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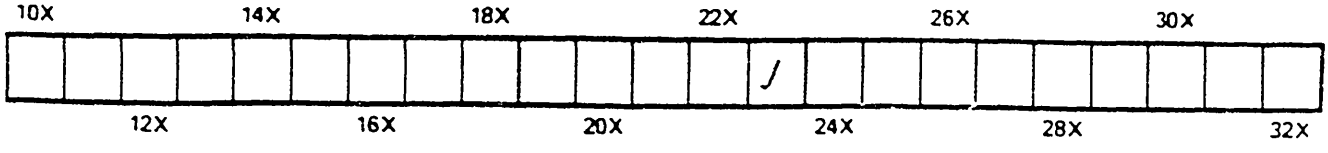


A SONG OF EXILE.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

REV. A. J. LOCKHART.
(Pastor Felix.)

YE hills of home! ye bonnie native woods
Of my own land! are ye yet musical
As when I loved beneath your shade to dwell?
Are your soft seats haunted by singing broods?
Does the woodpecker wake your solitudes
With his loud-tapping bill,—the golden-wing'd,
And the familiar? Are the lyres still string'd
Of your sweet-breathing pines, whose interludes,
Between the whispering leaves, so drew mine ear?
Or comes to you the bluebird's carol still?
Does Robin April's evening silence fill
With the old cheery sound, so sweet to hear?
So many friends are gone, it soothes my pain
To think how yet thy singing birds remain.

O Land of fragrant hills, and living streams!
O Land of swelling waters! unto thee
I turn my eyes,—thou fair abode of dreams,
Thou blossom-country, girdled by the sea!
Again thy linnet sings his song to me;
Again the white-throat warbles; and once more
I tread the chambers of the sun, made free
From care, initiate to the mystery
Of rushing tides up every sounding shore.

O Land! my Land! to thee the Spring returns;
The Summer hastens on a thousand wings
Of thy rejoicing birds; and my heart yearns
For all thy balmy, gentle ministerings.
O sweet Acadian Land! my Fathers' Land!
The land of the arbutus and the pine;
Haunt of the robin,—oriole-haunted strand,—
Can I forget that thou art *mine*, ay, *mine!*
Love, lost—estranged—and yet, it checks despair,
To think thy smiling vales, thy singing birds are there.

I see thee when the dandelion blows;
In buttercups and daisies thou art fair;
I greet thee in the wild brier and wild rose;
I see thee when the sunset skies are fair:
Thou sendest message-swallow—courier-bee:
Say,—Have the birds come back to Acadie?

SCENE IN THE STREETS OF MOSCOW AFTER THE STRUGGLE AT A BARRICADE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

RUSSIA'S REIGN OF TERROR.

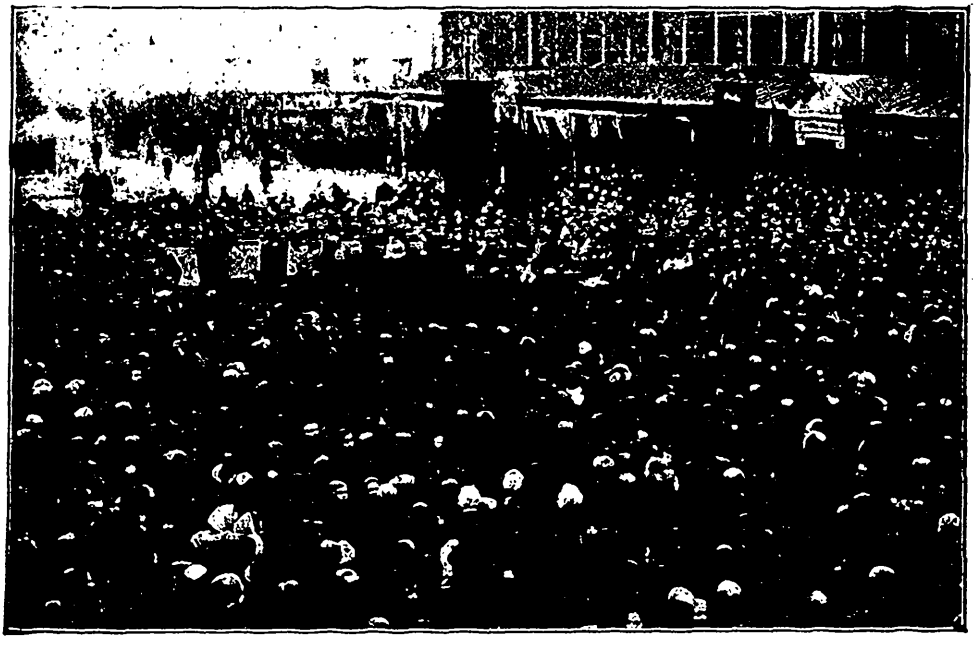
PROPAGANDISTS TEACHING THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS THE PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY.

MOSCOW, home city of the Romanoffs, city of cathedrals, spires, bells, and glittering minarets, city defended by the impregnable fortress of the Kremlin, has taken the new name of Moscow, City of Blood.

So intense has been the interest of the world in the exciting events taking place in and about its walls, that it seems as if the straining ear could almost catch the distant murmur of the multitude, the tramp of battalions, the growl of cannon, vibrating along the horizon as it shatters a barricade.

The drama of the year in far-off Russia has shifted its scenes rapidly from Finland to St. Petersburg, then south-west to Odessa and the gloomy waters of the Black Sea, then to the oil regions about Baku, to Moscow, to Warsaw, where, to all appearances, the question whether the red flags that have been tossing in the streets shall be triumphant, or whether the government, by desperate measures, and aid of loyal troops, shall re-establish firmly its old authority and position.

In Moscow, strikers secured arms, and the greater portion of the population were powerless against them. Thousands of homes were looted, only those that were strongly barricaded



STREET SCENE IN MOSCOW DURING A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

and stoutly defended by their owners escaping the ravages of the rioters. Artillery and quick-firing guns were posted on the Steast Monastery Square. All of the streets opening on this square, in which the rebels had erected barricades, were swept by the fire of the troops. The main barricade was in Tver Street, and the air in this quarter was literally filled with bullets and shells, infantry and artillery firing volleys together. The carnage was very great, but the numbers, although mounting into the hundreds, cannot be known with certainty, and probably never will, as many of the wounded crawled off and died in out-of-the-way places.

Mobs numbering thousands paraded the streets, singing anarchistic songs, and attacking patrols of the troops. The city lights were extinguished, and darkness added to the general terror of the law-abiding inhabitants. Small parties of insurgents would seize some private house, and then fire on passing troops until artillery was brought up and pointed. Then they would decamp, leaving the regular occupants to be killed when fire was opened. Hundreds of people who belonged to the moderate party, or as they are called, "the regular Constitutionalists," have thus met an untimely death. All reports, including those from the "Reds" themselves, agree that they are determined that the government shall be destroyed at any cost, or that the country shall be so wrecked as to not be worth governing. All thought of a regular republic, such as would occur to the Anglo-Saxon mind, has little part in their programme, the "Collectivist" instinct of the peasant class of the Russian people having full sway. Thousands of Russian tramps, such as are described by Maxime Gorky,

RED CROSS NURSES DISTRIBUTING BREAD TO POOR JEWS IN RUSSIA.

swarmed into the city, and looted stores and factories.

Two incidents will illustrate the scenes occurring in the city, scenes that are hardly paralleled by the carnival of blood in Paris, at the outbreak of the French Revolution. A wild-eyed throng had gathered about the prison and commenced an attack. There were no troops at hand, but the watchmen, armed only with revolvers, came out, and, after a desperate and bloody struggle, beat back the mob and remained victors of the field.

One of the most horrible affairs took place at the Syatian Printing Works. The rebels had gained possession of the factory and began to fire at the troops in the streets. Infantry soon surrounded the building and called on the defenders to surrender. Renewed volleys from the windows were the only answer. Artillery was brought up, there was a short bombardment and the building appeared to be on fire. Firemen came to extinguish the flames, but the rebels fired on them and forced them to retire. Again the commander of the troops appealed to the men to come out, and received jeers and bullets in reply. The rebels, it was found later from some of the non-combatant workmen, had set the fire themselves. They threw bombs at the troops and then escaped by a back lane, leaving the wives and children of peaceful operatives and other non-combatants to perish in the flames.

District after district was set on fire, and the roar of burning timbers, mingled with the crash of falling buildings, could be heard far without the walls. The reports that troops had mutinied in large numbers in Moscow and the surrounding districts proved,

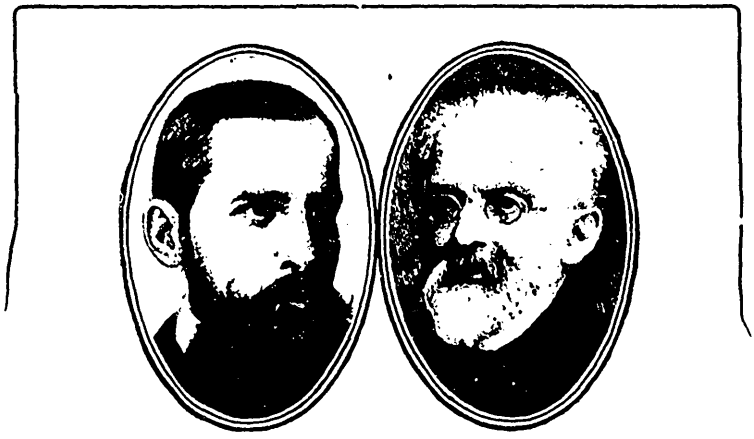
M. KOKOVSOFF. M. GOREMYKIN.
Prominent Leaders of the Russian Court and People.

in later accounts, to have been greatly exaggerated. Here and there were sporadic outbreaks among the conscripts, but the old line regiments have remained loyal to their colors. The Russian army is a vast organization, only a comparatively small number being used in the recent war with Japan, and the troops now on duty at Moscow belong to regiments that have never experienced the bitterness and humiliation of defeat. Consequently they have fewer grievances than the regiments used in the recent trying and disheartening campaigns. Some of the Guards were detached from St. Petersburg, and at once relieved the advance posts, the soldiers on some of which had become demented from loss of sleep and constant fighting. No sooner had the regiments formed than they were at once assailed by a tornado of bullets from houses, shops and barricades.

The Revolutionists continued their harassing system of guerilla warfare. They held the entire country between Perovo and Moscow. The correspondent of the London Telegraph says that the rebel ranks were composed of students, a few genuine workmen, peasants, and numerous tramps. "Moscow," he added, "cannot be recognized, it looks like one of the ruined cities of Manchuria.

The reasons given by the Czar for suddenly breaking up his Parliament, are weak, and show how little he understands the working of constitutional government. He complained that the Douma had not applied itself to the work of productive legislation, by which he apparently means the small details of administration, but had strayed into a sphere beyond its competence, and made comments on imperfections in the fundamental laws, which, he says, "can be modified only by my imperial will." The Douma had also transgressed by making an appeal to the nation, instead of addressing its petition to the Czar. For these reasons he decided to dissolve the Douma and summon a new one, which, he hopes, will be more intelligent. It would appear, however, that the people, incensed by his act, will elect another Douma still more radical and unmanageable.

One concession to the popular will the Czar did make. He removed the obnoxious Premier, M. Goremykin,



M. STOLYPIN. M. PETROUNKOVETCH.
Prominent Leaders of the Russian Court and People.

but he appointed in his place M. Stolypin, the Minister of the Interior, in the same Cabinet, which would appear to indicate that there is to be no change of policy. He addressed a proclamation to all Governors of Provinces, directing them how to deal with any outbreak that may occur. They are "to strike and spare not." Their measures of repression, he explained, are not against society, but against the enemies of society, and they are to remember that the old regime will be regenerated, but order must be fully maintained. In the meantime, the peasants are attacking the landowners, and, in some instances, burning their castles. The more extreme societies have held meetings denouncing the Czar, M. Trepoff, since dead, and Podiedonostzeff, formerly Procurator of the Holy Synod and a noted reactionist, and Gen. Orloff, whose cruelties in the Baltic Provinces have made his name hated throughout Russia. Notices were nailed to the doors of the residences of all these, notifying them that they have been condemned to death. This, in spite, or with the connivance of the guards stationed to protect them. What the issue will be no man can tell. The whole population, goaded by long years of oppression, is in desperate mood. Should they rise in their might there will be a fearful struggle, in which the throne itself may be swept away.

A singular and deplorable feature of the general anarchy is the hostility to the Jews, everywhere displayed. The rougher elements of the population, now liberated from restraint, find congenial occupation in attacking the Jewish residences, looting their property, outraging the women and murdering the men and the children. At Elizabethgrad, in the Kherson district, there was unrestrained riot, in which many of the Jews were literally torn to pieces and their houses burned. The hostility does not appear to be religious or racial, but to be due to jealousy of the Jews' prosperity. In some instances in which the Jews have lent money to their neighbors, murder has followed as a convenient means of getting rid of the obligation. The debtor kills his Jewish creditor to avoid the necessity of paying him.

In the Baltic Provinces of Livonia and Courland, the population is chiefly

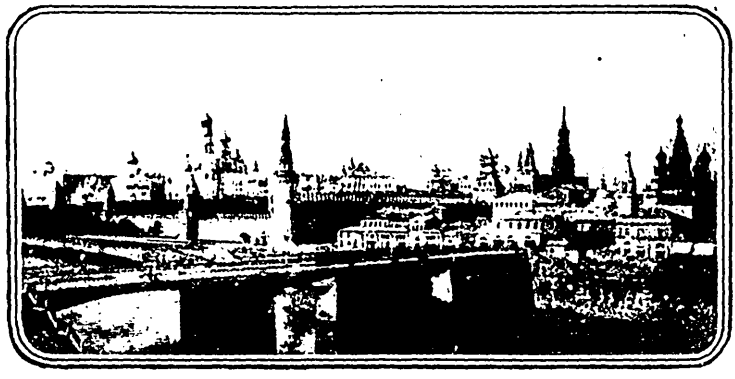
German, having little sympathy with the Russians, and has long been restive under Russian domination. The people have been severely oppressed, both by the German barons and the Russian governors. They have had not only to pay rent, but to pay for the right to fish in the bay, and for other privileges. Their condition has been like the vassals of feudal times, and the exactions imposed upon them were vexatious and cruel. The peasants appear to have led the revolt, and to have induced the workingmen of the towns to assist them burning the mansions and distributing the property of their oppressors. It seems possible that the heterogeneous races of Russia may separate in this manner, if the Czar's government does not speedily recover its virility; and so the unwieldy nation may disintegrate, and the warning of the prophet against the spoiler of the people be fulfilled.

When the historian writes the history of the Russian revolution, the horrors of the struggle in Moscow will appear at the head of its tragic incidents. The ruthless Russian soldiers who were sent to Moscow, were of a different type from those whose sympathy with the revolutionists had kept them from indiscriminate slaughter. Artillery was brought to bear on the barricades, and on the mills, that the insurgents had made their headquarters. Finally the torch was applied, and building after building was burned, with all the people who had taken refuge in them. In the western district of the city the insurgents were driven to bay, and all the available troops were concentrated in an attack on them. Then a murderous cannonade began, in which men, women and children were mowed down without mercy. In the rear of the dying people, who still fought desperately, an entire block of buildings was set on fire, and the wretched creatures had no choice but that of the withering fire from the guns in front or the flames behind. When some more venturesome than the rest made a run on the sidewalk near the houses, they were shot by marksmen posted for the purpose.

A number of insurgents, estimated at three thousand, were hunted into the Prokhonoff factory, which was immediately bombarded. The rebels then hung out a white flag in token of surrender. A merchant who was present, declares that they were brought out in groups, placed against a wall, and summarily shot down. He saw several companies thus killed, and believes that all perished; but feeling sick and faint with the horrible sight, he turned away, and did not see the end.

The chief sufferers everywhere are the Jews, whose property is destroyed and their houses torn down. The fund for the relief of the victims of the massacres, raised by Jews here and in England, amounts to three million dollars. Large sums have been sent to local committees for distribution. The Government, however, has notified the committees that no money must be given out except under official supervision. As there is strong suspicion that supervision is only another name for confiscation, the distribution of the fund has been suspended for the time. Thus, the unhappy people, despoiled, bereaved and starving, are kept from receiving even the charity that their brethren have afforded them.

Wild terror and bitter hatred seem to be tearing the Empire of Russia to pieces. It is not now single assassinations of tyrannical officers that shock the Government, but a continuous war on all authority. The soldiers of the Czar have acted so brutally, attacking inoffensive citizens, old men, women and children, with their whips and sabres, seizing refined ladies and carrying them to the barracks, where they are stripped and flogged, that the

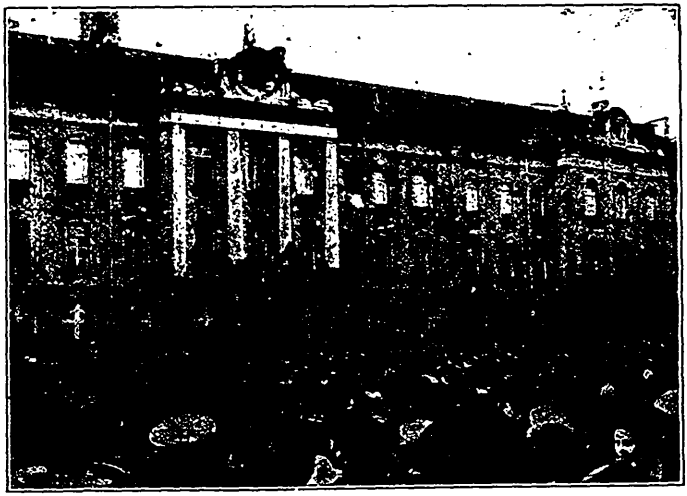


FORTRESS OF THE KREMLIN.

populace is maddened and hates them with fierce intensity. The soldiers are shot at from roofs, from windows, and from the shrubberies, and bombs are thrown at them with horrible results. The people court certain death, feeling themselves well compensated by some minute of delicious vengeance. As one brave girl who was sent to the scaffold for murdering a general, said, when they were putting the rope around her neck: "All that I can do for the cause is to give my life, and I do that gladly."

It started in the killing of two soldiers. The military assumed, without much evidence, that the crime was perpetrated by Jews, and a massacre immediately commenced. That is the safest course, because the soldiers are sure of the sympathy of the lowest classes of the population in attacking the Jews. There was a wild night of murder, outrage and pillage, lasting till after dawn. Then, in order to destroy what evidence of the crimes might remain, batteries of artillery were trained on the Jewish quarters. The number of persons mown down by the guns or burned in the ruins of their dwellings, or burned in the fires that broke out, is stated to have been two hundred, but were probably ten times that number. A search was subsequently made for living victims, and one thousand prisoners, chiefly Jews, were seized. Many others hid in cellars, and were afraid to emerge, and remained there until hunger or thirst ended their misery.

In Southern Russia there have been wild outbreaks of frenzied passion. In the district of Bobrov a member of the Douma announced that he would give an account of his stewardship. Peasants came from a hundred villages to hear him. On their arrival they found the square in which he was to speak, occupied by Cossacks, armed with whips and swords. Some of the peasants who had walked a hundred miles to hear the deputy, hesitated to obey the imperious order to disperse. The Cossacks charged them, and literally whipped them out of the town. The men were furious under the treatment, and as they trudged homeward they planned revenge. Arriving at their respective villages, they attacked the mansions of the nobles nearest them, devastating the buildings, destroying precious art treasures, and burning all they could not carry away. It is stated that 142 estates were thus laid waste. Troops were summoned to suppress the disorders, but the mischief was completed before they



STUDENTS RAISING THE RED FLAG AT A RUSSIAN UNIVERSITY.

arrived. It was not, however, too late to take vengeance, and the inoffensive villagers, who had taken no part in the outbreak, were put to the sword, the real culprits having made their escape. The condition of the country is deplorable. As it was in ancient times, so it is now, oppression produces lawlessness. The demand for constitutional rights comes not alone from the students in the Universities and the workingmen, but from the peasants, who are the most numerous class in the Empire. It had been supposed that the peasants were too ignorant to understand what political rights belonged to them, and were enjoyed by the same class in other lands. They were believed to be patient, so, and so timid that they dare not unite against the landowners and the Government. But now it is no longer safe to count on those qualities. Classes have been organized in many districts, in which revolutionary leaders have explained to them the benefits they would derive from a Constitution. Thus all classes have been aroused to revolutionary fervor. The students raised the red flag; the workingmen quitted their service, paralyzing all industries; and the peasants in several provinces drove away their landlords and burned their houses. Even the loyalty of the army was in doubt.

All Russia is weary of despotism and of bureaucracy. The desire of the people of the respectable classes is for a well-balanced system of government, like that of England, in which the people have a right to express their wishes and the means of giving that expression effect. There is more than suspicion that corruption prevails, and that contracts for government purposes are awarded by improper motives. A purification of the system is needed, but the abolition of the system and the substitution for it of a red republic, with the lowest and most uneducated classes at the head is a change that the intelligent Russian did not desire. He held aloof from the movement, that had passed under the control of anarchists, and it collapsed. For the present, the autocracy is supreme. If the Czar is

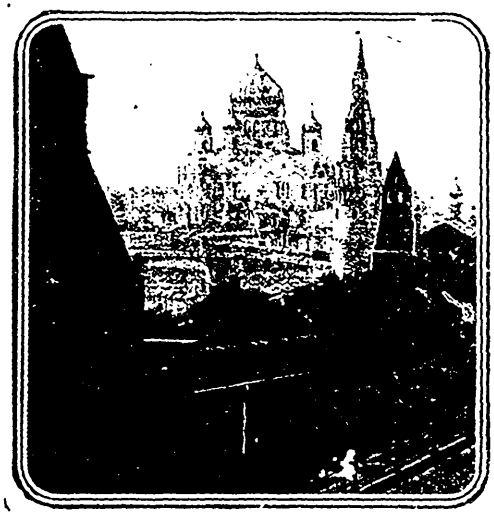
wise, he will perceive how strong and well-grounded is the opposition to autocracy, and will transform the government into a limited monarchy. There has been enormous loss of life, and widespread destruction of property, but the sacrifice will be well made, if out of the confusion emerges a transformed Russia, strong in the good-will of the people.

The horrors of the struggle in the streets of Moscow were heartrending. The soldiers of the district had been reluctant to fire on the people, so Cossacks from distant provinces were brought, and they had no compunction. Batteries were erected at points of vantage, from which a murderous fire was maintained, even after the revolutionists had raised a white flag. The houses to which the insurgents fled for refuge were battered down with shells, or were set on fire, the Cossacks driving back into the flames the people who tried to escape. Old men, women and children, were thus treated, and none were allowed to get away. Peaceful denizens of the revolutionary quarter were seized if they appeared on the streets, their hands were tied, and the Cossacks drove them with their whips into the mill-yards, where they were ruthlessly cut down. In some instances, they were massacred on the street. The Cossacks took a fiendish delight in mutilating the prisoners before killing them.

The atrocious massacre of the Jews in the Polish city of Siedlice 55 miles south-east of Warsaw, continued for two days and a half, causing great destruction of life and property. Reports as to its origin are contradictory. According to the official version, the Terrorists began the disorder by shooting two soldiers who were guarding the Government liquor store. A detachment of infantry, attracted by the noise, fired a volley,

THE NIKOLSKAYA GATE, MOSCOW.

killing two men and wounding two others, and on the following morning the concerted massacre of the soldiers and police by the Terrorists was begun, which so infuriated the Libau Infantry Regiment that it attacked the crowds on the street indiscriminately. According to the report of the refugees from the city, the massacre of the Jews was planned beforehand and the Christians warned in advance to hang out their ikons to protect their homes. They claim also that the disorder began in drunken carousing and pillaging by the soldiers. The local Governor, Engelke, refused to do anything to put a stop to the slaughter, and telegraphed for permission to use the artillery. A cordon of troops was put around the city, and the Jews and Poles trying to escape were driven back into the city, which was being swept by incendiary fires and the artillery. Four batteries were placed so as to command the streets of the Jewish quarter and destroy the houses from which Terrorists' shots had been fired. The Bundists, or Jewish revolutionists, defended themselves against



TEMPLE OF THE SAVIOUR FROM THE KREMLIN.

the troops, but in vain. It is thought that more than two hundred Jews were killed and thousands flogged, wounded and imprisoned. The Jewish shops were looted by the soldiers without interference by the officers and the loot openly sold. Watches and jewellery were peddled by the soldiers among the passengers at the railway station. The soldiers attacked the hotels and destroyed the furniture and carried off the liquor.

Further light upon the great tragedy that is being enacted in Russia is thrown by Dr. Mackenzie Wallace in The Times, where he discusses the condition of the landless peasant. He is now living in the open air with a company which is one contingent of a vast host of 5,000,000 trekking agriculturists. He is with a band who left their homes months ago, according to the annual custom, to seek work on the crops in other parts of the empire. They are now returning.

"The lot of these wanderers," says Dr. Wallace, "is miserable enough, God knows. Most of them are from little Russia and the steppe provinces. Some of them travel as far as one thousand versts. They are absent from their villages from two to six months, and their average wage is thirty-eight roubles, of which they have a minimum outlay of twenty-one roubles for passport and food en route. This leaves seventeen roubles, which makes an average wage of fourteen kopecs, or nine cents a day. Some travel by train in fourth class, or on the slowest Volga boats part of the way, but multitudes go on foot. They spend the night wherever they happen to be when darkness falls. They suffer innumerable privations from hunger, cold, heat and sickness, and finally, if they survive, they reach their destination with all their strength spent before they have begun work.

"'Land, give us land!' these peasants cry. Nor do they dream of compensating any of the present landowners whom they may dispossess. At the bottom of their hearts is the ineradicable conviction that a man who works on the land has a natural right to it, which if put in the balance against all the positive laws of property makes them kick the beam.

"Great numbers of these wandering peasants are sometimes to be found massed together. On May 9th, for example, 24,000 of them gathered at the St. Nicholas fair in Kahovka, and where there are missionaries wolves are also found. Thus 5,000,000 peasants are being made propagandists of the revolutionary faith. By the end of October they will have returned to their villages with literature in their wallets, songs in their memories, and bitterness in their hearts, a firebrand every man."

The long continuance of the Czar's cruise on the imperial yacht "Standart" among the Finnish islands, says the Independent, has produced a crop of journalistic surmises, among which it is impossible to distinguish those that may have a basis of truth. There are rumors that the Czar is in hiding in Copenhagen, that he is about to abdicate, and that it has been found impossible to protect him at the Peterhof Palace from Terrorist plots. Among the latter are reported a conspiracy of the Czar's personal servants, a mysterious automobile that dashes through the iron fences of the palace grounds and away again, and two dirigible balloons, made in America, that are to sail over Peterhof and drop down explosives on the imperial family. So far, few attempts have apparently been made upon the life of the Czar, and revolutionists have not been agreed that his assassination would be an advantage to their cause. But after the execution of Zenaide Konoplinlianikova, the girl who assassinated General Min, a manifesto was issued attacking the Czar as directly responsible for the wrongs of the people and calling for his destruction.

The "League of the Russian People" continues to circulate incendiary literature inciting the people against the Jews. One of the leaders of the League, General Lavroff, last March published a pamphlet entitled "Measures for Outrooting the Evil in Russia," in which he attacked Count Witte, then Premier, and advocated the extermination of the Jews as the only cure for the ills of Russia. The pamphlet was proved to have been printed in the printing office of the Prefecture of Police. The head of the printing department was suspended for a few months, but has now been restored to his post. The Metropolitan Anthony, the spiritual head of the Orthodox Church, has issued a pastoral letter to all the bishops, urging them to take an active part in the coming elections, to frustrate "the enemies of the Church and the State." He directs that a special sermon be preached in all the churches on the Sunday before election, to make clear who their enemies are. A new party is being organized under the leadership of Count Heyden. It is rumored that the Czar will not summon the new Douma if it seems likely to be as radical as the old.

ONE EWE LAMB.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

(I had one ewe lamb).
And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.
And they browsed full-fed on their pastures fair.
(I did not care).
I did not feel in my inmost heart
A pang of evil or envy start,
I was so content with my one ewe lamb
My soul went up in a joyful psalm,
And I blessed the Lord of us night and day.
(Ah, well away).

(I had one ewe lamb).
And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.
So many—yea—they were numbered not.
(I cared no jot).
My heart was never disquieted,
"For rich are the poorest who love," I said,
And I knelt by the cote of my one ewe lamb,
And I cried to the Lord of us "Glad I am!
And never a mercy more I pray!"
(Ah, well away).

