with the germs of terrible disease. Then the change of diet from meat and fowl and fish to cereals and vegetables and salt and sugar and syrup, etc., has come so suddenly, especially with all our western Indians, that nature herself has been taken by surprise and is unable thus hurriedly to adapt herself to these sudden and radical changes.

Then on top of all this are his limitations. If he is a treaty Indian he

cannot visit a friend on a neighboring reserve without a permit. He cannot go to the nearest market town without a permit. In what was his own country, and on his own land, to which he was born out of the centuries, he cannot travel in peace without a permit. He cannot buy and sell without a permit. He may raise cattle, but he cannot sell them unless the Government official allows. He may cultivate the soil, but is not the owner of his own produce. He cannot sell firewood or hay from the land that is his by divine and citizen right, and thus reap the result of his own industry, unless subject to the caprice or whim of one who often becomes an autocrat.

Said an Indian to me a few days since: "I raise cattle, but they are not mine; my own wood I cannot sell; my own hay I cannot do what I would with. I cannot even do as I like with the fish I may catch; how can I become a man?"

This was the cry of one who was bred in absolute liberty. Another said, "The farm instructor on this reserve owns more than half of every Indian who lives here. We are not men, we are slaves." In this case paternalism has been carried to a criminal extreme. Independence and manhood have been most awfully discounted.

Again, the white man has his own ideas on the question of education, and early in his contact with the Indians missionary societies began the work of establishing schools for the enlightenment of the Indian. When treaties were made by our Government, provision was given by treaty for the education of the children of the Indians, and within the last twenty-five years in the North-West both Government and Christian Churches have been in co-operation in the carrying on of day and boarding and industrial schools work amongst the na-

tive population. The older mission day-school, and later the Government and mission day-school was, and still is, most seriously hindered by the unsettled and nomadic life of the people, and this was reasonable, for were not they the perennial pilgrims of all the ages—hunters and fishermen by long heredity and life-long habit? Hence to keep up a regular attendance at the day-school on the reserve, or previously at the mission, was the continuous effort, but not the accomplishment in any large degree, of all concerned.

Then came the large industrial school, and an illustration of how our missionaries had worked, and how ready the Indian was to learn, is the case of the Red Deer and Brandon Industrial Schools. Red Deer was over-full in a month, and Brandon within one year of being ready to accept pupils. These pupils came from fifty to seven hundred miles to these schools, and came from camps and homes from which there had not been any separation of the child from the parent in all their previous history. This new life demanded the immediate tearing asunder of these, the most holy and sacred of ties.

As was natural with the children, some died; some ran away, and the major portion looked upon the school as a sort of prison.

Then came the boarding-school on or contiguous to the reserves or homes of the people. This in the minds of those most truly interested seems to be the best plan, being, as it is, a compromise between the day-school and the industrial, having most of the advantages of the latter, and all the benefits and much more than those of the former. The boarding-school is a wide bridging of the great chasm between the very recent old life and the now suddenly appearing and absolutely new life.

In the matter of faith the Indian was always reverent. He believed in

the Great Good Spirit, and also in the Evil Spirit, and as the latter had only jurisdiction within the limit of this life, and as the Great Good Spirit was all-merciful and for ever gracious, the Indian made sacrifice and oblation to him who in his belief could affect and influence this present time. The Evil Spirit propitiated would help in hunting, war, love, etc.; in short, the untutored savage was acting just as even now the more enlightened white man is practising, namely, on the principle, not of ultimate righteousness, but that which is now feasible and profitable to ourselves, never caring as to its effects on posterity or the rest of humanity. The Indian, perhaps, did not think that far, yet nevertheless he was logically in the same line of thought and action.

Then came the exponent of a stronger, greater light, and the missionaries of the Roman Catholic and Anglican and Methodist, and later of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches came to him, and all were welcomed generally. It was if he was waiting, and everywhere the missionaries of this new faith were listened to with solemn attention, and pagan peoples gave up war and strife, and in due time many turned to this great new Gospel and became Christians.

The greatest difficulty to the acceptance of this Gospel has always been the conduct of the white man, who antedated, and who has been contemporaneous with, the missionary. That two such distinct characters of men should come out of the land of people who believed in such a Gospel has always caused great wonderment to all Indian peoples—the drunkard, the libertine, the blasphemous, the commercially fraudulent—these in such large number among the white men. Often the lone missionary and the crowd of this kind coming out of the same country, and from the

preaching of the same faith, yet how distinct their life and conduct.

Nevertheless, despite the drunkenness and vice and Sabbath-breaking and blasphemy of many traders, and many travellers, and many Government officials, and many settlers, the Indian generally has stood by the missionary. Even when there came an ultra bad white man, who dared to say there was no God, the Indian pitied the white man's mental aberration and still believed.

A short time since, when assisting the principal of one of our industrial schools to secure pupils, I made use of all current arguments in support of the need of education—beside me on the bench was a genuine old pagan, one of the few extreme conservatives of his race. This old philosopher had listened to our arguments and persuasion, and then spoke as follows:

“I want to believe you, John; I have every reason to believe you; I have known you for many years and watched you closely. I have heard you tell about England and Canada and other lands, where you said Jesus and His Gospel was awakening the people, and making them better and stronger. I have heard you tell about the school, and the stirring of mind. Oh, yes, John, I listened and thought ‘This is good,’ but so many white men I meet act contrary to what you preach. Only the other day I came through a settlement of people from England, where, as you have told us, for hundreds of years the Gospel has been preached, and they had just come out straight from that land—in one big ship had they come—and, John, I saw them do many bad things, and heard awful stories about their life and acts of wickedness which even my people in the past did not know of; so you will not wonder. John, that I am still in a quandary. When I hear you I want to believe what you say,

then I see so much among your own white people that are different, and I am saddened and puzzled as to what is best."

Thus spoke the old heathen philosopher. Then as I tried to answer him he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Never mind, John, your faith produced you, my friend, and it must be good."

Yes, to-day we are thankful that of our Indians and nominal Christians many are really so in heart and in deed and in life. Moreover, education is leavening the mass, and they as a whole are growing into an appreciation of its benefits.

Civilization is also gaining ground, and the Indian is rapidly taking our agriculture and husbandry and stock-raising, and is learning our modes of industry, and is assimilating the new condition almost with miraculous haste; yesterday a nomad and an absolute barbarian, and to-day very much civilized in the essentials, learning English fast, already subscribing to our literature.

To me the Indian is a marvel—no men in all history have changed and are changing so quickly. I saw him as a savage, a nomad, a barbarian; I have watched him as against the centuries he manfully strove into the new life. I have watched him as against the tide of misunderstanding and mistaken guardianship, and often under the heel of petty despotism, he has patiently struggled, and to-day I say he is wonderful in capacity, marvelous in adaptation, and altogether worthy of our profound respect and help in every way.

And now as to his future. In the matter of education, that is his legal right by solemn treaty with our Government. As to the methods and manner of imparting this education, we as citizens are responsible to God and the Indian to continue to seek the best plan in this work. The best

school in my opinion with the light I now have is the boarding-school on the reserve. This, if conducted as it should be, will stand as an object lesson to all the people, will conserve the home life of the Indian, will obviate the many heart-breakings and sad separations of necessity connected with the industrial school, remote as these are from the majority of the people.

Coming to our civilization, I would say again, Give the Indian full liberty in all matters, except the disposition of his lands and the trafficking in intoxicants. Let Christian sentiment and public feeling demand that all agents and other Government officials and missionaries be absolutely free from the taint of the liquor poison. There must be consistency on this question—it is absurd to ask other men to obey law and yourself constantly disobey the same. There can be no successful carrying out of law under such conditions. Every true citizen, every Christian man and woman must stand by the Indian on this question. We boast of our civilization, then let us as a country send civilized men to act as Indian agents and instructors and teachers and missionaries to these Indian people. Surely there are some big-souled and high-minded men and women we can give to this work. We are tired of the brutish man; we are sick of the drunkard and libertine and blasphemer in his role of agent and farm instructor, etc. We are awfully tired with the would-be missionary or teacher who thinks and acts as if he and his are made of different clay from the men and people to whom he is sent.

The man with the pull of a political party, or a beautiful little sermon and nothing else, is no good for such work. We want souls and hearts, and brains, and large business ability, and practical industrial capacity, and with these we can help the Indian, even as

God has bidden us. Let the Churches renew their splendid efforts; let our Government revolutionize its service and secure, as surely it can, out of the citizenship of Canada, good men and true for these important positions. Let the Indian Department of our country remove its limitations and strictures, as these cramp and annoy and discourage the Indian. I say, let these be removed, and the Indian set free to obey the general laws of this good land, and soon he will take on strength and grow up into this new life we have been instrumental in bringing to him.

You ask about the future of the Indian? Why not ask me about the future of all Canadians, about the future of this glorious Dominion? I say to you, the one is part of the other; mighty Canada, wealthy Canada, beautiful Canada, to fulfil her true destiny must be controlled and developed and occupied by a godly and righteous people, and we cannot be a godly and righteous people if we in any wise neglect or discount the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada.

If we, as patriots and Christian citizens, hope for and look forward to a great future for our country, then as a matter of course even the Indian, as God will permit him, must have a great and glorious future.

Let us be noble and true and pure and good, then the remnant of the people who lived here before we came, and also those who are coming, and will come to it from all lands, will with us become noble and true.

Our future will be made or marred, even as we under God make and mar the future of the Indian. In the last half-century the Methodist Church in Canada has had a glorious part in the work of the redemption of the Indian. The fathers in the Church felt the weight of this responsibility and freely gave of their best blood and means thereunto. We share in

common with our brethren of other Churches engaged in this same work in the knowledge of the fact that through these instrumentalities we Canadians have never had an Indian war. No bloody massacres stain our history. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives have been saved to our young country through the missioning of its red men. To-day thousands of these Indians are walking in the light before God and man, as the direct results of a generation of such work.

Surely when there is so much in the past to encourage us, surely when the unlimited resources of the great North-West and of the wonderful Province of British Columbia are startling the vision and thought of all the civilized world; when we know beyond any discount that these rich portions of God's fair earth are indeed glorious and far beyond present-day calculations in their tremendous possibilities; when we recognize that all this territory belonged by the divine right of centuries to these Indians, I ask, Will we as a young and vigorous people, taking on strength hourly in wealth and state and national position, begrudge a few hundred thousand dollars and the expenditure of some of our best life to this work of civilizing and Christianizing these Indians?

Shall the great Methodist Church in this country cry out and groan and strain under the burden of less than fifty thousand dollars per annum in such God-commissioned duty. Nay, rather let us say we are privileged indeed, and rejoice and be glad because of being thus honored.

It is humiliating to my Christian manhood that for the last few years there have come mutterings and calls for retrenchment in this work from the North-West and British Columbia Conferences, the very Conferences that should be the most missionary in spirit and action.

The virtue of a perennial gratitude to God and the Indian, whose wealthy domain we are beginning to exploit; the dignity of Christian manhood; all that which is meant by the vows of the Christian ministry and profession of faith in Jesus Christ, should have constrained us to larger and more liberal views. But, alas! I am afraid there has been a sad error in the minds of some of the brethren in their estimate of values.

"You are wasting money and time on the Indian," they have said. "Place your dollar where it will make ten," has been their motto. "Let us multiply churches, let us build modern and comfortable parsonages, let us increase the salary of the preacher." While all this may be legitimate and worthy in its place, yet verily it is

not missionary. Everything we do for ourselves is not missionary, it is what we do for the other man who needs our help, that is God-like, that is Christ-like, that is the mission of the Christian Church always and everywhere.

We believe God sent us into Canada. We believe God gave us the Indian to take care of and to minister unto, and the Divine Being sent us the stronger, having been made thus by centuries of Christian teaching. He sent us to these our weaker brethren, and if we would measure up to our high calling in citizenship, in true patriotism, in vital Christianity, we must do nobly and generously by our Indian brethren. They must share with us in all our present and eternal blessings.



THE VINES.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Tell us once again, dear Master,
Of the Vine,
How the helpless, struggling branches
Cling and twine,
How the husbandman will clean it,
Prune it, water it, and screen it,
Care for it from branch to root,
Till it beareth fruit.

Tell us once again, dear Master,
Of Thy care:
How above Thy vines Thou watchest
Everywhere;
How Thou sendest rains upon them,
How Thy sunshine oft has won them,
How with love Thou standest near
All the weary year.

For to-day Thy vineyards languish.
Master, hear!
Branches, withered, black and fruitless,
Do appear.
Oh! come near to prune and tend them,
Yet a little while defend them,
Till at last, through strong, brave root,
Also they bear fruit.

We are like these vines, dear Master,
Pity us!
Useless, fruitless, bare and worthless,
See us thus,
Yet because Thou carest for us,
Lovest, even prayest for us,
Let us still Thy summer see,
Bearing fruit for Thee.

THE WELSH REVIVAL AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.,

Westminster Chapel, London.



IT was my holy privilege to come into the centre of this wonderful work and movement, at a meeting characterized by a perpetual series of interruptions and disorderliness. It was a meeting characterized by a great continuity and an absolute order. You say, "How do you reconcile these things?" I do not reconcile them. They are both there. If you put a man into the midst of one of these meetings who knows nothing of the language of the Spirit, and nothing of the life of the Spirit, one of two things will happen to him. He will either pass out saying, "These men are drunk," or he himself will be swept up by the fire into the kingdom of God. If you put a man down who knows the language of the Spirit, he will be struck by this most peculiar thing. I have never seen anything like it in my life; while a man praying is disturbed by the breaking out of song, there is no sense of disorder, and the prayer merges into song, and back into testimony, and back again into song for hour after hour, without guidance. These are the three occupations—singing, prayer, testimony.

In the evening I stood for three solid hours wedged so that I could not lift my hands at all. That which impressed me most was the congregation. I stood wedged, and I looked along the gallery of the chapel on my right, and there were three women, and the rest were men packed solidly in. If you could but for once have seen the men, evidently colliers, with

the blue seam that told of their work on their faces, clean and beautiful. Beautiful, did I say? Many of them lit with heaven's own light, radiant with the light that never was on sea and land. Great rough, magnificent, poetic men by nature, but the nature had slumbered long. To-day it is awakened, and I looked on many a face, and I knew that men did not see me, did not see Evan Roberts, but they saw the face of God and the eternities.