(I had one ewe lamb).
And the King had flocks on a thousand hills.
When they called for a sacrifice, why, oh why.
Was he passed by?
For oh, from the flocks that had multiplied
Death, the Destroyer, turned aside,
And sought the cote of my one ewe lamb;
And I grieve with a grief that knows no calm,
And I've turned my face to the wall for aye.
(Ah, well away).

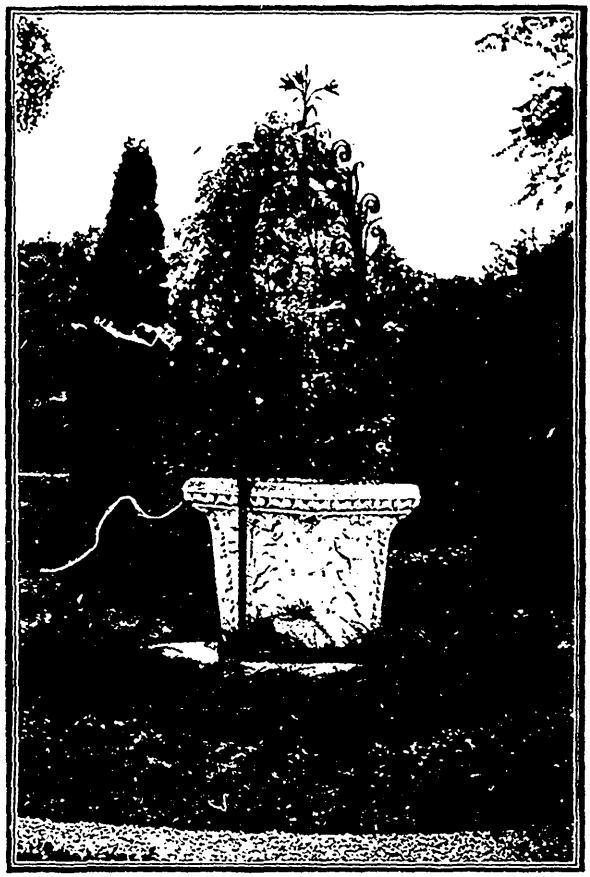
—*Independent.*

SANDRINGHAM, KING EDWARD'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

THE KING'S CHAPEL IN THE KING'S COUNTY.*

A FEW months ago the daily press of this country circulated a very interesting paragraph.

"The King on Friday visited various parts of the Sandringham estate including the village of Anmer, where His Majesty inspected the chapel which he has built for the Primitive Methodists of the place. Before leaving the King was thanked by one of the oldest members of the congregation for his kindness to them."



A CORNER IN THE GARDEN AT SANDRINGHAM.

So far as we know it is the first time the Sovereign of this country has been inside a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and certainly the first time the Sovereign of this land has been good and gracious enough to build a chapel for the use of our people, though no more loyal subjects abide in the land than the Methodists, certainly the Primitive Methodists around his Majesty's Sandringham home. Sandringham is situated in the north-western division of the County of Norfolk, lately represented in Parliament by Joseph Arch, and now by a sturdy Nonconformist and Passive Resister, Mr. G. White. Its name is derived from the deep sandy soil of which more than 200 acres are on the extensive heath that stretches away to Wolferton towards the sea. Away to the west is the Wash, famous for the loss of King John's bag and baggage, and from the north the keen winds blow that are so bracing after the fogs of the great city or the mists of the Thames Valley. Anmer has recently been added to the royal domains, and is extremely proud of its inclusion in the estate. It is a pretty little typical Norfolk village with its street and hall and church. Its population is only about 200, most of whom are

* From the Aldersgate Magazine.

QUEEN ALEXANDR'S GARDEN LODGE, SANDRINGHAM.

laborers working on the Royal estate.

Everywhere popular, the Royal family is nowhere more popular than in the neighborhood of His Majesty's rural home. Undoubtedly this is largely owing to the King's thoughtful consideration for all who come into contact with him, or are in any way dependent on him. Still more perhaps to the quiet and gracious influence of Her Majesty the Queen. Sandringham is Her Majesty's home where she can throw aside the restraints of Court life, and live the calm quiet life of an English lady. How she loves that garden of wild flowers away from the splendidly laid out garden in front of the Hall, with its rich beds and trim walks; that garden where the primrose blooms in early spring, and violets send forth their delicious fragrance on the morning air, and bluebells and daffodils grow in luxurious splendor, and ferns and bracken wave wildly in the breeze. Still more does she love the simple cottager on the estate, and gladly enters the cottage home as freely as any sick visitor. With basket on arm containing some dainty delicacy, England's Queen delights to comfort the sick and speak some word of consolation to the suffering. It was dinner time. The Royal family were at dinner late in the evening. A message came to the Royal home that a little child was ill and cried to see the Princess. The message was sent in, and from the Royal table Princess Maud hastened away to the couch of the little sufferer to soothe its pain and gratify its wish.

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Such stories are told *ad libitum* all round the villages of North-west Norfolk. No wonder that King and Queen and Royal family are dear to the hearts of these homely folks.

On a perfect level with this uniform kindness of heart is the King's action in providing a House of Prayer for the little society that meets in the village of Anmer. For over sixty years the Primitive Methodists have had a small society in the village of Anmer, holding their services in cottage after cottage, as is done in many a Norfolk village. Twelve years ago some kindly disposed friend "lent" a piece of ground in the corner of a meadow on which a small iron chapel was erected. It was a stuffy little chapel, ill-ventilated, low-pitched and inconvenient; one of John Morley's "little chapels standing in the corner of a field," but where the religious emotions of the people found full and free expression. Through the long wet grass and deep thick mud the saintly worshippers wended their way to the house of prayer, which to them was none other than the Gate of Heaven. But under new conditions even this scanty accommodation was removed, and this little church in the wilderness was left homeless and depressed.

"Let us wait upon the King" was the only hope. Representations were at once made by the minister of the circuit, Rev. J. G. Cushing, of Docking, to the agent, F. W. Beck, Esq., who sympathetically laid the case before His Majesty. 'Twixt hope and fear the little church waited in prayer oft wondering how and where, at last, their efforts would end. Doubtless the Royal landowner knew little of the anxiety and fear, hope and prayer of his simple cottagers, but Divinely guided, he directed that a chapel should be built, and the services continued. No sooner said than done, and the present pretty little chapel was erected by the King's command.

"You cannot find the word chapel in the Bible," said a village curate one day to the boys in school. "Yes, sir, I can," said one of the lads. "In Amos vii. 13 my father read 'It is the King's chapel and it is the king's court.'" Primitive Methodists are not accustomed to attend the King's court, but henceforth Primitive Methodists will worship in the King's Chapel. The chapel externally is very plain and unpretentious. It is built of flint and brick, in harmony with the "model cottages" erected in the village. It is non-ecclesiastical in style, but well-built as all His Majesty's buildings are, "very beautiful and a splendid piece of workmanship," the village people say, and doubtless in comparison with their "tin tabernacle" it is. Half-a-dozen flower vases are let into the walls, and "the oldest member of the congregation" is commissioned to keep them well supplied with plants or shrubs at the King's expense.

The inside is very tasty and neat. Good pitch pine seats with aisles on either side provide accommodation for about a hundred worshippers, whilst the ornamental rostrum gives a fine appearance to the little sanctuary. Credit is fully due to the Rev. J. G. Cushing, the superintendent of the Docking Circuit, for the diplomatic way in which he has gone about the business, and for the success which has crowned his efforts. From the agent he has received nothing but courtesy, whilst the village people have entered into the work with great gladness of joy. Out of a population of two hundred, twenty-two are in actual membership with the church, whilst the congregation on a Sunday evening fills the chapel, and twenty children have their names enrolled on the books of the little Sunday-school. It is a fine tribute to the value of the work done in these little villages, and a delightful evidence of the broad-mindedness of England's King, who

does not hesitate to provide a place of worship for the villagers on his estate even though it does not belong to the Established Church of the land.

His Majesty has looked upon many a statelier building reared at his suggestion or under his inspiration, but none that gives greater satisfaction to pure and noble souls than this unpretentious building, and when old James Dyble thanked His Majesty in plain and homely language, and in real Norfolk brogue, for his kindness to the little church, it was at least as real and hearty, as genuine and sincere, as if the Archbishop of Canterbury in stately terms had expressed his thanks and pronounced his benediction. The small and narrow-minded man may look askance and speak scornfully of "those dissenting chapels," but the King knows far too well the value of their work to be warped by such narrow prejudice, and well for this country would it be if all the great landowners would follow such a good example. The little church pays the nominal rent of twenty shillings per year. We earnestly hope that the King's Chapel may be the birthplace of many souls, and the gate of Heaven to many a worshipper, and the forerunner of many similar places of worship.—E. W. A.

SANDRINGHAM.

RESPONSIBILITY.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own—
Know this, sure, at last! Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary
The heart they have sadden'd—the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"

BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO THE MANHOOD OF TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.

THE manhood of to-day differs from that of yesterday in the quality of its ideals and the strength of its upward struggle. And Browning's message, constantly clarifying these ideals by calling our attention to the good, the true, and the eternal, turns our thought into those channels where flow the mightiest forces in manhood's making.

We are not concerned, then, with the artistic turn his message takes, so much as with the character of the message itself. Its form, unfortunately, has hindered its general helpfulness from the first. "He is obscure," say most, "and difficult of understanding." Even the author of Sartor Resartus, who of all men ought to have allowed for oddity of expression and sought the hidden thought behind any unfamiliar phrasing, even he, Carlyle, said, in his biting sarcastic way, "My wife has read Sordello through and she is not able to make out whether Sordello was a city, a man, or a book!"

There must be something, then, I suppose, in this universal cry about obscurity. But certainly it is not nearly as impenetrable as is commonly thought. There are obscurities, of course, hidden dark depths. How else were he worth our study? These are the promise of his future. But there are shallows, too, as by the seashore, where a child may wade.

Let us clearly understand, at any rate, that whatever of obscurity there is comes neither of carelessness or intent. He did his utmost to express himself in clearest English. Long and patiently he toiled at the drudgery of dictionary study to try and perfect himself in the use of his tools and make the most of human speech. But the thought to be expressed was ever more to him than the manner of its expression. It sprang, too, so often from such great depths, gathering momentum as it rose, that words, waiting not upon the order of their going, tumbled, sometimes, heels over head in their struggling outrush to bear it forth.

It happened, too, that the age wherein he sang was one of easy flowing versification. Dryden and Pope had set the pace years before; and sometimes truth itself was made subservient to the graceful turning of a sentence. This was all so utterly foreign to Browning's build that it may have urged him toward that rugged impetuosity which, shutting him out of an immediate audience, evidenced, at any rate, his manly independence.

For forty long years he sang on with barely a heartening word. He saw laurels laid on other brows and heard an ever-swelling laudation of his contemporary Tennyson. But never a bitter word of jealousy broke bounds. He had his own report of life's outlook to make. Others had theirs. He did not grudge them their audience, though he might hunger for his own. But, howsoever, that hunger might be felt within, he must be true to himself. "I never pretended," he remarks, "to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man.

So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts, and something over: not a crowd, but a few I value more."

Now it matters little what were the outward circumstances in the life of such a man; Isaiah or Amos, Homer or Hesiod, Bunyan or Browning, the intrinsic worth and weight of their word is little altered by what we know of their circumstances. As matter of fact Browning's life was strangely uneventful. There was nothing of the tragedy of Burns, the world-wide kaleidoscopic experience of Stephenson, or such plaudits as spiced the life of Tennyson. His father's success in banking and other business had freed him from financial care. Yet had that success not swallowed up the older man's soul. He loved his library and was deeply religious to the law. Forfeiting a fortune rather than countenance slavery by living in the West Indies he turned later, by conviction, from a fashionable Anglicanism to worship among the despised Congregationalists. And all this told on his child, our Author.

But, as usual, still more did his mother's influence count. "A divine woman," Browning called her in later life. And when in his middle manhood she was taken away by death, it threatened for a while utterly to overthrow him. Intensely evangelical, it was she, above all others, who nurtured in him that God-consciousness which was ever afterward to be his chief characteristic. She nurtured it, too, in nature's way by never suffering a separation of their interests. When, for instance, he heard of Shelley and felt something of his marvellous powers of song, she, evangelical though she was, went from store to store in search of a complete set of the poet's works that they might read them together,—a harder thing and wiser than the ordinary one of indexing the undesirable.

One other event, perhaps, it were well to mention, colouring, as it did, all his later life.

In 1846 he was romantically married to another banker's daughter, Miss Barrett, a fragile slip of beautiful womanhood who, like himself, had seen the poet's vision. Ordinarily it ought to have issued ill for these two kindred natures. It did not, however, save only in the life-long estrangement between them and her father. To the day of his death he refused to look upon her face. That was the one cloud that shadowed the otherwise unclouded sky of their married life, a life "whose music," it has been said, "was more perfect than anything either ever wrote."

Born, May 7th, 1812, and dying December 12th, 1889, Robert Browning's life covers one of the most interesting periods of human thought. In 1859 he saw the issue of Darwin's epoch-making book, The Origin of Species; and lived through the succeeding thirty years of an ever-deepening and wide-spreading scepticism. Gradually the view gained ground, so little foreseen by Darwin himself, that somehow God might be dispensed with. The wizard word Evolution was to take his place.

A passionate spirit of analysis was born among men. The origin of all that is seemed simply a question of greater telescopic or microscopic power, perhaps, even, only the keenness of a knife's edge! Imagination died. Darwin, himself, lamented, late in life, his own loss of all pleasure in poetry and painting. The mystery of being seemed resolvable into chemical constituents. The soul was simply of a somewhat finer texture than the flesh. Man's worth was calculable, a mere matter of measurement of physical forces. Immortality was but a dream or pious longing. All of it man might ever know was in the

memory of those he left behind when his little candle-light of life went out in the darkness of death.

Now the end of all this was evident, the problem, for such as Von Hartman, simpy being how best to bring this "march of misery to its final close, when misery will end with the ending of existence."

Men shrank back, indeed, from the issue. But the forces of unfaith held the field. No adequate answer was forthcoming from the popular areas of investigation. Christendom stood trembling at the taunts of this latter-day Goliath. Then it was there stepped from the green hillsides a new David in Robert Browning. And without the arms of common controversialists, with, instead, the simple sling of verse and pebble stones of thought from the perennial stream of man's religious consciousness laid the boasting giant low; low, at any rate, as one vaunting himself before the living God.

He who championed Israel then and thus is a living leader still against that old-time thought in a popularized materialism. Dr. Bordoe, for instance, one of Browning's ardent admirers and helpful critics, tells of his own experience. He had come, after long research, to set aside the God of our Bible as no longer credible, and with this, of course, all that is most characteristic of Christianity. Then he went one night to hear a lecture on Sordello. He bought the book, bought a complete set of Browning, read on through "Men and Women," "Saul," "A Death in the Desert"; felt himself more and more in the grip of a master mind, till, by slow and painful processes, he was led back to love and trust.

So in cases more than can be counted has been the influence of this best of modern apologists on the minds of men.

GOD.

Take, first, the cardinal conception of all his life, of all men's lives, as a matter of fact, his conception of God. "He is not there," says the telescope: "nor there," cries the microscope. "Then where?" asks the seer. Somewhere, surely, or,—

> "What is this I hunger for but God?
> My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee
> As though naught else existed, we alone!

If not without, why then, perhaps, within.

> "And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
> Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
> I need Thee, and I feel Thee, and I love Thee.',

There is a world without, wide and wonderful. God is not there, you say. Why, then, there is a world within, more wonderful and vast, compassing about in strangely paradoxical way the seeming outside world itself. Its phenomena are real as the things you see, and far more suggestive. Have you sought Him there?

> "My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee."

That was the prayer of Browning's youth in "Pauline." And never was prayer more splendidly answered, yes, splendidly, that is the word. Through all his after life the vision deepened and grew clear; till, in the maturity of his manhood, knowing all that agnosticism could say, reverently or otherwise, he published his enlarged and emended "Saul," "a poem full of the joy of life, the might of love, the beauty of nature, the greatness of man and the vision of God."

In this he says,—

> "The truth came upon me. . . .
> I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less.
> In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod."

But it is not enough that God be simply seen either in the world about us or the imperfect soul within in any vague way. The heart hungers for some entirely satisfying sight. So, setting himself in that old semi-darkness of Judaism of Saul's day, symbolized in the semi-darkness of Saul's tent, he sings in a magnificent outburst of prophetic song,—

"O Saul, it shall be,
A face like my face that receives Thee! a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever: a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of life to thee: See the Christ stand!"

For to Browning, all revelations of God culminate in Christ. Here is the heart of his message to us to-day. Amid all the clash of creeds and antagonisms of purely physical findings, there stands out one unique, transcendent fact, the fact of Christ, an actual bodying forth of what he makes Karshish conceive as answering adequately his utmost ideal of God,—

"The very God: think Abib: dost thou think?
So the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayest conceive of mine!
But love I gave thee with myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"

From this follows a truth which meant much to the dust-blinded minds of his own generation much also to us, to-day, amid the deepening mystery of an ever-enlarging world. Just as, could we look out over life with the clear, deep-seeing eyes of God, and from His standpoint, darkness would disappear, so, a hearty welcoming of Christ is our measure of such sight and lets light in on all earth's darkness.

"The acknowledgem nt of God in Christ,
Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it."

Man's Worth.

By the downstooping divinity, then, of this man, Jesus is born for Browning the most exalted idea of the common man's worth. The spirit of an age which deposes God, as the spirit of an age which unduly exalts Him depreciates man and makes impossible healthful moral progress. In both cases man, being no more man, is puppet-like, at the play of arbitrary sovereignty, heartless law, or blind chance. That there are limitations of freedom in our lives it were blindness not to note,

"How strange now looks the life He makes us lead,
How free we seem, how fettered fast we are."

There you have fate, law, arbitrary sovereignty, or what you will; a clear discernment of what only fools ignore. But—

"I feel He laid the fetter, let it lie."

There you have the filial recognition of an Over-Lord who is ever uplifting.

"Let it lie," for within this God-laid limitation, aye, and indeed, thereby, lie also our ever-enlarging possibilities! Our very consciousness of limitation is promise of its transcendence. Certainly seems this true to him of the limitating decree of death. It fits not with the facts of consciousness save as a blackness into which, arc-like, is projected all that's best about us. And the stream of consciousness here clearly enough indicates the sweep of the circle there, that circle which, in biblical phraseology, we speak of as immortality.

Immortality.

Here then, over against the despair of Omar Khayyam's

"There was a Door to which I found no Key,
There was a veil past which I could not see,
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seemed—and then no more of Thee and Me,"

set the buoyant hopefulness, the enthusiastic outlook of this brave-souled Browning.

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard them once: we shall hear it by-and-by."

Again, in his Rabbi Ben Ezra,—

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure."

Death shall not have destroyed our human interests in that all-enduring day. The accidental shall have dropped away with the fading fleshly guise. But our true selves, with our loves and hates, our envies and ambitions, these abide, only uplifted to still higher level or sunken more deeply down.

Now, with such philosophic outlook upon life, how does this man bear himself amid its practical exigencies? What has he to say about its daily drudgery?

Work.

Drudgery! There can be no drudgery with such outlook as his. To him, as to Goethe, work is life, but with a clearer assurance of a larger life than the German ever knew, work came correspondingly by greater worth. He is a happy man who, in the wide world progression, has found his place, knows it as his, and gets at his work with a swing and a song.

"Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect, and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold to God
Who gives, than of His tribes that takes, I must believe."

So,—

"Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I am a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

But, you say, I am far from seeing "the whole design." Why, then,—

"Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tools' true play."

Find out thus what best each with his own tools can do, then go ahead. To every man is given his own work. No man can do another's, or even any angel man's.

"Morning, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God'! sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily bread was earned.
Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell,
But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, 'Praise God!

. . . . . .

"God said in heaven, 'Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight.'
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;
Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;
And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

. . . . . .

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

. . . . . .

"God said, 'A praise is in my ear:
There is no doubt in it, no fear:
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go,
Clearer loves sound other ways,
I miss my little human praise.'
Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell."

And, going forth to find Theocrite, the Archangel says,—

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year,
Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!"

To an ill-trained ear an instrument more or less in the orchestra matters little, but to the musician every part is essential to the whole, and each in its place is of passing importance.

But in all work there will be opposition. And when that opposition is at its worst men so many times lose heart. Then, Browning says,—

"When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something."

It is the heartening way of James,—"My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations."

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!"

For,—

"Why comes temptation but for man to meet and master,
And make crouch beneath his feet

Fail! There is no failure here. It is His work, whom we heed, rather than our own. He began not yesterday; neither will he tire to-morrow. Without hesitancy therefor, yet without overhaste, remembering it is *we* rather than our work that counts, be calmly strong.

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

"But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account:
. . . . . .
"Thoughts hardly so packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped,
All I could be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

The wheel itself is a little thing. But the shaping of the pitcher! And, as strength is born of healthy struggle, so love is born of lofty life; its flower and ripest fruitage.

Love.

So we come to his insistence on what is of the very essence of our Faith.

"Whole centuries of folly, noise and sin! Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest! Love is best."

Yet is this a great common love he means, a love few men have proved in its purifying and ennobling power as he, a love that—

"Greatens and glorifies,
Till God's aglow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before."

A love it is so transfiguring all about him that in very gladness he cries out,—

"O world as God has made it, all is beauty,
And knowing this, is love: and love is duty."

So that to him, too, love is the fulfilling of the law. So comes it that,—

"I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but pure of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue!"

Then,—

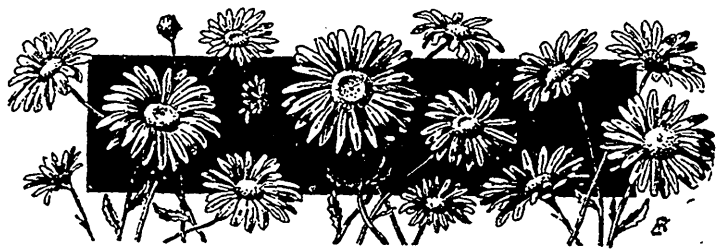
"Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?"

And, when the end comes, square up calmly. He says,—

"Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,

When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
. . . . . .
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute to pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

Halifax, N.S.



"CLOSER THAN A BROTHER."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thy best Friend is near thee, to strengthen and cheer thee:
Close circled art thou with ineffable love;
Beneath thy frail form are the arms everlasting,
Jesus is bending thy pillow above.

In all thy afflictions He, too, is afflicted;—
No season of suffering or sorrow is thine,
O, naught that thou dreadest doth ever approach thee
But wakes a new thrill of compassion divine.

List thou to His voice, which, in softest of accents,
Most sweetly doth speak to thee: "Be of good cheer,
My strength through each trial shall surely sustain thee,
Peace, peace, troubled heart, let Me banish thy fear."

Then glad thee, e'en here, with the joy of His presence;
And rest even now, while Himself is thy stay:—
It will not be long ere He gently will raise thee,
And take to thy resting in gladness for aye.

Till then,—once so near thee, to strengthen and cheer thee,
And since it is changeless, His infinite love,—
Be sure He His tender support will remove not,
Nor cease to be bending thy pillow above!

THE AGE OF AMOS AND HOSEA.

BY THE REV. O. ARMSTRONG.

HE meaning of a picture is largely explained by the background. We need to go behind facts in order to get their ultimate explanation. If we wish to arrive at a clear understanding and a just appreciation of the message of the ancient prophets we must first know the age in which they lived.

The best scholars agree in assigning the appearance of Amos and Hosea in Israel to the middle of the eighth century, B.C., a period which synchronizes with the reputed founding of Rome. Amos stands at the head of those great prophets of whose writings we have some record in our Bibles. He prophesied nearly a half century later than Elisha, beyond whose time few people follow the trail of prophetic influence.

In the eighth century, B.C., the known world, or at least that part of it which figures in history, lay about the Eastern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, South-western Asia, and North-eastern Africa. To the East, centering upon the Tigrus-Euphrates basin lay Assyria, then in its ascendency and aspiring to universal empire. At the other extreme was Egypt still retaining much of its pristine vigor, and capable of making raids upon Judah and carrying off the golden shields of Solomon from the temple at Jerusalem. Both of these countries embraced regions of unsurpassed fertility, and were capable of supporting with ease a vast population.

Between these empires, there lies what we know in general as Syria, a rugged, broken, elongated portion of country, bounded on the West by the Great Sea, and losing itself in the arid Arabian desert on the East. Thus, it formed a great natural highway between Egypt and Assyria, the borders of which were about five hundred miles apart. Over this highway the commerce of the world passed. What Syria lacked in size and natural resources it amply made up in strategic and commercial importance. Its natural features were unfavorable to the growth of a single united nation. Hence it is found parcelled out in ever-varying portions among petty nations generically of the same race, Semitic, but which time and choice had more or less widely separated.

In the time of Amos and Hosea these nations were the Syrians or Arameans on the north, whose territory was contiguous to Assyria. Their chief city was Damascus, from which they were generally ruled.

Further south, between the Lebanon Mountains and the Mediterranean, lay Phœnicia, with its ancient and famous cities of Tyre and Sidon, the emporia of the old-world trade. Still further south, lying between the sea and the highlands of Judah, on a fertile alluvial plain, which for over forty centuries has produced abundant crops, dwelt the Philistines, generally supposed to be a Semitic people. They were wanderers in the earth, eventually making a home for themselves in Western Canaan about the time the Hebrews, after similar migrations, entered it from the East.

On the broken table-lands south and east of the Dead Sea, stretching away into the sandy desert, with boundaries not very clearly defined were, first the Edomites, descendants of Esau whose choice of abode was far from the dwellings of men and the fatness of the earth, and whose living was by the sword, and, second, the Moabites and Ammonites, ill-born descendants of Lot, and as ill-natured in the family of nations as their hereditary predilections would lead us to expect.

In the centre of the group we have mentioned, occupying the best of the land on both sides of the Jordan, were the Hebrews, since the time of Solomon divided into the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel. The territory of the former embracing the hill and desert country, looking toward Egypt, that of the latter the more fertile and productive region divided by the Jordan and reaching to the land of the Arameans,—"the land of milk and honey." The rugged and barren land of Judah fostered a sturdy, hardy breed of men, while the more fruitful tracks of Israel tended to the enervation of its inhabitants.

> "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked,
> Then he forsook God which made him."

Both Assyria and Egypt assiduously courted the good will of these petty nations in order that they might better hold the balance of power to themeselves, or further promote their commercial projects.

Our interest, of course, centres upon the Hebrews, and, more particularly the northern portion of their domain, the Kingdom of Israel. God had seen something worthy in the forefathers of this race, and had chosen them to be his peculiar people, to whom and through whom He was to reveal His will and bestow blessings upon all mankind. They were considered as being in covenant relations with the God Jehovah. The nations around them had their gods also, such as Baal, Dagon, Moloch and Chemos. These we know were not gods, but merely personifications of the racial characteristics of the natural passions. Jehovah, the living one, was Israel's God, but it took centuries of development and discipline before they realized that He was the only God, universal and righteous; and that the gods of the nations were idols and gold and wood and stone, the worship of which ultimately meant the arrest of progress, finality and decay.

Taking up the thread of Hebrew history at the time of Solomon, about 1000 B.C., we find them to be the dominating nation of the world, their northern border almost touching Assyria. The childhood stage of their life had been passed. They were entering the state of national adolescence, during which their social instincts seem to have outgrown the control of their earlier faith and good judgment. Commercial, religious and social alliances were then formed which weakened the national spirit and eventually led to disruption. Milton speaks of

> "That uxorious king whose heart tho' large
> Beguiled by fair idolatresses fell
> To Fidals foul."

From the division of the kingdom after Solomon's death, 937 B.C., the Hebrews lose their high place of prestige in Western Asia. They maintain a precarious struggle for existence against each other, and against unrelenting foes on every side. Territory is repeatedly lost and regained according to the varying fortunes of war. Fear and dread, treachery and suspicion, characterize the international politics.

In the Kingdom of Israel we have the dynasties of Jeroboam, beginning 937 B.C., Omri 887 B.C. and Jehu 842 B.C., besides minor ones following one another in rapid succession, each sweeping away its predecessor by

hands of violence. Omri and Ahab his son were the strongest rulers down to the time of Jehu in whose dynasty Amos and Hosea prophesied.

An event took place in the reign of Ahab which, on account of its far-reaching influence upon the religious history of the Hebrews, calls for special mention. That was the introduction of Baalism brought about by an alliance with Phoenicia, further strengthened by the marriage of Ahab to Jezebel, the daughter of the Phoenician king. This meant not only a departure from Jehovah but the introduction of a type of worship where gross and degrading practices received religious sanction—

> "For those the race of Israel oft forsook
> Their living strength, and unfrequented left
> His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
> To bestial gods."

Jehovah is a jealous God, and His champion in this crisis was the stern, uncompromising Gileadite, Elijah, the ancient John the Baptist. He entered the lists against Jezebel and the court-fed priests of Baal; and at last in one day dealt a deathblow to false worship by an open test on Mount Carmel.

It is only from the vantage point of a later time that we are enabled to see the greatness of the task that confronted Elijah, and with what amazing courage and persistence he carried out his mission. He started a wave of popular indignation against Baalism and false worship that eventually, under John, swept it out of Israel, and not from that day to the present have the Hebrew people suffered a rival of the name of Jehovah among them!

Those were times of partial light. The drastic and treacherous methods employed by Jehu to exterminate Baalism can claim no palliation except from the circumstances of the age in which he lived. He was an antetype of the unspeakable Turk, an avenging eagle, swooping unannounced upon the corrupt carcase of Baal-worship.

Jehu did not prove equally successful as a warrior as he did a reformer. The Syrians were now making vigorous attacks under the usurper Hazael. Under Jehu and his successor Jehoahaz Israel was reduced to great straits. They were ground down "like the dust in the threshing." Their fighting force was reduced to fifty horsemen, ten chariots and ten thousand footmen. The Philistines, Edomites, and Moabites taking advantage of their weakness, harassed them by predatory raids, carrying off defenceless inhabitants and selling them into slavery.

At this juncture Elisha appeared. In contrast to his spiritual mentor, Elijah, he became an earnest advocate and supporter of national life, rather than its critic. Their work was complementary: Elijah's was destructive; Elisha's constructive; the one killed; the other made alive. Elisha's unyielding faith in the divine mission of Israel turned the tide of Hebrew prestige once more towards its flood. His dying words to Joash were a prophecy that Israel would yet overcome Syria. This brings us to the beginning of the 8th century.

Joash and Jeroboam II., 781 B.C., were the two kings who delivered Israel from their vassalage. Syria was forced to relinquish the cities and territory wrested from Israel, and the chosen people again reigned from "the entering in of Hamath to the Dead Sea." The sacred record tells us that Jehovah raised up for them a saviour. This we know was Shalmaneser II. of Assyria, who pressed Syria so heavily from the North that she was unable to defend her Jordanic possessions. The Kingdom of Israel left free from oppressors now entered upon an era of rapid development and unprecedented prosperity.

Meantime the Kingdom of Judah

after experiences resembling those of its neighbor, had entered, under Uzziah, upon a similar era of prosperity, so that between the two kingdoms the Hebrews again led sway over a territory commensurate with the original Kingdom of David and Solomon. It should be noted that the Kingdom of Judah maintained an unbroken succession of kings according to promise and also a purer religion, although at one time the Jehovah faith was endangered by the influence of Baalism.

It will next be in order to examine more closely the character of these peoples that we have thus briefly mentioned. This is an essential feature of the study before us. The outlook of Amos was cosmopolitan. He studied theology and political economy together, and both through the perspective of world-wide events.

The first nation characterized by Amos is Syria, the head of which was Damascus, the finest and oldest city in the world. Divine honors were ascribed to their rulers, who were known as sons of the god Hadad. The guilt of Damascus was greatly accentuated by the atrocities of Hazael, a man who had basely abused what knowledge of the true God he had. He gloried in war, and his campaigns against the Israelites were characterized by the most wanton cruelties.

Amos says that the Syrians threshed the Gileadites with threshing instruments of iron. This instrument is described as a heavy wooden drag, armed underneath with jagged stones or with knives, which being heavily weighted was drawn by oxen over the threshing floors. The Syrians, if this is to be taken literally, had during their wars against Jehu and Jehoahaz dragged this as an instrument of torture over Israelitish prisoners. Under any interpretation, cruel and inhuman conduct are to be charged against them.

Amos next passes to Gaza, the chief city of Philistia, and the centre of a large slave traffic. These people seemed to be particularly antagonistic to Israel, with whom they fought sometimes by a regular army, but more often in guerilla warfare. When the people of Judah had fled to them for refuge and succor in times of invasion they basely disregarded the laws of national hospitality, and sold the entire body of refugees to their hereditary enemies, the Edomites. Milton thus describes the spirit of their religion:

> "Next came one
> Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
> Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
> In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
> Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:
> Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man,
> And downward fish; yet had his temple high
> Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
> Of Palestine."

Tyre, representing Phoenicia, is the next to receive notice. Her sin is similar to that charged against Philistia, but there was greater culpability from the fact that Tyre had violated a certain brotherly covenant. In primitive society relations of friendliness and faith could exist only where there was a solemn compact for peace. It appears that Tyre in her mad passion for wealth, for which she was noted (Ezek. 27), had ignored every trace of honor, and perfidiously betrayed her neighbors.

Edom, nearest in blood to Israel, next appears before the prophetic eye. Mutual jealousy and strife, prefigured in the early life of Jacob and Esau, prevailed throughout their entire history. Contrary to the adage that time cures all things, time served only to embitter and intensify Edom's hatred for Jacob. In his masterly way Amos sets forth the Edomite character. He pursues his brother—*his brother*—with the sword. He

casts off all pity. His anger tears perpetually, and his wrath burns forever!

Amos appears to be working to a climax, as he describes the great sin of Moab and Ammon. Moab burns the bones of the king of Edom with lime, a deed manifesting a character strangely irreverent and vindictive. The sin of the Ammonites is unmentionable. In their lust for territory they pursued a most unpardonable method of destroying human lives and annihilating whole populations. "Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice," and "Chemos, the obscene, dread of Moab's sons," embodied the religious ideals of these transjordanic nations. This will suffice to give us a general idea of the kind of neighbors the Hebrews had to deal with, and from whom Amos would get his ideas of human nature. Dean Farrar graphically summarized the situation in the following trenchant words:

"There flamed or smouldered between the nations the concentrated malignity of immemorial blood feuds and the loathing of religious hatreds. War between such nations meant exile, slavery, extermination, the most barbarous mutilation of men and women and the dashing of infants down the rocks. In such a condition of society, amid the cruel imminence of kidnapping, slave raids, and horrible invasions, it was not unnatural that the comity of nations should be a thing unknown."

Returning to the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, which we left in the midst of an era of great prosperity, we may now glance at their internal condition at closer range. Such prosperity they had not known for two centuries at least. It forms a distinct epoch in their history. Prosperity designed for a blessing, became to the people a curse. The rulers lived in the present, and made the most of it. Only a few elect souls interpreted divine principles arightly, and read correctly the signs of the times.

Let us briefly summarize the situation as it appeared in the time of Amos. There had been a half century free from foreign or internal strife. Damascus was busy with Assyria on the north, Egypt was generally inactive and the horizon to the south was clear. The droughts, earthquakes, and visitations of locusts, that were so common impeded but little the onward flow of prosperity. The great middle class, the strength of democracy, had been weakened by the atrocious massacres of Jehu and the succeeding wars. The rulers and upper classes became wealthier, the poor became poorer. The gulf between the extremes widened as the passion for wealth and power increased. Deeds of violence became common. A flaunting aristocracy on the one side called forth a sullen and vindictive anarchism on the other side. It was a picture on a smaller scale of the Russia of to-day.

The people who had been called of God to be a holy nation, and a moral light to all mankind were departing farther and farther from the standards of their faith, and becoming more and more like the nations around them politically and socially. They still believed in Jehovah, but their conception of Him was moulded by the desires of the flesh. Since they were Jehovah's people they believed that he would protect them under any circumstances. If he did not, they reasoned that it must be because he was not as strong as the gods of the other nations. Their belief led them to follow more punctiliously than ever the forms of worship, while at the same time they pursued more ardently than ever lives of selfishness and greed. "Wickedness and worship" very aptly describes the situation. People and priest alike, en-

veloped in the fog of their own worldly wisdom, were complacently drifting to their destruction, and at the same time tenacious in their belief that they, the people of Jehovah, were being providentially carried forward to the Elysium of greater national prosperity and power.

A state of things like that could not last. The end not only of Israel, but of all flesh would speedily come. To Amos and Hosea belong the unsurpassed honor of breaking the spell of death settling on humanity, and calling, if not all men, at least a hopeful remnant, back to life.

All of these points to which reference has been made are elaborated in every detail in the works of Amos and Hosea, and may there be studied by any Bible reader who will search the Scripture for himself. We quote briefly passages from Amos and Hosea to illustrate this. "Publish ye in the palaces of Ashdod, and in the palaces of the land of Egypt, and say, Assemble yourselves upon the mountains of Samaria and behold the great tumults in the midst thereof, For they know not to do right, saith the Lord, who store up violence and robbery in their palaces." Here Amos is calling on the surrounding nations to witness the moral corruption of Israel.

Even the women were recreant to their high calling, and Amos thus exposes their selfish lives: "Hear this word ye kine of Bashan that are in the mountain of Samaria which oppress the poor, which crush the needy, which say to their masters, Bring and let us drink"!

Compare this with Hosea's caustic words, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye children of Israel; for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing, by lying and killing and stealing and committing adultery they break out and blood toucheth blood."

Let no one think that such a study as this is fruitless, or a dry-as-dust enterprise undertaken by theologians from a sense of duty. The word of God is living and active. The present is mirrored in the imperishable volume of inspired writing. Every principle there set forth as righteous is seven times tried. The analogy between the age of Amos and Hosea and periods in our own history are most striking.

George Adam Smith points out the analogies between the age of Amos and the 14th century in England, the century of Langland and Wyclif:

> "Then as in the Israel of Amos' day a long and victorious reign was drawing to its close, city life was developing at the expense of country life, the rich and poor were forming two distinct classes, there was a national religion, zealously cultivated and endowed by the liberality of the people, with many pilgrimages to popular shrines, but superstitious and disfigured by grave abuses; and, then, also prophesy raised its voice, for the first time fearless in England."

There are points of resemblance between the age of Amos and Hosea and that of the present. There was wealth and unexampled prosperity; there was formality in religion; there was great ado about theories of right, while the wrong was permitted to govern; there was a dominating materialism that sapped the moral vigor, paralyzed the will power, and beclouded the spiritual vision of the people; there were gorgeous displays of dress, sumptuous feasts, and inordinate desire for pleasure and self-gratification; there were kings without regality, rulers without integrity, wealth without manhood, prophets without messages, optimists without moral insight and ecclesiastics, and statesmen without policies; there was a stupid indifference to social and

humanitarian obligations; and, crowning all, a superstitious belief in the necessity and certainty of progress.

Are not these qualities to be seen in our North American civilization today? Yes, they are, but, thanks to the overruling Providence of God which has raised up such men as Amos, Isaiah, Paul, Luther, Wesley and a great multitude of others to proclaim the truth, the outlook for our future is full of hope. With all its sins, there is moral force enough yet in the American political organism to carry it through centuries to come and give it a part in the millennium itself.

We owe a great debt to Amos and Hosea. Conscious that God was with them, and that He had called them, they stood alone in the age of corruption which has been here depicted, delivered their message and trustfully retired. Truth is mighty and will prevail. The work of these men forms the mighty mountains from which the streams of our highest and best civilization have their source. These were the holy men of old who like the divine Son did their work once for all. In their messages we shall read the solution of the problems of our own age and the destiny of our own civilization.

Emerson, Man.

"THE MILLS OF GOD."

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

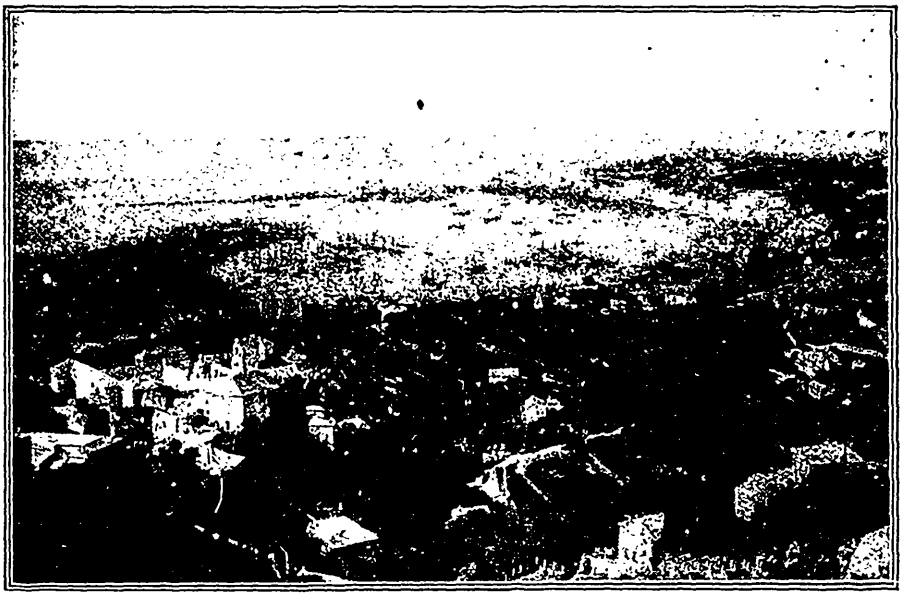
A man stood stained: France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.
In all the circle of the ancient sun
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.
In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.
Hell laughed its little hour; and then behold
How one by one the guarded gates unfold.
Swiftly by Unseen forces hurled
And now a man rising against the world!

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong!
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power
That moves wool-shod through sepulchre and tower.
No truth so low but He will give it crown:
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.
O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

BY THE EDITOR.



GENOA FROM THE HEIGHTS.

WITH its noble terraces of frescoed palaces rising tier above tier from the sea, Genoa sits like a queen on the slopes of the lovely Gulf, and well deserves the proud name of *La Superba.* No city in Italy contains so many old ducal palaces. These are, for the most part, built in a hollow square, with magnificent marble stairways leading to the stately halls and apartments of the upper stories. The outer walls bear elaborate frescoes, which still preserve much of their original brightness. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron, which gives the streets a narrow, gloomy and prison-like appearance. At the entry to the great houses stands the *concierge,* magnificent in gold-laced livery, silk stockings and gold-headed staff of office.

The old Hotel de la Ville was formerly the palace of Fiesci, between whom and their rivals the Bianci long waged a deadly feud. It looks more like a prison than a palace, with its low-browed arches, and immensely thick walls. It stood formerly on the very verge of the shore, though now a busy street intervenes. Many of the rooms are large and lofty with frescoed vaulting, adorned with pictures of pious Aeneas, the young Anchises, hapless Queen Dido and other mythical characters of Virgil's great poem. Quaint old furniture,

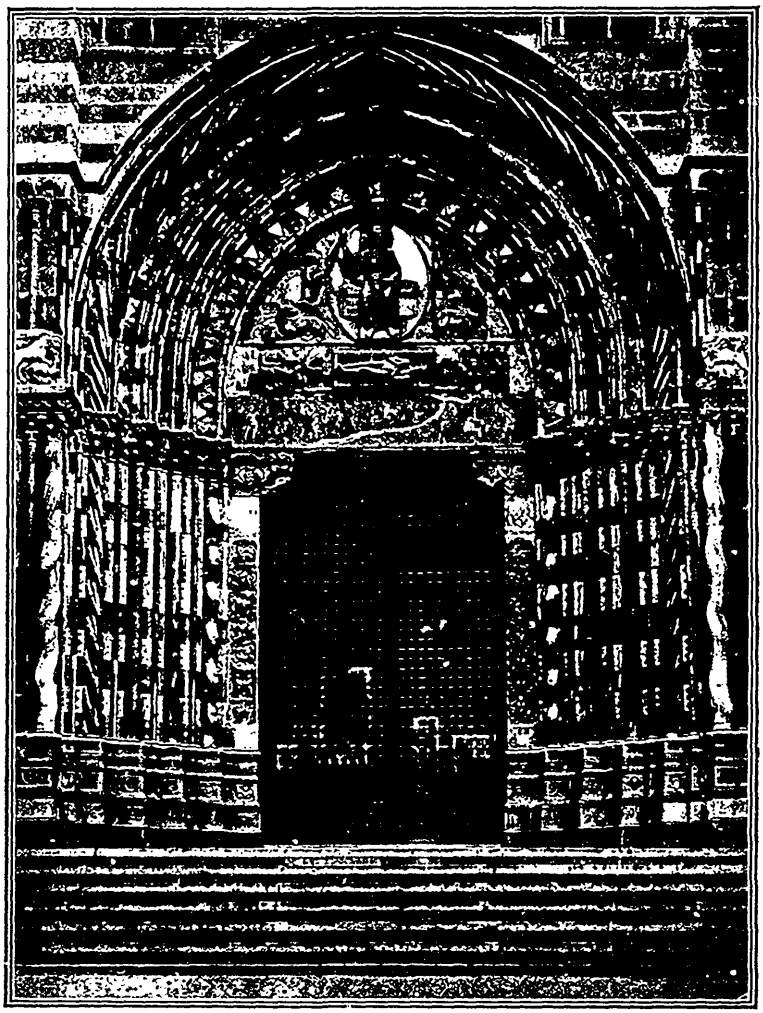
GRANDMOTHERS BUSY WITH DISTAFF AND SPINDLE.

tapestry, carved cabinets and other symbols of the pomp of other days are much in evidence. There is a strange contrast between the up-to-date elegant furnishings of some of these chambers and the memories of ghosts, guilt and crime that haunt them still.

Many of the palaces, with their priceless art treasures, are freely thrown open to the inspection of tourists; and though now exhibiting "a faded splendour wan," they recall its golden prime, when Genoa vied with Venice for the mastery of the Mediterranean.

The memories of the old Doge Doria haunt the ancient town. The famous Palazzo Doria, a grandoise structure by the seaside, was presented to Andrea Doria, the father of his country—Padri della Patria—in 1522. The old hero lived to the age of ninety-two. Much given to ostentation, he had still, like Mrs. Gilpin, a frugal mind. Giving a state banquet on his flagship in the harbor, he gave command that the silver flagons after circling round the festive board should be thrown into the sea that they might not be desecrated by baser use hereafter; but he had cunningly arranged a netting all around the ship that he might combine economy with show of lavish pomp and splendor. The great courts, arcades and formal old Italian gardens are now invaded on every side by the railway tracks of the great and busy city. The huge statue of the Doge Doria frowns down upon this invasion of his former state.

Near by is a seldom visited but very interesting garden, that of the Palazzo Rosazza. One climbs terrace after terrace up the steep hillside abounding in artificial cascades and grottos, mouldering classic busts and statuary. But most fascinating of all is the wealth of tree and shrub and



MAIN PORTAL. CATHEDRAL SAN LORENZO, GENOA.

flower—the lofty umbrella pine, the melancholy cypress, the fragrant lemon and camphor, and everywhere the close clipped box whose fragrance fills the air. On the highest point is classic Belvedere, and from different points are circular openings in which the distant view is gracefully framed.

The Royal Palace contains a grandoise suite of apartments, but it has little interest except to those whose delight is in sumptuous upholstery and elaborate furniture.

One of the most splendid palaces is that of the University of Genoa. A stately marble stair guarded on either side by couchant lions, leads up to an open court, and beyond that to a botanical garden and observatory, commanding a majestic view.

THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA.

Some of the most interesting memories of Genoa are connected with that intrepid genius who first unveiled the western world to European eyes. A noble marble monument of the great discoverer, with reliefs of the principal scenes of his life, graces one of its squares. In the Municipal Palace I saw the famous bust of Columbus, about which Mark Twain so bothered his unfortunate guide, also the ill written autograph letters, which any American boy could surpass. I noticed that the signature was a sort of play upon his name—XPOFERENS.

Genoa has a thoroughly foreign aspect—the narrow streets, some are not more than five feet wide; the trains of laden mules, with jingling bells on their necks; the gloomy arcades under many of the buildings; the black-lace veils, worn as the only

head-dress of the ladies in the streets; and other peculiarities remind us that we are in Italy.

It was the *festa* of St. John the Baptist, and the churches were gay with floral decorations. The cathedral of San Lorenzo, especially, was festooned with wreaths, and at night illuminated with countless lamps. I stood in the square and listened to the sweet-toned clangour of the joyous *festa* bells. In this same old church is preserved, with great veneration, the so-called "Holy Grail," or vessel out of which our Lord partook, it is said, the Last Supper with His disciples.

The black and white marble front and sculptured doorway is singularly effective. In the arch is shown our Saviour enthroned and at his feet St. Lawrence being roasted on a grid iron, while at either end his persecutors blow up the flames with a bellows.

The most sumptuous church in Genoa is that of St. Annunziata—an ugly brick structure without, but within a perfect blaze of gold and marble, lapis lazuli and precious stones. The city is wonderfully irregular in surface. The Ponte Carignano is a bridge leaping across a densely-peopled valley, a hundred feet deep—some of the houses are nine stories high—while the still higher grounds are crowned with villas and gardens.

Wandering one afternoon in this deep canyon, with its crowded cliff-dwellings on either side, we heard a violent and incessant throbbing as of repeated strokes upon a table, accompanied with loud ejaculations. We approached an open door to investigate, and found there a group of peasant folk engaged at their popular national game of mora. The men flung down their open hands upon the table, with one or more fingers

STAIRWAY, UNIVERSITY, GENOA.

clasped to the palm, when the participants in the game loudly vociferated the number of extended fingers. The gestures were eager, excited, almost as quick as lightning. They took no notice of our presence, but went on with the absorbing child-like game.

A few steps further we heard the sound of singing in pure, sweet, strong, boyish voices. We entered the church and sought in the sacristy, or robing room of the priests, the source of the music. It was like a picture out of the middle ages. A few serge-clad, rope-girt, sandaled, tonsured monks were playing upon violins and bass viols while a group of altar boys in lace surplices were warbling the ancient hymns of the church. The only light poured down from the arched and narrow windows and produced an effect such as those in which Rembrandt delights.

From the ancient fortifications overlooking the city an enchanting view is obtained of the far-shimmering

A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTO, GENOA.

surface of the blue Mediterranean the majestic sweep of the coast-line, and the noble and fortress-crowned heights that girdle the city. As an illustration of Italian courtesy, we may mention that we made on our first visit the casual acquaintance, in the public gardens, of Signor Di Rossi, a leading merchant of the city, who showed us much attention, gave us valuable information and invited us to share the hospitality of his own house.

Among the most impressive things one sees in Italy are the Camp Santi, or Holy Fields, where rest the dead in their last long slumber. The most famous of these is that at Pisa, a large area encompassed by arcaded and painted cloisters with exquisite Gothic screens. Here fifty-three shiploads of earth were brought from Palestine that pious souls who could not go to the Crusades might still be buried in the sacred soil of the Lord's own land, hence the name Holy Field.

The most splendid of these is that at Genoa. We enter first a large rectangular space studded with the sombre cypress, relieved by snowy marble monuments. Around these are vast covered arcades in the recess, and intervals of which are innumer-

A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTO, GENOA.

able memorials of domestic affection. The tale of sorrow, old as humanity yet ever new, appeals to the sympathies of every soul. Some of the statues are too literal on their imitation of modern dress for artistic feeling, but others are profoundly impressive. One we recall of Ezekiel's vision—the inspired sage and seer prophesying in the valley of dry bones, a presage and a promise of the resurrection of the just. Another was the most magnificent conception of the resurrection we ever saw. A virile and vital figure of our Lord bursting in triumph from the tomb, and by his very attitude and gesture declaring the immortal message, "I am the resurrection and the life."

On the highest point of the cemetery is a Pantheon-like rotunda for funeral services. It possesses, next to the Baptistry at Pisa, the finest echo we ever heard. Here a band of Canadian pilgrims sat and sang some of the noble hymns of our faith, the holy refrain falling back from the lofty dome like spirit voices in the air.

Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.

NEGROES WHO HAVE RISEN.

THE Negroes of Philadelphia include one worth $300,000, a caterer worth $250,000, and a well-to-do stock-broker. In some parts of Virginia the negroes own one twenty-sixth of the total real estate, exclusive of holdings in towns. In Louisville, Ky., negroes have two drug stores, two millinery establishments, five printing offices, six feed stores, seven groceries, five tailors, six undertakers, two butchers, three insurance companies, two machine shops, two gentleman's furnishing stores, and many churches. The negroes also have here a medical college, and the State University, which is the pride of the negroes of Kentucky. In Georgia negroes pay taxes on over a million acres of land, and upon an entire property aggregating $16,000,000. All these figures are significant of the fact that the negroes of this country are accumulating property, acquiring homes, and prospering in business.

In this connection, just a word about the business enterprises among a negro population of 50,000 in New York City. Their financial institutions include the Afro-American Investment and Building Company and the Mercantile Realty Company, both of which help their negro members to purchase homes. One negro recently sold his property holdings on Seventh Avenue for $85,000. The negroes there have eight printing offices and two large livery stables, one of these, owned by Roger Taylor, doing a business of $40,000 a year.

Many of the large office buildings are cleaned by a negro firm of house

E. SCOTT.
National Negro Business League.

cleaners. There are twenty doctors, two dentists, and over twenty lawyers, a newspaper called The Age, and a monthly magazine.

Real property owned by the negroes of the city is valued at $2,000,000, exclusive of church property. Negro ministers are doing their part in uplifting the race. They have great influence among their people, and the members of their congregation look up to them for guidance in temporal matters, as well as spiritual.

A few details relating to certain fields of work in which negroes have been peculiarly successful are in order here. Take the publishing business, for example. Of the hundreds of newspapers started by negroes, very few were intended to serve as stepping-stones to fortune. Nearly all were started with loyal motives. Many of the negro papers now have much influence among the race, especially papers like the Indianapolis Freeman,

THE STAFF OF A NEGRO INSURANCE OFFICE.

the Dallas Express, the New York Age, and the Birmingham Free Speech. In Boston it published Alexander's Magazine, edited and owned by Charles Alexander, a colored man, who says: "My magazine teaches optimism. It selects the best examples of race development as a means of inspiration to others."

Many negroes have achieved notable success in the insurance business. One of the foremost of the negro insurance companies has its headquarters at Richmond, Va. The president of the company, E. T. Johnson, writes: "Twenty men, prominent in various churches, met and put together their money, thus laying the foundation of the leading negro financial organization of the State, the Richmond Beneficial Insurance Society, doing business among colored people. The colored people have a horror of poverty in the day of sickness and death. Hence it is not surprising that we issued more than 85,000 certificates of membership up to the beginning of the present year. The organization has carried sunshine and happiness into the homes of thousands. Many a family has been saved the humiliation of asking assistance from others. The State has been saved thousands of dollars in expenditures for charities, annually, by this and similar companies. We employ more than 400 young men of the race in our various offices."

"In banking, several negroes have risen to important positions," says T. H. Shorts, President of the Bank of the Galilean Fishermen, of Hampton, Va. "Our bank now owns its own property, with burglar and fireproof vaults. The bank property is worth $20,000; the insurance department has had a wonderful growth, and the bank itself has an authorized capital of $100,000. The total value of all our property in Hampton is $35,000."

Agriculture, of course, claims the largest number of successful negroes; for, as tillers of the soil, negroes are at their best. A prominent negro farmer in the South is R. L. Smith, of Paris, Texas, who organized the Farmers Improvement Society, its objects being the abolition of the credit system, better methods of farming,

DIRECTORS OF A NEGRO BANK IN THE SOUTH.

co-operation in buying and selling, care for the helpless, and ownership of homes. Mr. Smith writes: "We have a membership of 4,000, who pay taxes on a million dollars worth of property. The organization has just bought sixty-three acres of land, as a site for an agricultural school for young negroes. We urge the discussion of agricultural questions, and have now some 200 branches in Texas. All other farmers' movements, both white and colored, in this State, have grown out of this one. The attitude of the whites towards the movement has always been cordial and helpful." Mr. Smith has represented his county in the Legislature of Texas in two terms and is now a Deputy U. S. Marshal.

Among negroes who are tradesmen or storekeepers, a favorite business is that of the druggist. There are over sixty negro druggists in the country —perhaps many more than that— owning stores worth from $600 to $5,000.

Of all those who are helping the negro to attain wealth and position, the greatest is Booker T. Washington. One little story of how he founded the Tuskegee Institute is of interest here. A call for a teacher came from Tuskegee, Alabama. Washington—who was then at Hampton—was given the post. In a shanty, on the Fourth of July, 1881, with thirty pupils, he founded the Tuskegee Institute. Even while he addressed his pupils, the condition of the "Institute" building was such that he had to hold an umbrella over his head as a protection against the inpouring rain. The next day he mailed a letter to General Armstrong, of the Hampton school, asking a loan of $500 for a new building. The General responded with a check, and Washington and his pupils determined to build the building themselves. They even made their own bricks. But when it came to burning the bricks they had to stop—no one knew how to fire a kiln. They could not spare a cent of their $500 for labor, yet they had to burn the bricks. Washington owned a gold watch, a prize won at Hampton. He pawned it, and with the money thus obtained, hired experienced workmen to fire the kiln. The property of the Institute now includes

M. W. PAUNELL, M.D.

E. C. BERRY.

2,500 acres of land and ninety-eight buildings, large and small, where more than 1,000 colored young men and women are receiving an education under the direction of nearly 100 teachers.