Evan Roberts is hardly more than a boy, simple and natural, no orator, no leader of men; nothing of the masterfulness that characterized such men as Wesley and Whitefield and Dwight Lyman Moody; no leader of men. One of the most brilliant writers in one of our papers said of Evan Roberts, in a tone of sorrow, that he lacked the qualities of leadership, and the writer said if but some prophet did now arise he could sweep everything before him. God has not chosen that a prophet shall arise. It is quite true. Evan Roberts is no orator, no leader. What is he? I mean now with regard to this movement. He is the mouth-piece of the fact that there is no human guidance as to man or organization. The burden of what he says to the people is this: It is not man: do not wait for me; depend on God: obey the Spirit. But whenever moved to do so, he speaks under the guidance of the Spirit. His work is not that of appealing to men so much as that of creating an atmosphere by calling men to follow the guidance of the Spirit in whatever the Spirit shall say to them.

God has set His hand upon the lad.

beautiful in simplicity, ordained in his devotion, lacking all the qualities that we have looked for in preachers and prophets and leaders. He has put him in the forefront of this movement that the world may see that He does choose the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are, the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; a man who lacks all the essential qualities which we say make for greatness, in order that through him in simplicity and power He may move to victory.

There is no preaching, no order, no hymn-books, no choirs, no organs, no collections, and, finally, no advertising. I am not saying these things are wrong. I simply want you to see what God is doing. There were the organs, but silent; the ministers, but among the rest of the people, rejoicing and prophesying with the rest, only there was no preaching. Everybody is preaching. No order, and yet it moves from day to day, week to week, county to county, with matchless precision, with the order of an attacking force. Mr. Stead was asked if he thought the revival would spread to London, and he said, "It depends upon whether the people can sing." He was not so wide of the mark. When these Welshmen sing, they sing the words like men who believe them. No choir did I say? It was all choir. And hymns! I stood and listened in wonder and amazement as that congregation on that night sang hymn after hymn, long hymns, sung through without hymn-books.

The Sunday-school is having its harvest now. The family altar is having its harvest now. The teaching of hymns and the Bible among those Welsh hills and valleys is having its harvest now. You tell me the press is advertising it. They did not begin advertising until the thing caught fire and spread. One of the most remarkable things is the attitude of the Welsh

press. I come across instance after instance of men converted by reading the story of the revival in *The Western Mail* and *The South Wales Daily News*.

Within five weeks twenty thousand have joined the Churches. I think more than that have been converted, but the Churches in Wales have enrolled during the last five weeks twenty thousand new members. It is a movement in the Church and of the Church, a movement in which the true functions and forces of the Church are being exercised and filled.

What effect is this work producing upon men? First of all, it is turning Christians everywhere into evangelists. There is nothing more remarkable about it than that, I think. People you never expected to see doing this kind of thing are becoming definite, personal workers. A deacon said: "I have eighteen young men in an athletic class of which I am president. I hope some of them will be in the meeting to-night." There was a new manifestation. This man had had that athletic class for years, and he had never hoped that any one of them would be in any meeting to be saved. Within fifteen minutes he left his seat and was talking to a young man down in front of him. Before that meeting closed that deacon had led every one of those eighteen young men to Jesus Christ, who never before thought of speaking to men about their souls.

My friend, with whom I stayed, who has always been reticent of speaking to men, told me how, sitting in his office, there surged upon him the great conviction that he ought to go and speak to another man with whom he had done business for long years. My friend suddenly put down his pen and left his office and went on 'Change, and there he saw the very man; and going up to him, passing the time of day to him, the man said to him, "What do you think of this revival?"

And my friend looked him squarely in the eye and said, "How is it with your own soul?" The man looked back at him and said, "Last night at twelve, from some unknown reason, I had to get out of bed and give myself to Jesus Christ, and I was hungering for some one to come and talk to me." Here is a man turned into an evangelist by supernatural means. If this is emotional, then God send us more of it! Here is a cool, calculating, business shipowner, that I have known all my life, leaving his office to go on 'Change and ask a man about his soul.

Down in one of the mines a collier was walking along, and he came, to his great surprise, to where one of the principal officials in the mine was standing. The official said, "Jim, I have been waiting two hours here for you." "Have you, sir?" said Jim. "What do you want?" "I want to be saved, Jim." The man said, "Let us get right down here"; and there

in the mine the colliery official, instructed by the collier, passed into the kingdom of God. When he got up he said, "Tell all the men, tell everybody you meet, I am converted."

This whole thing is of God; it is a visitation in which He is making men conscious of Himself, without any human agency. The revival is far more widespread than the fire zone. In this sense you may understand that the fire zone is where the meetings are actually held, and where you feel the flame that burns. But even when you come out of it, and go into railway trains, or into a shop, a bank, anywhere, men everywhere are talking of God. Whether they obey or not is another matter. There are thousands not yielded to the constraint of God, but God has given Wales in these days a new conviction and consciousness of Himself. That is the profound thing, the underlying truth.—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

HIS WOUNDED FEET.

BY C. E.

With love and pity all aflame,
 The story of the cross I heard,
 And straight a pilgrim I became,
 Through all the world to seek my Lord;
 To bind 'or Him with loving bands
 His wounded feet and bleeding hands.

I found Him not on land or sea,
 Not in Jerusalem or Rome,
 And wrinkled age had come to me,
 When worn and sad I sought my home.
 I had not bound with loving bands
 His wounded feet and bleeding hands.

Then in a quiet hour I heard,
 Plain as a whisper in the ear,
 "I am thy ever-present Lord,
 Why seek for Me?—Lo, I am here.
 Who doeth what My word commands.
 Hath kissed My feet and touched My hands.

"Who giveth to the starving—bread,
 Who stays the steps of wayward youth,
 Who raises up the sorrowing head,
 And, best of all, who spreads the truth,
 He binds for Me, with loving bands,
 My wounded feet and bleeding hands."

FAMOUS WELSH PREACHERS.

BY JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.*



TAINÉ, the French writer upon English literature, speaks of the passion of the English for hearing sermons. If the people of England have a strong sermonic taste, what shall be said of the Welsh? Wales has long been a country famous for pulpit eloquence; the people of the rural districts respond to preaching as gunpowder to a spark. I shall not speak in this article of Christmas Evans, who stands out in the history of the Welsh pulpit like some tall mountain peak against the clear blue sky, for that would require a separate article, but rather of several of his contemporaries. The life of Christmas Evans spanned the greater part of the eighteenth century, and while he was the central luminary of that epoch, there was a considerable number of lesser but bright and shining lights.

One of these was Williams, of Pantycelyn, so-called to distinguish him from several others of the same name, and sometimes called the Watts of Wales. "His hymns have been sung over the face of the whole earth." He was the author of "O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness," and "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Born in 1717 and dying in 1791, he led a long and useful life. "He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius." It was his rule never to attempt the composition of a hymn until he felt his soul near to heaven. Like his hymns, his sermons were often sublime. He preached

forty-three years, and travelled in that time 95,890 miles. A handsome edition of his works in the Welsh language is still read and prized.

Then there was Peter Williams, who did more than any man of his time to cultivate religious literature in Wales, a great preacher and a very godly man.

Evan Williams, another of the Williams' family of preachers, is spoken of as a seraphic man. He died at the early age of twenty-nine.

Daniel Williams was another contemporary of Christmas Evans, and seems to have been blessed with a much larger share of this world's goods than falls to the lot of most preachers, as he founded the Williams library, and left considerable money to various religious and benevolent objects. He was a prolific writer, and his works are contained in six octavo volumes.

There was still another famous preacher by the name of Williams, of this period—Williams of Wern. He was a preacher of great power, and profoundly moved the people with his realistic descriptions. Upon one occasion, when preaching upon the resurrection of the dead, the audience moved together in terror, imagining that the graves under their feet were bursting open and the dead rising.

William Williams was a thorough Welshman, and never could learn to speak English with much fluency. He used to say: "When I violate English, I am like a child that breaks a window. I do not go back to mend it, but I run away, hoping that I shall not be seen."

Such was his intense zeal that he left school before his studies were completed, saying: "The harvest will be over while I am sharpening my sickle."

*The great revival now in progress in Wales will lend additional interest to this paper.—ED.

His ministry was very successful, and his services were in great demand. Illustration was his forte, but of a very different kind from that of Christmas Evans. Speaking of the dove as a symbol of the Holy Spirit, and of the danger of grieving the Spirit, he said that of all birds the dove was the most easily alarmed. Of prayer he said: "Our prayers often resemble tricks of town children who knock at their neighbors' houses, and then run away."

He died in holy triumph. The account of himself and his daughter, dying at about the same time in different rooms of the same house, is most affecting.

Once he said to her, in the last illness of both:

"Well, Eliza, how are you this morning?"

"Very weak, father."

"Ah," said he, "we are both on the racecourse. Which of us do you think will get to the end of it first?"

"Oh, I shall, father. I think you must have more work to do yet."

"No," he said, "I think my work is nearly over."

"It may be so, father, but, still I think I shall be the first to go."

"Perhaps," he said, "it is best that it should be so, for I am more able to bear the blow. But," he continued, "do you long to see the end of the journey?"

"Oh, from my heart," she replied.

"But why?"

"Because I shall see so many of my old friends, and my mother, and, above all, I shall see Jesus."

"Ah! well, then," he said, "tell them I am coming."

She died first, her last words being, "Peace, peace." He followed soon after, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Time would fail to tell of John Elias, who, like the rest, disclaimed all paper in the pulpit, whose preaching put a stop to the hideous custom of

burning the raven's nest, and who was a veritable pulpit Demosthenes. He was a power in his day, and his record is on high. His funeral was attended by about ten thousand persons.

David Davies, of Swansea, although almost unknown to English readers, was a man of note in his day. He has been pronounced by competent authority to have been one of the foremost pulpit orators of his own or any other age. Old people, when asked the secret of his power, said that "It was in his voice—he could not help himself. Without any effort, five minutes after he began to speak, the whole congregation would be bathed in tears."

As a minister, while tender and loving, he was a terror to evil doers. At Swansea, the scene of a great part of his ministry, Sabbath-breakers fled at his approach, and a man notorious for profanity would say to his comrades, when he saw him approaching, "Don't swear, Mr. Davies is coming!"

A company of drunken young men, who attempted to stone his dwelling, were quieted by him, and a number of them subsequently led to Christ.

Under his preaching a wicked old sea-captain, who had previously declared that not a preacher in the world could make him weep, was so broken up that he cried like a child. Great throngs of people greeted him wherever he went. He possessed a voice of wonderful compass, and could be heard with ease by ten thousand persons. He was a great hymn-writer, and eighty of his productions are said to be among the best in the Welsh language. He liberally wore himself out in the service, and died before reaching his fiftieth year.

Mention should also be made of Rees Pritchard, the vicar of Llandovery, whose book, "The Welshman's Candle," has been more widely circulated than any other work published in Wales. He became vicar of the

parish in which he was born, but his early career was marked by dissipation of every kind, so that his parishioners, even the worst of them, were shocked by his example, and would often say:

"Bad as we may be, we are not half so bad as the parson." The story of his conversion is known to many, who are not familiar with his life and work, and the eminence to which he attained.

An account of the famous preachers of Wales would not be complete without mention of Howell Harris, of Trevecca, and Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho.

They were born within a year of each other. Harris at Trevecca, in 1714, and Rowlands at Panty-beidy, in 1713.

Howell Harris is said to have been the most successful preacher that ever ascended a pulpit or platform in Wales, yet he did not aim to preach, and his sermons, so far as any knowledge may be obtained of them, will not stand the test of any sort of criticism. Yet it is said that "His words fell like balls of fire upon the careless and impenitent multitudes."

Daniel Rowlands was perpetual curate and incumbent of the united parishes of Nante-wille, at a salary of ten pounds a year, and never received any higher preferment. Like Harris he served in the ministry for some time before knowing the power of true religion. He seems to have been converted under a sermon of Rev. Griffith Jones. He was, at first, a tremendous alarmist, and dwelt much and often upon the terrors of the law, but a venerable clergyman, named Philip Pugh, kindly pointed out his defect.

"My dear sir," said he, "preach the Gospel—preach the Gospel to the people. Give them the balm of Gilead; show the blood of Christ; apply it to their spiritual wounds; show

the necessity of faith in a crucified Redeemer."

The young man followed his advice, and "unnumbered thousands in Wales had occasion, through long, following years, to bless God for it." Rowlands had the power of the thunder and the dew.

He was such an impressive reader that upon one occasion, when in reading the church service, he pronounced the words, "By thine agony and bloody sweat," the service was almost stopped, and the entire congregation broke down under a passion of feeling. Christmas Evans testifies that when Rowlands was preaching the fashion of his face became altered, and the people felt that eternity with its realities rushed upon them.

His monthly communions were sometimes attended by as many as three thousand persons, and upwards of a hundred clergymen looked to him as their spiritual father.

Another star in the galaxy of Welsh preachers is Charles of Bala. He has been called "The gift of God to North Wales." He took a deep interest in the cause of education, and filled the country with schools, Sabbath and night-schools. Truly could he say toward the close of his life, "The desert blossoms as the rose, and the dry land has become pools of water."

Thomas Charles was more than a preacher; he was a bishop, an overseer—"travelling far and wide, preaching, catechising, administering, placing, and removing laborers.

Wales lost him at the age of sixty. "A short life if we number it by years, a long life if we consider all that he accomplished in it."

The pungent sayings of Thomas Rhys Davies, are still worthy of being quoted, but a few specimens must suffice:

"Ignorance is the devil's college."

"Pharaoh fought ten great battles with God and did not gain one."

"Let the oldest believer remember that Satan is older."

"Many have a brother's face, but Christ has a brother's heart."

This remarkable man was taken ill in the same house in which Christmas Evans died. He begged that he might die in the same bed, but that was not possible. He was, however, buried in the same grave.

Ebenezer Morris was a fine, free, and cheerful spirit, "A man of rare gifts and grace."

His influence over the whole country was immense. A magistrate once said to him publicly, "You are worth more than a dozen of us." His voice was loved, his appearance commanding, and it is said that a word from him would roll over an audience like a great wave.

David Morris, the father of Ebenezer, was also a preacher, and it is said rarely preached a sermon that did not result in the conversion of some one.

One who should not go unmentioned in this enumeration is Samuel Breeze, of whom it was said that if you heard one of his sermons you heard three preachers. Christmas Evans said of him that "His eyes were like a flame of fire, and his voice like a martial strain, calling men to arms."

Another Welsh preacher has been

made famous by the verses of Pope, John Kyrle, "the man of Ross."

Rev. William Richards, LL.D., unlike quite a number of those to whom we have alluded, was a man of great learning, but with little imagination or emotion. He disliked the great religious gatherings of his countrymen, and called them fairs, and often spoke of the preachers upon these occasions in anything but complimentary terms.