At a meeting of the National Negro Business League, Dr. Washington said: "The fact that there can assemble in this beautiful State capitol building, in Nashville, hundreds of colored men and women, from all parts of the country, representing nearly every line of business in which the white man is engaged, is an indication of growth which is more potential and helpful than much abstract argument. The race that can produce such an assembly of men and women, after only forty years of freedom is one to be proud of. We shall succeed in winning our way into the confidence and esteem of the American people just in proportion as we show ourselves valuable to the community in which we live, in all the common industries, in commerce, in the welfare of the State, and in the manifestations of the highest character."

"If I were asked," says Booker T. Washington, "to name what, in my opinion, was the most interesting and encouraging body of negroes that I have seen assembled in the last twenty years I should be tempted strongly to name the National Negro Bankers' Association, which held its first meeting in Atlanta a few days ago, in connection with the annual meeting of the National Negro Business League. The growth of the negro in commercial and business directions is indicated by the growth of banks under the control of negroes. Fifteen years ago there were only two banks in America under the control of negroes. At the present time there are thirty-one banks operated and controlled by negroes, and others are being organized each year. There have been very few failures of negro banks; in fact, I only know of the failure of one. He pointed out that in Georgia alone the negroes own $20,000,000 worth of taxable property, and that in the whole country, at a conservative estimate, the negro is now paying taxes upon over $300,000,000."

When God emancipated a nation of slaves he led them for forty years in the wilderness and provided that their shoes should wax not old nor their clothing wear out. He fed them with bread from heaven and with quails from the wilderness; and even then they were a very turbulent, lawless people who were welded into a nation only by strokes of doom on the anvil of war and tribulation. While slavery was an unutterable crime, the sum of all villainies, still it has been marvellously over-ruled by God for the

welfare of the slave. The ten millions of African blood in the United States occupy a higher plane socially, economically, religiously than any other ten millions of their race. Their faults and vices are in large degree sprung from the long and bitter bondage which they endured and its enforced lessons of dishonesty and immorality. When they themselves were stolen and made to render unrequited toil, small wonder that they had not a very nice conscience about the ownership of chickens and watermelons. When the right of marriage was in many cases denied them or was ruthlessly broken, small wonder that they have lax notions of social morality. But the fault is not all theirs: The many shades of color in the so-called negro race show the sin of the white man as well as of the black.

STUDENTS AT COLLEGE, ATLANTA.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

The cross for only a day,
The crown for ever and aye;
The one for a night that will soon be gone,
And one for eternity's glorious morn.

The cross then I'll cheerfully bear,
Nor sorrow for loss or care;
For a moment only the pain and strife,
But through endless ages the crown of life.

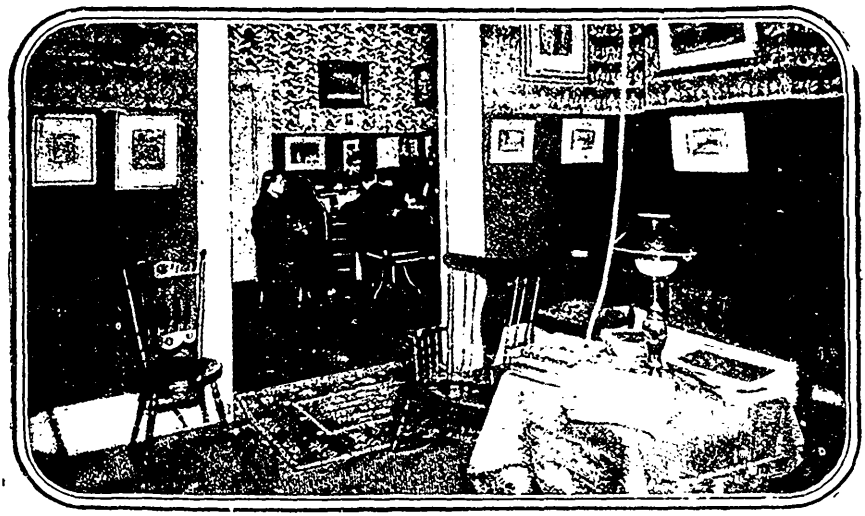
The cross till the conflict's done,
The crown when the victory's won;
My cross never more remembered above,
While wearing the crown of His matchless love.

His cross I'll never forget,
For marks on His brow are set;
On His precious hands, His feet and side,
To tell what He bore for the Church, His bride.

My cross I'll think of no more,
But strive for the crown set before;
That ever through ages my song may be
Of His cross that purchased my crown for me.

The work of redemption done,
His cross and His crown are one;
The crimson and gold will for ever blend
In the crown of Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

A CHURCH OF MANY ACTIVITIES.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE "FREE DOCTOR" OF THE PARISH.

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused a few months ago by the action of the International Church Congress Exposition at Liege, Belgium, in awarding a medal to the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. James, in Philadelphia, as being the "ideal religious establishment" of its kind on either continent. This distinction—which of course was made without the slightest intention of discriminating against the extensive settlement and philanthropic work of other churches here and abroad, which were unrepresented in the Exposition—has drawn very general attention to the Quaker City church which was the recipient of the medal in question. Rev. William C. Richardson is the pastor of St. James. The church is rich in original ideas for the betterment of the poor of the parish. Perhaps the most interesting is the church grocery store. This feature is not in favor with those tradesmen of the neighborhood who deal in domestic supplies, for the reason that the prices charged at the church establishment are made to fit the means of the very poorest persons in the parish. Further, if the would-be purchaser of groceries comes without money, she sometimes finds that provisions can be obtained as freely as the Gospel itself. During the twenty-three months in which the store has been in operation, 4,351 customers have been served.

Speaking of the work done, the manager said: "Customers are still coming to us who began with our opening nights. We are retailing good quality groceries at wholesale rates, and we feel that this is an

THE COOKING DEPARTMENT OF THE CHURCH.

actual charity that should be a great help in the philanthropic work of our church. We have in our parish a large number of people of small means who must take advantage of every opportunity to economize. Our store has been established to help these people. The young ladies of the Sunday School have given me invaluable assistance through the past year, and have proven efficient, capable and faithful clerks."

Another unique department of the church is that which invites men who would otherwise be shivering in the streets on cold nights, or seeking the lonesome and doubtful comfort of hall bed-rooms, to come in and stay awhile at the club-house. Shuffleboard, checkers and a piano are among the attractions here. Coffee and sandwiches are served at half-past nine by the ladies of the parish, and athletic and musical entertainments are gotten up for the entertainment of the guests. Magazines and newspapers are provided for the studiously inclined. No wonder the place is the rendezvous for nearly all the single and a good many of the married men of the parish. A method has been devised of distributing coal at a minimum cost. There is a society at the church known as The Fuel-Saving Fund. Its objects are to induce the worthy and industrious poor to practice habits of economy. The society has an endowment which enables it to pay the salaries of its officers and five cents on each ton of coal purchased for depositors. By good business methods it has reduced the price of coal through contracts made early in the season, thereby getting its coal delivered throughout the winter at a low and uniform rate, delivering coal to its depositors $1.25 per ton cheaper than it can be obtained from the retail dealers of the city. The small savings of the poor people throughout the year enable them to get coal at the lowest possible rate. Only the honest poor are allowed to use the fund. To freeze out speculators, there is a rule that not more than one dollar may be deposited in a

IN THE GROCERY STORE OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

week, and not more than three tons of coal may be purchased for a depositor in a year.

The parish has a physician of its own, who makes calls on the sick poor, and has office hours for the reception of the ailing ones who cannot afford a regular practitioner. Calls are answered any time during day or night, and orders are given on druggists for medicine, where it is needed. Formerly, when there was no parish physician, many of the unfortunate people of the parish were obliged to run into debt to their doctor, and then apply for money to cancel indebtedness. By the present system unworthy people are guarded against. Nurses are ready for cases where such help is required.

The story of the numerous departments of this church, that has been declared by the Liege Congress to be the most completely organized of its kind in the world, would take long in the telling. There are departments for the instruction of the girls of the parish in cooking; Summer Outing funds for poor mothers of the parish; a Boot and Shoe Fund, whose object needs no explanation! a Ministering Children's League; a Girls' Friendly Society; an Embroidery Guild; an Industrial School; an Indian Hope Committee; a Maternity Society, and many others. If any one can suggest a department that will do good to suffering humanity, the idea is welcomed. Pastor Richardson bears his honors modestly. He is satisfied to go on with his work, and, in conjunction with his people, to render all the service he can to humanity.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name and sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

PAULINE JOHNSON.

BY ETHEL R. PATTERSON.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON, in her dual capacity as poet and reciter, has been during the last ten years one of the most popular and prominent figures in the Canadian literary world. Certain it is that of our women writers she has attracted the most widespread interest, and there can be no doubt but that this is due to a unique personality as well as to unique work. Her father an Iroquois Indian, chief of the Mohawks, and her mother a cousin of W. D. Howells, Miss Johnson has come to us with all the fire and energy of her race in the days of their glory, and at the same time with the intellectual inheritance of western civilization. We must bear these two lines of influence in mind when reading her poetry.

In the two little books, "The White

Wampum" and "Canadian Born," we find that Miss Johnson has confined herself to two fields of work, the ballad and the lyric.

As a balladist, our poetess is peculiarly happy in her choice of subjects, for she has at her hand an almost inexhaustible fund of Indian traditions and stories, which are living realities to her keen imagination. And it is a high compliment to her art to say that the great enthusiasm, energy, and intensity shown in her story-telling, are qualities which make these scenes realities to her readers also. Nothing stronger, perhaps, has been written in Canadian literature than the ballad, "As Red Men Die." The captive Mohawk chief preferring a torturing death at the hands of his captors to an ignominious captivity, is led down to the path of red-hot coals prepared for him! These lines can give only very inadequately the force of the whole ballad:

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will never droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder yet his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting-grounds.
One savage yell—Then loyal to his race
He bends to death—but *never* to disgrace.

The aim of Miss Johnson's second book is truly laudable and patriotic; the attempt to accentuate that awakened Canadianism of which one hears so much nowadays. Perhaps this end is accomplished more by the exquisite pictures of Canadian scenery and life than by the more obvious attempts, as, *e.g.*, in "Canadian Born":

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Some one has said that a patriotic poem may be patriotic, but it is not a poem. If this be a rule, then "Canadian Born" is no exception. It has the requisite swing and force, but it is not good poetry.

Naturally we expect good things when we come to the Indian legends, and in the weird beauty and touching pathos of the "Pilot of the Plains of Dowendine," Qu'Appelle will long be remembered, especially by those fortunate ones who have heard Miss Johnson's melodious and sympathetic voice as she tells these early traditions of her people. We admire her loyalty to the people of her father, but we feel compelled to demur a little at the fierce partisanship which is most boldly shown in "The Cattle Thief," where the writer descends to mere controversy, when she puts into the mouth of the wife of the murdered Indian chief a speech, whose set eloquence might well do credit to a speaker in a legislative house.

But it is as a lyrist that Miss Johnson has done her most excellent work, and she is at her best in singing of Indian themes, the passions and emotions of her people. This is admirably shown in "A Cry from an Indian Wife," and "The Corn Husker," the latter being a description of an old Indian woman, of whom she says:

And all her thoughts are with the days gone by
Ere might's injustice banished from their lands
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,
Like the dead husks that rustle thro' her hands.

Even in this tender little lullaby song we are made to feel the strange, weird beauty that surrounds the wild Indian life:

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,

Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open peep
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep.
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill;
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,
Little brown baby of mine—go to sleep.

Miss Johnson has given us in her songs an intimate expression of her joys, her sorrows, her many moods. To a gift for picturesque description, and a deep sympathy with, and keen perception of nature, she adds a sane, optimistic spirit of interpretation. The poet's necessarily limited vocabulary compels her to make music with simple words, and this very simplicity and optimism give her a unique place among twentieth-century poets, so many of whom are shrouded in obscurity and pessimism. Miss Johnson's methods of versifying are also direct and simple, but her close communion with nature, her keen insight and truthfulness of impression, make it possible for her to catch the music of nature's own voice. These gifts are best seen in the exquisite music-haunting lyric, "The Song My Paddle Sings." It is her most representative piece of work, and of it we are proudest to say, "This is a Canadian poem by a Canadian woman." If we had Miss Johnson here to read it for us we might almost hear the splash of the paddle, the swish of the running river, and the roar of the rapids in the distance.

Failing in this, may I give you a very faint idea of its charm and beauty?

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam, as over their breast we slip.

And, oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my brow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward, for the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids, we're far ahead!
The river slips thro' its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree, rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

A WILD ORCHID.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

O golden orchid, quaintly rare,
So beauteous strange, so oddly fair,
I wonder if you know
How swift you add, with frolic grace,
Unique attraction to the place
Wherein you chance to grow?

So sumptuously rich your form,
So daring-bright, so tropic warm,
So spirited your glee,—
You bring no mem'ries, tender, sad,
But flashing fancies ripe and glad,
Of elfin buoyancy.

Kin to the butterflies and bees,
In your gay poise one only sees
Rapt, innocent delight,
O, subtly chased intaglio,
Or antique censer all a-glow
With softest topaz light!

Pakan, Alta.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE: PRISON EXPERIENCES.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY THE REV. S. S. HENSHAW.

N common with a large number of Free Churchmen and women I was summoned in His Majesty's name to appear on July 21st, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the Town Hall, Leeds, before two or more of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said city, to show cause why I had not paid and refused to pay, the sum of five shillings, being a portion of the rate for the relief of the poor. I explained to the court that the amount I refused to pay was not a part of the poor rate at all, but was the sum to be devoted under the Education Act of 1902 to the Roman Catholic, State Church and other sectarian schools of the borough, where doctrines were taught and practices indulged in which I did not believe and which I bitterly resented and opposed. And I declared that I would not pay it either willingly or in any other way if I could help it, and I thought I could help it. An order of dist aint was made. But before it could be executed I had divested myself of all goods. By legal document I made over to my wife "in love and affection," as the document quaintly put it, all my books, pictures, furniture, etc. In due time the officers of the law appeared. I smiled all over them, bade them welcome, showed them into the sitting-room, made them comfortable and at home, produced the aforesaid document, and handing it to the police-sergeant told him he would be interested in learning its contents. Having read it, he looked across at my watch-guard and said that it did not seem included. I told him that it certainly was. If it was not expressly mentioned it was there by implication. And so with a grim smile he replied, "Well, if you have no effects, of course we can do nothing," and the two civil officers of the police force departed empty-handed.

MY COMMITTAL.—Another summons to appear before the magistrates was served upon me, and on Thursday, September 22nd, I was before the court, together with Rev. Peter Miller, Baptist, another incorrigible resister. Our good friend and General Sunday-school treasurer, Mr. John Harrison, defended me, and the clever, skilful way in which he conducted the case and put the points of law bothered the Bench and amused the spectators. His main contentions were, first, that the Bench was not obliged to commit us—that the matter was entirely within their discretion; secondly, when they decided that they must commit us, that the committal order should be issued to the churchwardens, not to the police, and as the Education Act was passed in the interests of the Established Church he thought the churchwardens were the proper parties to have the unpleasant duties associated with these prosecutions placed upon them. In the end we were committed for three days to Armley Gaol. Seven days were allowed in which to change our minds and pay the amount.

In the meantime Mr. Harrison an-

nounced to the Bench his intention of giving written notice to the overseers that they were not to receive the money from any person on my behalf and without my authority, or he should require a case for the Higher Courts. A fortnight passed before the execution of the warrant.

My Arrest.—The arrest took place in Mr. Harrison's office. By arrangement I met there Inspector Henderson, who appeared in plain clothes and was as gentlemanly and considerate as any man could possibly be. Accompanied by Mr. J. T. Fleming, Secretary of the Leeds Free Church Council and Citizens' League, we took the tram and rode quietly up to the gaol. People never suspected that I was a criminal in charge of a constable. Arriving at the gaol door we left Mr. Fleming outside and passed in. I was formally delivered up by the Inspector to the prison authorities and he received a receipt for my body. He showed the receipt to my friend, who was waiting for him outside, and he discovered that it was No. 138. The "Leeds Mercury" next day said that for some time to come I should be known not as Rev. S. S. Henshaw, but as No. 138.

My Reception.—These formalities over I was taken to a desk and asked my name, address, occupation, religion, and name of my wife. I was told to take off my boots. Then I mounted a standard and was measured, I jocularly saying that they had not had a man of my measure upon the standard lately. Then I was asked to clear my pockets, after which I was searched. I had two and threepence in money, I did not dare to take more lest they should appropriate it for the rate. A note was made of the contents of my pockets, and I was asked to sign it. Then I was weighed, with boots on this time. Then I was taken into the doctor's room and was told to toe the line that was painted on the floor. The medical examination was satisfactory. I was physically a fit and proper person for that establishment. I retained and wore my own clothes, and I did not take the bath.

My Cell.—When these preliminaries had been settled I was taken to my cell. At first the warder was taking me into what seemed to me a rather low, small, poor, pokey cell, but as soon as we had entered he was called back and received new orders evidently. I was left to stand in the corridor for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes until the warder returned and escorted me to the cell that was to be my home for the little while I should spend under the roof of what a friend of mine has called "one of His Majesty's Homes of Rest." I was favorably impressed with the appearance of the cell. It was beautifully clean and fairly large. It had a boarded floor and white-washed walls. There were in it a white deal stool and a small white deal table about two and a half feet long and a foot broad, on which to get my meals. That was all the furniture except the bed, a small enamelled tin for washing water, and a small enamelled washing-bowl. I had a small coarse towel but no soap. Besides these things I had a small tin plate and a pint tin mug for my tea, etc. The window of the cell was carefully barred and glazed with thick fluted glass, through which no object could be distinctly seen. In the window sill was a ventilator that could be opened and shut from the inside. There was also a gas-light that was controlled from the outside.

My Food.—I entered prison about 5 p.m. Thursday, October 6th. About 6.30 I received my first meal. It consisted of a junk of brown bread weighing 8 ozs., and a pint of skilly

as it is commonly called. It was a kind of gruel or porridge, not very appetizing, perhaps, but wholesome I should judge. I had made a good tea before going in, so was not in the best form for attacking this new diet. However, I took a little for the sake of making an early acquaintance with prison fare. Prisoners have three meals a day, breakfast, dinner, supper.

Friday morning I got for breakfast the junk of brown bread and a can of cold (supposed to be hot) wishy-washy tea. At noon a 6 oz. junk of brown bread, a can of soup and two boiled unpealed potatoes. I did not tackle the potatoes. But I enjoyed the soup. It was good—first-rate. There was not much sign of meat in it, but it was really excellent, well-made soup. For supper, the usual junk of bread and a can of atrocious cocoa, which I could scarcely touch.

My Bed.—I had the ordinary plank bed of course. It is made of three planed and smooth boards about six feet long, held together from beneath by three or four rests about four inches deep. There was a mattress about as hard as the bed, a pillow that was as hard as the mattress, a pillow slip, two sheets, two blankets, and a coverlet or counterpane. It will be seen that there was plenty of bedding, and though not of a fine, first-class quality, it was yet fairly warm and comfortable. The smell of disinfection was upon it and made it a little disagreeable; and sleep! did you sleep, people ask me? I did when I could, and I honestly tried my best. I rolled over and over from side to side, trying to find a soft place in which I could nestle down and be comfortable. But there were no soft places, at least I could not find any. I snatched a little sleep at intervals, just forty winks, a nap, a doze now and again. I lay and rolled on that plank bed until my bones ached, my joints were stiff, and my hips were sore. But it is all a question of habit. You would get accustomed to it if they gave you a chance. After a short experience you would take naturally and kindly to that plank bed, and would sleep as sound as a top.

My Occupation.—When I was going into prison before I left home I slipped into my pocket the little volume on "Nonconformity in Wales," in the new series of books on "Eras of Nonconformity," with the hope that I might be permitted to read it. That book, however, with my fountain pen, lead pencil and every bit of blank paper in my possession was taken from me. "Cannot I read, then?" I asked. "Yes," they replied, "devotional books." "Is there not a library from which I may have books?" I inquired. "Yes," was the laconic answer. No library book was brought to me, nor did I press for one.

In my cell were placed a Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the "Narrow Way," a book of prayers published under the auspices of the Established Church. Indeed I discovered that the religious needs of only two classes were contemplated at all, viz., those belonging to the Established Church and those belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. And I dare say the authorities are largely right in making this arrangement. It is notorious that practically the whole of our criminal population belongs to these two churches. The bishops, priests, and clergy are welcome to this fact. We do not grudge them any satisfaction they may derive from it. As soon as I was locked up in the cell I read a number of chapters in the Book of Job, in the writings of Paul, and in the Revelation of John. Then I turned to the Prayer Book and I settled down to the work

of perusing it with great earnestness, and during my stay in prison I read it from back to back, Litanies, Prayers, Collects, Gospels, Epistles, Psalms, Catechism, Baptismal, Marriage and Burial Services, Churching of Women, Visitation of the Sick, Making of Deacons, Ordering of Priests, Consecration of Bishops, Declaration of King James, the Thirty-nine Articles, everything. If anybody thinks that I rushed and scamped the reading, that it was superficial and slatternly, all I have got to say is that I am prepared to have my knowledge of the subject tested by examination or cross-examination as the doubter may think best. On Friday afternoon I had an hour's exercise; a gruff old warder opened the door of my cell and inquired if I had taken my exercise. "No, sir." "Do you want it?" he gruffly blurted out. "Oh, certainly." "Follow me then," said the agent of the law. I followed and was locked up in a yard alone. The yard was flagged and was twelve or fifteen yards long with an average of perhaps six yards wide. I paced the flags for an hour up and down, to and fro, backward and forward. It was a nice relief, an agreeable change. You were walled in on every side by prison buildings, and could not get much sun. In truth, there was no sun to get. The afternoon was dull and damp, but the breath of fresh air was exhilarating. "Did I do any work?" the reader asks. Well, they brought me some. They brought me some cotton to pick—not oakum. But I happened to know that I need not do it unless I liked, and so I did not pick a shred of it, and when they came for my work at night I turned it out exactly in the same condition as they had turned it in.

My Visitor.—A rattle of keys I heard and the cell door opened, and in strutted a somewhat fussy, officious man whom I instantly saw to be the prison chaplain. He secured my contempt at the beginning of the interview by asking my name. Now he knew my name perfectly well. It was on the door of my cell. I had seen it there written in bold words thus—"Henshaw—Debtor." Besides which he had my name in the book he held in his hand, which was prepared for him by the officials, and contained a statement of the name of every prisoner, the number of his cell, the term of his imprisonment, the cause of his incarceration, and a description of his religion.

I was indignant and yet did not wish to be rude. And so I answered sharply and with emphasis, "My name is Henshaw, sir." I was anxious the answer should snap like the crack of a rifle, hit the parson as with the sting of a bullet and knock him over. I soon learned that he had not come for my spiritual edification at all. He stood there lisping and hesitant as though he did not know what to say and do. I therefore led the conversation and tried to draw him into an argument on the Prayer Book.

I pointed out that the Prayer Book denominated the Mass, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints and the worship of the Virgin Mary as "blasphemous fables," "dangerous deceits," and that it styled transubstantiation as a "fond thing, vainly invented," and I wished to know how he reconciled the conduct of so many of his brethren with these teachings of the Prayer Book. He assured me that when you talked to these men the explanations they gave were wonderful. They must be very wonderful indeed, I admitted, but the question I wanted settling was their consistency. The chaplain could not manage that. As I made him the target at which to fire off the am-

munition supplied me by the Prayer Book he grew fidgetty and restless, and at the earliest opportunity, vanished. I had previously ascertained from him in answer to my queries that they held in the prison chapel two services on Sundays and prayers once every alternate week-day, *viz.*, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, but as he had a cold and was not very well some of the services had not been held that week.

INCIDENTS.—There was a little glass bull's-eye in my cell door, through which officials could come and search the cell and see what the criminal was doing. I did not like any one fixing his eye upon me in that sneaking fashion, and whenever I was conscious of any one fastening his eye upon me from without I fastened my eye upon him from within. And as long as he stood there peeping and squinting at me I stood staring and gazing at him.

In prison we retire and rise early. We go to bed at eight; we are up at five-thirty. On Saturday morning I had just washed and dressed and was beginning to roll up my bed and tidy the cell when an official told me to take my pillow slip and sheets and go and stand at the bottom of a broad open corridor. I was the first to take up position on my side of the corridor. On the other side was a row of poor fellows in prison garb about to be discharged, who stood with their faces to the wall. I was looking at them and generally taking in the situation, when I heard an official with a stentorian voice shout, "Face to the wall there." At last I discovered that he was addressing me. My first instinct was to rebel, to flatly refuse. But on second thoughts I decided that in the interests of discipline it was better to obey, so I wheeled round and stood face to the wall. Presently an official came and told me I could go to breakfast. Looking him straight in the eyes and assuming an air of authority I said in a commanding tone, "Face to the wall, sir." "I don't understand you," he said. "Face to the wall, sir," I cried again, as though I meant to be obeyed. I had just got seated to my junk of bread and can of prison tea when a still higher official opened my cell door and told me I could leave at once. My reply was to look straight up at him and ring out the order, "Face to the wall, sir," and every official I met afterwards I greeted with the same order that issued from the stentorian voice to me as I stood at the end of the corridor. As I stood there with my face to the wall, a thing happened that touched my heart. There was pathos in it. The next prisoner who came and stood beside me there, quietly turned to me and said, "Are you remanded?" "Discharged," I replied in undertones. He was remanded and going up that day for trial, poor fellow! and whatever the charge against him his face bore traces of deep anxiety and nervousness.

I left my breakfast almost untouched and received back my property. The heavy door of the gaol slammed behind me; I had regained my liberty. As I walked away from the prison the clock chimed half-past six. It was a dodge. The Resisters and friends of Leeds had planned and advertised a public welcome and meeting to be held on my release at the gaol gates at seven o'clock. Had I known of it I would have taken every crumb of that breakfast and I would have taken plenty of time to it. I would not have been turned out one minute before seven.

But we had our revenge in a magnificent meeting at noon the following Monday.

I have no complaint to make of my

treatment. Most of the prison officials were courteous, some of them were kind.

REFLECTIONS.—I regard my imprisonment as an honor and as a humiliation. It is always an honor to suffer in however small a degree in the cause of justice, truth, and righteousness. But what a humiliation to feel that you are being treated as a criminal because you will not sacrifice your conscience and betray your faith and the future of your children, your Church, and your country, into the hands of the priest. It pained me, made me weep to think that in England we had come to this. But courage, friends! The battle goes well. I am proud of the noble part my own Church is taking in it. Brave men and women amongst us are in the fiercest of the fight. A number of my brethren in the ministry for longer terms than I have submitted to be cast into prison. Amongst them William Sharman, W. S. Spencer, Freer Bell, George Baldwin, John S. W. Stanwell, Edgar Ball, J. Leach, G. Litten, and W. Barnsley. By persistency, we shall win the day and shall wipe out the Education Acts of 1902 and 1903 which disgrace and stain the statute book of the nation and the pages of our current history with the enactments and the deeds of sectarian tyranny. Once more we shall, by the help of God, carry the banners of civil and religious liberty to complete and splendid victory.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

From birth we have his captives been:
For freedom, vain to strive!
This is our chamber: windows five
Look forth on his demesne;
And each to its own several hue
Translates the outward scene.
We cannot once the landscape view
Save with the painted panes between.

Ah, if there be indeed
Beyond one darksome door a secret stair,
That, winding to the battlement, shall lead
Hence to pure light, free air!
This is the master hope, or the supreme despair.

METHODISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY THE REV. AMOS BURNET.

HE Transvaal and Swaziland District is by far the largest district under the jurisdiction of the Missionary Committee. It includes the whole of the Transvaal and Swaziland, a part of British Bechuanaland, and a section of Portuguese East Africa. In superficial area it is about three times the size of England, and more than six times as large as the Mysore.

Limitations of space make it impossible to speak of the country with its glorious climate, its magnificent stretches of rolling veld, its enormous mineral wealth, its various peoples, its strange and tragic history. Our immediate and only purpose is to give, in rapid summary, some account of the work of the Methodist Church as carried on within the limits of the district just described.

We have a large European population side by side with masses of native people, many of whom are still heathen. It will be therefore convenient to write of our *English churches,* and then of the work done among the *native* tribes.