Davies, of Castell Hywel, a man of a many-sided reputation, was a great classical scholar, and many of the Welsh clergy received from him their education. He was a poet withal, and some pronounced his translation of Gray's *Elegy* superior in force and pathos to the original. He was Christmas Evans' first "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Others might be named, but I forbear. Wales has always been famous for its preaching. The language itself, the emotional character of the people, combined with their simplicity of heart and fervent piety, form a soil in which great preachers grow up as naturally as grass in some rich meadow.

Good hearers make good preachers, and the Welsh people love the pure and simple Gospel with a fervor and fidelity that knows no bounds.

Rutherford, New Jersey.

"NOT AS MAN SEETH."

BY R. V. CLEMENT.

Oh! Father, *this* is not the gift—
This jumbled mass so crude,
This thing of stubble, hay and wood,
So shapeless, bare and rude.

This, Father, *this is not* the gift
Which I have brought to Thee,
An offering meet to speak my love,
My fear and fealty.

Midway, B.C.

Ah, no!—the temple I had planned
And feebly striven to build,
Splendid in marble, ivory, gold.
With art's rare treasures filled—

The temple, pictured in my soul,
Which I would fain have wrought
With lofty tower and sculptured column,
That is the gift I've brought.

THE GATEWAYS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY GEORGE A. DICKINSON, M.D.

"As everything that enters the mind finds its way through the senses, the first reason of a human being is a reason of sensations; this it is which forms the basis of the intellectual reason; our first masters in philosophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. Substituting books for all this is not teaching us reason, it is simply to use the reason of other people; it teaches us to take a great deal on trust; and never to know anything."—Rousseau.



IF a child is giving attention to any subject under discussion we know that he is thinking about it, but for his reasoning to be accurate, and his conclusions to be correct he must be supplied with accurate information.

With a multitude of books and magazines it becomes an easy matter to get information on any subject, but to separate the true from the false the mind must not only be trained thoroughly in powers of discrimination and judgment, but, what is of greater importance, the faculties must be trained so as to obtain correct data at first hand. Our knowledge of things varies according to our powers of observation, and the perfection of our senses.

Each sense has a field particularly its own by which is revealed to us the distinguishing properties of things. Through that sense called general sensation, we get a knowledge of the *general condition of the various parts of our body*, and it is through this sense that fatigue, faintness, comfort, discomfort, well being, satiety, hunger or thirst is made manifest to us.

Through our special-sense organs, sight, touch, smell, taste and hearing, we get a knowledge of the external world.

It is of much interest to study the functions of the different sense

organs as in addition to our learning, so can in great measure our emotions, our feelings, and our reasonings, both in the concrete and the abstract, be traced to the activities of our sense organs. (See table.)

Sight and Touch.

(A) The optic apparatus and the sense of touch, either alone or combined, give us a knowledge of—

1st. The divisibility of matter or things. Through these senses we take cognizance of individual things as isolated existences. This is necessary, or we never could appreciate that property of matter called divisibility, wherein we know of the existence of separate things.

2nd. The shape of things, the looks of persons, and the configuration of things in general is another property of objects which we learn through these two senses. Everything has some shape, be it the tiny molecule of matter or a larger body seen by the eye unaided or appreciated by touch.

3rd. The magnitude of bodies shown in the bulk and dimensions, as length, breadth, height, depth, etc., giving the quantity, proportions, size of figures, and things in general. Size is a necessary condition of everything, without it no physical substance could possibly exist.

4th. The situation of things, the location of objects seen. Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so that we are able to ap-

TABLE COMPARING THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SENSES.

SMELL.	TASTE.	TOUCH.	SIGHT.	HEARING.
<p>G. Smell gives us a knowledge of odors, which are usually classified as sweet, acid, aromatic, pungent, agreeable, pleasant, disagreeable, etc.</p>	<p>F. Taste makes us acquainted with the flavor and taste of things, classified usually as sweet, acid, bitter, salt, etc.</p>	<p>A. Through touch and sight we get a knowledge of, First, the divisibility of matter, the separate existence of things. Second, the shape of things, the looks of persons. Third, the magnitude or bulk of objects. Fourth, their situation or arrangement. Fifth, their numbers. Thus we get a knowledge of roughness, smoothness, dryness, softness, moisture, toughness, elasticity, hardness, mucilaginous condition, etc.</p>		<p>F. By hearing we learn of the quality, pitch, time and tone of sounds, serving for the communication of knowledge through speech, and enabling us to enjoy music.</p>
<p>J. The aromatic properties peculiar to many fruits, candies and some spices is produced by the association of pleasant odors with tastes and sensations of touch.</p>				
<p>H. The sensations caused in the nose by the pungent vapors of ammonia, mustard, and horse-radish, etc., are combined sensations of smell and touch.</p>		<p>B. Ideas, feelings and emotions may be communicated through either touch, sight, or hearing, but more particularly by hearing through speech, or by sight through print.</p>		
<p>K. The cooling tastes of some acids and aromatic herbs, as mints, the mucilaginous taste of gums, the hot taste of some spices and the puckery taste of astringents, caused by these substances on the tongue and mouth are association of taste and touch sensations.</p>				
<p>L. The weight of bodies is usually estimated by touch and muscle sense combined.</p> <p>M. Through temperature sense, which is closely allied to that of touch, we know the heat of bodies.</p> <p>N. Through sight we appreciate color and variations of color, darkness, light, and intensity of light.</p>				

preciate that property of matter called impenetrability. We recognize and recollect the looks of places, things, bodies, scenery, etc., and when the things are within the reach of our sense of touch we gain the same knowledge as by our sight. e

5th. The arrangement, system or order of bodies or atoms and things in general. We know that uniformity and method are constantly found throughout the works and things of nature.

6th. By these sense organs we can count the number of objects seen or felt. All the things of this earth are numbered.

(B) Through the sense of touch we are able to communicate thoughts, ideas, feelings and emotions, but it is chiefly through the hearing which makes possible speech, and through the sense of sight by seeing print and symbols that we can so readily gain knowledge from others.

(C) The weight of bodies is usually estimated by two sensations, that of pressure (touch) on the skin, and the muscular sense.

(D) We gain a knowledge of the temperature of objects through what is called the temperature sense. This sense is very closely allied to that of touch. Our knowledge of the heat of things is not accurate, because it, to a very great extent, depends upon temperature of skin, and all we can say is that the object is warmer or colder than the skin.

(E) By the visual sense alone we are able to perceive and compare the color, shades and tints of objects. The optic apparatus also enables us to become cognizant of light and the variations of the intensity of light. This knowledge of the color of things is somewhat confused, for the reason that there is not as yet any way of making various shades of coloring

permanent, and furthermore the standard and names of colors adopted by different authors vary greatly.

Hearing.

(F) The sense of hearing gives us a knowledge of sounds, their quality, pitch, time, tune, making possible the appreciation of music, both vocal and instrumental, and serving as a means to communicate knowledge through the faculty of speech.

Smell.

(G) Through the sense of smell we are made cognizant of odors which are variously classed as sweet, acid, aromatic, pungent, pleasant, disagreeable, faint, strong, fragrant, etc.: words which have a relative meaning only, from the fact that there is no means of measuring the intensity or quality of odors, and also that a very great difference exists among persons as to the appreciation of the quality of odors. What is pleasant to one person may be disagreeable to another, etc. The great delicacy of this sense is remarkable; it can discern the presence of chlorophenol when diluted one thousand million times; so can 3-10000000 of a grain of musk be distinctly smelt. (Valentine.)

(H) The sensations caused in the nose by the pungent vapors, as of mustard, horse-radish, ammonia, are combined sensations of touch and smell.

Taste.

(I) The taste of substances is made manifest through contact of the substance with the gustatory nerve endings in the tongue. Tastes are usually classified as sweet, acid, salt, bitter, etc.

(J) The aromatic properties peculiar to many fruits, candies, spices are produced by the association of pleas-

ant odors with tastes and sensations of touch, and can thus be fully appreciated only by the exercise of the three senses, smell, taste and touch.

(K) The cooling taste of some acids and aromatic herbs, as mint, the "sticky" taste of gums, the pungent taste of some spices, and the "puckery" taste of astringents, as alum, tannin, etc., caused by these substances on the tongue and mouth, are the association of taste and touch sensations.

Each sense organ is excited by certain particular stimuli; these cause a change or create an impression on the nervous structure of the sense organ, and from the sense organ the impression is conveyed by nerves to the various centres of the brain which is the real seat of knowledge, and thus we are made acquainted with the properties of things, the sense organs serving, as it were, only as the "gateway of knowledge." Several points are brought to our mind by this outline of the part that each sense organ plays in making us acquainted with the external world.

Without doubt each individual nerve cell in the brain has a certain definite function peculiar to itself to perform, and cells which perform allied functions are grouped into what are called nerve centres. Thus we find—

First. That similar brain cells may be stimulated through several sense organs, and so also the same kind of knowledge may be acquired through different senses. For instance, almost all the knowledge that is gained through the visual apparatus might also be acquired through the sense of touch or the sense of hearing.

Second. The properties of many substances are fully appreciated only by the simultaneous action of two or more of the senses.

Third. Many things are recognized

or differentiated only by the exercise of two or more senses. To our sight saleratus and cream of tartar look very much the same, but are easily distinguished through taste. Chloroform and sweet spirits of nitre are similar in appearance, but their odor is very different.

Fourth. We say of a substance that it has certain qualities; it is hard, soft, light, heavy, bitter, sweet, white, black, etc., and of another substance, that it is similar, redder, lighter, heavier, etc., so that our knowledge of things is really expressed in terms of comparison. The relative importance to the individual of the different senses is apparent.

Obviously a person could not be deprived of the sense of touch and still exist as a conscious entity; it is the most vital and closer connected with general sensibility than the other senses. It is said that the sense of touch in the evolution of the individual is the first special sense to be developed, clearly showing that it is of very great importance to life. If a person were deprived of all the other special senses he could still exist and enjoy life to a limited extent.

Miss Helen Keller has been entirely blind and deaf from infancy; yet to such an extent have her other senses become developed that she enjoys life to the full. Through her sense of touch she has gained an amount of knowledge sufficient to pass the examination, and become a B. A. of Radcliffe College. She not only freely expresses her thoughts, feelings and emotions, but originates ideas as cannot one person in five thousand. Her sense of smell is developed to a wonderful degree, and it is said she knew that a train was passing three-quarters of a mile distant from her, having smelled the smoke when it was not seen nor heard by her companion. She is so sensitive to the currents of

vibration in the air that she perceives the motion caused by the entrance of a person into the room, and if it is a familiar acquaintance is often able to recognize him by the peculiarity of approach. Although not able to hear a sound, yet the measured notes caused by a musical instrument vibrate through her whole body, and make music one of her delights. It gives her great pleasure, and so acute and well developed is her sense of touch that she appreciates the music of different composers, Schumann, it is said, being her favorite. She speaks in a deep, rich voice, and entirely through the sense of touch has accomplished more in the acquirement of knowledge in the way of languages, science, mathematics, etc., than thousands of girls do with all their senses, and more than any other person in the world so handicapped.

As a means of gaining knowledge the sense of sight is no doubt the most important. A great part of the knowledge that may be gained through the sense of touch may also be obtained through sight, and we are able to gain so much more in quantity by sight than by any other sense, that it becomes, or should be made, the main channel of education in the young.

Through these two means, the sense of sight which is exercised and trained by nature study, or, as it is often called, object lessons, and the

sense of touch which is exercised and trained through work with the hands, we gain the greater part of the knowledge which we possess. From this outline the great benefit of manual training, the very great educational value of hand work in the training of children, is apparent. Through such work are exercised very much the same faculties of the mind as in object lessons. The scope and extent of the field is probably not so great, but where thoroughness and accuracy alone is considered, manual training forms one of the best, if not the best, means, of training and developing the faculties, both mental and motor.

The folly of the elevation of the sense of hearing to the second place as a means of education is clearly shown. Through the sense of hearing (speech), and by sight through print, children are crammed with a lot of second-hand knowledge, the relative importance of which they do not appreciate. If we sacrifice quantity of knowledge to quality, the sense of hearing takes second place in importance. Their relative importance from the educational standpoint, I believe, should be, first, sight, touch, hearing, odor, and lastly, taste; while their relative vital importance to the individual apparently is shown in the order of their evolution, thus: touch, sight, taste, smell and hearing.

Port Hope, Ont.

L I F E .

Let me but live my life from year to year
 With forward face and unreluctant soul,
 Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
 Not mourning for the things that disappear
 In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy heart that pays its toll
 To youth and age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 Through rough or smooth, the journey will
 be joy;

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke, in *The Outlook*.

HOW TCHOMO YUKOKA FOLLOWED CHRIST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR, M.A.



AGASAKI harbor is a long frith of deep water, curving in a very serpentine fashion, two miles back among the hills of western Kyushiu. At its entrance an island rock rises abruptly, called by foreigners, Pappenberg, and by the Japanese, Takaboko. It was from the summit of this rock that thousands of men and women were thrown, three hundred years ago, because, suspected of being Christians, they had admitted the charge by refusing to trample on the Cross.

Now, on that morning of May, 1904, the "Kasal Maru," with the Cross gleaming scarlet on her white sides, and on the flag fluttering at her masthead, steamed past the martyrs' rock, and up the long harbor. She was a battleship that never carried a gun, and always tried to make herself as conspicuous as possible—a gleaming white and scarlet thing against a blue sea and sky—for to be seen plainly always was her salvation as she sailed those seas, where the sailors of the Mikado kept guard, and the sailors of the Czar rushed out from Vladivostock to raid, when they thought their enemy was looking somewhere else. And among them all the "Kasal Maru" passed, the sight of the Cross she carried holding back the leaping death in the mouth of a hundred guns. For love is mightier than hate, and because it is, Christ shall yet be crowned Lord of all.

Two young white men were standing in the bows of the "Kasal Maru," watching the beauty of Nagasaki unfolding before them. One was Frank Worth, who had just joined the Red Cross, and the other was Rab Gordon, a Scotchman, in the service of the Mikado, who had been wounded when the transport "Kinshiu Maru" went down before Admiral Yeszen's guns.

"And this is Japan," said Frank at last. It was his first sight of the Islands of the Rising Sun.

"Yes, this is Dal Nippon," said Rab. "She's bonnie to look at, isn't she?"

Frank was looking at the garden-girt

bungalows all along the shore, and the hills, overlapping folds of softest green, with gorges aflame with blossoms, wisteria and iris, luridly red japonica, and the blazing scarlet of camellias and aza'eas.

"It is the materialization of a whole set of willow pattern plates," he exclaimed. "There are the bamboo groves, the tea gardens, the queer cloud shaped hills in the background, the temples, and humpbacked bridges."