We have made it our aim to cover the country with a network of English churches. In the capital we had one such church before the war; but Pretoria has grown with such rapidity that we have built four more, and have secured other sites in various suburbs. A still more striking example is found in Johannesburg. Twenty years ago the site of this great city was wind-swept veld. An occasional Dutch wagon rolled lazily over the rugged Whitewatersridge. An infrequent farmhouse might be found in the more fruitful valleys. But today we sit in the heart of a throbbing town, with a large and varied population, noble buildings, public institutions, libraries, colleges and schools, hospitals, suburbs that stretch for six or eight miles. Within the municipal boundaries of the city we have fifteen English churches, each one of which is a centre of Methodist life and influence. Eight of these churches have been built since the war, and three others enlarged during the same period. Along the Rand there are twelve additional English churches and seventeen other preaching-places. It will represent the state of the case if we say that the number of our churches on the Rand almost equals the numbers of all others combined.

But the remote parts of the country and the smaller towns have not been forgotten. During the last three years churches have been built at Ermelo, Waterval Boven, Witbank, Ventersdorp, Klerksdorp, Christiana, Vereeniging, Rustenburg, and at other places that could be named. Many services are held in localities where for the present we cannot build a permanent church. For instance, one minister travels along two hundred miles of railway, holding services for the men, visiting lonely cottages, baptizing the children, ministering to the sick, and doing work that will bear abundant fruit in days to come. In many places that are likely to be important in the future sites have been secured, sometimes by way of gift from the Government, sometimes through the gener-

* Abridged from the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. The work in Cape Colony and other districts is not included.

osity of private individuals, in other cases by purchase.

In connection with all these churches we seek to encourage voluntary agency and generous giving. We have nearly six thousand white children in our Sunday schools, with more than five hundred officers and teachers. In addition to the ministers wholly employed in this work, four deaconesses—three in Johannesburg and one in Pretoria—move about and graciously serve the poor and the sick and the fallen.

If we turn to the *native* side of our Church activities, the results are still more wonderful. We have two hundred and twenty-six churches and four hundred other preaching places. The native work falls naturally into three classes. We have a great mass of native life on the Rand under artificial and dangerous conditions. There are more native men working in the mines on the Rand at this moment than were to be found in the whole of the Fiji Islands when Hunt and Calvert laboured triumphantly in that glorious mission. Along the line of the reef we have about thirty native churches. Open-air preaching and preaching in the compounds is constantly carried on. About 14,000 persons are thus reached every Sunday.

The future will reveal some astonishing results from this field. Men from every tribe south of the Zambesi hear the Great Word. It is said that forty languages are spoken in Johannesburg every day. The seed will be carried as by the wind of God to every part of the land. A man is converted and taught and baptized in one of the Rand churches. A few months later his contract runs out, and he goes back to some remote part of Zoutpansberg or Gazaland. The next thing we hear is that he tried to keep quiet, but was compelled to preach. The word of God was as a fire in his bones, and at last he broke out into mighty exhortation, and many were impressed. Then he sends pitiful appeals for the minister to come and baptize the catechumens, to give the Lord's Supper and to constitute another Christian church. Such a man walked for a hundred miles that he might lay his petition at my feet.

Then we have large numbers of natives living in the great reserves. Here we see heathenism in its full strength, and we are constantly challenged to more sustained attack upon these strongholds. The next great advance will be on this line. The advance will have to be skilfully organized, bravely led, liberally supported, and we shall see an ingathering that will make the whole Church shout for joy.

There is yet another class that we are touching in almost every part of the district. We refer to the natives scattered in small groups on the farms of the English and Dutch. Small churches in large numbers have been built by these people, and they will travel for miles for the Sunday worship. It is no uncommon thing for them to come for twenty miles for the quarterly sacramental service.

The training institution at Kilnerton provides for three classes of students. We have a very successful Normal College, which is the only institution of the kind in the Transvaal. Then there is a department for the training of evangelists, from whom the native ministry will be recruited. Added to these we have a Boarding School for boys which is likely to be very influential. Sons of chiefs, sons of native ministers, and others are glad to come and pay for their training.

Time would fail to tell of the mission to Chinese, of the mission to Syrians, and of other forms of activity by which we are seeking to carry out the commission to preach the gospel to every creature.

Let a few general facts be stated

with still more severe condensation. The number of church members of all classes is over 22,000. That is a larger number than is found in the whole of the twelve districts that are comprised in our European, Indian, and China missions. The grant made to the Transvaal is about one-seventh of the amount given to the districts named; while the local income raised in the Transvaal is more than £40,000 per annum, being about equal to the whole sum raised annually in the twelve districts just referred to.

No irrelevant or improper comparison is intended, for the writer knows well enough by observation and experience what are the differences in the conditions that exist in the widely separated fields enumerated; but such a comparison brings out into sharp relief the extent and importance of the work committed to our care, and indicates the responsibilities that attach themselves to our Church in this land. Our church property is now valued at over half a million sterling.

To-day the district is well staffed. Fifty-one European and twenty-one native ministers are assisted by one thousand and twenty local preachers, sixty-five evangelists, one hundred and fifteen day-school teachers, eight hundred class-leaders, and seven hundred and fifty Sunday-school teachers.

During the past three years about ten thousand persons have been baptized, about half that number being adults who after long probation and strict examination, were received into the Church from heathenism.

It should in justice be said that the English section of the work, except in the smaller towns, is practically self-supporting; and that the natives generally support their own ministers and evangelists.

Any failure to recognize the work that had been accomplished would be base ingratitude; but anything like complacency, in view of the gigantic tasks that await us, would be unintelligible and unpardonable. After taking the most generous account of the labours of other Churches, much remains for us to do. Some departments of labour are barely touched. Tennyson gives a fine description of the work of his ideal knight which may well stand as the best account of the work that lies before all who labour in this dark continent:

> Then he drave
> The heathen; after slew the beast and fell'd
> The forest, letting in the sun. . . .

Thrice happy are the men who are allowed to engage in such lofty enterprizes—happy in the opportunity, in the service, in the reward that follows.

THE CONQUERING THRUST.

What wound smote deepest to the mightiest Heart
  That ever knew earth's loving and earth's pain?
  The thrust of Judas, who for trivial gain
Flung Heaven behind him, and bade hope depart?
The surging crowd's mad rage? The aimless dart
  Of swift, unthinking mockery, light and vain?
  All these, in sooth, might that great Heart disdain,
While Love, though mute and helpless, bore its part.
But when Love shrank and failed, and three times played
  The dastard, was not this the sorest blow?
Oh, not the sordid spirit that betrayed,
  Not the stern captor, nor the taunting foe,
But he who flinched—the friend who was afraid—
  Wrung from those kingly eyes the appeal of woe!

—*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

JEAN ADAM—"THE STRANGER."

THE RECORD OF A SCOTTISH POETESS.

BY MOLLIE E. JAMIESON.

IN the records of the Poor's House of Glasgow, some one hundred and forty years ago, might have been read the following brief entries, almost tragic in their brevity, yet all the link posterity has to tell how one, who, had fortune smiled upon her, might have been one of Scotland's greatest poetesses, died.

"Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 2nd April, 1765. Admit Jean Adam, a poor woman, a stranger in distress—for some time has she been wandering about, she came from Greenock, recommended by Baillies Gray and Millar."

"Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 9th April, 1765. "Jean Adam, the stranger, admitted on Tuesday the 2nd, current, died on the following day, and buried at the house expense."

Surely a pitiful enough ending for one dowered as this daughter of Greenock must have been, ere she could portray that exquisite and unequalled picture of a Scottish home and a Scottish welcome, as set forth in that pearl of simple song, "There's nae Luck about the House." Who that has known the meaning of the words "farewell" and "reunion," can read those telling lines without the quick tear starting to the eye, like the happy, affectionate spouse of Colin in the old song, who, even amidst the fulness of her great and exceeding joy, "in troth was like to greet?"

In Cartsdyke, on the outskirts of the busy little seaport town of Greenock, Jean Adam was born in the year 1710. Her father was a shipmaster, a man who must, even in those distant days, have realized the importance of giving his daughter what was then known as a "good education." Not only needlework, but the less feminine accomplishments of reading and writing went to swell young Jean's store of knowledge. But the superiority of her learning may, in a manner, be said to have been this gifted woman's undoing. Though in her early days she was able to support herself creditably, if a little prosaically, by keeping a day school, and by assisting her neighbors with their needlework, her desires and aspirations seem to have run in decidedly less practical lines. Jean's whole heart was in the verses which it was her delight to string together, first for her own amusement and that of her friends, and later, with a view to that "Ultima Thule" of a young authoress's ambition, publication. Day school and work were alike neglected, as Jean, spurred on by the flattery and admiration of her girl-friends, collected her poor little stock of poems, and set about the more irksome task of securing the names of her subscribers.

Alas! poor Jean, the number of that gallant and long-departed band numbered only a hundred and twenty-three. Their names stare up at us from the title-page of the quaint little duodecimo volume, dedicated by the daring Jean to the then Laird of Cartsburn. It was in the year 1734, when she was twenty-four years of

age, that our young authoress gave this first child of her imagination to a decidedly unreceptive world. The Scottish public having proved themselves so undesirous of possessing themselves of this latest volume of the Muse, Jean hit upon the brilliant idea of exporting a cargo of the same to Boston in America, at that time the worst possible market in the world, even for good poetry. The young poetess's success in this direction was no better than those who had gone before her. Her poor little volumes remained unsold, and Jean was reluctantly forced to admit that her American cousins had proved themselves quite as unappreciative of poetic fire as her own brother Scots had been.

But in Jean's crown of immortality there will ever shine forth one radiant gem, whose lustre no change of passing years can ever wholly dim. Though the Greenock poetess had written nothing save her unparalleled "There's nae Luck about the House," her title to remembrance among her own Scottish folk would have been sure. "This," says Burns, "is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language. The two lines,—

> 'And will I see his face again?
> And will I hear him speak?'

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read, and the lines:

> 'The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw,'

are worthy of the first poet."

The date of the writing of this most homelike of Scottish songs is uncertain. A few years after Jean Adam's death, it came first on the streets as a ballad, and for a short time thereafter its composition was attributed to various authors, until probably identified by some more intimate friend of the dead poetess. All through the song smacks of the seaport town in which the girl Jean spent her early years. Jean herself may have had a sea-going lover to whom she had more than once bidden farewell upon that same "quay."

> "And are ye sure the news is true?
> And are ye sure he's weel?
> Is this a time to think o' wark?
> Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
> Is this a time to think o' wark,
> When Colin's at the door?
> Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
> And see him come ashore.
> For there's nae luck about the house,
> There's nae luck at a';
> There's little pleasure in the house,
> When our gudeman's awa'."

Jean's song is an incomparable picture of a Scottish home-coming and a Scottish welcome. We can almost see the excited, happy spouse of the longed-for Colin as she dons her "bishop satin gown" and "hose o' pearl blue," ere sallying forth upon her important and onerous errand of informing "the bailie's wife" of the said Colin's expected return. Jock and little Kate must be decked out too to meet their long-absent father:

> "Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
> Put on the muckle pot;
> Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
> And Jock his Sunday coat.
> And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
> Their hose as white as snaw;
> For it's a' to please my ain gudeman,
> For he's been long awa'.
>
> There's two fat hens upon the bank,
> They're fed this month and mair;
> Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
> That Colin weel may fare:
> And spread the table neat and clean,
> Gar ilka thing look braw;
> For wha can tell how Colin fared,
> When he was far awa'."

Aye! she has not lived in a seaport town for nothing, this good, honest, simple-hearted Jean. We feel convinced that she must have seen her "ain lad" sail out into the west not so long ago, or she could never have penned those unequalled lines, breath-

ing out her own hopes and fears for this longed-for home-coming:

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet,—
The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blown by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."

Grey little seaport town of Greenock, from which so many have sailed away so full of life and hope, "not to return again," in many a far land across the sea will this song of your gifted daughter be lilted for long years to come, while, mayhap, the singer's eyes are dim with unavailing thoughts of home. Not in vain have you lived, Jean Adam, though the record of your lonely death is all that has been handed down to posterity to tell how hardly an unsympathetic world had used you. For the authoress of "There's nae Luck about the House," there will ever be in Scottish hearts a deathless immortality.

Jean's latter days must have proved cruelly hard to this gifted woman whom fortune had used so ill. With no settled home, she wandered about the country, living as best she might on the bounty of her friends. A former pupil of hers, a Mrs. Fullarton, tells how she came begging to her door, and, though her Scottish pride made her at first refuse some articles of dress kindly offered to her, poor Jean was afterwards glad enough to return and claim her friend's proffered bounty.

Later came the record of her sad, lonely ending, when Jean must very thankfully have laid her down, after her weary journeyings, to "wander" no more. As "Jean Adam, the stranger," is her name preserved to posterity in those barren annals of a great city's pauperism,—"Jean Adam, the stranger,"—but for us of a later, more enlightened day, the talented authoress of one of the sweetest of beautiful old Scotch songs, a daughter of whom her seaport birthplace may well be proud.—The Aldersgate Magazine.

A PRAYER FOR A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care:
And Thou wilt hear, while for my own
Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know, from day to day,
The deepening glow of Life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Her every wish fulfil;
And even if Thou must refuse
In anything, let Thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward,—bless her in earth and heaven.

—*The Outlook.*

CHINA'S OUTLOOK FROM WITHIN.

BY THE REV. C. BENSON BARNETT,

Ying Chou Fu, China.

HEN, like Rip Van Winkle waking from his sleep, some four hundred million people begin to turn over, rub their eyes, sit up, and show other signs of life, it is little wonder that a feeling of stupefaction and amazement comes over those who are looking on. The voices of young and old, men and maidens, unite in voicing the one cry: "A new day! a new day!" How discordant and different each voice is can only be realized by those who follow minutely the doings of this vast empire. Here it is the boom of the latest Krupp cannon and there the crack of the Western rifle, as the marshaled battalions march and re-march and enter for the first time into mimic battle on scientific lines; here it is the steamer's syren shriek making the hills resound with its weird and unaccustomed sound, while anon it is the shrill whistle of the steam engine, in places where once it was death for any outsider to dare to dwell.

Here again it is the thud, thud of machinery, there the clink, clink of the new coin as it passes into the farthest corner of this once exclusive land. Or again it is the query of the student and scholar, as with a new book in hand he contemptuously flings aside the old, now hoary with its past millennium, and pertly asks the meaning of the new. Or anon it is a foreign accent, as "Good day!" "How do you do?" sounds strangely on your ear. Then, too, praise God, amidst all this medley and din, there is the cry here and there from a truly penitent heart: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Or, "Who is this that cometh with garments dyed in red?" Or, "Who is this Jesus whom ye preach?" and as we distinguish the cry, we thank God and take courage.

The outlook in China is a strange one. Railways projected or in course of construction, or even actually opened for traffic, will soon stretch from one end of China to the other. Schools of every grade under imperial control are springing up throughout the length and breadth of the land, from each and all of these Christ and Christianity in any form is severely banned. Above all comes the rejection of the Westerner, be he European or American, from every position which can in any way, either adequately or otherwise, be filled by any one else and to-day even foreign money offered in the shape of a foreign loan is spurned and rejected. All this speaks of an anti-foreign spirit scarcely less real than that which existed prior to the great anti-foreign holocaust of 1900, and should send every praying man and woman to his or her knees that the message of the Cross be given to this people ere the opportunity which now presents itself passes away perhaps never to return.

Notwithstanding all this, to-day, throughout the greater part of this great empire, there are bodies of men who are feverishly desiring to connect themselves with the Christian Church, trying to conform to its usages, and in many ways giving encouragement to the Christian teacher. But what is it

that makes some good men tremble? It is that in many places bands of twenty or thirty, or even more men, who have no conception of the spiritual nature of the Church of God, or of the Gospel, in fact, have never once heard it preached, suddenly come to our chapels, buy, read and learn, and up to a certain point seek to conform outwardly to what they hear, or in other words, seek to convert themselves outside. And, of course, such men must be taught.

But who are these men, and why have they come? In most cases they are men who either have now, or once had, or some day expect to have, some matter of disagreement either with their own relative, their neighbors, their official, or with people of another sect, which makes them fear to stand alone, and so they begin to attend the preaching-place, and in all outward things soon become so conformed that when they make application for admission to the Church, it is almost impossible to distinguish the true from the false.

Under these circumstances what is to be done?

To teach them is an evident duty; to pray for them is an obligation, and yet, even so, from their very number there is still the gravest danger imaginable, unless God visit this land with such a special outpouring of His Spirit as such a state of things seems instantly to demand.

One matter for rejoicing is that so many Christian teachers are awake to this aspect of things to-day, and yet how many there are who scarcely seem to dream of it, who are themselves actually helping it on by the support which they so often solicit from the Chinese law courts instead of looking for that spiritual help which, as it seems to me, God so often gives apart from man's intervention. And this it is which makes some of us tremble for the future, for though men are putting away their idols to-day, they are often found erecting them to-morrow, and really the simple putting away of idols is much on a par with putting away the queue—it will be done as soon as some one brave enough to carry out what is already recognized as a needed reform arises to give sufficient vim to the project.

China, the "Stronghold of the Devil," with all her latent potentialities, is awakening from her night of sleep; while real change is in the air, "opportunity" and "peril" stand already side by side. If the wrong path be taken, or the opportunity be missed, disaster to the Church and dishonor to the home must follow. What then? As of old, so now, "Prayer was made earnestly of the Church unto God." Cease not to pray, therefore, that workers, who themselves, without guile, with all their unsuspicious love, may yet be wise as serpents and harmless as doves, remembering that they are sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, and that those who are cast in a sterner mold and see the grave danger threatening this Church, may in their time be filled with love and the Spirit, lest in seeking to pluck up the tares they pluck up wheat.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

BABEL.

In years of old vain builders wrought
  An impious tower to Heaven;
Their godless effort came to naught,
  And was in ruin riven;
God set Confusion on their daring scheme
And Babel was of Vanity a dream.

And thus through all ensuing time,
  When hearts of hatred plan
To rear against God's will sublime
  Some weak device of man;
He writeth "Babel" on their ladder's rungs,
And dies their scheming 'mid a strife of tongues.

Victoria, B.C. —*Donald A. Fraser.*

THE PARSONAGE SECRET.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

ABOUT five o'clock Bessie Roberts discovered that the little visitors had departed and that no one had seen them go.

I suppose," she said to Tilly, " that it is absurd to think they are not home all right, but you know I always see them over the bridge. I think I will take a stroll and satisfy myself as to their whereabouts, for Freddy said his father was away from home.

" If you go to the house," said Tilly, " you might tell Hummel to come up for some milk. They are welcome to all they want for the children."

Bessie went singing off as usual down the lane to the beaten foot-path over the bridge. A young farmer was at work in his field and happened then to be close by the hedge. More to be friendly than for any other reason, Bessie asked if he had seen the children go past.

" Yes, I saw them," he replied, " about an hour ago. I was away at the other end of the lot, and I happened to see those youngsters coming over the bridge. It ain't the place for mites like them, it being so rotten and narrow, but they came off all right and turned toward the woods. That Freddy tramps around everywhere."

" Yes, he does seem to take care of himself," assented Bessie, adding, "I have no doubt they are home by this time."

She went on, however, and did not find them in their front yard or in the garden. Hummel was not in the kitchen, and the house looked shut up. There was no sound of the children's voices as there would be if Freddy, the ceaseless talker, were at home.

"The little scramps are still in the woods, but Mary could not go far."

So, obeying the impulse to follow them, Bessie turned off at the little footh-path. She wished she had started earlier and had herself played truant, for the woods were beautiful in the light of the late afternoon. A man was chopping down a tree in one direction, and there being no underbrush, she could see everywhere between the tree trunks. Freddy's red cap and Mary's white dress ought to be conspicuous. All the bushes that grew there were along the bank of the river, and noting that, Bessie broke into a run, going that way as quickly as possible. She had but just broken through a thicket and came where the wild stream rippled and gurgled among the rocks when she saw a child's straw hat on the bank. The fear that seized her then was so dreadful that she gave a sudden cry which brough the wood-chopper striding toward her.

As she cried out she ran along the river's edge, then stopped, wrung her hands, and seemed to implore him to come faster, although he was coming with great leaps over the fallen logs. There was a rock-formed basin into which the water poured, and out of which it only escaped through a fissure between the boulders. Just here were wedged the two little bodies of the children. Had they been able to stand the water could scarcely have been over their heads, but Freddy's chubby arms were fast around " icele sister," and hers were tight clasped about his neck.

" Oh ! they are not dead ! They surely cannot be dead !" cried Bessie, as plunging into the water she helped the man lift and carry them to the bank.

" This is terrible !" he gasped when he laid them on the grass.

" It can't be too late ! There must be some life left in them !"

He shook his head most sorrowfully.

" I feel sure, there isn't a bit of hope for it, Miss ; but we'll do all we can this minute."

Then, telling just how he had worked over a brother of his who had been drowned, he did all he could, helped by Bessie.

" It ain't any use," he said after a while, " for they must have been in the water for a long time. I have been chopping over there nearly an hour, and it is so near, I would certainly have heard them. The poor parson ! They are all the parson has got, hain't they ?" and he rested for the first time since he answered Bessie's call.

" Yes, yes ! Oh, how cruel ! And he is coming home at six to-night !"

" Then we must get the little ones

home as soon as ever we can. Can you carry the baby until we see somebody to help you ?"

Bessie, too horror-stricken for more words, nodded assent, but when they started it seemed to her that they would never reach the main road. She was usually strong-armed, but the realization of what it would mean to the poor parents made her knees weak, and the dead weight of her dripping burden was almost insupportable.

As they came out of the field beyond the woods, the farmer to whom Bessie had previously spoken was just leaving his work. He quickly answered a call for help and took little Mary from Bessie's arms. Panting for breath, Bessie exclaimed :

" We must not appear to their mother like this ! It would kill her !"

The farmer in his consternation could only groan and wait orders, but to everyone's relief a wagon came rapidly along the road, and in a moment Nathan Wilkes and Jane were on the spot. Grief and dismay paralyzed Nate, but after a first cry of horror Jane was all self-control. Seeing Bessie's wet, disordered garments, she said :

" You come first with me. When their mother sees us she will know something has happened. You men follow slowly with the— " she ended with a great sob.

The front door of the parsonage was still shut. Jane gave a loud knock and entered. No one came. The two women went on to the parlor. Alice was on the sofa, her face much flushed, the curtains were dropped, and the room was very close. Jane approached the sofa, saying in a sharp, tremulous tone :

" Mrs. Stoughton ! Mrs. Stoughton !"

Alice opened her eyes stupidly, stared into vacancy, and yawned. At the same instant both Bessie and Jane were made aware of the sickening odor of whiskey. But the men were coming ; they heard their low talking at the gate.

Bessie put a trembling hand on Alice's arm, saying :

" Mrs. Stoughton, can you hear something very hard, very terrible ?"

Alice muttered a word or two, tried in vain to sit up, fell back on the sofa pillow, and the next moment was to Bessie one of sheer amazement, for Jane made in it a shocking discovery : Mrs. Stoughton was too intoxicated to know anything.

" Stay with her," exclaimed Jane, vehemently. " She is not herself at all ; nobody must see her like this !" and, turning, she was just in time to order the ghastly procession into another room.

" What is the matter ?" stammered the drunken woman. " What are you doing here—all—all water ?"

" Mrs. Stoughton have you been ill ? You must have taken something that—has—made you stupid. Something dreadful has happened." Then, remembering to have heard a great shock would sober a person in her condition, Bessie plainly said, " Freddy has fallen into river !"

" Fallen in river—Freddy ?"

" He was drowned trying to save little Mary !"

For a moment Alice looked half-idiotic as she stared at Bessie. She pushed a mass of hair off her forehead, tottered to her feet, repeating Bessie's last words, until, uttering a sudden cry, she seemed to get a half idea of their sense.

Lurching past Bessie, Alice then, with disordered dress and hair down her back, flung open the door into that room where as fast as might be they were making less harrowing the sight of those poor little bodies.

No one heard the front door shut. No one was waiting to tell the minister. He heard voices, and all unprepared came on that sight, which for hours afterward seemed only a horrible dream. His agony of grief excited Alice, whose conduct was then a revelation to every person present. They had to know in what condition she was when the children were brought home. Mr. Stoughton saw it in her resistance when Bessie and Jane vainly tried to get her from the room. Nothing was real to her as yet, and her incoherent ravings were not grief.

The two men who went out together, seeing that they were no longer needed, shook their heads in dismay. They pitied their minister for a trouble worse than the loss of his babes. They now understood much that had seemed malicious gossip about their minister's family.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DESOLATE HOUSE.

For more than a week the trees had been waving over the short, wide grave in the Hazelport cemetery, where the minister had laid the little bodies of his children. It was early September, and the weather was exquisitely beautiful. The parsonage now was in perfect order, but

very lonely—Alice's sister Mary had come to be with them a short time. She devoted herself to Alice with all her old-time unselfishness. Many times a day the minister would put down his pen at the sound of a child's voice, or glance through the open window thinking: "That is my Freddy." Again, he would seem to hear the soft rustle of little Mary's garments, as she clambered up the stairs to his room for a season of petting and play—a cunning trick she had learned only a few weeks before she died.

At first Alice's grief was noisy, constant and even petulant. She resented any efforts at comfort, and frequently relaxed into paroxysms of sobbing and wailing. The people of the parish were full of sympathy and wanted to show it tangibly, but she refused to see any of them if she could avoid so doing. One reason for this was the realization of her condition when Bessie and Jane found her that terrible day of the accident. She imagined that they had published far and wide whatever they had seen. In fact, she turned bitterly against every one under Miss Tilly's roof. She poured into her sister Mary's ears tales of Miss Roberts' "vanity, her airs of condescension," and complained sorely of what she called poor Miss Tilly's "meddlesomeness and old maid's curiosity."

She repulsed her neighbors so openly that they ceased to go informally to the parsonage. But to any one able to read Alice's mind such active irritation would have seemed less unwholesome than the mood of apathetic despair which gradually took possession of her. Only one thing gave her any satisfaction, and that was the thing forbidden. She faintly began to realize that her life, her life going on as of late years, would inevitably mean moral and physical degradation. Any other life possible to her, or so she reasoned, was sure to be inexpressibly dreary. She told herself that she hated Hazelport, hated its people, hated herself and her husband.

Mr. Stoughton lost no time before having a long, earnest conversation with his sister-in-law as to what they could do for Alice. Mary was a woman of few words. She idolized her young sister, but she understood her. Many peculiarities which her husband had not found out Mary had taken into account for years. She listened quietly to all Mr. Stoughton had to say, but she gave no advice until she had been at the parsonage a week or more; then one evening, after she had seen Alice in bed, she went to the study. Alice heard her rap on the study door, and only waited for the answering "Come in" to creep out of bed and glide into the hall, where she could listen to all that was said, provided the door was left open, as, in this case, it was. In a few moments she heard Mary say: "I have been turning everything over in my mind, and I see only one way, but it may not seem a feasible way to you."

"Let me judge of that, Mary, when you tell me what it is."

"Alice is very persistent. Whatever she wants she always finds a way to get it. If she wants morphine and the other thing, she will surely get one or the other, or both. You can't spend your time watching to see that she does not."

"I can do better than I have done," he remarked sadly.

"I don't know about that. You could try, of course; but it never does to oppose Alice too much. It always makes her miserable and really unreasonable."

"I know," he said, still more sadly.

"Suppose, John, that I go home and persuade father to let me break up housekeeping so that we may come here to live with you. Father never leaves his room; he is sweet and patient. It would make no difference in his life. Our income is small, but enough; added to yours and with me to manage economically your salary would go further than at present."

Mr. Stoughton's face grew brighter; he heard her proposal with profound thankfulness and immediately expressed his pleasure, assuring Mary that Alice would find such a plan very helpful and wise.

Alice herself, standing outside the door in the dark hall, began to experience most unreasonable anger. How dare they plan her domestic affairs without her consent?

Were her husband and her sister about to combine to keep a constant watch over her as if she were a child, or an imbecile? It was one thing to admit to herself that she would cease to do evil and learn to do good. It was quite another matter to have self-appointed guardians making sure that she carried her resolutions into practice.

Alice retired to her bed, but remained sleepless for hours, getting more and more rebellious.

Whenever Mr. Stoughton could think of anything likely to amuse or interest Alice he put aside all personal preferences and thought only of her and how to make her days seem less melancholy. It happened soon after his talk with Mary

that he heard of an old college friend who had come for a week to the same hotel where Mr. McClure was boarding. Everywhere in that part of the country were most delightful drives. One day Mr. Stoughton proposed to Alice that they should visit a lake among the hills, stop for lunch at the hotel, and so have a long, pleasant drive. Alice listlessly consented. "She never enjoyed scenery," but she rather liked the thought of seeing the new hotel and any of the city guests who might be lingering there.