They passed the last curve of the harbor as he spoke, and came in sight of Nagasaki, a little city tilted up against the side of a hill, with streets so steep that they were almost steps up from the water's edge, and quaint overhanging houses whose upper stories almost met across the roadway. And in front was the harbor, crowded with shipping, and the swift sampans darting to and fro.

"Look, you Canadian," said Rab, as the "Kasal Maru" steamed slowly to her anchorage, passing a low hill on which was a tea-house entirely hidden among trees and flowers. "There's your national tree up there, all mixed up with bamboos, and camphor trees, and camellias fifty feet high. I don't suppose you ever saw a maple in such company before."

Frank laughed, but his eyes were very homesick for a moment, though he only said, "Good for Nippon, as you call her, that the old tree grows in her. I want to get on shore and look about me. I suppose the people are as war-crazy as we should be if Canada was fighting for her very life against such tremendous odds."

"You can't judge the East by the West," said Rab, "Nippon takes things very calmly. The troops are often embarked at night, and the papers just remark that such and such regiments have left for the front, never giving the name of their destination. Nippon says nothing, she only 'saws the wood.'"

"The timber being Russia, I suppose. Really, though, it is hard to believe that Asia can have asserted herself after four centuries of ebb. For the first time since Turk and Tartar began their retreat from the Danube and the Vistula, an Asiatic power has taken the initiative in a war

with a European power, and forced the fighting."

"Yes, I think it marked the beginning of a new epoch in the world's history, that night attack on Port Arthur."

"And what is it going to mean to us? You, of course, don't believe in any 'yellow peril,' seeing you are fighting for the Mikado."

"I think there's other perils bigger and nearer. Did you ever think, Frank, that three centuries ago liberty was represented by a few Dutch burghers fighting behind their walls, and a little island kingdom which was cheerfully defying everybody, trusting in her 'wooden walls,' in her virgin queen, and in God. Now every nation in Europe and America has recognized more or less, that the people have the

'Right of voice in framing laws,
'Right of peers to judge each cause,'

except Russia; and we see now the only Western country who denies the divine right of the people to rule, in arms against the only Eastern country who admits it."

"I agree with you, and though I think there is only one word to describe war, and that is—hell, I trust Japan will be able to win her way to peace. I am no more afraid of her heathenism (?) periling our Christianity, than I am of her might threatening our liberties. Rather, I think she may help us to a clearer understanding of all our east-born Christians' faith means, for though till a week ago, I had met but two Japanese, I know how one of them, Tchomo Yukoka, heathen by birth and education, and soldier by profession, tried to follow Christ."

"You met Colonel Yukoka?" said Rab quickly.

"Yes, at Harbin. You know, I came out to Manchuria a year ago, and until last month I was a clerk in the Harbin Russo-Chinese Bank."

"Then you must be the Frank Ivanovitch Yukoka mentioned in his letter to his wife," exclaimed Rab. "How did you come by such a Russian name?"

"Well, you see, when I was undergoing my passport examination, I wrote out my full name—Frank Johnson Worth—and the fussy old fellow who was superintending the job promptly demanded, 'What is that?' as his forefinger pounced on 'Johnson.' I meekly replied that it was my mother's maiden name. He didn't pay much attention to me. 'John's

son,' he said, frowning. 'John is no woman's name. You must mean that it is your father's maiden name—no, Christian name, that is it. Yes, of course, I see, it is your patronymic.' He didn't ask me to contradict him, and I didn't do it. So I passed in Russian society as Frank Ivanovitch, being generally called, as is their fashion, by my father's supposed Christian name, instead of my own surname."

"Russian society in Harbin must be entirely military," remarked Rab; "yet you liked your life there."

"Yes, in spite of all I know against Russia, I certainly like all the Russians I have met. Their government may hate and distrust England, but a lonesome subject of King Edward was never made more thoroughly at home than I was by those Russian officers at Harbin."

"Keep a Russian away from war and vodka and he will make a good Christian," said Rab, quietly. "But he cannot control his passion when inflamed by either. Now, will you tell me, please, all you know of Yukoka—he was my friend."

Thus urged, the young Canadian began his narration as follows:

It was early on Wednesday morning, April 20th; I had gone out for a gallop before banking hours with Captain Lobenko—Serge Julievitch, we called him—and as we walked our horses up a little hill, he began to talk about the war; Harbin hadn't talked about much else since that eighth of February.

"They will never dare face us on land," he cried, waving his hands. "They would never have attacked us at sea, if it had not been for the blackest treason somewhere. We have traitors everywhere, and spies. In the guise of Chinese merchants, beggars, rag-pickers, or lackeys, Japanese officers are sniffing round our fortresses. The wretched insects! And as soon as they get any information, they cross to Chinese territory, where the telegraph is at their service. Certainly we have taken some, but the majority are still wandering up and down among our troops, and nothing can be done to prevent it. My dearest Frank, I could tear my hair out when I think of it."

"I think it would be better to tear out your military system," I said. "A standing army is an awful temptation to a country, they feel like a boy with something new—he is just aching to see how it works."

"You have no standing army in Canada," said Serge thoughtfully.

"No, and our traitors always write their treason to the newspapers, and we would rather like some spy to find out our naval and military secrets, because at present we don't know them ourselves."

"Still," said Serge, "I am afraid what would do for Canada would hardly do for our vast empire."

"I don't believe you are much vaster than us. Canada has 3,330,000 square miles of territory—nearly as large as the whole of Europe!"

"But nobody wants any of it."

"Serge Julievitch! do you know what you are saying?"

"A thousand pardons, dear Frank. What I should have said was, that protected as you are, by the might of England, Canada cannot seriously be compared with Russia."

We were at the top of the hill now, and as I couldn't think of an answer, I didn't make one, and we raced across the country together. Serge rode like a Cossack, over everything in sight, and as I would have rather broken my neck than hesitated to follow his lead, we had some wild rides there, outside the walls of Harbin.

Then coming along by the railway track, I saw a small troop of Cossacks riding at a slow trot. I turned to watch them pass, for as horsemen they are hard to beat anywhere, and among them I saw two men dressed as Chinese peasants, with their hands tied behind them, and being driven along so brutally that I called to Serge—

"Those are some of your men, aren't they? They seem to be handling those two poor beggars pretty roughly."

Serge appeared to see his men for the first time, and he rode directly up to them, I following.

"Spies, sir," said the leader in answer to his question. "They were arrested by the patrols three versts south-west of the station of Tur-Chi-Khi, with dynamite cartridges and maps of the Eastern Chinese railway in their possession, and they have admitted they are Japanese officers wearing Mongolian dress to disguise their nationality."

I looked at the prisoners as Serge questioned them; they were the first of those Asiatics who were turning our old world over that I had seen.

Two little men—they looked like boys among their giant captors—yet, though both were visibly trembling with exhaustion, their calm, impassive faces showed no sign of pain nor anger, nor even

gratitude for the relief our coming brought them. The older man—who afterwards I knew was Tchomo Yukoka—certainly smiled at us, but it was a condescending smile, and as his black eyes met mine, they twinkled with unmistakable amusement. He seemed to find something very funny in my appearance.

The other, Te sko Oki, did not smile. A slim, handsome boy, he stood up straight in his boots, answering Serge's questions for himself and his companion. For Yukoka knew neither French nor Russian. The Cossacks seemed to think him the most dangerous of their prisoners, for one of them had dismounted now and stood beside him, one great hand gripping his shoulder, while in the other he held suggestively his heavy lashed whip. But Teisko Oki answered Serge promptly and respectfully, though there was a triumphant disdain in his eyes that made me think that no matter how I hated an enemy I would never let him think I was really afraid of him and believed him to be possessed of superhuman strength and courage.

Since the war began the Russians seemed to have passed from a boundless contempt for their foes to an almost crazy hate and fear of them.

Then Serge excused himself to me, and while he stayed to conduct his prisoners to the city, I rode back alone, and found it very hard to fix my attention on ledgers that morning.

It was nearly noon when I heard Serge's voice in the outer office inquiring if I was in. And when I hurried out to him he told me that the two spies were to be tried that afternoon. They had given their names as Colonel Tchomo Yukoka, and Captain Teisko Oki, both attached to the general staff. Serge was assigned to defend them, and he had come to get me to act as interpreter to Yukoka, who knew no western language but English; Oki spoke French.

We found the two prisoners sitting on the floor of a little room in the Chinese court-house, where the court-martial was to be held. Both still wore their Mongolian dress, but they had evidently been able to change their garments, for they were scrupulously neat and clean. Serge told me that before food they had asked for water that they might wash. I think that was the only time that the disdainful Oki bent his pride to ask anything of his enemies. They still kept their pigtails, these being real, and not merely fastened on, showing with what careful preparation

and determination Japan had entered into this struggle to preserve her liberties.

The prisoners rose as we entered, and as Serge briefly introduced me to them I had a better opportunity to note their personality.

Tchomo Yukoka was a little plump man, with a round, very Japanese face, yet, in spite of its placid good humor and twinkling eyes, with an alert strength in its lines.

Teisko Oki had given his age as thirty, though he certainly did not look it. And his oval, aristocratic face was as delicately featured as a girl's. He was a trifle taller than his companion, but slender, and strong as a panther. Serge spoke to him first, and Yukoka turned to me smiling.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Frank Ivanovitch," he said. "You are English—a subject of the Emperor Edward, I knew it when I saw that you saw us this morning, and I have to thank you for Captain Oki and myself—we are most deeply obliged to you."

"Whatever obligations you are under are certainly due to Captain Lobenko," I answered.

"We have certainly received every courtesy from the honorable Captain Lobenko," said Yukoka. "It was amusing; you were so shocked, so very much shocked, that he thought he ought to be a little shocked too."

"I am delighted to have given you so much amusement, Colonel Yukoka," I said, feeling rather huffed. "But I am only a working man, not a soldier, so you must excuse my inability to appreciate all the little ways in which you carry on your art of war."

Yukoka looked at me gently. "You should qualify your inferred condemnation of all soldiers, by adding Russian to it," he said, with a careful glance at Serge, who certainly did not understand a word of English. "I hope that we are a civilized people, and I am sure that not even the soul-debasing and reason-dethroning influence of war could make an Englishman lose his self-control so far that he could ever outrage a woman or torture a defenceless prisoner."

Here Serge, having finished his catechism of Oki, called my attention.

"Tchomo Yukoka," he read, "forty-four years of age, Colonel of the General Staff, graduated with honors from the Military High School of Yeddo. Is this correct?"

I repeated the declaration to Yukoka, who assented to it.

"And your religion, Colonel, is Buddhist, doubtless—the same as that of your fellow-prisoner?" continued Serge, with his pencil poised to write. Oki had said that he did not know what the Colonel's belief was.

I again repeated Serge's words again, and Yukoka answered gently, "No, Captain Lobenko, I am a Christian."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Serge, dropping his pencil. "Look at his eyes. Frank, and the color of his skin; why he has heathen stamped on him. Ask him if he means to say he is not a Japanese? and if it is because he thinks it may save his life that he is pretending to adopt our faith and deny his own?"

I saw Oki smile, sardonically, and I said, hurriedly, "Colonel, I beg your pardon, but Captain Lobenko does not understand you. He did not think any one could be a Christian, and still a Japanese; also he wishes to know what reason you have for saying that you are one."

Yukoka drew himself up, proudly. I fancy Serge's manner and Oki's smile had told him more than my careful translation—then he said: "Certainly I am what you call a Japanese. As far back as I can tell, there was not a drop of blood in the veins of all my ancestors; that did not belong to Nippon—her honor has ever been more to us than our own, and death for her sweeter than life. A year ago I volunteered for this service, of watching your railroad. Some months back I came to Manchuria, knowing that the end of my work here was certain death." He checked himself, and I translated his passionate words. Then he continued, quietly:

"You wish to know why I call myself a Christian. It is because for eleven years my name has been on the roll of the First Presbyterian Church of Nagasaki. It is because, by education a man of no God, I heard from Christian lips the gentle teachings of Christ, and my heart was taken captive, and I became His for ever."

Serge scribbled down "Christian," impatiently, as I repeated Yukoka's words, and Oki smiled. I felt annoyed to think he seemed not to believe in his comrade's confession of faith.

Then we were called, and Serge and I stood with the prisoners before the court-martial.

The room was packed with an audience of Russian officers, and there was a murmur of surprise, not unminged with admiration, as the Japanese entered. Yukoka looking round him with his air

of lofty condescension and Oki, who eyed his judges with a serene, ineffable disdain worthy of Milton's Satan.

The prisoners were required to give their names and titles, and again there was a little murmur of incredulity, when Yukoka added, "Christian." Then they were formally charged with being Japanese spies.

The prosecution then produced three cases of Bickford fuse, a French wrench, dynamite cartridges, tools for railway wrecking, cylinders containing a pound and a half of pyroxilin, and some carefully made maps of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Northern Corea, and a number of notes.

The prisoners both frankly admitted the ownership of these incriminating articles, Yukoka saying quietly: "Certainly I do not intend to deny the charge you have made. I was resolved to make use of any means to assure victory to Nippon, and as a soldier I obeyed the orders that sent me to certain death. And now I await your sentence very gladly."

Oki's statement was practically the same, though he spoke at greater length, and in more flowery language.

Then the prosecutor addressed the court, declaring the guilt of the prisoners, and asking that they be sentenced to death by hanging.

The horrible reality of the whole thing forced itself on me then, and it was a hard half-hour that I spent as we waited for the decision of the council. The prisoners seemed to be the least impressed persons in the court, for Oki looked bored, and Yukoka was secretly amused at me.

Serge made an impassioned, but I thought under the circumstances, illogical, plea for mercy. He did not say on what grounds he thought his clients might expect it. Still, he spoke very well, breaking down at last in the excess of his own emotion, and the prisoners were the only ones in the court entirely unmoved by his eloquence.

Yet, in spite of it all, the sentence gave the maximum penalty, the scaffold, the execution to take place in twenty-four hours—at six the following day.

Neither of the prisoners seemed to take any interest in the matter, but all that night I was haunted by the brutal, unrelieved horror of it all. Here were two men, true and honest as myself, yet they could see no sin in planning for months to wreck a railroad. Their very enemies praised them for their "devotion to duty," and at the same time gave

them to the death set apart for our vilest criminals.

It made me think of the old fairy tales, where by some spell everything took another shape. War made wrong right; it covered with its own laws that were most unlawful. It broke every one of the Commandments, and flung them in the face of Christ. Yet I knew that if the future freedom of my country had been threatened, I should have been as ready as Oki to go out and murder and destroy, or as his judges to punish another man who was trying to do the same for his side.