They were ready to start one morning at ten; for there were no more long-delayed breakfasts, no disorder of any kind, nowadays at the parsonage. The day was very warm, almost like one in mid-summer, and Alice wore a white gown. Both she and her husband disliked black, although for quite different reasons. When Mary came to the gate to bid them good-bye, Mr. Stoughton was struck with the contrast between the two sisters; Mary was gaunt, taller, almost middle-aged; Alice, on the contrary, looked unusually young. Her complexion was as delicate as porcelain, and the pretty rings of hair curling about her forehead recalled little Mary's childish beauty. The resemblance brought tears to his eyes, and he resolved so many times before to see if this foolish young wife of his might not by care and tenderness be developed as the child would have been, into something larger and more intelligent.

They drove away through woods untouched by autumn, and John at least found the serene beauty of the day soothing to soul and body.

In leisure hours like this he would have made a rare companion for a woman who had any ideas of her own, but anything like impersonal conversation had long ago ceased between this husband and wife. Alice was interested in nothing outside herself.

She was glad this day when she reached the hotel, and, after being introduced to Mr. Stoughton's friend, Professor Parker, she very prettily gave them to understand that they might leave her to her own devices while they strolled about and talked over the events of the years since they met last. This they did, after seeing Alice comfortably seated in a pleasant nook of the piazza, where she could watch the various groups of people who still lingered in the hotel. Near her were a gentleman and lady who interested her more than did others. For one reason the young woman was very richly draped; in a style too elegant for the hour and place, although Alice admired her much. The man was reading aloud, but she constantly interrupted him with nonsensical talk. Certain whispered communications were also audible, and Alice soon heard her remark: "That little thing over there by the post is quite pretty."

She was more irritated than pleased by such qualified praise and mentally reasoned that she would be very much better looking than her feminine neighbor if her clothes were only as expensive and handsome. Who could look her best in an old-fashioned gown?

Looking down a shaded avenue she saw her husband and his friend absorbed in talk, discussing, perhaps, the newest theological work. Soon they would come back to weary her with similar conversation during lunch. How much more interesting life would be with a man like this stylish individual with waving hair, who was now jesting with his city companion. Over and over she returned to what she called the deadful monotony of her life. John, coming to her at the sound of the lunch bell, found her looking most forlorn. The young woman near her had just said: "I plan to spend some months every year in Paris. It is the grandest place on earth."

The speaker was a brunette, and her hands, with which she gesticulated freely, glittered with jewels almost barbaric in their number and splendor. Alice had glanced at her own hands. They were whiter, smaller, but boasted no diamonds.

"I am sorry, Alice, that Parker could not come into lunch with us. He is a grand man."

"I am glad he did not come, I don't like grand men. They tire me dreadfully. They are always discussing 'great movements and wise measures,' and everything on a vast scale," she returned, adding prettily, "I much prefer common men."

"Then, dear, you ought to be very much in love with me," replied John, with a pathetic attempt at a joke.

"No, you are not common enough to suit me," she said, with sudden deliberate honesty, "for you enjoy the company of just such men as Professor Parker and I do not. Now there is a man out there on the piazza of the sort that I ought to have married. He reminds me a little of another man that I should undoubtedly have taken if you had not appeared just when you did appear. I never told you about him, but I was quite fond of him; he was always full of jokes and funny stories. He was a store walker and

draped elegantly—like a London swell, but Mary declared he never would be anything more than he was, and I imagined that you could get a call to some rich church. I never dreamed you would be stuck down in a little out-of-the-way hole like Hazelport."

"So now you begin to wish that you had taken the store walker?" asked the minister, smiling grimly.

"Ye-es-some-times I do! He was handsome; he took me evenings to the theatre, and half-holidays to the seaside, and was always bringing me Huyler's candy. He was very lively company, and would have had me deep in the newest fashions. You see my life is so intolerably dull—there goes that man who was on the piazza."

Looking out of the wide-open window, Mr. Stoughton had a glimpse of Ralph McClure.

"Ah, indeed! Well, I happen to know a little of that man, and if your former admirer was not made of nobler stuff, you are better off even with me."

"Oh, I am not really complaining of you, John," said Alice, vaguely aware of a new note in her husband's voice. Was it weariness or quiet satire?

Possibly there flashed through the minister's mind a thought of the strange confusion in some human lives. Here was Ralph McClure wanting to marry a woman whom he would surely make miserable; for she was fine, pure and true, while he was not. Here was Alice married to a man who bored her, not being "stylish" or given to "funny stories"—Alice longing for the companionship of one whom—well, the minister being human, did feel that a store walker was not quite up to his own standard. But there was no profit in reflections of this sort. With the forced cheerfulness of one soothing a spoiled child, Mr. Stoughton exclaimed:

"Well, dear, now that our two little ones are gone, I must lavish all my care on you. If sister Mary comes to live with us I will take you for a visit to New York and you must buy some pretty new fandangoes. I can't promise to ever know what the newest fashions are, but as long as I can, I will let my pretty wife buy what she likes."

"To wear to prayer meeting for old Mrs. Pettigrew to copy in calico?" she asked sullenly, and after that he was silent until they were riding home together in the golden haze of a September afternoon. Then John talked to her as he never had talked before, lovingly, earnestly, prayerfully, because his heart ached with longing for the little ones under the sod, and Alice was their mother. He encouraged her; he asked her pardon if he had been too absorbed in his work and had seemed to neglect her. He told her he was sorry, for her sake, that he was not "lively" (the man was noted among all his friends for his quaint humor and his frequent wit). He gave her his ideal of a real marriage and tried to show her his sincere affection. To be sure, it was not only the pitiful, protective love that a strong, unselfish soul can feel for a poor, weak one. He crushed down the sense of his own loneliness, his own longing for intellectual companionship, and all his life after he was glad to remember that before the ride ended Alice suddenly threw her arms about his neck, crying, with genuine feeling, "I am glad that I married you! You do help me. If I am ever good, it will be because of you."

. . . . . .

For several days after Bessie's talk with Mr. Stoughton she did not see Ralph McClure, but she thought of little else than her relations to that young man. In her anxiety to be perfectly just in her judgment of him, her imagination began to play tricks with her common sense. She wanted to become a "help and an inspiration to him," while she remained "only his friend." In order to do this she told herself that she must not be too stern; she must be ready to make some allowance for his past; must even be able to think that the minister might have been prejudiced against him. Was it not possible, after all, that the little country girl had taken his passing admiration and flattery for something much more serious than he meant? Was it right to hold him responsible for all these sad circumstances? Then, again, Bessie would go off on another line of thought, and one that cost her many hours of sleeplessness. Had she herself done right in taking so long a time to learn her own mind? What if Ralph took this disappointment terribly to heart? What if he said she had "spoiled his happiness and ruined his future?"

One day when greatly exercised Bessie confided her worry to Tilly, who proceeded to comfort her after this fashion: "I have not lived to be forty-five years old without having a considerable number of chances to see how folks take what is called being 'disappointed in love.' Sometimes a man with no previous experience of womankind falls in love with

a girl not half good enough for him, and the bigger-hearted he is the better he thinks she is. Now, suppose she proves a flirt and has no heart, no conscience, or it may be she gives him up for a richer man. It is then possible that she makes him under-rate all other women and leaves him hard-hearted and cynical. But take a case like your own and Mr. McClure's; grant that he is very fond of you, and asks you to marry him. You are sorry, but you have to say no. If he has known you to be a sincere, good girl before that, is he going to believe that you are quite the reverse the moment you refuse to marry him? Surely not, unless he is very small-minded. He may be downhearted, but there is no reason why the disappointment should ruin his life than that any other trouble should. He is a poor, weak creature if it does, and one any girl is well rid of. When you are my age you will find out that what you thought at twenty-five were broken hearts are not. A little later on they are sure to answer every purpose that they were ever constructed for, and that, too, quite as well as if they were palpitating for the first time. It sounds very unromantic, dear, but it is true."

At this point in her discourse Miss Tilly was called away, and had no time afterward to resume it for the afternoon. Ralph McClure reappeared. Miss Tilly it was who opened the door for him and who ushered him into the parlor. She went in search of Bessie then and told her the dreaded interview was at hand. When she saw the color leave the young girl's cheeks she sincerely wished that she could help her in some way, but for once all her usual appliances were of no avail. It was not a case for religious consolation, money, hot water bottles or mustard plasters.

Tilly could only whisper: "Keep up your courage; tell him the plain truth and, above all, don't let your feelings run away with your common sense."

An hour later Mr. McClure bowed himself off the doorsteps, mounted his wheel and rode away. Bessie came back into the quiet of Miss Tilly's old-fashioned bedroom and seated herself in the big chintz-chair. Tilly went on darning a minute hole in a stocking. She asked no questions.

"Cousin Tilly," began the young lady, and then she laughed.

Her laugh grew a trifle hysterical until after a minute it began to be doubtful whether she was laughing or crying.

"There! there, child!" exclaimed Tilly. "Don't you want a cup of tea or some lemonade?" Whereat Bessie had a new paroxysm of laughter, in which Tilly suddenly joined.

"Well, of all things!" gasped the elderly maiden. "If this is not ridiculous! Perhaps you know what ails you, but I do not."

Bessie wiped her eyes and leaned back in the easy chair, saying: "I will try to tell you why I laughed and why I cried. I went into that room dreading to trust a person who seemed to care a great deal for me. There is not so much real love in this world that any one can afford to scorn it when it is really given. I felt, too, that possibly I had done an old friend wrong by believing evil of him."

"I understand," said Tilly, when Bessie came to a full stop.

"Well," continued the girl, "I have not hurt him. It seems to me that he had fully prepared himself for a refusal if it were to come. He"—again she was ready for laughter, but quieted herself.

"Cousin Tilly, I was told in detail all about a Californian heiress at the summer hotel where Mr. McClure boards, and I expect very soon to hear that he is engaged to her. She is not very pretty, but she is worth half a million, and she wants Mr. McClure, or so he has given me to understand. It was such a come down from heroics. I must laugh, yet I half want to cry because—how can I explain it to you? I have lost all illusions about Mr. McClure. This does not prove that he is such a bad man as Mr. Stoughton believes him, but I suddenly see that I have all along idealized him. He is just very common clay. There seems nothing left out of which I can construct a friendship even."

"Which is just as well, dear, for under the circumstances the Californian heiress will not care about you being his friend—at least I think so."

"Tilly, I don't believe that you understand me! You fancy that I am piqued because he was not more cut up, or else you think I have turned against him because he is to marry somebody else."

Tilly mused in silence, studying the bedpost; then she spoke as if she were in a witness box under oath. "I think perhaps, you are just a little piqued. It would be very natural that you should be; but over and above that I do believe that you may have just found out what Jane declares the dog has always known—that Mr. McClure is a humbug."

Neither spoke for some time; then

Bessie said: "It seems as if a weight had been taken off me, my heart cannot be really hurt, much less broken, or I would not be so hungry. Is it not supper time?"

CHAPTER IX.

FADING YEARS.

The summer had come and gone; autumn was nearly past, and yet Bessie Roberts lingered in Miss Tilly's home. If circumstances were not too inflexible, Tilly always made any place that she inhabited intensely comfortable and homelike. She did this in her bleak, little hall bedroom in the city boarding house. Much more had she done it—with all the resources of the old homestead at her command. Again, Bessie loved her for her own gaunt, breezy personality. She liked Hazelport and Hazelport liked Bessie. Already the village belles copied her hats and gowns, while more than one young farmer made frequent errands to the farm house. He might come on workday business, but he was sure to wear his Sunday coat, and was always willing to talk with either of the ladies who happened to be visible. If Bessie it was who discussed the weather or the crops with him, he was sure to appear soon again. But when late October came there really seemed no excuse for Bessie's refusal to go back to her city friends. She reluctantly made ready to return.

Miss Tilly would miss her very much, but Tilly was not to be alone all winter. Ever since Tilly came into her kingdom, she had been using her means to help needy acquaintances. She went every few weeks to New York in order to carry fruit, flowers, all sorts of unfamiliar luxuries into poverty-stricken homes. This winter she planned to keep all through the cold weather a little crippled boy, the son of a poor dressmaker, and before spring to get him so fat and hearty that his mother would not know him. Then, too, in a warm, sunny chamber was to be made comfortable a minister's widow, poor and threatened with consumption, if obliged to earn a scanty living as she did the previous winter in the city. She was to be comforted by warmth, good food, cheerful company, and be made to believe that Miss Tilly needed her as a companion.

As the time drew near for Bessie's departure, she declared over and over again that she meant, as early as possible, the next year to return. She would make her home from that time onward with Miss Tilly, and they would grow together into a "pair of charming old maidens."

Miss Tilly expressed herself delighted at the proposal; but had private doubts about one of the proposed fortunes, and her likelihood of ever reaching old age as Miss Roberts.

One day they were talking together of certain visits to be made before Bessie left Hazelport.

"I want," she said, "to bid Mr. Stoughton good-bye when I have a chance, to tell him that his sermons have done me good. People I know are always telling a minister that; because it seems a nice thing, but I really mean it. I never knew a man who seemed to me to be eloquent without conceit, good without bigotry, strong, sincere and kindly as he is. Of course, I shall not tell him this."

"No, I advise you not to; women spoil men that way, though he seems too sensible to be made foolish by flattery."

"That is not flattery, Tilly."

"Perhaps not in his case."

"Well," continued Bessie, "I want you to call at the parsonage with me; for Mrs. Stoughton treats me queerly. Poor woman, perhaps I recall that dreadful day when Freddy and Mary were drowned and the sight of me is hateful to her. What do you think, Tilly? Would it be better not to go to the house, but to bid them good-bye after church Sunday?"

"On the whole—no. She might feel that we had not treated her with proper respect if you fail to go to the house."

"Where has Jane been?" asked Bessie, who sat sewing by the window.

"Down to get her summer bonnet retrimmed for fall."

"Well, she is coming at a rate that will leave her breathless when she arrives," remarked Bessie. "Stout as she is, she might have a little mercy on herself."

A few moments later they heard her throw open the kitchen door and hurry through the room to enter unceremoniously Tilly's presence.

"O, Miss Parks!" she gasped and could say no more, but showed by her face that when she could speak she had startling news to communicate.

"Why, Jane, how pale you are! What has happened to you?"

"Nothing to me, but Mrs. Stoughton! She—she—is dead."

"Dead!" echoed both women, horror-stricken.

"Yes, they found her quite dead in her bed this morning about six o'clock."

"And not ill before! Who told you? Was it her heart?" asked Tilly agitatedly.

"That is what I heard first in the street; but I happened to meet the doctor in the postoffice door, and a lot of people were asking him all the particulars. It seems Mrs. Stoughton has had neuralgia for several days and suffered awful, being kept awake all night, too, with the pain. When she went to bed last night she seemed quieter. Her sister got rubber bags of hot water for her and settled her all comfortable. About ten o'clock she heard her get up, or heard her move around, and found she had been up. She said she couldn't stand the pain that had come back, and so she thought she would just take a morphine pill that she had. Mrs. Stoughton has taken the same thing before, though Mr. Stoughton always wished she would not, but it eased the pain. When he came into the room about eleven o'clock, she spoke to him, and said she felt better. He slept very sound himself and when he awoke he found her lifeless. The doctor says that very likely she got up and took more morphine—more than she had any idea of taking—for she was quite dead. They worked over her a long time, but it was not any use. I went right to the parsonage, to the back door, to ask if there was not something I could do, but the doctor had got Hannah Bogart there already. The poor sister was moving around like somebody walking in a dream. As I passed the parlor window I see him—Mr. Stoughton—bowed all over, with his face hid between his two hands. If that man hasn't passed through deep waters lately, I don't know who has."

Miss Tilly was on her feet, looking for her bonnet a minute after.

"Bessie, come right over there with me. You can meet people at the front door and keep them in the parlor. The whole congregation, more or less, will be calling. I will see that the poor, poor sister and her invalid father (who came this week) are not worried with anything I can spare them, or Mr. Stoughton. The poor young wife—the Lord knows all about her. He is infinitely merciful. Perhaps she is taken that worse might not come."

Bessie obeyed without a word. She was too shocked to talk; so together they hastened to the parsonage, where other neighbors were already gathering. No one saw the minister for hours. He was alone in his study, but poor, stunned Mary gratefully resigned everything into Tilly's hands.

Before noon the beautiful mortal body of Alice Stoughton, arrayed in snowy white, rested on a couch adorned with the last blossoms of the year. No marble statue could have been more exquisitely lovely. The face was that of an innocent child. Many times before night her husband and her sister stole in alone to stand by her side in tears; but deep in each heart was a consciousness that kept both mourners from utterly unreconciled grief. Alice's death was in one sense an accident; neither of them believed it to have been suicide; but since her children died they had learned that she, while really struggling to overcome temptation, was constantly yielding in the end. What would the future have brought. God's strength is sufficient for all who will avail themselves of it, but some there are forever failing. Perhaps the Lord sometimes does for too weak souls what tender mothers do for pale, stumbling children who cannot walk. Perhaps He lifts such up from earth and lets them learn strength with Him; not as others who fall, but are quick to rise again.

The young mother's body was laid to rest by the side of her little ones, and the snows of winter soon drifted over the low mounds. For a season the Hazelport people found their minister silent, and rather unapproachable; then he reappeared among them with a power in the pulpit and an attractiveness out of it, that enhanced his influence tenfold for good. The fame of his eloquence and the knowledge of his high living and lofty thinking spread beyond the little country town. Delegations from city churches were sent to hear John Stoughton preach, and later to tempt him away by offers of larger salaries and more cultured parishioners. He was not a man for whom money had overmuch attraction. For two years he refused to leave Hazelport, finding as he said all the work he needed ready at hand. During that time his father-in-law died, and his good, faithful sister-in-law astonished him by marrying a worthy widower in the parish. He was no sooner left alone than many excellent sisters in the church became greatly exercised over his fancied loneliness. They were by no means satisfied when he went for a few months to board at the farm house. Miss Tilly was at least a dozen years older than he, but

she was still a most prepossessing little woman. But this cause of grievance was forgotten when at last it was rumored, and the rumor was confirmed, that Mr. Stoughton had accepted a call to a great, growing church in a Western city.

Miss Tilly wrote to Bessie Roberts how all the people mourned. How every crabbed rustic who had ever criticized the "parson" was now highly indignant at those who had secured his future services. Bessie had never been back to Hazelport since her first long visit. She had been ill; then had gone abroad a second time, and now that Miss Tilly was to be alone she gladly accepted her urgent invitation to come for a long stay. She misunderstood, however, Tilly's information about the time of Mr. Stoughton's going, and arrived a few weeks before his farewell sermon. Tilly was extremely glad that it had happened after that wise, but the minister was much less outspoken in his pleasure at seeing her, if he were pleased.

Jane Wilkes had by this time decided that Mr. Stoughton was going to stay unmarried all the rest of his life, in order, as she put it, "to give himself wholly to the work." It was reported that Jane had sounded the minister, and had received her impression to that effect at first hand. But a new thing happened in the golden afterglow of one of those summer evenings during the minister's last days in Hazelport. Jane was making yeast in her big, cool pantry, and was just about to burst into her favorite hymn when she heard in the near porch the voices of Bessie Roberts and the minister. He was speaking of a day nearly three years before when they met by the river and talked of Browning. Then Mr. Stoughton seemed to be reading or quoting another of his poems. Jane heard the lines:

"I have lived I shall say so much since then;
Given up myself so many times, . . .
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed, or itself missed me;
And I want you and find you"—

But this was no mere reading of other men's thoughts—this strange tremor in Mr. Stoughton's voice! Jane was rough, but the soul of honor. She ran away leaving her yeast to rise and flow over the pantry shelf. True, she ran straight to Miss Tilly; but then they were both kindly women, and he was their minister.

(The End.)

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

BY ROBERT GOLDSMITH.

The world was wrapped in placid peace:
For Day had gone to rest,
And Night had set a starry watch
Upon each cloudy crest,
And sweet calm lay, in no dismay,
Within each tranquil breast.

When lo! from out the molten earth
A mumbling and a moan;
A rending of the rocks of gray;
And Terror mounts his throne;
And every cry that cleaves the sky
Dies faintly in a moan.

'Tis yester-night! And all is bliss,
And busy are all marts;
The sinking sun the hills doth kiss,
Then, lingering, departs:
'Tis morrow-morn! Our strength is shorn,
And broken are our hearts.

We smite our breasts and bow our heads
Before dread destiny,
But yield nor heart, nor hand, nor hope,
Nor curse God's strange decree;
For we will build again our home,
The City by the Sea.

—*The Independent.*

THE WOMAN WHO WORKED WITH ORANGES.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

T was only the wind that rattled the window, but Frau Vega caught at her companion's hand nervously, and the two women peered out into the gesinde, or peasant court. It was one of the quaint, old-fashioned farm-houses built by the Letts, that people who had lived from time immemorial on the sandy heaths beside the Baltic Sea. Teutons, Swedes, and Russians, have in turn held the land they live on and love, but the Letts, quiet living and slow in thinking, go on in the ways of their fathers, building their homes, unlike the genuine Russian peasant, always alone in the midst of their farms, and never in a village. Their houses were all of wood, the joints dove-tailed together with such skill that nails were never needed, and roofed with huge wooden slabs.

On one side of the centre court was the main house, two large rooms, with high lofts above them, and extra chambers for the farm laborers, or lodgers, thrown out in wings, enclosing the open court.

Frau Vega, a pretty, sweet-faced young woman, wearing the white cap of a Moravian married sister, turned from the window where she could see nothing but the buildings round the gesinde standing up black against the deep white snow, and looked round her big bright kitchen. Its shining cleanliness, numerous small comforts, and, above all, its plain, well-filled book-case, showed that it was not the home of the ordinary Lett or Russian peasant; indeed, Sarepta, as the farm was called, was one of the Moravian mission stations in Baltic Russia; for though the Russian Government strictly prohibited the winning of converts from the Orthodox Church, it had not as yet interfered with the half-dozen tiny Moravian congregations.

But that December, 1905, was a dark time for the Letts; for twenty-five years the Government had been engaged in their ruthless Russification; their religion, they were Lutherans, was on one pretence and another, forbidden; their pastors must not administer the sacraments; their schools were closed; old privileges were abolished; and ignorant, brutal Russian officials were put over the people, used to a certain measure of freedom, to force them down to the dead dull level of the Russian peasant. And in 1905 they rose in savage revolt against a savage Government; they turned against the country houses of the large landowners, burning two hundred and fifty, and sometimes murdering the occupants; they hunted up and destroyed all the government records and portraits of the Czar that they could find.

The Czar's proclamation of October 30, granting Russia a constitution, had been followed by increased confusion. Government and people had blindly refused to trust each other; Cossacks had ridden down gathered crowds; men were swept off to prison, or shot, hung, or flogged, in batches; and the great railway strike still paralyzed the trade of the empire; there were mutinies in army and navy; and now Moscow the holy, the ancient capital of Russia, had suddenly risen in revolt, and was held by the revolutionists.

The red flag waved in Riga too, the capital of the Baltic provinces; while the peasants plundered and burnt, their excesss surpassed in many cases by those of provincial authorities, who, cut off by the strike of the telegraph operators from communication with St. Petersburg, were given, by an imperial order, dictatorial powers, so that they could put their governments under martial law, and wage war on the revolutionists in the style of the Dark Ages, assured that they would never be called to account for any outrages committed in the name of the Czar.

More than one small republic had proclaimed itself beside the Baltic, and there was much talk of a mysterious "red army," whose headquarters no man knew; a railway bridge was broken, wrecking a troop train on its way to Riga; and there were rumors of a fierce battle on a frozen lake, ending in the defeat of the imperial troops. Lena Vega, the Moravian pastor's wife, looked at her baby, and prayed that its father might be kept safe from harm, out in that night of bitter cold and revolution.

There were three guests in her kitchen that night: Prof. Webber, a German, who was doctor at the Russian village of Andreyovna, some forty miles away, and his daughters, Elizabeth and Ogla, who

had come to take communion at Sarepta. Ogla, a pretty child of twelve, was nursing the pastor's baby; while Elizabeth, a tall, handsome young woman, sat near the window with her friend.

"So you are watching for some one tonight, as well as I, Elizabeth," said Lena, smiling bravely, while Elizabeth blushed. "I am sorry you are to marry outside the congregation, still if God knows his name, all is right. I am anxious to see your betrothed."

"He will be here to take us home tonight," said Elizabeth, with very soft eyes. "But, Lena, though we understand each other perfectly, we are not formally betrothed yet."

"Yet it must be nearly two months since you wrote to me that he had spoken to you, and your father is willing; is it his family who are making the delay?"

"Oh, no, he has no parents, and he is the nephew of M. Davidoff, the steward of Andreyovna, you know; Noah works in his office, and I am sure his uncle likes the idea of him loving me; but it is all this trouble in the country; M. Davidoff says he cannot see about the business part of the matter until things are more settled. You know he is a member of the Provincial Government, and now the telegraph strike has isolated us from everybody, he is the absolute ruler of Andreyovna."

"I suppose he is a very wealthy man; and he has no children?"

"No, he was never married; and I expect he is rich. I never thought about it, but beside being manager of the great estate of Andreyovna, he owns Tarwast, which is much smaller, yet very good land."

"I expect your marriage would be called a good one from a worldly point of view, Elizabeth. Have you known Stefanovitch long?"

"Just three months; he was a student at St. Petersburg, and he came on a visit to his uncle, and stayed there."

"And he spoke after he had known you one month. I approve of M. Davidoff's delaying the betrothal. Three months is not long enough to find out what a man is, a man who is to be your life-companion."

"But Noah is not a bit like any other man, Lena; and then when he told me he loved me, I felt that God was putting my hand in his." Elizabeth dropped her work and went on in a whisper, "Do you know, Lena, sometimes I am afraid, I love him so, he is so clever, and strong, and good. Why, I used to be afraid sometimes when I thought of the revolutionists, but now I never think of them. I feel that he is stronger than them all. Do you think it is wrong for me to love him so much, Lena? Every day I thank God that we were brought together."

"There are only two things to think of in marriage, Elizabeth; be sure you are pleasing God; be sure you are pleasing yourself, and be happy."

There was a sudden knock at the outer gate of the gesinde; the watch-dog bayed threateningly, then changed to a bark of welcome, and a young man came out of the laborers' chambers, and unfastened the heavy bar.

"Fritz!" cried Lena, joyfully, as wrapped up entirely in his sheepskins, the young pastor came in.

"You are all safe here still?" he said. "God is good to us."

"No one has been near us, Fritz," answered his wife; "but you have bad news."

"Sunzel Castle was burnt either by the Letts or the Red Army this morning, and the Baron clubbed to death."

"And are they still holding out at Wolmar?"

"A party of armed Germans with some Cossacks made a sortie from Fort Volka, and beat off the Letts; rescuing everybody and taking them back to the fort; the Letts then returned and burnt the castle."

"You have heard nothing more of the Novargansk Republic?"

The pastor turned to his guests. "It is probably news to you to hear you are living in a republic," he said, "but you heard how a fortnight ago the Red Army under the notorious Youri Kartzow took possession of the town of Novargansk, defeating in a pitched battle a regiment of dragoons and one of infantry, taking many prisoners, whom they held as hostages. Then they proclaimed this republic, starting their rule by raiding the drink shops and destroying every drop of liquor, and, as far as I can hear, keeping very good order. We received a notice explaining that we were now the subjects of the republic, which had abolished for ever the rule of the Czar and the so-called Supreme Being. Then followed a ferago of French Revolution blasphemies, which was commanded to be read aloud in all churches and halls of assembly. I think Sarepta was the only place in the bounds of the republic where God was worshipped openly last Sunday, and today I received this letter: 'Citizen Fritz Vega,—Your treason to the republic is known, and you are warned that if you continue your treacherous work of per-

fidiously advocating the service of an enslaver of humanity, whether emperor or deity, we will work against you with oranges (bombs).

"'Signed on behalf of the Republic of Novargansk,

"'By the Woman who works with Oranges.'"

The single brethren from their rooms round the court had followed their pastor into the kitchen to hear his news, and now for a minute every one was silent, the danger was so deadly, and no one knew how near. Then Elizabeth opened her lips and sang: "A mighty fortress is our God."

The others followed her, and altogether the brothers and sisters of Sarepta sang:

"God's Word above all mortal powers (no thanks to them) abideth,
The Spirit and the gifts are ours, through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go; this mortal life also;
This body they may kill; God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever."