If a man is a man, he must defend himself, and I do not think the guilt of war rests with the weaker people who take up arms to obtain or preserve their liberty, nor altogether with the strong, half-savage nations who oppress them. We whose strength has put us above all fear of man, and who hold our manhood in too high honor to be able to do the things which have made Cossack a by-word for brutality, have, I think, equal guilt in the sight of the All-Father, if we do not use all our influence, first on ourselves, and then on others, to make appeals to arms impossible.

Serge came to me in the morning. Yukoka had asked permission to write to his wife, and also that a Japanese Bible among the papers taken from him might be returned. And Serge, who distrusted the official Chinese interpreters, had brought the Bible to me to discover the meaning of certain marks on its margins.

My knowledge of Japanese was very limited, but I was able to assure him that the marks were only to call attention to certain verses in the Sermon on the Mount. He made me read the marked passages to him in French, and declared himself satisfied.

Oki had asked for nothing but more water. Serge concluded that this mania of his for always washing himself was probably connected with his religion, and remarked that it showed how superficial Yukoka's Christianity was when he was as eager about this washing as his companion. I said nothing, because I knew that even among the upper classes of Russians baths are an unusual luxury.

Then Serge began to talk of the prisoners' souls. The Greek Church priest had visited Yukoka, but as he had to use Oki as an interpreter, Serge doubted that he had been understood by the Colonel. Now he wished me to visit them with religious consolation.

"But I am not even a member of your

Church," I objected. "And don't you consider Protestant heretics about as bad as heathen. Besides, your prisoners don't want me."

"But I do, dear Frank," insisted Serge. "You are preparing to join the Red Cross, and I don't think little things like creeds matter then. And you are so what you call religious, you live as strictly as if you were bound by vows you feared to break. And you must not refuse to see these unhappy men."

"I'll go, if I must," I said, "but I'll be hanged if I say a word on religion unless they ask me to."

And he conveyed me at once to the prison, and left me with the two Japanese, alone except for the stolid guards, who watched our every movement, but did not understand a word we said.

The prisoners were sitting placidly on their heels, Yukoka turning over the pages of his recovered Bible with his fingers, and looking graver and more troubled than I had seen him before.

Oki had laughed softly as the door closed behind Serge, and his face changed as he turned towards me with smiling eyes, looking now like a mild, very good boy; evidently he reserved his disdain and defiance for those he considered his enemies.

"So the excellent captain has gone," he said; "doubtless thinking that many of his peccadilloes will be pardoned, because he has forced an unwilling missionary upon a poor, benighted heathen."

"Who does not want him," I added. "Be assured, Captain Oki, that I shall not trouble you with my conversation."

"But, really, I am most delighted to see you," exclaimed Oki. "Captain Lobenko's interest in my soul was making me begin to fear that he would try to compel my conversion by methods as dishonoring to him as disagreeable to me. And now you have come to my rescue a second time."

"I am certain," I said, "that you misunderstood and are now misjudging Captain Lobenko."

"Perhaps I am, but certainly it is pleasanter to have the pleasure of your conversation upon your honorable religion than to sit here wondering if I was to have a repetition of my yesterday's acquaintance with Cossack whips, as a prelude to being hanged."

I said nothing, and handed Yukoka some of his private papers which were returned for him to dispose of as he chose. Also writing materials for his letter to his wife. And out of my pad

as I gave it to him, a photograph fell on to the floor. Oki looked at it with quick eyes, and I put it in his hand, saying:

"That is Rosie, my little sister, Captain Oki; she was seven last January."

"Seven," repeated Oki, looking at the picture with very gentle eyes. "My little daughter, O Tora San, kept her seventh Feast of Dolls this March."

"O Tora San," I said; "what is that in English?"

"Honorable Miss Tiger," replied Oki. "You think Tiger (Tora), a strange name for a woman, but our philosophers tell us that we have in us the shadow of the animal we live as before. And my Tora will be a woman like a tigress; like Lord Buddha's bride—to be fiercely wooed, and follow her lord with proud steps even unto death."

"She is evidently her father's daughter," I thought.

"Her mother condescended to die," continued Oki, "and I have no other child. I remember the last time I saw her. It was a year ago, and the cherry trees were all in bloom,

'Long leagues of fragrant blossoms gleamed,
Like sheets of living snow.'

I had reviewed my company in the village by my father's house. And then, though it is not the custom for our women ever to ride on horseback, I did as I had seen a soldier do in America, and sat her in my saddle while I walked beside her holding her lest she should fall. And so she went down through the valley at the head of my men. And that night Colonel Yukoka came to tell me I was chosen for his companion; and I never saw Tora again. Ah, but she was brave, my little one. I told her I would probably never come back, but, though, as I embraced her, I could feel her small heart beating fiercely under her kimona, there was never a tear in her eyes, nor a tremor in her voice as she bade me farewell."

Oki told all this in a brisk, cheerful voice, looking at me with smiling eyes, but I looked down. The picture of the young soldier holding the tiny girl on his horse, with the cherry trees in bloom behind, was vividly before me, and I could not look at him there, with his shaven head and disguise, waiting to die at the hangman's hands.

Then Yukoka, who was writing his letter carefully, said: "O Tora San will some day make a good mother for the soldiers of Nippon yet to be."

"That may be, my Colonel," answered Oki, "or it may not. I gave her my sword to keep for me, and she told me then that she would never have a lover but me. And when she knew that I was not coming back, she would come after me. And she may; for babe though she is, she has no fear of the shadow we call death."

Oki paused, and then, perhaps he felt the conversation was getting too much for even his strength, he changed the subject, saying abruptly: "Mr. Ivanovitch, what is a Christian?"

"One who believes on Christ," I said.

"Which Christ?"

"I do not understand you."

"Pardon me, I should have said Christ under which aspect. There is the supernatural Christ, God, and yet man. Born, but of a maiden. Eating and drinking, yet master of the natural forces. Dying, yet by His own power re-entering His body. This is the Christ whom thousands of Christians, including Russia and the Inquisition, believe has saved them from their sins by their faith in the atonement of His death."

"And the other aspect of Christ?"

"Is the one described by your honorable poet Whittier and others, who leaving the supernatural Christ in the background, see Him in His Sermon on the Mount, and believe they should follow His teaching there. Now, believing in which makes a Christian?"

"The last, certainly. The faith that saves is that which sees 'Christ in our suffering brother as well as in clouds descending.'"

"And you call yourself a follower of this Christ?"

"I do."

"Mr. Ivanovitch, can you think of Christ skulking round with a cylinder of pyroxilin, watching for a chance to wreck His enemy's train? You look as if your feelings were insulted, but, listen, would not you be ready to do even that, if your country was threatened by an enemy, who meant in the end to trample on your sacred flag, defy your exalted Emperor, and let her soldiers insult and abuse your honorable parents and little Miss Rosie?"

"My dear fellow, I'd wreck every train in creation—or try to—in such a case."

"And still call yourself a follower of Him who had no enemies?"

"I should be sure I wasn't if I hesitated to defend my people."

"Mr. Ivanovitch, you are illogical. Personally, I am a man of no religion, for I consider the Divine Essence too

infinite to be comprehended by any finite mind: I call myself Buddhist, because it is our custom in Nippon to profess that faith, when we are about to condescend to die. And as for Christianity, in its supernatural aspect it seems to me absurd, and in its nature impossible. You and Colonel Yukoka call yourselves followers of Christ, yet are ready to do what you admit He would not, therefore I do not think you are Christians—I do not think there are any."

"Captain Oki, I expect shortly to go to the front under the Red Cross. Do you think that I follow Christ then?"

"Most certainly, for you will carry no arms, and see no difference in the flags of Russia or Nippon."

"Yet I shall carry splints and bandages, which certainly my Lord never did, yet I believe I shall be following Him, in spirit if not in letter—the last is not always possible, seeing He was God, and I am only a man."

"Your reasoning is far-fetched. God or prophet, Christ loved the world, not only His native land. He said, 'love your enemies'; and looking at that command from a soldier's standpoint, I fail to see how you can shoot them, and obey it."

"I cannot argue the question, Captain Oki. I must leave it to your reason and judgment. I know that if a man believes in the Divinity of Christ, and does not try to live like Him, he commits the sin of all sins—the sin of Judas, who betrayed his Master, while he gave Him the kiss of homage. But if he tries to see the whole of the truth in even so beautiful a portion of the Gospel as the Sermon on the Mount, he may follow Christ in very truth, but he will be constantly perplexed by questions such as yours."

Then Yukoka, who had finished his letter, gave it and the writing materials to me, smiling rather sadly, as he said:

"I have talked with my comrade on this matter, and I could never explain it to him. I am troubled to explain it to myself sometimes."

"Pardon me, my Colonel," said Oki, "if by my words or my silence I have troubled your mind, but, indeed, it was your wish that we should talk freely on the matter."

"I know," said Yukoka. "But it is deeds, not words, that are needed to convince men of Christ's truth. Many of my people may count the belief in His divinity absurd, as you do, but when we put the sign of the Cross on our hospital ships and service, we virtually admitted

that that Man crucified on Golgotha two thousand years ago, was more than man—He was God."

Yukoka paused, then continued briskly: "Among these papers returned to us by the courtesy of the commandant, are notes to the value of a thousand roubles, about two hundred and fifty dollars. Now, my comrade, how shall we dispose of this money, our common property?"

"It is yours entirely, my Colonel," said Oki, "my family are possessed of those contemptible things we call wealth and position, while the farm is small on which your honorable father pursues his exalted occupation. Also your brothers and yourself have been deservedly blessed with many children. Consider, I beg of you, this money all yours to dispose of."

Yukoka answered very quietly: "In your words to Mr. Ivanovitch, you virtually challenged me to show how I, a soldier of Nippon, could obey my Lord's command to love my enemies. And now I ask you to join with me in giving this money to the Russian Red Cross fund. Perhaps through this gift those Cosacks we met yesterday, may find, when helpless and suffering, the relief they denied to us."

Oki bowed. "I am yours to command, Colonel Yukoka," he said, stiffly. "If you require me to consent to this gift to our enemy's wounded, I am ready to obey."

"Nay," said Yukoka very gently, "our common doom has made us equals. If you are not ready to join with me in this, half of the money I will give in Christ's name, to be used for the Russian wounded, and the rest shall go as your gift to madam, my wife."

Oki looked down, and for a little while there was silence. Then he said very slowly:

"Colonel Yukoka, not so much for what you have said to me, as for the life I have seen you live; not because of Mr. Ivanovitch's words, so much as for his quick pity for those in whom he saw only two half-dead Chinese coolies, I do consent that this money be given as you wish, for His sake whose name you mentioned. But more than this I will not say, lest these Russians should boast that I, Teisko Oki, whose fathers were lords in Kyushiu, when theirs ran naked with the beasts—whose manners they are evidently aping—that I acknowledged their Christ because I feared they might add torture to the spy's death I had earned. And I beg that they may be let think that this money is given by you alone."

Yukoka bowed in assent, as Serge entered.

"General Kuropatkin has telegraphed, confirming your sentences," he said, gravely. "But yet I bring you good news, for though he refused my prayer to spare your lives, he has granted in consideration of your rank, that you die a soldier's death, being shot instead of hung."

Oki looked disdainful, but he repeated Yukoka's carefully arranged words of thanks; then as Serge left us, he laughed—

"As if it mattered in the least how a man died," he said scornfully.

"They mean well," said Yukoka.

So I left them philosophizing placidly, as if their execution was a matter in which they had not the least personal interest.

I did not see them die. Serge told me all the details. Yukoka was quiet and submissive, meeting death as he had met life, with good-humored condescension; while Oki, defiant to the last, faced the firing party with unbandaged eyes, and died as he had lived, for Nippon.

Frank paused, and the two on the "Kasal Maru" looked across Nagasaki harbor, though neither saw the bright water. Then Rab said gravely:

"O Tora San will never keep another Feast of Dolls, for when we heard what you have told me, she coaxed her little playmates to tie her hands behind her, and then with her father's sword fastened to her neck with her favorite doll's sash, she jumped into the harbor, leaving this message for her grandparents:

"It is not fitting that a soldier die without his sword. Over there they may be asking him 'Where is it?' And I can hear him saying: 'Will you condescend to wait a little? I left it with my little daughter, and she will bring it to me very soon.'"

"And that is Japan," said Frank.

"Yes, and that is war. The bullets we fire do not stop at wounding only the men who go out to face them, and no one knows what Nippon is suffering now, for her people always smile. Yet at Port Arthur she is hurling her men at the mouths of the cannon, as remorselessly as I would shovel coal into a furnace. And she can do nothing else while her very babies wish to die for Nippon. But God grant her peace with honor very soon."

"Amen," said Frank.

Toronto, Ont.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CLASS-MEETING.*

BY L'INCONNU.



JUST set right down by the Franklin. Mary Ann. I'll put your things in the spare room. You know for all John's big city house an' furnace an' fine things, I wuz just glad to get back where I could see the flames leapin' up in that old Franklin stove again. Them furnaces 's stupid things, never a bit o' fire in sight all day. It warms you some just to set an' see the fire, to my thinkin'.

"Then you can't see much out o' them city houses either. From the front windows you can just see across the street, an' from the back windows you can just see the row of houses behind. Now what I like is settin' by the stove an' lookin' out the parlor window clean across the fields and down into the cedar swamp with the trees all dressed up in ice an' snow like ladies for a party. It does one's old eyes good to look across a long reach o' God's country. I tell you, though young John has everything so fine, it seems to me for downright homey comfort old John an' me's got the best of it.

"But you was askin', Mary Ann, about the city churches an' if class-meetin's had got out o' style in 'em. Well, now, I tell you that wuz just one thing I wuz real satisfied with. There was the class-meetin' where John's wife took me, it 'ud done your heart good to 've heard the testimonies. No pride, no cold-shoulder. Everybody shook hands with everybody, an' everybody wuz brother and sister even if it wuz in a big church that made you feel as if you wuz in Westminster Abbey.

"Margaret, that's John wife, hed told me about the leader before. She said his writin' an' his books wuz known as fur as English is known. They all seemed real proud uv him. An' yet do you know for all his bein' such a great scholard he took my hand an' give it just as warm a shake as one o' the brethren down at Jacob's Corners. He wuz that gentle

an' modest I wuz all took aback wi' him, havin' heard about 'im ever since I wuz a little girl. An' Margaret told me that with all the work he did, he wuz always takin' time to do little kindnesses that other folks never had time to do.

"An' when he took up the Bible an' read, it wuz all so simple like, just like a child talking about its father. Then he began an' went right around the class callin' on each one for his testimony, just like they used to years ago.