As they sang they heard the sound of the outer gate being opened, and the noise of horses' feet entering the court, but not even little Ogla looked out to see if their enemy was upon them. Then there was a loud knock at the door, which the pastor opened, admitting a tall young man wearing a long coat of rich black fur, and carrying a half-unconscious girl, wrapped in a wolf-skin sleigh-robe, in his arms.

"Noah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, as he laid his charge down by her.

"I found her in the snow ten miles from here," he said; and the women carried her into the inner room.

She was young, they thought, as they tended her; a straight, very thin girl, hard fleshed and muscular. She wore the coarse clothing of a peasant, and her strong, roughened hands looked as if she had worked out of doors with men; yet the scrupulous cleanliness of her person and dress were very unlike a Russian peasant; and it was unusual for a peasant to carry books like the French one they found on her, with her passport, saying she was Sofie Ivanovna Gourin, the daughter of the deacon of Lemburg, a village near by.

So they brought the stranger back to life, and when she opened her eyes the Moravian sisters were startled. They had thought her plain, almost ugly, but her eyes were strangely, brilliantly beautiful, and lighted by them her face looked very strong, the face of one who could, and had, ruled others, by the sheer force of an imperious fearless will.

They brought her back to the kitchen, and gave her a low chair by the fire, and as she looked round her quickly at the mild-faced men and women, only Elizabeth noticed Noah start, as for the first time he saw the girl he had saved distinctly. Evidently he recognized her, yet instead of coming forward to speak, he slipped back where she could not see him, and Elizabeth felt vaguely disturbed.

Then Ogla gave their guest back her book, and Sofie smiled at her. "Can you read, my little one?" she asked.

"I can read Russian and German, and I am learning French, Sofie Ivanovna," said Ogla, proudly.

Sofie held out her book, and the child read aloud, "Travail," by Emile Zola.

"Pardon me, Fraulein," interrupted the professor, "but I do not wish my daughter to read even a page of your book; she is only twelve."

"I understand," answered Sofie smiling, "you are not a Russian, and like all men who are free you do not wish the possible mothers of your people to mix in the strife of men, in the forefront of the battle. But I am a Russian." She turned to Ogla and went on softly: "Once an army was on its way to fight an enemy, and there was a great abyss in its path; then, because there was no other way, the front ranks of the army threw themselves into it, bridging it with their bodies; they were crushed and maimed and killed, that other men might pass on their way with heads erect, living as God would have them live. But what do you think of those who died, little Ogla?"

"They were like the martyrs—and the Lord Christ," said Ogla, eagerly. "Is that the story in your book, Fraulein?"

"Not exactly; you know what St. Paul said in his letter to the Romans, 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Some would tell you that our world is lost and dying, but prophets like Paul knew that all the pain we see is but the birth throes of a larger, more glorious life. Why, even the freedom which seems to us so perfect, under the English flag, was not born even in England without blood; as Whittier says:

"'Our right which brave men die to gain;
The stake, the cord, the rack, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.'"

Suddenly Noah crossed the kitchen, and confronting Sofie, said sternly, "You are

Sofie Palma, the woman who works with oranges."

Sofie stood up laughing. "Of course I am, my little Noah," she said. "Why didn't you say so before? I saw you knew me when I came in."

There was a murmur of angry consternation, and the pastor sent the single sisters and children from the room, only Lena staying with the men.

"Then you admit that the words of this young man are true?" said Vega to Sofie.

"I am Sofie Palma," she retorted, "alias Yourie Kartzow. I served in men's dress in the Czar's navy, and am accused of betraying the emperor's cause at the sea-fight in Tsushima Strait. I am head of the Republic of Novargansk, and do my work with oranges. My passport is forged, and I am at present acting as a spy; so it is your duty as good subjects of the Czar and orthodox Christians to arrest me, and take me to Fort Volka."

"We certainly cannot let you escape," said the professor, sternly. "It is the continued crimes of such as you which make it impossible for the Government to put any trust in any of the people."

"Then we must lynch her," said Noah, quickly, "for if we took her to Volka the Cossacks would flog her to death."

"She and her friends murdered Baron Sunzel," said one of the single brethren, a heavy-faced Russian peasant. "He was not a bad man, and she should die; but we need not kill her, we can just drive her out into the cold."

There was a murmur of approval, but Lena said solemnly, "Let he that is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her."

"Do you think your text very suitable, Sister Vega?" said Prof. Webber.

"They are Christ's words, not mine," said Lena; "ask Him if they suit, my brother."

"We will," said the pastor; "the matter is too serious for our judgment, so we will cast lots before the Lord."

He wrote out three texts and put them in a jug, then the Moravians withdrew into the inner room for prayer, leaving Noah to watch Sofie.

She leaned back in her chair, saying lazily, "So we meet again, Noah. Do you remember Moscow? You were a poor student then, and now you dress like a rich man. Then you were in love with humanity, and now it is a woman, our single sister Elizabeth."

"I was never a Nihilist, Sofie Theodorovna."

"I know that, but you are marked as a suspect by the police now, and if you still refuse to bear false witness against your neighbor, they will try to make an Anarchist of you, as they have made many a law-abiding man in Russia before. And now, do you know what is on those slips in the jug?"

"One is, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,'" answered Noah grimly, and Sofie whistled softly.

Then the brethren and Lena came back, and Sofie rose as they sent a five-year-old boy across to the jug. She smiled as he fumbled the papers with baby fingers, then ran back with one to the pastor, and very solemnly Fritz Vega read aloud, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more."

"And what if I intend to continue in 'sin'?" said Sofie.

"To-night you abide with us here," answered Vega, "and in the morning go on your way; God grant it may be the right one."

Suddenly Sofie crossed to where Lena stood, and knelt down before her. "Mira Ivanovna looked like you," she said abruptly. "I loved her, and they did her to death in their prisons. There was Anton Paulovitch, too; and that is why I know now that God is dead. You shake your head, but it says so in the Bible; He is dead and buried in a grave, guarded by Cæsar's soldiers, and sealed with Cæsar's seal; Cæsar is the same name as Czar."

"You poor, poor child," exclaimed Lena.

Sofie kissed her head and kissed the hem of her dress. "No evil thing shall come nigh thy dwelling," she said earnestly. "God said that, and He is here; I can feel him, which is very strange, seeing that I know He does not exist."

Sofie had already left Sarepta, when, early the next morning, Noah and his party started in their big sleigh. They travelled rapidly, and late that afternoon passed the railway station two miles from Andreyovna, where the last train the Government had attempted to run stood forlornly among the snow-drifts, with the boiler of its engine shattered by a round shot.

"No railways, no telegraph," said Elizabeth softly to Noah, "just think, we know nothing of what the rest of the world is doing; I can understand why they call long ago the Dark Ages, one feels so utterly in the dark as to what is happening anywhere. I am so glad we are all together."

"Elizabeth," said her lover abruptly, "I am going away to-night."

"Noah!"

"I don't know if I can make you understand me, but when there is war in a land, and a man feels that he cannot under any circumstances strike a blow on either side, there is nothing for him but to run away."

"But where are you going, Noah?"

"To Canada, if I can, Elizabeth; I have my passport, forged, as it happens; and I have some papers, too, that I am going to leave with you; I have kept them hidden as if they were the most seditious of literature, which was certainly not what their author intended them to be, he being the Canadian Minister of Agriculture; but they tell of the North-West of Canada, the great wheat lands which she is giving away, Elizabeth. And more than anything, it is a free country, the home and person of the English emperor, Edward VII. himself, are not more sacred in the eyes of the law than mine would be there, as long as I did not injure my neighbor. Dear, will you wait for me while I go to make a home for us both out there? Do you love and trust me enough to come to me, when I send for you?"

Elizabeth did not answer for a minute, the thing had come upon her too suddenly; and the girl astride of a sturdy Cossack horse stopped on the road in front of them.

"Halt!" she cried, "in the name of the Republic of Novargansk, Noah Stefanovitch, I must speak to you."

Noah drew up his horse instantly, for it is not good to disobey a woman who works with oranges, then unwillingly he went to her.

"Noah," she said, "your country needs your services; will you come with me to Novargansk now?"

"Never, Sofie Theodorovna, unless you take me there by force, and keep me as a prisoner."

"How long do you think you can go on as you are? If you were truly loyal to the Tzar, you would have taken me to Volka last night; what does it matter how a Nihilist dies? Noah, I have ridden hard to warn you, you will be arrested directly you reach Andreyovna, as an anarchist."

"I hope you are mistaken, but whatever comes I can have no friendship with the man—or woman—who betrays their country."

"Go back to your sweetheart then, you fool; but in case you should get some sense, I will wait at the railway station till midnight for you."

Sofie raised her voice as she spoke, and Elizabeth heard the last sentence, but Noah only said as he drove on, "Just another Nihilist attempt at blackmail, professor; and I think we are too strong at Andreyovna to fear them." Then he added softly, "Have you no answer for me, Elizabeth?"

"How can I answer you now," said the girl impatiently. "Why must you leave Russia? Why cannot you fight against these revolutionary wretches?"—and to herself she added—"What have you in common with this Sofie, the bomb thrower? I would do anything you ask me to, only not while you have secrets from me with another woman."

"I beg your pardon," said Noah gravely, "I asked too much of you."

And feeling that he did not care whatever happened to him he drove on to Andreyovna. Golinka, the police sergeant, hurried up with some of his men, as the sleigh stopped and whispered to Noah. Elizabeth heard her lover call a servant to take the reins, but she never turned her head as he got out; then they moved on and she saw him among a group of men; one of them stepped aside, and she felt that the earth reeled beneath her, as she saw the steel bands on her lover's wrists.

They took Noah directly to the manager's office, where Davidoff was sitting at his desk, and left the prison alone with him. The steward of Andreyovna was considered a just and able man, but the fear of the Nihilists and the responsibility of his position were proving too much for him; an English governor in his place would have had his own instincts of self-government and his knowledge of his country's laws to guide him, but to Davidoff government meant a blind obedience to the changing will of an autocrat, and the impossibility of finding out what that will was just then, coupled with the hourly dread of assassination, had broken down his nerve; all that day he had sought to raise his courage with brandy, and Noah realized with something like fear that his very life was at the mercy of a terrified drunkard.

"Will you tell me the truth now, Noah Stefanovitch?" he demanded in a thick, slightly unsteady voice, "or shall I force it out of you?"

"I am quite ready to speak the truth, sir."

"There is seditious talk among the peasants here, they are 10,000, and we

are 200, and if they rise we shall have the horrors of the French Revolution, and you may see the woman you pretend to love torn to pieces with pitchforks."

Involuntarily Noah strained at his fetters. "Why do you distrust me, sir," he said bitterly. "What reason have you to think me guilty?"

"What reason have I to think you innocent? you are a suspect," cried Davidoff angrily, then he added in a milder voice, "you came here from the prison where you had spent eight months for refusing to give evidence in a Nihilist case; I took you into my house; I let you woo the girl I loved as a daughter, and I only delayed your formal betrothal till you had proved yourself trustworthy by giving the information the law required. Confess now, and you shall be betrothed, aye, and married too, this evening. Speak, and Elizabeth shall be yours to-night. If you fear Nihilist vengeance, the dowry I mean to give her will take you abroad beyond their reach."

"I am very grateful for your kindness, sir," said Noah gently, "but I am not a Nihilist. I was a very poor student, and this M. Gadon invited me to his house often, where I met his friends, many of them needy persons like myself, to whom his friendship and hospitality were a very real help. We never talked politics, and I was as startled as anyone when his death by the premature explosion of an infernal machine showed that he was one of the terrorist chiefs. He had been so little suspected that I was the only one of his friends the police were able to locate, and they would have let me go if I had given the names of the others; but though I disliked Nihilism I did not believe these were Nihilists; they would never have allowed me, an outsider, to know them all so well if they were; and not even to save myself would I doom others, probably as innocent as I knew myself to be. It is simply a question of honor, sir, and could you not leave it between the Moscow police and me, and allow me to aid in the defence here?"

Davidoff looked through the window beyond his prisoner into the great darkness of the gathering night, and again the thought of his isolation struck on his senses, dulling them; and he answered with the sullen obstinacy of a man who has no confidence in himself or anyone else. "You were sent here for three months, then if you did not speak I was to send you back; I cannot do that now, so you must speak; it will prove that you have nothing in common with the Nihilists."

"It would prove that I have nothing in common with any decent men, sir," said Noah, growing reckless as he realized his doom was fixed.

Davidoff struck the electric bell beside him violently. "You will think different when Golinka has the handling of you," he said. "Now which shall it be, to-night, he and his prison, or Elizabeth?"

"I respect Elizabeth Albertovna too much to think of letting a dishonored man come near her, sir," answered Noah as the police entered.

"When he is reasonable, let me know," said Davidoff curtly as they removed the prisoner; and he went up to his dinner.

His luxurious meal was over when Elizabeth, white faced and wan, came in with her father. "M. Davidoff, what has Noah done?" she cried, before the manager could speak.

"My poor little girl," said Davidoff tenderly. "I am afraid I cannot tell you; I will speak to your father, it is not a fit story for you."

She faced him with flashing eyes. "If I am old enough to be a man's wife, M. Davidoff," she cried, "I am old enough to know anything about him. You must tell me."

Astounded at this outburst of passion in the meek Moravian girl, Davidoff looked at the professor, but he only said quietly, "I think Elizabeth is right, my friend."

"It is the old story," began Davidoff rapidly; really he had no idea of what he was to say against Noah, "a gay living young student; a liaison with a girl who of course was a Nihilist; she was arrested and I brought Noah here."

"And introduced him to my daughter," interrupted the professor angrily.

"I believed him more sinned against than sinning," said Davidoff hurriedly, "but I am responsible for maintaining order here, and certain circumstances which I cannot explain made his arrest necessary, but I hope to be able to release him shortly. Unfortunately this is war time, and our young friend forgot that fact."

Elizabeth leaned back in her seat feeling suddenly faint; then after all did she really know nothing of Noah? Did he really belong to Sofie, that witch-woman who ruled over men? Then she heard her father saying, "The jail at Andreyovna is not a fit place for any human being, and I hope you do not

think it necessary to imprison this young man there."

"Only for to-night," said Davidoff, promptly. "To-morrow I will have made arrangements to keep him here in my house."

As his visitors left, Davidoff detained Elizabeth. "Come here in the morning," he whispered. "You shall see your lover; and, tell no one what I am telling you, but my reputation as a Government official, and his life—do you understand me, child?—his life, depends on him giving the information I must have in the next twenty-four hours. General Tshesky will be here then, and do you want the man who is all the world to you, treated as Tshesky treated the suspects he captured at Lemburg? Six were shot, and nine flogged, receiving 200 lashes each. And do you know that 200 lashes delivered by soldiers on the naked body of a man means death in a very terrible form, my little Elizabeth?"

"Don't!" said the girl faintly. "Tell me what I am to do?"

"Make him speak, child; stop at nothing to make him speak. Do you understand me? You are a woman and he a man; you are both young, and he loves you. You are practically betrothed, so stop at nothing to make him speak, and you shall be married at once. You shall go to Paris with him then, child. I will give you the trousseau of a countess, and these rubies."

"Moravian women do not sell themselves for jewels or gold, M. Davidoff," she said. "When we feel that God has given us to a man, we do our duty towards him as long as we live. And so as you say, I will stop at nothing to save Noah's life, though in God's sight he is married to another woman. I love him enough to save him for her."

The last words were spoken to herself, but Davidoff was only noting her graceful figure. "I was a fool to let Golinka deal with him instead of her," he thought. "No man could resist her, and they could be married at once. I wonder if I would be in time to save that wretched boy now? If it is really necessary for Golinka to do a thing at once, he is the most dilatory beast on earth; but if one gives him an order by mistake, he flies off and executes it directly."

He went down hurriedly to the big stables, where his horses were moving restlessly. They were disturbed by the continual hissing of a whip which was branding indelibly the body of a man tied up under the electric light at the further end of the long building. He stopped short, where he could not see what the light was shining on, and called Golinka sharply.

"You have done enough," he said sternly as the sergeant came forward quickly. "Take him to the prison for to-night, and see that Ivan does all he can for him; he understands how to tend such cases."

But Golinka's childish eyes filled with disappointed tears. "Enough, O Barin," he cried, "we have done nothing. Why, he is only beginning to know what a whip means, and we have such a beautiful whip. No, Barin, you must let us go on for a little while; you said yourself we must make him reasonable, and he will not be that till he cries, and he has never cried once yet, all this time."

"You miserable wretch!" yelled Davidoff, glad of an excuse to be angry, "you uncouth, dirty coward and idiot; you beast, you son of a dog, you fool; will you obey me or no?" He emphasized his words with a kick that sent Golinka limping back to release the prisoner, then waited till he had seen him dragged back to the prison.

Then according to Davidoff's arrangements, Golinka took his prisoner to the room prepared for him at the manager's house; and he carried his revolver in his hand, for he was growing very afraid of this man who never offered him the least resistance, nor opened his lips, even to curse him. "He will kill himself or somebody else, unless we kill him first," thought the sergeant.

But Noah was too exhausted to feel anything but a dull relief at the respite from physical pain, and dropping on to the narrow bed, he slept heavily until roused by Golinka's hand and voice. "The Barinia is to speak with you," said the sergeant gruffly.

Noah rose instantly, and faced his sweetheart with sullenly resolute eyes. He had guessed Davidoff's motive in allowing Elizabeth to see him, and the thought that they had worked on the feelings of his idealized Moravian love until she was ready to be the tool of the Russian police, infuriated him, and he prepared himself to meet this ordeal of resisting a woman's clinging hands and tears with the same stern endurance that he had met Golinka's brutality.

As the guard left them, Elizabeth caught her lover's hands. "Oh, what have they done to you, Noah?"

"Nothing that signifies," said her lover lightly; "even one night in prison is not

pleasant. But where are your roses, petite? What have they been doing to you?"

"M. Davidoff said you were to die," she answered brokenly.

"And you have been erving your pretty eyes out, my small child, it is too bad. I am sorry, but we must accept the inevitable. The country is at war, the revolutionists are beside themselves, and the Government has lost its head; and I, unlucky man, have to suffer for it all."

Then the lightness went out of his tone and he whispered eagerly, "Elizabeth, Elizabeth, we have never been betrothed, and you have never kissed me; would you now?"

She put her face to his instantly, and he kissed her, not once, but again and again, for he felt that this was all he would ever be able to take from the woman he loved.

She returned his caresses, whispering, "I am glad, so glad, for you do love me. M. Davidoff said you were really married to a Nihilist woman, and I could not help thinking of Sofie Theodorovna."

He put her away from him gently. "And what else did M. Davidoff tell you to say to me, my pretty child?" he said.

The change in his manner hurt the girl, and she answered instantly, "I am no child, Noah. You may call me one as a pet name, but I am a woman, and as able to suffer or to dare as you are or Sofie Theodorovna. I took Black Orloff from the stable last night when the police were all asleep, and rode to the railway station, where she said she would wait for you, and she told me that she was La Vierge Rouge, (the Red Virgin), you were nothing to her, but if possible she would save you for Russia's sake."

"Elizabeth, what have you done?" gasped Noah.

"M. Davidoff told me to stop at nothing to save you," said Elizabeth defiantly, "He said I was really your betrothed, and it was my duty. So I went to Sofie Theodorovna to find out if you were married already, and get her to help me rescue you. And I told her everything about us that she asked me, even the secret code which General Tshesky uses, which I know because I am M. Davidoff's secretary. Noah, please don't call me a wicked woman. M. Davidoff said something about saving you if you would tell something, but of course I knew you wouldn't, if it wasn't right, and I would never have asked you to. Noah, what do you think of me?"

"You are an angel," he said gravely, kissing her hands. "But, my God, Elizabeth, if they should find you out?"

"They won't," answered Elizabeth composedly. "Only Ogla knows I was out of the house last night. Golinka is very stupid, and M. Davidoff is not as bright as he used to be, he drinks too much. Noah, if the Red Army save you, will you join them?"

"No, little girl, I was an anarchist when you came in, and I think that the deeds of our Government which cannot govern justify even such treason as Kartzow's. Still I do not see how all this terror and bloodshed is going to help us, so if I cannot serve my country without violence, I will leave her. If I am saved, my life will be yours, Elizabeth, and I must live as a Moravian should. But when shall we meet again, my dear one?"

"Whenever you send to me I will come to you. Wherever you are I will go; I will wait forever for you, for God has giv.. 'o you."

"And to-night, Elizabeth, they may be fighting here, and I would rather have died a hundred times than have you in their battles."

"I am in the hands of my God, who loves me far more than you can, Noah," answered the girl smiling.

Then she left him, and feeling that he was far stronger than his enemies, Noah said to Golinka, "You can tell M. Davidoff, sergeant, that his second attempt has failed. I have told the Barinia nothing."

An hour later, a mile from Andreyovna, Tshesky's little force was surprised, and cut to pieces by a party of Reds led by a young man in the uniform of a Russian naval lieutenant. Then in a whirlwind of galloping horses, with wildly yelling riders and red flags waving, Sofie swept down on Andreyovna. The big house where all the foreigners had taken refuge was too strong for her to make any attempt against, and if Noah had still been there, her effort to save him would have failed, but he was back in the village prison, which she stormed without any difficulty; and then leaving factory, farm buildings, and the great granaries packed with the season's wheat, in flames behind her, she disappeared with her wild riders, and the recovered prisoner, into the darkness,—La Vierge Rouge, the Woman who Worked with Oranges.

Science Notes.

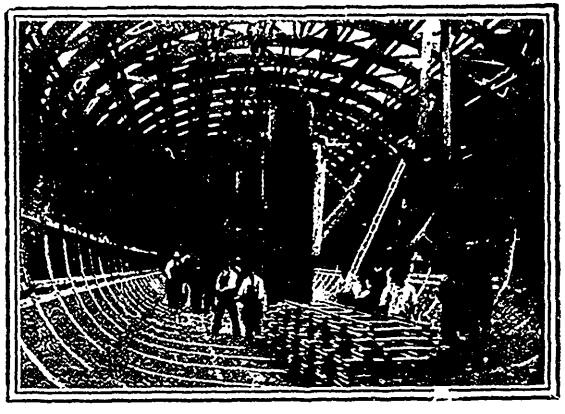
A Portable Tunnel.

A novel method used in constructing the new tunnel under the Seine for carrying the lines of the Metropolitan Railway of Paris, is noted in Popular Mechanics. Says this paper :

"The tunnel is built in sections—huge caissons of steel—which are floated to position and sunk.

"The walls of each section are filled with rubble when it is sunk and the flanges on its bottom hold it away from the river bed and form a space from which the water is expelled. This space is used as a working chamber, where the work of excavation is carried on with only a moderate degree of compressed air. Connection tubes in the tunnel sections, provided with ladders, are used for passing in and out of the working chamber. As the bed of the river is excavated, the section sinks lower and lower until it is at last beneath the surface. All hollow spaces are filled in with rubble as the work proceeds and the tunnel is finally covered over.

"Conditions in the working chamber are of the best. Electric lights are used and telephones afford communication facilities. For dealing with the rock strata a special powder which gives off little fumes is used, and excavated material is rapidly removed. This material passes up the connecting tubes in steel buckets which, on reaching the top, are tilted to precipitate the material into barges on the surface of the Seine."



WORKING IN A CAISSON UNDER THE RIVER SEINE.

The New Discoveries of Science.

Professor Lancaster, in his presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said it was a great privilege to live in an epoch like the present, which would stand out for ever in human history as the period in which new chemical elements of astounding properties were revealed with extraordinary rapidity. Yet we fear that there are a great many people now living who do not appreciate the privilege, and, indeed, do not take the trouble even to keep informed on the discoveries which in the last five years have made for science a new heaven and a new earth. Not long ago astronomers were engaged in calculating the rate of cooling of the earth. Now it is a question whether

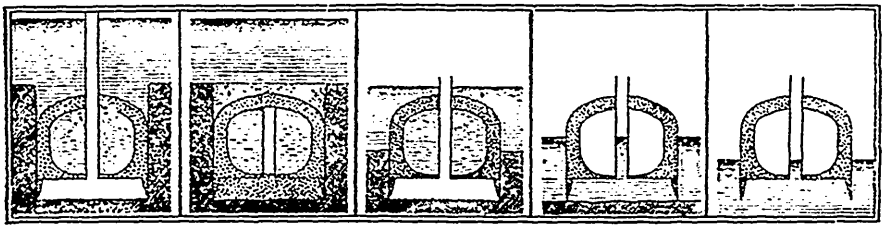


DIAGRAM SHOWING SECTIONS HOW THE TUNNEL WAS SUNK.

the earth may not be heating up. They used to have a hard time inventing ways by which the sun could keep up its heat. Now they have radium "to burn." If a small fraction of one per cent. of the sun consists of radium it would be sufficient to account for its heat, and since helium, one of the products of decomposition of radium, is known to exist in the sun—in fact, was first discovered there—it is probable that radium exists there also. Everything that we used to know about cools off when it is left to itself, but radium tends to get hotter all the time.

No one else in America has done so much original work in radio-activity as Professor Rutherford, and we are envious of Canada that he is not on our side of the border. We have tried to get him to come to us, but he seems destined to the Cavendish Laboratory of Cambridge University.—The Independent.

THE REV. NATHANAEL BURWASH, D.D., S.T.D., F.R.S.C.

Dr. Burwash is a stalwart Canadian, born of good Scottish ancestry. We glean the following facts from Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time":

He was born near St. Andrew's, Que., July 25, 1839. He was educated at the local public schools and, like many other distinguished Canadians, served for a time as public school teacher. Entering Victoria University, where for a couple of years he rendered valuable service as tutor, he graduated in 1859. Immediately upon graduation he entered the ranks of the itinerant ministry, and served with conspicuous ability and success the church at Newburg, Belleville, Toronto East, Hamilton. But he was evidently foreordained to be a teacher of men and, in 1867, was called to the Chair of Natural History and Geology at Victoria University. He sought an ample preparation for his professional work by taking a course in Science at Yale University, New Haven, and a course of theological study at the Garrett Biblical Institute, in connection with North-West University at Evanston, Ill. In 1873 he became Professor of Theology at Victoria University, and also Dean of the Theological Faculty, and subsequently also lectured on civil polity in the Arts Department.

On the death of his revered and honored friend, the Rev. Dr. Nelles, Dr. Burwash was chosen to succeed him as President of Victoria University, in whose remarkable developments in the last twenty years, and especially since its removal to Toronto, he has taken a very active part. He became Senator of Toronto University in 1891. Dr. Burwash has been a member of each General Conference from 1874 to 1906. He has been closely identified with the movement in favor of university federation in this country. It was largely through his efforts that that scheme was consummated. He prepared the first draft of the federation scheme, which has been accepted by Toronto, Victoria and Trinity Universities.

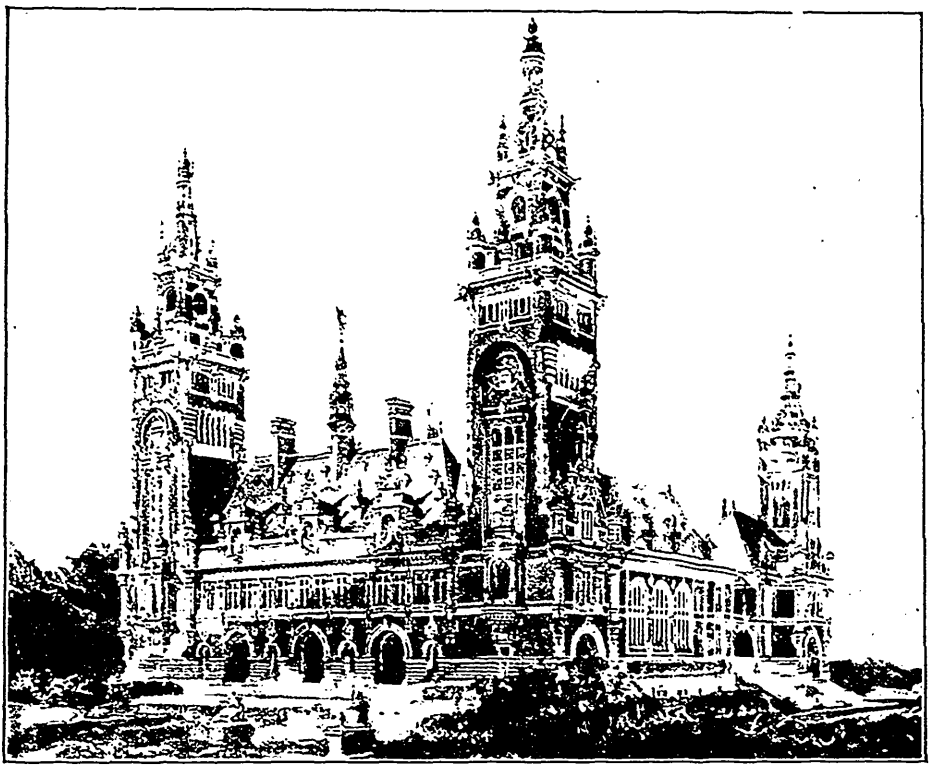
No man has had a more influential place in the educational councils of the country. He does not speak often or long in Senate or Conference, but when he does it is with reasoned words of weight and wisdom which carry very great influence. When great questions are discussed, however, he sometimes makes an exhaustive address.