"There wuz a great judge among 'em like the pictures you see in books. You'd 'a' known he wuz a great man just by his looks. He spoke kind o' easy an' quiet like, how he was trustin' in God an' all wuz well.

"An' just after him spoke the dearest little old father. He seemed very old, the hymn-book shook a little in his hand. He sat back in the corner. An' he looked kind o' like a picture, too, with his long grey beard. But you should just 'a' heard him speak. I don't suppose he hed much o' this world's goods. But his words wuz all thanksgivin'. He thanked God for the sunny sky, an' because it wuzn't too slippery to get along to church. The dear, sweet childlike spirit uv him. You just wanted to say uv him as our Lord said o' Nathanael, 'Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile.'

"An' there wuz another, a great big majestic looking man. He wrote poetry, Margaret said. He got up and spoke most beautiful. You could tell he wuz a scholard an' a learned man by his language. But he told us all, an' you could see the feelin' in his eyes, about the dear old country home where he grew up an' how he found God there after long seekin'.

"Then there wuz an' old sailor. He hed a face as he'd looked on the storms of our great lakes for years an' knew that God always brought you through 'em. The meetin' wuz most uv 'em men, only two or three women present.

"But there wuz one woman I noticed partickler. She wuz real handsome; big dark eyes, cheeks red as your Susan's, and very curly grey hair. She wuz a fine singer, both she an' her hus-

*The characters are all drawn from those in real Canadian class-meeting.

band. But she hed the gift o' speakin' almost like a preacher. She stood up an' her face just seemed to beam with light. If ever woman praised the Lord with shinin' face she did. Her husband, too, seemed a reg'lar earnest worker.

"I tell you, Mary Ann, it was grand to see them two united and so earnest in the work. They'd been takin' meetin's in factories an' places, an' I tell you they come out strong on the temperance side. In fact everybody in the class did. They wuz what some 'ud call temperance cranks. An' there wuz no waitin' for somebody to speak either. Everybody had his word ready an' in fact the class-meetin' run over time to give every one a chance. There were two or three that didn't say much, but you could tell by the look on their faces that they hed good hearts.

"But I ain't told you the best part of it yet. Do you believe me, Mary Ann, settin' right there in that there meetin' was four converted drunkards, all converted within the past year, and three within the pas' few weeks. An' every-one o' 'em got up an' give a ringin' testimony that 'ud done your heart good. to hear. Tell me Christians ain't doin' anything after that. There wuz one uv 'em, a splendid lookin' man, a fine singer,

too, he sung some of his own poetry set to the tunes of old hymns. He'd been on his way to Niagara to throw himself over the Falls after bein' on a drunk. But he'd dropped into a mission on the way an' been converted, an' I tell you he was a royal worker.

"There was another, a young Scotchman, that 'd give up drink, an' told us how his companions took it. An' there wuz another, a little English lad, no bigger 'n your Joe. He'd come over to this country as a stowaway, an' been overcome by drink. He gave his testimony, too, an' it wuz a strange story. Three of the men reformed had been converted in the Working Men's Home. I tell you, settin' there, listenin' to new converts like that, I knew the Christians hadn't all gone asleep yet.

"That's the way a class-meetin' should be to my mind, new Christians comin' in among the old, an' addin' their word. For what's the use of all our meetin's an' goin' to meetin's if we don't keep bringin' others in? It 'd just done your heart good to 'uv been there, Mary Ann. I tell you no one need tell me the city churches 's all pride an' no religion. The class-meetin's no more out o' date with them than 'tis wi' country folk like us."

BATUSCHKA.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, ærial midnight chime,
"God save the Czar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Czar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee

Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Czar!"

In his red palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Czar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batuschka!—how his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then
"God save the Czar!"

THE LAST TREK.

BY F. EDMUND GARRETT.

WHO comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veldt he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the karoo.

"Pass, friend!" who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate!
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate
Salutes you, and as once three years ago
The crowd moves hushed and slow,
And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills
Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
The war of these two wills
Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one!
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget
The true Republic, nor, till sands had run,
Gripped close as Bible and gun
The keys of power, like some fond amulet?

He called to God for storm; and on his head—
Alas! not his alone—the thunders fell.
But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,
Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man
He towered the great chief of a little folk;
Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,
And by the blue Mediterranean
Pined for some brackish pan
Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips
Our password. Home, then! by the northward way,
He trod with heroes of the trek, when they
On seas of desert launched their waggon-ships.
The dream new worlds eclipse
Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead; nor from our wreaths recoil,
Sad Boers; like some rough foster-sire shall he
Be honored by our sons, co-heirs made free
Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
And proud that British soil,
Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

Current Topics and Events.

THE CZAR!

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Peace on his lying lips, and on his hands
 Blood, smiled and covered the tyrant, seeing afar
 His bondslaves perish and acclaim their Czar.
 Now, sheltered scarce by Murder's loyal bands,
 Clothed on with slaughter, naked else he stands—
 He flies and stands not now, the blood-red star
 That marks the face of midnight as a scar.
 Tyranny trembles on the brow it brands,
 And shudders toward the pit where deathless death
 Leaves no life more for liars and slayers to live.
 Fly, coward, and cower while there is time to fly.
 Cherish awhile thy terror-shortened breath.
 Not as thy grandsire died, if Justice give
 Judgment, but slain by judgment thou shalt die.

—From *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The attention of Christendom has been called from the tragic events in Manchuria to the deeper tragedy at the heart of the Russian empire and throughout its industrial towns. It would seem as if Russia, by her oppression of her subject peoples, had filled up the cup of her iniquity, and caused an outburst of rage and hate that may shock and shiver the commonweal. The masses of Russia, says the iron-handed Archduke Vladimir, are not fit for constitutional liberty. And whose fault is that? Is not that the deepest condemnation of the bureaucratic despotism, that for centuries has been crushing out every aspiration of the people?

Thirty years ago Japan was a feudal despotism, the Emperor worshipped as a god, no toleration of speech or opinion allowed. To-day it is one of the freest countries in the world, with a free press and free speech, with many Christians in its Parliament, and absolute toleration of Christian missions, and even co-operation in distributing to the troops the Christian Scriptures. In Russia, on the contrary, the press and tongue alike are gagged, and all forms of religion, except the superstition of the Greek Church, are bitterly persecuted. What makes the difference? Japan has given the people schools and education, employing everywhere the best

teachers of Christian lands. Now about ninety per cent. of its people can read, while about the same proportion of Russians cannot. That tells the story.

The articles we present in this number show how the country is being under-



PEACE ON EARTH.

"If I only knew the countersign!" — *Pin h, London*

mined everywhere by preachers of revolt, and the simultaneous outbreaks in Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Libau, and many other places show the imminent peril of the state.

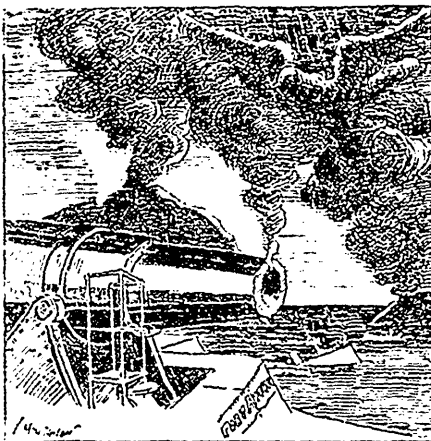
Our cartoons give in brief the consensus of the press as to the recent situation in the Far East and in Russia. Port Arthur is regarded as the grave of Japanese prestige, but over its ruins dawns the sunrise of Japan, which means the sunrise of civilization for Manchuria. By a strange irony of fate the nation which emerged from feudalism only thirty years ago, and which is still largely pagan, in all the elements of education, science, of civilization, is far ahead of the European colossus, which assumes the special name of Orthodox. And as a result of this victory the dun clouds of war seem to have the silver lining of the promise of peace. But these Japanese victories have been won at fearful cost. But how much greater the cost to the unhappy empire of Russia, whose violation of its pledges has brought on this frightful retribution! The pathos of the figure of the peace angel, in Punch's cartoon, wandering with her dove upon the field of battle bewildered and distraught because she cannot find a clue from the dreadful entanglements of war!

The poor Czar received little sympathy at the hands of the cartoonist, even before the late upheaval and massacre of his subjects by his ruthless Cossacks, at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Riga,



UPHEAVAL.

—Harper's Weekly.



THE WAR CLOUD NOW SEEMS TO HAVE
A SILVER LINING.

McCutchcon in the Chicago Tribune.

where they were driven by hundreds into the sea, and many other places. Unhappy man—he sees indeed the sands of his prestige running out. As one cartoon shows, he is chained to the mast of a sinking wreck, with the tide, a flood of bankruptcy, rising higher and higher, but too proud and stubborn to accept the peace that could be had on honorable terms for the asking.

Another picture contrasts the luxury of his life in his many palaces, of which it is said he has seventy-two, with the tragical death amid the snows of Manchuria of his helpless subjects and serfs, dragged from their homes and forced to fight to gratify an ambition which they repudiate and hate. Even his promised reforms of Christmas are regarded as a delusion and a snare, a sort of April Fool Day joke. His more recent ones of February will convey still less assurance of good faith.

The story of pursuit by wolves, familiar to the Russian mind, is illus-



A SLENDER CHANCE.

—Morgan in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

trated by the cut of the howling wolves of war on the track of the Czar, only to be placated by the surrender of the stolen domain of Manchuria.

A strong cartoon in Harper's Weekly strikingly sets forth the relations of civilization to the proletariat—the great working class through whose often ill-requited toil the foundations of its goodly structure are laid and its towers and palaces are built. In civilized communities this class finds representatives. It is the glory of British institutions that a working mason like Broadhurst can become a Cabinet Minister; that a John Burns, a Joseph Arch, may sit cheek by jowl on Parliamentary benches with the merchant princes of the realm or the lords of ancestral acres. Hence there are no underground rumblings and mutterings of some dumb Enceladus, but a sturdy patriotism to crown and country obtain alike in peasant and peer. Not so in Russia. For hundreds of years the serf has been a sullen slave, but now becomes a deadly foe. Sixty years ago Longfellow uttered this warning to his countrymen:

There is a poor, blind Sampson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim level, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

Through years of agony and rivers of

blood was that temple rebuilt, to be again menaced by the greed and graft of trusts and syndicates; but the people cannot for ever be oppressed.

In another cartoon the Russian people are shown as a huge bear, out of whose nose the ring and rope, by which he has been led captive, have been torn, and he is menacing his master. In another this man-bear for the first time sees himself in the Mirror of Truth, and exclaims of the pigmy bureaucrat who holds him in leash, "Well, to think I have allowed him to lead me about like this. Why, I could eat him." In a third the two bearded figures labelled "Labor" and "Revolutionist," are so rocking an open boat in which the autocracy rides as to threaten its overturn, and quite destroy the aim of the armed autocrat at the Japanese boat that is bearing down. An Italian cartoon shows the winsome figure of Peace saying to fighting Russ and Jap, "Will you do me honor now?" "No," say the foes, "we are going to slaughter each other elsewhere first."

The cause of civilization and liberty suffers more from the excesses of the Anarchist—the fight with deadly bomb and dagger—than by the attacks with knout and sabre, with cannon and grape-shot, the dungeon and Siberian exile, of the bureaucrats. But "oppression make the wise man mad," much more the half-crazed Nihilist, goaded into desperation by years of wrong. He at least risks



THE SUN FLAG OF JAPAN.

It has risen over more than Port Arthur.

—Barthelomew in the Minneapolis Journal

his life, and pays without flinching the penalty. The bureaucrats in their gilded palaces, and cordoned by Cossacks and police, take precious good care of their skin.

These cartoons, and many others which we do not print, show the bitterness of sentiment entertained toward Russian despotism. The Russian cartoons, circulated by stealth, are still more bitter than those of foreign origin. The once idolized "Little Father" of his people is shown as a monster of oppression, as a common hangman and murderer. He is one of the men most to be pitied of any on earth. Infirm of purpose and of will, the Hamlet of this dark tragedy, instead of being the Washington of his people, he will be remembered, notwithstanding his personal amiabilities, as their Nero. So persistent have he and his bureaucrats been to maintain their prestige in the Far East that its last sands are running out in the hour-glass of time. The people, meanwhile, are groaning beneath the burden of military oppression, of prolonged hours of labor beyond those of any civilized community, and the less payment for their toil.

In the Far East a spasmodic effort seems to be made to snatch some sort of victory from the jaws of defeat as an offset to the revolt at home. Surely the world never saw anything more gruesome than this fighting amid the snows where the ground is frozen into iron, so that it is impossible to dig trenches for defence or graves for burial, and the



THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.

—Walker in Chattanooga Press.

efforts of the surgeons with mittened hands, to save life on the battlefield are frustrated by the frost, and the wounded perish in an hour.

Upon the Czar and his brutal advisers must rest the guilt of this colossal crime. They must save their prestige, forsooth, by violating their plighted pledge to evacuate the vast province they have stolen from China, and to respect the independence of Korea, which they sought to gobble up.

The hypocrisy of Russia in accusing China of violating her neutrality at the very time that Russian troops were marching through Chinese territory to attack the Japanese, is another flagrant example of the perfidy of Russian politics. Mr. Hay's shrewd diplomacy has shown the hollowness of this charge, and has guaranteed that the predatory powers shall not again snatch from Japan the conquest of her sword. Port Arthur, the key of the Orient, which she has twice captured with cost of treasure and of blood, shall not again be stolen from her.

Russia hates universal education, while Japan makes every effort to educate every boy and girl in the empire.

It is pitiable in the extreme to read of the dense ignorance of the millions of Russia. Poultney Bigelow said three years ago: "Out of 100,000,000 Russians there are 99,000,000 who can neither read nor write," and he adds that these ignorant millions "are on the social and intellectual level of domestic cattle."



PERHAPS WITH A LITTLE LESS BALLAST ESCAPE WOULD BE EASIER.

—Bradley in the Chicago News.



THE "LITTLE FATHER."
—Edgren in the New York World.

GRAFT IN RUSSIA.

The bitterest irony of the situation is the fraud and greed and graft of the Russian contractors themselves. Even the sacred funds of the Red Cross, contributed for the succor of the wounded and dying soldiers, are pillaged and plundered. Mr. Racey, in the Montreal Star, has shown the unutterable meanness of these cormorants and harpies who grow fat by these outrages. The writer, who knows Russia well, thus describes their character:

The real rulers of Russia are a group of nobles, who, by one means or another, control the emperor and dominate the policy of the empire. The admiral who buys coal for his ships in a foreign port secures as vouchers through a middleman receipts for a much larger sum than the actual price, and he and certain of his subordinates pocket the difference. Almost every contractor who furnishes supplies must pay tribute to officials amounting to the full actual value of the goods or even more, and the price to the government is increased accordingly. The last great robbery of the publicly subscribed Red Cross funds, one of the most detestable national scandals of the time, has brought no retribution to the high-placed thieves. These thefts, according to common report, amounted to no less than seventy-five per cent. of the whole sum contributed in Russia and abroad. As it is in high places, so it is in low. Every minor official must have his bit. The great majority of pub-

lic servants are simply useless parasites upon the body politic. In no other country has the bureaucracy developed into such an immense burden upon the state. Nowhere else has every public function been reduced to such an involved and absurd system of circumlocution.

Corruption seems to have permeated every department of the empire, and four men, the grand-ducal cabal, are reported to have used the empire to enrich themselves. "Tammany in its most audacious days," says the correspondent, "never dreamed of such a system of graft as exists here. It has grown into such an octopus that the nation is at its mercy. Nothing but a revolution could destroy it"; and this is more than probable.

The defeat of the Russians will surely result in the overthrow of these corrupt parasites who are destroying the nation's life.

The wholesale misappropriation, says the Montreal Witness, of Red Cross funds and material intended for the comfort and relief of the sick and wounded in the army fighting the Japanese in Manchuria, is a blazing example of Russian official corruption and the extent to which graft is practised. Of all branches of the public service one would think the Red Cross would be most free from peculation, yet it has broken down completely through the robberies perpetrated by those entrusted with its management. The fiendish heartlessness thus exposed shows how thoroughly depraved the men and the system must be, and makes it easy to understand the extremely embittered condition of the more intelligent classes as revealed in recent Moscow and St. Petersburg utterances.



THE CZAR'S PROMISED PROMISES.

—New York Times.



THE CIVILIZED WORLD: "THIS IS YOURS; YOU HAVE EARNED IT!"—Star.

The army and the navy have been robbed, brave men sent to their doom, and the nation humiliated in the eyes of the world by the official and aristocratic thieves, including grand dukes, who administer the affairs of the worst bedevilled empire that ever went to war.

The difference is striking, says The Independent, between the patriotic spirit in Russia and Japan. In Japan the soldiers march in procession to enlist, accompanied by their triumphant friends; we hear of none running away. In Russia the conscripts hide away and flee the country by thousands, while mobs resist the conscription, and the unwilling reservists are dragged ruthlessly to the train that shall deport them to the snows of Manchuria, to fight in a quarrel which they detest. Small wonder that many of them mutiny in the field. There must be a reason for the contrast, to the credit of one country and the discredit of another. Let Russia once give its people as much liberty as does Japan, and we shall see there as much patriotism and here as much sympathy.

THE OUTLOOK FOR RUSSIA.

While the Cossacks "may quench the flame for a time, they cannot put out the fire," remarks the Chicago News, com-

menting upon the policy of bullets and bayonets that is meted out to the Russian strikers. The outbreak of the working men "may be controlled temporarily by force," observes the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, similarly, "but it marks the beginning of that terrible convulsion through which nations pass in their advance toward civil and religious liberty." Our newspapers see great significance in the wide extent of the disorders, which spread south-eastward across European Russia from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Saratoff, on the Volga, and south-westward for a thousand miles along the western border of the empire. The Revolution in France, which began with the calling of the States-General, took a year or two to gather headway; it may well be so in Russia."

The collection of revenue and the conscription of troops are expected to suffer severely from this upheaval. Reports are current that disaffection is rife in Kuropatkin's army, and that reservists in barracks in Russia or in trains bound for the front are decamping in large numbers with their rifles and equipments.

The Brooklyn Eagle expects to see Russia shorn of its disaffected provinces and "chastened, but ennobled." To quote:

"It is hardly possible to avert the dis-



"BUBBLES" (Russo Version).

With Apologies to the late Sir J. E. Millais,
Bart., P.R.A.

—The Bristol Times and Mirror.

memberment of the empire. The fires of revolt are burning, not merely in Moscow and St. Petersburg, not merely in camps and fleets, but in the provinces where the yoke has borne heavily on unwilling necks for centuries. In the various wars in which Russia has been embroiled in recent times she has conquered and taken over Poland, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, Armenia, and the Caucasian states as she had taken over Esthonia, Livonia, and Ingria, and these sections have been waiting the time when the yoke could be flung off and national liberty restored. Japan, the new power, will safeguard the integrity of the East Asian states, as the powers uphold that of Europe, and as we have set ourselves to maintain the sovereignty of our fellow republics in the south.

"Even within a score of years we shall probably see a Poland delivered from its lord, a free and democratic Finland, a Turkey forced beyond the Bosphorus, a Japan whose sphere of influence has widened over the shores of China, a China, too, that is progressive and reformed, an India larger, more firmly united than the India of to-day, and, brooding over the ruins of her ancient empire, a Russia chastened, but en-

nobled, a Russia whose people enjoy the liberty that is given to all the world besides, for it is only to those who strike for it that freedom is awarded."

"It is the loneliest autocracy ever known," is a remark made concerning the Government of Russia. Where, indeed, are its friends? At war with Japan, dreaded by China, hated even by the Turks, condemned by the immense bulk of Christendom, attacked by its own people at home, the Russian autocracy is most surely the loneliest government on the face of the earth." East and West, at this moment, seem united in withholding from it the slightest sympathy, while among hundreds of millions throughout the world the Muscovite tyranny is an object of execration. Even where one would naturally look for some defence of the czardom at this time, as in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, not a voice is raised in behalf of the autocracy."

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT.

Mr. Ross owes his tremendous defeat, in our judgment, to several causes. Any government that remains "in the saddle" thirty-two years will make foes in its own household,—greedy cormorants, who serve it only for the loaves and fishes, men who, disappointed of office and favor, will turn and rend the hands that refuse their selfish demands. About any government long in power will accumulate barnacles and parasites, that impede and weaken the ship of state.

But chiefly this government fell, in our judgment, because of its lack of a bold temperance policy. If Mr. Ross, after the tremendous plebiscite in favor of prohibition, had come out as a courageous leader, we believe the temperance people would have rallied to the war-cry of "prohibition to the extent that the government can give it." If he had fallen then, he would have fallen a martyr to principle—a nobler ending of the longest record of any responsible government in the world than that which has overtaken him.

We hope that we will now all be loyal and patriotic Canadians, united to lift up the honor of our country, to stamp out corruption and fraud of every kind and in any party, that in righteousness, temperance, intelligence, the premier province of the Dominion may enter upon a still grander career of prosperity than it has ever known. Better the overthrow of a government by the ballots of free men than by bullets of a revolution.

Religious Intelligence.

HAIL, BREATH OF GOD.

BY ALBERT OSBORN.

From Cambria's hills and dales come tidings sweet
Of lives and homes made glad with gospel joy,
Dark mines made bright and workshops' new employ
Of praise, and fruits for true repentance meet.

As when on Pentecost of flaming tongue
Bold Peter saw fulfilled good Joel's word,
Again the people's hearts are strongly stirred
And spirit-vision comes to old and young.

Hail, Breath of God, convincing men of sin,
Cease not Thy work of cleansing and of life.
Come on all lands, fast bound by hellish hate;
To Thy sweet sway all human hearts now win;
Change the harsh clang of arms to holy strife;
Each man in love all men to emulate.

—*Christian Advocate.*

A YEAR OF GRACE.

It would seem that the acceptable year of the Lord, for which many earnest souls have been praying, has at last arrived. It is another illustration of the Word that the kingdom of Christ cometh not with observation. Not in the great centres of London or New York, but in the mining towns of Wales, and through the means of simple colliers and singing maidens has this special manifestation come as it did of old in the hill-towns of Galilee.

" See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindler' in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!"

The blessed revival seems spreading throughout the kingdom, and seems like to sweep over throughout English-speaking lands. In several places on this continent like blessed results follow similar consecrated effort. The following is an abridged account of some features of this notable revival:

Professor W. W. Davies, Ph.D., of Ohio Wesleyan University, writes:
Evan Roberts, obeying the call of the

Spirit, left the coal mines for a grammar school, so as to prepare himself for the work of the ministry. He left school and returned home to the house of his father, where he spent much time in prayer and meditation, thoroughly convinced that God had a great work for him to do. He commenced to visit and talk with his neighbors and to hold prayer and song services as opportunity presented itself. He exerted a strange influence from the start. How, no one seems to know. He is neither learned nor eloquent. He is the essence of modesty and humility. No sooner does he enter a church or begin to speak and sing than the largest audiences become electrified and filled with the Spirit of God. All become convinced that there is a direct communication between him and heaven. Conversions take place by the score wherever he appears.

The worldly-wise declare his methods undignified and lacking reverence. He is certainly eccentric. Like the ancient prophets of Israel, he appears unheralded, he refuses to make formal engagements, and believes that the Holy Spirit leads him every day from place to place. He does not stay more than a day or two, at most, in any one church. He even refuses, at times, to speak from platform or pulpit, but walks up and down the aisles and talks or sings as he walks. He possesses the wonderful gift



EVAN ROBERTS, THE WELSH EVANGELIST.

of convincing his hearers that he is talking to him and not to his neighbor.

He believes more in prayer and praise than in the sermon. The terrors of the Law have no attraction for him, but he delights to talk of the love of God. He tries to make his hearers ashamed of their sins. He depends much upon song, and yet he objects to regular choirs or select choruses, and, indeed, well he may dispense of such helps, since all Welsh people know how and love to sing.

Though Mr. Roberts is the leading spirit in this revival, the work has already extended far and wide over a goodly portion of the principality. Hundreds of meetings are now held in various places in Wales. Indeed, the glorious thing about this revival is that it in no wise depends upon the presence of the evangelist. Multitudes of leaders have sprung up on every hand. Though chiefly confined to the Welsh-speaking congregations, its effect is clearly felt upon the foreigners. It is, indeed, reported that conversions took place even in a gypsy camp.

So great is the work that it has already broken over denominational barriers; old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned—all classes are touched.

Wales, famous for its revivals, has never witnessed a greater work of grace. It is the leading topic of conversation everywhere—on the street, on the railroad train, in the store, in the shop, at the blast furnace and puddling forge. Prayer-meetings are held daily, and often during the day, not only in chapels and churches, but in hundreds of cottages, and even, far down in the bowels of the earth, in the coal mines, where the miners gather together an hour or so before the regular work of the day commences. The very mules know it. They are no longer sworn at.

Indeed, it is not uncommon to hold three meetings a day, and the evening meeting is prolonged far into the small hours of the next day. We cull the following from a communication of Dr. Arthur Levi, Professor of Law at Aberystwyth University: "Some of the meetings have continued until two or

three in the morning. I have remained for hours in them without tiring, and felt no wish to leave. There is in truth no excitement; it is like listening to the divinest music; every meeting is calm, restful, and deliberate; and every event appears to be spiritually ordered.

Every kind of meeting, literary, political, theatrical, has had to give way. Our whole town is overjoyed. Our life has shown new possibilities. Our faith has received an enlightenment which leaves nothing more to be desired. Every man who has attended these meetings is sure in his heart. It is as if Jesus Christ had come to the town of Aberystwyth, and, indeed, He has come." Another says: "The minute we were inside the door we came under an indescribable spell; we silently took our seats; they were at that moment in a hush, that affected one as the sound of a gentle wind in the twilight of pines; a tear unbidden came into our eye. It was as if an invisible harper had the string of each soul ready to his touch, and then fading again to hushed expectancy. Anything more orderly, more harmonious, than that leaderless meeting I can scarcely conceive."

The effects in Wales are visible; hundreds of drunkards and gamblers have been converted, especially in cosmopolitan Glamorganshire, where the drink traffic is so rampant. A saloon-keeper at Cal Garn said recently that his Saturday night receipts had been reduced from two hundred dollars to less than twenty dollars. Bless the Lord! The "trade," according to an English brewer, "has been thoroughly crippled in Wales." One notorious infidel burnt his infidel books. Football playing, so popular among the coal miners of South Wales, has received a severe shock. Game after game has been called off, owing to the conversion of the best players. At Penycæ every member of a football team was converted, and the result was that the football suits, ball, and all were burnt up, as the magic books in Ephesus, and the members pledged themselves in the future to as earnest work in saving souls as in gaining victory and glory on the gridiron.

A theatre at Abercynon had to close up for lack of patronage, and the troupe had to move elsewhere. Stores have been closed, business has been suspended; even work in some of the coal mines, as at Cilfynydd, had to close down one day, so as not to interfere with the meetings.

Such work as this cannot keep up in-

definitely. Reaction will doubtless come, but, the Lord be thanked, not before thousands upon thousands have been converted, not until multitudes of children and young people have been brought into the kingdom, and, better than all, the Church itself has received a glorious baptism which will be a perpetual blessing to Wales, and other lands as well.

REVIVAL FIRES AROUND THE WORLD.

Three years ago Dr. R. A. Torrey, pastor of Dwight L. Moody's church in Chicago, spent the small hours of a Sunday morning on his knees imploring God for a world-wide religious awakening. In less than a week he himself received a call to come and head a revival in Australia. He accepted the invitation, and accompanied by the gospel singer, Charles Alexander, began the great evangelistic campaign during which the whole city was stirred as never before, and the revival flame spread throughout the land.

Leaving Australia, the evangelists visited New Zealand, Tasmania, and India, and then came to England, where they have had even greater success than in Australia. During a single month's stay in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, 7,700 converts were recorded, while in all, during the three years' revival tour in the world, over 65,000 persons have professed to accept Christ in their meetings.

In nearly every great city of the United Kingdom which they visit—and they have already been to Birmingham, Manchester, Dublin, Glasgow, Cardiff, Liverpool, and numerous other places—a huge hall is constructed at a cost of thousands of dollars to accommodate thousands of people.

The structure in Liverpool is known as Tournament Hall. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and seats 12,500 people. The trained choir numbers three thousand. Its leader, Mr. Alexander, is said to be "the greatest leader of Gospel song who has ever lived."

In England the converts average about one hundred a night. But on one evening in Liverpool, 440 persons publicly accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

These crusades are managed on business-like methods. A committee of business men is organized beforehand to finance the movement. Secretaries and sub-committees are also appointed. On the spiritual side equally complete preparation is made, Gospel prayer-meetings being held for months before the arrival of the evangelists. In February a five-months' campaign was begun in London.

MISSIONARY ADVANCE.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held in Boston, dealt with most weighty problems. Comment was made on the increasing percentage of foreigners and Roman Catholics in the New England States. Said Dr. Mansfield:

"It has come to pass that there are more Roman Catholics in membership in Massachusetts than there are members of all Protestant denominations combined. In our cities we find that they are rapidly becoming colonized. They are from fifty to eighty per cent. foreign, and Boston, with its nearly 700,000 people, is seventy-two per cent. foreign and only twenty-eight per cent. native. We, therefore, need inspiration and uplift to solve the problems that press upon us among the Portuguese, Italians, Chinese, Finns, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes."

The treasurer reported an increase of \$54,364 over last year's funds. Bishop Foss stated that the Woman's Society did more for India than the parent society.

Something of the wide scope of the work may be gleaned from a few quotations:

Said Bishop Hamilton: "We now have in Alaska five churches and six preaching places. As to Mexico, our Church there now numbers 20,000 Mexican Methodists. In one school we have over six hundred students."

Bishop Joyce praised the work done by the United States Government at Panama, saying that the commerce of the world would be greatly helped by it.

Bishop Warren, speaking of the Philippines, said that the giving of the English language to these 8,000,000 people speaking seventy different jargons, was in itself an inestimable gift. He mentioned a general class held in Manila where 1,700 people were admitted by ticket. "Could you get a class-meeting like that in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia?" he asked. With thirty churches in the Philippines, and 8,000 members, our church has vindicated its right to be there. At the time of acquisition of the Philippines there were in all the islands about 800 schools, or only one for each 10,000 natives. Now there are more than 4,000, and 3,000 native teachers have been developed.

The gathering was fortunate in the presence of men like Bishop Thoburn, "the best representative of missions in the Methodist Episcopal Church," Dr.

Buckley, "incomparably the greatest platform speaker of the day," John R. Mott, and others. Mrs. William Butler, "the mother of missions in India," and Miss Clementina Butler were presented and warmly welcomed.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH CONTROVERSY.

The first step toward a decisive settlement of this bitter quarrel, says The Outlook, and the undoing of the evils wrought by it, has been taken. A Royal Commission, appointed to take evidence preparatory to a bill to be brought before Parliament, was to begin its sessions on January 5. This proceeding provides (1) that the decision of the House of Lords is to be respected; (2) that the division of property and funds between the litigant Churches is to depend on their ability to administer the same; (3) that all litigation is to be suspended pending the report of the Commission; (4) that the legislation needed to ratify the recommendations of the Commission is to be expedited. It needs to be. Meanwhile the United Free Church has been despoiled of all its general property by the "Wee Kirk," whose incapacity to administer the same is ludicrously apparent. For the three colleges thus taken over, the "Wee Kirk" is reported to have but eight students at Glasgow, none at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. The emergency fund raised by the United Free Church now amounts to about half a million dollars.

CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

A writer in The World's Work has been making a thorough investigation into the dearth of candidates for the ministry, about which so much has been said and written lately. He has pursued his investigations among college presidents, heads of divinity schools, students, ministers, and business men. He says, "There is no real dearth of students for the ministry." Another investigator, Mr. R. E. Daniels, also declares that there is a gain this year of 279 students over last year, and of 339 over the previous year.

The scholarly pen of the Rev. Dr. Davidson, the new editor of the London Quarterly Review and Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, is seen in both these periodicals. His own editorial contributions have a marked literary distinction.

Book Notices.

"The Heart of Asbury's Journal."
 Edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D.
 New York: Eaton & Mains. To-
 ronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-720.
 Price, \$1.50.

The most picturesque figure in American Methodism is Francis Asbury, the gift of the mother to the daughter land. He was a man of the people, one of Wesley's early helpers, and one of the first volunteers to preach in the New World. He ranged through the continent from the pine-shadowed St. Lawrence to the savannas of Georgia, from the surges of the Atlantic to the mighty Father of Waters, through pathless forests, over rugged mountains and across rapid rivers. He sometimes rode seventy-five miles in a day, reaching a cabin at midnight and leaving it at four in the morning. "How glad I would be of a good clean plank to lie on, as preferable to the beds," he said. He ordained upwards of three thousand preachers, preached seventeen thousand sermons, travelled three hundred thousand miles had the care of one hundred thousand souls. His journals are second in religious interest only to those of John Wesley. They are here presented in admirable form, with seventy-nine illustrations, with elucidative notes. This handsome book of 720 pages is remarkably cheap at \$1.50. It has a special interest to us as Canadians on account of the labors of Asbury in laying the foundations of Methodism in this land. He is described by the author as the spiritual Atlas who bore the American continent on his shoulders, who built altars in almost every city and town of the United States, and kindled thereon fires which have not yet gone out.

"Indian Life in Town and Country." By Herbert Compton. Author of "A Free Lance in a Far Land," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-281. Price, \$1.20 net.

The admirable series on "Our European Neighbors" is being followed by one on "Our Asiatic Neighbors," of which this is the initial volume. The same

method is pursued in having them written by persons familiar by long residence with the countries, their institutions and problems. Her Indian dependency is the great responsibility and difficulty of Britain—to reduce a country of many races, languages and religions to civilization. It is unquestioned that British influence has been of vast benefit to India, uncounted thousands of lives have been saved from famine and wasting by war. The author has not, we judge, recognized as he should the effect of Christian missions, the greatest power for the regeneration of India. The extreme poverty of the country, where ninety per cent. of the population live on the verge of famine, is one of its greatest difficulties. Instructive chapters are added on Anglo-Indian life, with which Kipling has made us so familiar. The whole book is a contribution of much value to a clearer understanding of this wonderful country and splendid mission field.

"A Peculiar People. The Doukhobors."
 By Aylmer Maude. Author of
 "Tolstoy and His Problems." New
 York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.
 Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-
 338. Price, \$1.50 net.

The Doukhobor pilgrims to Canada were received with warmest sympathy by the Canadian people. Their story of persecution in Russia, their high moral principles, their love of peace, predisposed our people in their favor. They received also much consideration from the Government, but their peculiar principles soon found occasion for friction. They objected to the division of the land, wishing to hold it communally after the Russian method. But the worst of all was a sort of psychic-religious epidemic which swept over the communities, leading them to abandon their farms, turn free their horses, start on pilgrimages "to find Jesus," and even divest themselves of their clothes in wintry weather. Not all the Doukhobors were guilty of these vagaries, only about one thousand out of seven thousand. The Government had to use constraint to send them back to their homes. The fanaticism seems to be

dying out and they will eventually make loyal Canadian subjects.

Aylmer Maude, the gentleman who had most to do with bringing them from Russia to Canada, writes this book as an apology to the Government. He states that he was misinformed about the sect, and had consequently failed to tell the whole truth about them. In this book he does public penance to try and atone for his blunder. The story of the Doukhobors teaches lessons of patience, that in the long run "The meek shall inherit the earth," that in this instance the doctrine of non-resistance has real validity. He gives a history of the Doukhobors that has not before been presented, traces their connection with the Lollards, Baptists, Quakers, and other sects. It is an important contribution to one of the most interesting experiments in colonization of recent times. It contains a long letter from Count Tolstoy explaining his relations with this remarkable sect, whose real character and motives are for the first time explained in this book. It contains fifteen photos, and is a work of much interest and importance.

"Our European Neighbors. Belgian Life in Town and Country." By Demetrius C. Boulger. New York: C. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-321. Price, \$1.20 net.

Of books of travel we have more than enough. The hasty conclusions of the hurried globe-trotter are seldom of much value, but this Town and Country series is the result of long residence in the different countries described and a study of their institutions and people. Belgium, one of the smallest, most densely populated, industrious, and flourishing parts of Europe, is well worth study. It is made up of two races, the Flemings and Walloons, who have remained separate and distinct in language, literature, and largely in industries throughout the historic past. A very interesting account is given of the burgher life in Brussels, of the commercial classes of Antwerp, of the court and society. But of greater interest is that of the mining and manufacturing population. The writer presents a sad picture of the ravages of drink among the miners. Their only ambition is to drink and get drunk. There is one drinking-place for every five adults. Of course, ignorance and superstition result. The manufactures of Liege, where a world's fair is this year held, demand much higher intelligence. In that city

alone there are forty thousand working gunsmiths. Country life presents a much more pleasing aspect, especially among the Walloons, though in consequence of the small farms, the tillage is mostly that of hand and foot, without machinery. The dead cities of Flanders, Ghent, Bruges, Courtrai, are but the shrunken remains of their former splendor. Their old town halls and guild houses have a romantic splendor. Ghent once boasted a quarter of a million of inhabitants, but was reduced to less than forty thousand. Antwerp has, however, become one of the great ports of Europe. Belgium is the most thoroughly Roman Catholic country in Europe, much more so than Italy and equalling Spain. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly tolerant of other faiths.

"Italy from the Alps to Naples." Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 8 marks (\$2).

After all, there are no guide-books like Baedeker's. We have seventeen of them, and would not be without them in traveling in any country which they describe, and they describe almost every country in Europe. They are the ideals of condensed and useful information, historical, artistic, economic, down to the hotel fares and cab tariffs. This book is a condensation of three larger volumes on Italy, omitting Sicily and out-of-the-way places which comparatively few visit, but giving all the needed information about the routes and cities of the Peninsula. There are twenty-six maps and forty-two plans. It is brought down to date of 1904, giving one hundred and twenty pages on Rome, seventy on Naples and vicinity, forty on Florence, and ample information on the other cities of this land of old renown.

"The United States. With an Excursion into Mexico." Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 12 marks (\$3).

In this book of 660 pages is described a country much larger than the whole of Europe. While this continent abounds in magnificent scenery, its lack of historic background is shown by the possibility of this compression. Nevertheless, people should see as much of their own continent as possible, and this book will greatly aid them in doing it well. It has chapters on politics by John Bach Mc-

Master, on Constitution and Government, by James Bryce, on the Aborigines, Physiography, Climatic Resorts, on Fine Arts, and so on. It has twenty-five maps and thirty-five colored plans, and is an invaluable help for study and travel. Its information will save many times the cost of the book. It is brought down to 1904 and the St. Louis Fair.

"Incense." Verses by Levi Gilbert. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 118. Price, 75 cents net.

Readers of *The Western Christian Advocate* do not need to be informed that its accomplished editor is a genuine poet. This book will demonstrate that fact to a still wider range of readers. There is an elevation of thought, a spiritual insight, a musical lilt of language, fine use of simile and metaphor, that place it high in the ranks of contemporary poetry. Three dominant notes recur throughout these poems, those of religion, patriotism and human love—"the altar, the flag, the hearthstone." The domestic affections find their sweetest and tenderest expressions in these poems. A vein of humor runs through some, and the book is one of charming make-up and contents. The introductory poem admirably carries out the symbolism of the title. The "Battle Hymn of the Epworth League" should be made a marching song of the hosts of our young people.

"English Church History." From the Death of Archbishop Parker to the Death of King Charles I. By the Rev. A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-179. Price, \$1.00.

In this compendious volume the history of the Church of England during a critical period is shown. It sets out with the dictum that the English Reformation must have come because the Roman claims were adverse to English interests and English rights, because much of Roman doctrine was out of harmony with Scripture, because the low standard of life in the monasteries had long been a scandal, and because the revival of letters was like the lighting of a lamp which banished the mediaeval darkness of Roman Catholicism. The book illustrates the manner in which these causes operated and the effects they produced. A striking chapter is entitled "The Wise Fool in Church and

State," by which phrase is meant James I., who was otherwise described as the man "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." The book is a vivacious treatment of an important period.

"Old Heidelberg." By Wilhelm Meyer-Forster. Translated by Max Chappelle. New York: A. Wessels Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 173.

All who know this grand old mediaeval city, with its scholastic and historic memories, come under its spell of power. A few months ago we visited its five-hundred-year-old university, its splendid aula, its cramped and cabined prison, where Bismarck and many of the makers of Germany have expiated their student offences. This book takes us into the very heart of student life. It is a strange world of commingled idleness and plodding study, of reckless beer-drinking, song singing, duel fighting, and of profound thought and noble scholarship. The book is handsomely printed, with vignettes of the grand old castle and of student life quaintly blended with the text.

"Letters of an Old Methodist to His Son in the Ministry." By Robert Allen. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 243. Price, \$1.25.

This book is somewhat in the line of "Letters of a Chicago Merchant to His Son," but are on a higher moral plane. They are written by a shrewd business layman to his son at college, and in the early years of his ministry. They abound in kindly criticism and wise counsel on such subjects as food, rest, exercise, "the pulpit voice," stationing, marriage, town versus country circuits, and the like. Young preachers, and some older ones, too, will find much to profit by in these sensible letters.

"Blazed Trail Stories and Stories of the Wild Life." By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 260. Price, \$1.50.

There is a fascination to the over-civilization of the times in the pictures of the elemental conditions of society when men are brought face to face with the great forces of nature—the primeval forest, the rushing rivers, the wild life of the mountains. The voyageur, the

lumber-jack, the prospector, all come into contact with these great elemental forces and are in part their product. Mr. White gives us vivid pictures of the achievements of the river boss, the forest foreman, the rough-and-ready lumberman. We share the sensation of loosing the log jam, of floating the stranded timber to the boom, and the athletic feats of the river-man upon the logs spinning beneath his feet.

"The Upward Leading." Pulpit Talks Under Various Auspices. By James Henry Potts. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 131.

The author of this book and editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, is one of the strongest thinkers and writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In these chapters he gives a vigorous and original treatment of some of the important questions of the day. It will be found very stimulating and helpful to every reader. We are more interested in this book because its author is Canadian-born and retains a strong love for his native land.

"The Bible a Missionary Book." By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 192. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

The subject of missions is more and more receiving the due prominence which it deserves in the thought and life and literature of our Churches. It is especially the burden of the New Testament, but in this admirable book it is shown to be the promise of the history of Israel. The law leads up to the Gospel, and the ministry to the Jews is the forerunner to the ministry to mankind.

"A Short History of the Westminster Assembly." By W. Beveridge, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-169.

One of the most august and important religious assemblies ever held was that which formulated the Westminster Confession, the symbol of faith of one of the great Churches of Christendom. A lucid and luminous account of that assembly is here given.

RUSSIA.

By R. BOAL.

I am she of the mighty hand and eyes that see not,
 My giant mouth athirst;
 Through the long night of years sure lights there be not
 To lands accurst:
 Even though the myriad stars gleam in the heaven,
 I grope my way,
 And treasure up the Sage's dole of leaven,
 And wait for day.
 My sons have shed their blood on earth like water,
 In valiant death,
 And cries are heard from many a mourning daughter,
 Whose wailing breath
 Proclaims the end of hope, 'neath bloody banner,
 Voicing our woe,
 Though neither word nor thought can fully span her
 Incognizable blow.

West Montrose, Ont.