Dr. Burwash's numerous contributions to this Magazine will be in the memory of all. In addition to these his "Commentary on the Book of Romans," and his "Inductive Studies in Theology" in two goodly volumes, have commanded the very high commendation of critical reviewers. As President, Dr. Burwash grapples the students to his heart with hooks of steel, is greatly beloved and has over them almost unbounded influence. He is described in the words of another as "a man of great power of mind and of administrative ability."

Count not thy life by calendars; for years
Shall pass thee by unheeded, whilst an hour—
Some little fleeting hour, too quickly past—
May stamp itself so deeply on thy brain,
Thy latest years shall live upon its joy.
His life is longest, not whose boneless gums,
Sunk eyes, wan cheek and snow-white hair bespeak
Life's limits; no! but he whose memory
Is thickest set with those delicious scenes
'Tis sweet to ponder o'er when even falls.

—*Kennedy.*

Current Topics and Events.



PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

PROPOSED PALACE OF PEACE TO BE ERECTED AT THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, AT THE EXPENSE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The magnificent structure here shown is designed to be the home of the peace congress at the Hague and of the court of arbitration, which it is expected to establish. The first congress, called by the Czar of Russia, was expected to open a new era in the world's history, an era of peace and brotherhood. But by a strange irony of fate the Czar himself has been the most flagrant foe of international righteousness and equity. His bullying policy towards Japan brought with it one of the world's surprises, the triumph of the little empire of the East against the great Colossus of the North.

Since this cataclysm, which overthrew the military prestige of the Russian empire, its internal convulsions have reduced it to the last extremity. The Little Father, from being the adored idol of his people, has become the object of their hate and a target for their vengeful assaults. Nevertheless, the hands go not back on the dial of time. Russia can never again be enslaved as she has been hitherto. Having tasted the joys of representative institutions, her unappeasable hunger will demand their restoration. The new Douma will prove no less a friend of liberty than the one which the Czar so ruthlessly dismissed.

It seems a strange time that this dis-

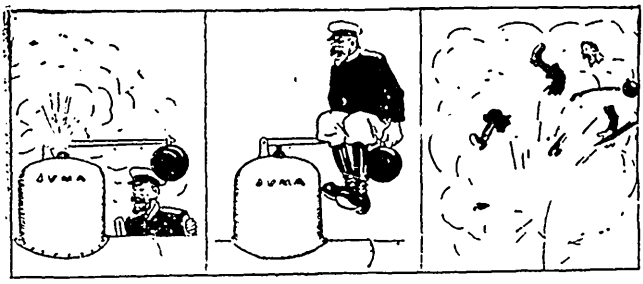
LADY CURZON AT SIXTEEN.

credited monarch should take for calling a new peace conference at the Hague. It was summoned to meet during this month of October, but, in view of the Pan-American Congress, the meeting has been postponed till the spring. This will secure a much larger attendance than had it met in October. Some forty nations, it is expected, will be represented in that great Field of the Cloth of Gold in a nobler sense than that tournament of chivalry at Guisnes. The Spanish-American republics, which have been engaged in such almost ceaseless wars and revolutions, will be for the first time represented at this peace congress, and their presence will be a pledge and prophecy of the cessation of their fratricidal strife. This great palace of peace is a worthy monument of its noble purpose. It is a striking example of the architecture of the Netherlands, with its massive and pinnacled towers, its many dormered and steep roofs, its noble arcades and splendid surroundings.

Lady Curzon.

Three continents, says the Christian Herald, have a mournful interest in the death of the lady whose portrait appears on this page. America was gratified by the fact that one of her daughters had become so distinguished and powerful among the world's rulers; Europe welcomed her as a charming and attractive personality, and in India she is remembered as a beneficent and sympathetic friend of the poor and needy. Lady Curzon was, in all her varied relations, and in all ranks of society, a kindly and gracious representative of her native land. Is is only eleven years since, as Mary Victoria Leiter, eldest daughter of Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, she married the Hon. George N. Curzon, the son of Lord Scarsdale, of England. The wedding took place in Washington, D.C., and was a memorable social function. Three years afterwards, her husband, who had in the interval been created Baron Curzon, was sent to India as Viceroy. There Lady Curzon, in the new and difficult role of the representative of royalty over a nation of three hundred millions of people, won golden opinions not only from the subject princes, but from the common people, by her many acts of beneficence. During the

THE LATE LADY CURZON.



SILLY NICK SITS ON THE SAFETY-VALVE.
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

famines she exerted herself in the work of administering the funds raised in America and in England, and accompanied her husband in his personal tours of inspection. In 1904 her health broke down, and she returned to England to consult her physicians. For a long time her life hung in the balance, but gradually she recovered. She was, however, an invalid from that time, and was obliged to remain in practical retirement. The news of her sudden death, which occurred on July 18, caused profound regret through England, where, as the leading journal said, "her intellectual force, her beauty, grace and tact were universally admired." Her illustrious station, however, gave her no immunity from the attack of the great enemy before whom the poorest must fall.

ALMOST!
—Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette (London)

The Russian welter continues in its policy of reckless assassination and draconic punishment. The Independent makes the following astounding statement:

"The sacrifice of lives, the blood spilled in the Russian revolt, is already far greater than during the entire French Revolution. During the days of the French Terror only

"I WONDER WHAT'S DOING OVER IN RUSSIA."
—Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

two thousand three hundred heads fell under the guillotine, and during the entire Revolution only about thirty thousand lives were sacrificed all over France. In Russia the Revolution proper dates back only about eighteen months. Yet the number of victims is appalling. Professor Mouss, of the Serbonne, who is now in Russia gathering such estimates, states that last year (1905) there were seventy-two thousand victims in Russia. He defines 'victims' as persons killed, exiled or imprisoned. During the first six months of the present year there have probably been double this enormous aggregate for all of last year. If this ratio is maintained, as now seems inevitable, the total number of victims for this year would reach nearly three hundred thousand."

Uncle Sam—"And to think that I just bought it for him brand new seven years ago."
—Brinkerhoff in the Toledo Blade.

Yet the Czar sits on the safety valve, unheeding the inevitable explosion which is sure to come. The frenzied effort of the people to reach the powder magazine, though restrained for a time, will surely lead to an explosion which will shatter the empire into fragments.

The frightful outbreak of barbarism in Georgia casts a lurid light upon the problems which confront the American nation. The Independent asserts that one hundred and fifty negroes were killed in the Charleston massacre and for a time a veritable reign of terror prevailed. The Outlook describes it as an American Kishinev, in which temporarily civilization was suspended. For brutality and wanton cruelty and fiendish rage and indiscriminate savagery one would have to turn to accounts of massacres in Russia or Turkey for a parallel. "It is about time," it adds, "that Americans were learning the folly of attempting government by murder."

What makes this savagery all the more inexcusable is that a few miles distant in the British West Indies, a more difficult colored problem has been solved with the happiest results. In the community where the negroes are more overwhelmingly preponderant than in any part of the United States, fully ninety-five per cent., there is no lynching, no lawlessness, but the most kindly and cordial relations of both white and black. A white woman might travel along and unprotected from one end of the island to the other not only without molestation, but receiving the most chivalrous respect and courtesy.

OLD BRANDS AND NEW SMOKERS.
Spain to Uncle Sam—"Excuse my smiling, I know those cigars!"
—Punch (London).

HE'S BEEN STUNG ONCE BEFORE.
—Jamieson in the Pittsburg Despatch.

It is a bitter irony with which in one of our cartoons a Georgian lyncher wonders what is going on in Russia.

The United States intervention in Cuba was inevitable and the best thing for the Cubans. The Spanish-American republics seem to utterly lack the genius of

TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

Father Time (closely examining small incision in tree-trunk)—"Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"
"Teddy" Roosevelt (in manner of young George Washington)—"Father! I kan not tel a li. I did it with my litl ax."
Father Time—"Ah, well! Boys will be boys!" —Punch (London).

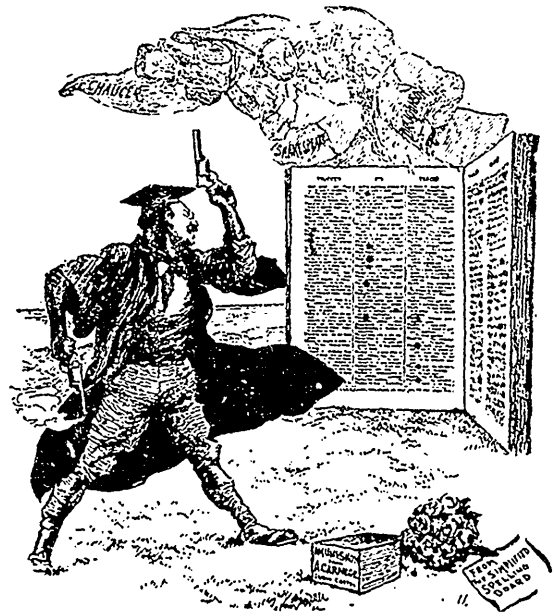
self-government, which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race. No nation ever acted more chivalrously than the United States in giving autonomy to its Cuban conquest and with a more fair and open-handed polity in intervening to save it from anarchy and give it another chance to establish a free government. The poor little toy of independence has come sadly to grief, and we fear the chances of its permanent repair are small. Uncle Sam's experiences in the Philippines are not a very encouraging warrant to meddle with the wasp's hive of the Cuban belligerents, but he may have to bear the yoke of the white man's burden in spite of himself. Punch represents the sarcastic smile with which the Spanish mother country comments upon the situation.

The cartoonists continue to caricature the spelling reform. The sturdy oak of the English language is not likely to receive much damage even from the most zealous efforts of Teddy the Strenuous at language reform.

Another cartoon shows him as firing somewhat recklessly the time-honored dictionary, but if he only strikes out the superfluous u's and k's he will not excite very much apprehension in the shades of Chaucer, Bacon, or Johnson. Many of the reforms are but returns to old Shakespearian methods.

If the Czar could pacify the Mujik with spelling instead of political reform, he would have an easy task, but the Mujik is not much given to either reading or spelling.

The versatility of the Kaiser is shown in the accompanying cartoon of his proposed visit to Spain. If we only had a figure showing the



SPELLING REFORM.

THE LAST DITCH.

"So they demand reform? I shall give them spelling reform."

—Reynolds in the Tacoma Ledger.

war lord wearing a fez and coquetting with the Turk, it would complete the picture.

A recent political scandal in Canada has opened the eyes of the public as never before to a deep-seated cancer in the community which, unless it be cut out, bodes ill for the moral health of the community. The barefaced fraud, lying and corruption confessed by some of the witnesses gives a shock to the community. The axe of justice should hew to the line no matter where the chips may fly nor who may be injured by the exposure. He who steals our purse steals trash, but he who filches from us our good name does us an irreparable wrong. This applies to the country as well as to the individual. He poisons the springs of justice at their very fountain and diffuses a moral malaria throughout the entire community.

The astounding revelations of looseness in business methods, to call it by its mildest name, in insurance, banking and other institutions, call for drastic reform. Banking and corporation directors who do not direct and control the reckless investments of their manager should be held to strict account. But for the solidarity of our banking system and prompt action of friendly banks, a commercial panic might have resulted in enormous loss of the hard-earned savings of the working people, including not a few widows, whose all was entrusted to the custody of a leading bank.

WILLIAM II.'S VISIT TO SPAIN.

The latest transformation of the German Emperor.

—Fischietto (Turin).

Religious Intelligence.

Forward.

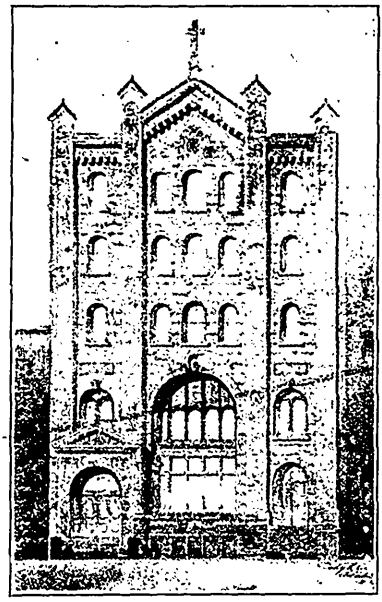
The General Conference has been so well reported in the daily and weekly press that there is no need for attempting a record of its proceedings, going to press as we do a month after its sessions. It will pass into history as one of the most eventful conferences in the history of our church. The conspicuous note was one of progress. Its message was "Speak unto the people that they go forward." Its unanimous approval of the proceedings of the movements towards church union and the enlargement of the plan to embrace the Anglican and Baptist churches and the Evangelical Association was a long step in advance. It is now "up to" the individual churches, the final court of appeal, to discuss this great subject in all its aspects and pronounce upon it in the fear and love of God.

The advocates of woman's franchise are disappointed that though the Conference "praised the women it kept them out." But one cause of this vote was the desire to do nothing that would impede the union, and it was feared that to change the constitution of our church while negotiations are in progress as might seriously interfere with that desired end. We believe the proposed United Church will be more progressive in this regard than any of its separate sections.

The growing needs of the great West, with its new commonwealths coming into vigorous life, and the tide of foreign emigration in our crowded cities and our boundless prairies received provision in the appointment of additional missionary secretary and two vigorous field officers. The arrival within two years of seventy English "helpers," as John Wesley would call them, in this great field are another mark of progress.

The strong deliverance of the Conference on the subject of moral reform, especially the clauses on the temperance and sociological problem, was a very important document. These great questions will form admirable themes for our young men's clubs, Epworth Leagues and other organizations for study and research. These are the greatest issues before the Church to-day.

A Heroic Enterprise in Methodism.



THE NEW ITALIAN CHURCH AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

A significant event at the late General Conference was the application by forty Italian citizens of Montreal for a Methodist mission in that city. The success of the Italian mission in Toronto is very encouraging. So also is the Methodist Italian mission in New York. In that city there are not fewer than 400,000 Italians, and of these at least 25,000 are located in a densely populated community north of One Hundred and Fourth Street and east of Second Avenue. Here is what seems likely to be for generations to come, a distinctive Italian settlement, ever supplied by immigration and a prolific birth-rate with new material, for Christianizing influences. For ten years an earnest and fruitful ministry has been maintained in "Little Italy," as this uptown Italian section is called, under the direction of Rev. Filoteo Taglialatela; the church has an en-

A NATIVE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES.

rollment of over two hundred communicants, and only equipment and resources have been lacking to create here a great centre of Christian power which would be felt in the Italy on both sides of the sea.

Earnestly believeing that it is a part of Methodism's business to give the Gospel to men of every kind, everywhere—the Society has been steadily moving in purpose and plan toward a genuine and complete church for these strangers within their gates. The consecrating fact was the gift of a plot of ground, fifty by a hundred feet; then began the mighty venture which beholds its fruition in the suitable and convenient edifice, the laying of whose corner-stone was celebrated with solemnly appropriate services. The programme of the hour began with a rendition of Luther's grand old hymn by the Italian band of thirty pieces; this band is entirely composed of regular attendants of the church, many of whom are members.

The building is of a simple and dignified style of architecture, Italian in feeling, yet keeping strictly in mind the utilities of plan. The basement includes a large room for meetings, as well as a gymnasium, lockers, baths, etc.; the main auditorium is located on the first floor, the Sunday-school rooms and galleries upon the second: the third floor comprises rooms for social purposes, and has a kitchen and other conveniences provided—it also becomes a roof garden above the auditorium, where, in hot weather, open-air meetings may be held. The fourth floor is comfortably arranged for the home of the pastor's family, while the fifth remains unfinished for the present, its existence pointing toward accommodation for settlement workers, in the golden future of the enterprise.

When in successful operation, the work of this church will deeply affect Methodism, not to say Protestantism, in Italy, as well as in every Italian community in the United States and South America, as a tangible expression of confidence of the future of Italians in America.

THE GOSPEL IN THE PHILIPPINES.

During the years 1905 and 1906, writes the Rev. Nicolas Zamora, my labors as pastor and itinerant have, thanks to God, been productive of very gratifying results. My services have been continuous and uninterrupted throughout the year, always conducting the Sunday services, and generally the Thursday evening prayer-meetings, as well as the service on several extraordinary occasions.

By the help of God, I have endeavored to make my services to the church of the greatest and most lasting benefit possible. I have regularly visited those members who, from time to time, were

EVANGELIST NICOLAS ZAMORA.

noticed to be lax in their attendance at Sunday worship. I have visited them in sickness, prayed with them in their homes, and officiated at their funeral services. I have especially endeavored to have the members attend regularly the communion services held on the first Sunday of each month, and the regular number of communicants at those meetings have been from 130 to 150. By the grace of God, the spiritual and moral status of the members has continued to improve. The church membership is as follows: Full members, 365; probationers, 50; adherents, 400.

A Great Soul-winner.

Few men on this continent have been better known in Rescue work or more generally beloved than Samuel H. Hadley, Superintendent of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, New York. For over twenty years he had labored as a soul-winner among the very dregs of humanity, and through his influence a great multitude of unfortunates of both sexes have been rescued from sin and shame and led into the light of the Gospel.

Mr. Hadley was born in Ohio, August 27, 1842. He was reared in a log-cabin, and was used to hard work from roughing it from childhood. His home was a pure and sweet one, where God was honored and worshipped. His education was very meagre, and such as he did receive was in a log school-house at the district school. After the death of his parents he went to study medicine, but got into trouble through drink, and abandoned his classes. He then travelled from place to place, till, in 1870, he came to New York City, where he received a large salary as a travelling man, but he was a drunkard. After years spent in drunkenness and crime, when all hope was apparently gone, and the victim lying with the delirium tremens in a saloon in Harlem, his heart was suddenly opened, and he arose from the whiskey barrel on which he had been sitting, a changed man. He called out to those who stood by: "Boys, I believe I am dying; but I'll die in the street before I ever take another drink!"

That was the turning-point of his life. Every April 18th, after that eventful night, he visited again the scene of his conversion, and there on his knees lived the rare experience all over again. He declared in the most emphatic manner: "From the moment Jesus' precious cleansing blood touched my soul in the Creemore Mission, I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and before that time I had never wanted anything else. I had not earned an honest dollar for years, but have not earned a crooked one since."

Mr. Hadley's twenty years of earnest, consecrated spiritual effort as Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, brought him into pecular prominence among Christian workers of all denominations. He labored among drunkards, gamblers,

THE LATE SAMUEL H. HADLEY.

and criminals, all of the very lowest class, and his work among them was wonderfully blessed. Hundreds of men who are now leading sober, law-abiding, Christian lives owe their first impulse toward reformation to Samuel H. Hadley. His connection with the Florence Mission, which extended over a number of years past, also afforded him an opportunity to do what he could in aid of the reformation of the poor, lost girls of the great city; but his principal work was among men.

His "boys," as he called those who were converted at the Water Street Mission, always found him a willing helper in their time of need, and they would listen to and gladly take his advice when no other worker would have received a hearing. He visited them in jails, State prisons and penitentiaries; met them at the prison door when they were released, counseled them to quit their old associates, and even provided food, clothes and shelter for them, when these were needed. Her Saturday evening free suppers to homeless men and boys attracted crowds weekly. It was his personal order that no man or boy should ever be turned away from the Mission hungry. He has even given up his own bed to some hapless wanderer, whose sin and folly had made him a penniless outcast. In a word, no sacrifice was too great for Samuel H. Hadley, if it might be made *the means of winning a soul to Christ* and turning some poor fellow's face heavenward.

The attendance at the meetings in the Water Street Mision aggregate considerably over 50,000 a year, the bulk of those who go there belonging to the homeless and destitute. In his mission work Mr. Hadley has been geratly aided by his devoted wife, and also by Mr. John Wyburn, who has been assistant superintendent for many years. Thousands of the poor and unfortunate will mourn the loss of their genial-hearted benefactor, whose place as head of the work in Water Street will not be easily filled.

The minister of Rattray holds once a year "a service of intercession for friends abroad." He enumerates the places whither friends, relatives, and former *members of the congregation had gone* (and the list ranges from China to Peru), then in prayer commends them to the grace, guidance, and protection of God. An address follows, and the collection taken during the service is devoted to the funds of the Colonial Mission.

ARCHBISHOP BOND.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BOND.

The world is the poorer for the death of Archbishop Bond, but for a long time he enriched it with his life and labors. Up to his ninety-second year he continued to work and the night before he died wrote several letters on church affairs. The secret of his large accomplishment was in his early rising. Many years ago he began to rise at six to study his Greek Testament, and kept up the habit ever since. He was born in Cornwall, England, came to St. John's, Newfoundland, as a youth to make his fortune in trade. But he soon heard the Lord's call to become a fisher of men. His end was a gentle euthanasia. He said, "I feel faint," lapsed into unconsciousness and in fifteen minutes passed away. He was *a sturdy champion of every good cause*, especially of the temperance reform. He was broad and genial in his sympathies with all the churches.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Vol. XII. Talmud-Zweifel. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. Octavo 728. Price, $6.00.

This twelfth volume completes the greatest encyclopedia ever issued devoted to one race or religion. It is a splendid monument of enterprise and scholarship, the latter chiefly Jewish. This volume is not inferior, we think, to any of the preceding ones, as will be seen from the following list of topics, with the number of large 8vo. pages devoted to them: Talmud 39, Targum 7, Temple 20, Theology 7, Tombs 12, Turkey 12, Typography 40, Jews in the United States 35, Vienna 11, Zionism 20.

One is struck in looking over these pages with the photos of splendid synagogues in Hungary, Spain, Vienna, Venice and elsewhere, and also with the lowly synagogues of the poor. Many of the picturesque ceremonies of the Jews are quaintly illustrated. The influence of these persecuted people has been far greater than their numerical proportion, yet their numbers is sometimes a surprise. In Tunis there are 30,000 Jews, with 27 synagogues, in a population of 80,000; in Warsaw the Jews number 254,000, in a population of 712,000, or more than one-third; in Wilna, Lithuania, they are half the population, or 80,000 out of 160,000. In our new city, Winnipeg, there are six Jewish congregations.

The tale of Jewish persecution and massacre by so-called Christian people throughout the ages is one long, dark catalogue of crime. The worst outbreak of fanaticism in Britain was that in York in crusading times, when the Jews besieged in Clifford's Castle slew each other rather than submit to Christian hate. But of all the persecutions that of Spain in the Middle Ages, and Russia's to-day are the most dreadful. A curious article is that on the Lost Ten Tribes. They have had most extraordinary identifications, one of these being the Japanese. Portraits are given of Japanese types showing very marked Jewish features. Other pseudo identifications are Nestorians, Afghans, Kairites of Russia, Buddhistic Hindoos, the North American Indians, and, of course, the Anglo-Israel. We have pleasure in donating our set of this cyclopedia to Victoria University, and hope that many Bible students will take occasion to consult its pages.

"Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada" (Ontario). Vols. XII-XIII. By J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., I.S.O., Department of Education, Ontario.

Dr. Hodgins has brought down his Documentary History from the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791 to the year 1858. In looking over these volumes we are impressed more than ever with the grandeur of character of our greatest Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. His far-seeing statesmanship has given Ontario one of the best school systems in the world, and gave it that system in substance half a century ago. It is extraordinary, the violence and vituperation, with which Dr. Ryerson was assailed, the echoes of which and those of his effective replies are heard in these pages. It is greatly to the credit of this province that half a century ago Dr. Ryerson provided public school libraries in very many of the outlying regions where the Mechanics' Institute and village library have not yet reached. At that early period, too, a museum of paintings representing the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, French and Spanish schools, sculpture, busts of historic and literary persons, models of maps, philosophical and other apparatus which has not yet been equalled elsewhere in the Dominion. The veteran historiographer of education in Upper Canada enjoys the unique distinction, we believe, of being the oldest civil servant in the Empire, having been sixty-two years in continuous employment of the Education Department. Now in his eighty-sixth year he works with unimpaired vigour and vivacity.

"Christ and Science." Jesus Christ regarded as the Centre of Science. By Francis Henry Smith, Professor in the University of Virginia. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Cole lectureship is one endowed by Colonel Cole for the defence and advocacy of the Christian religion in Nashville University. Our own Dr. Sutherland is the only "foreigner" we think who has ever given one of these lectures. The volume under review is one of unusual merit. It rather discounts the Bridgewater Treatise method of apologetics. "To find the Creator from his works is like trying to find the centre of a circle from its circumference, for considering the smallness of our knowledge, these works are a very brief part of the circumference." Professor Smith starts from the centre inquiring what sort of a universe we might expect from a divine and beneficent Creator, and thus finds innumerable confirmations in nature of that expectation. He claims that the three great scientific generalizations of the 19th century are the Conservation of Matter, the Conservation of Energy and the Continuity of Life, and makes copious use of the new chemistry, disputing the theory that radio-active elements interfere with these generalizations. A splendid optimism marks this treatise. "The Christian of to-day," he says, "feels that he belongs to a living, growing, triumphant cause, the solemn thinkers of the world are more and more turning to Christ, skepticism is less arrogant than it was fifty years ago. The day is already dawning when fair science will cast her crown at his feet and hail him 'Son of Mary! Son of God!'—of whom and through whom and to whom are all things."

"The Orbit of Life." Studies in Human Experience. By William T. Herridge, New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 147. Price, $1.00 net.

This is another addition of distinct value to Canadian authorship. It discusses important topics as Appreciation, Love's Thoroughfare, Self-Mastery, The Triumph of Joy, The Two Bodies, An Easter Study. It is written on a high plane of thought with a chastened eloquence, abounds in literary allusions, and is instinct with a genial optimism. It protests with George Eliot against the combination of worldliness and "other worldliness" which soon destroys the best type of both. It inculcates the democracy expressed by Parker in the phrase, "Not I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am." In the paper on The Triumph of Joy he says, "Some people seem to have a genius for being miserable. They take a microscopic view of their troubles which increases them a hundred-fold. They feel a sort of joy in joylessness. The professional pessimist is one of the products of the times." He cites the Highlander who saw men and women on Sunday walking the streets of Edinburgh and smiling as they went and exclaimed, "What an awfu' sicht!" making the mistake of supposing that it is not possible to keep both conscience and vivacity. The ladies will thank Dr. Herridge for the defence of Xanthippe, the much-maligned spouse of Socrates.

"John and Mary Fletcher." Typical Methodist Saints. By the Rev. T. Alexander Seed. London: Chas H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 124.

No more attractive names could be added to the series of Christian biography than those of the saintly Fletcher and his wife. Passing the strangeness of romance and fiction are the plain facts of this singularly well-mated couple. Young Fletcher, born to wealth in Switzerland, on completing his studies was to have sailed for Brazil, when a maid waiting on him at table let a kettle fall and so scalded his legs that he was unable to set out on his distant journey. The ship on which he would have sailed was never heard of again, but he was reserved for the higher destiny of being one of the most faithful and successful Methodist ministers of the times of the Wesleys. Mary Bosanquet had a scarce less romantic experience before she became the wife of John Fletcher. The incense of their lives is fragrant throughout the world to-day.

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms." By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D. Litt., and Emilie Grace Briggs, B.D. Vol I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. cx-422. Price, $2.50.

This volume is the latest issue of the International Critical Commentary. It

comes down to Psalm L., and is to be followed by another completing the work. It is, says Dr. Briggs, the fruit of forty years' labor, and a very thorough-going piece of work it is. It contains first an introduction of 110 pages, being a critical account of the text, canonicity and interpretation of this precious legacy of the church. Dr. Briggs goes quite fully into the higher criticism of the Psalms, discussing the ancient Jewish opinion on the subject, the quotations in the New Testament, the opinions in Reformation times, modern critical theories, and the like. He asserts that critical opinion gradually came to the result that the final editorship of the Psalter could not have been earlier than the Maccabean period, and that David wrote few if any of the Psalms, the most of them being post-exilic. The book is an exceedingly minute study of this precious legacy of the church, designed, of course, for scholars rather than for public reading.

"The Methodist Hymn-Book Illustrated." By John Telford, B.A., author of "The Life of John Wesley," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 533. Price, 5s. net.

The new Wesleyan hymn-book is commanding a widespread commendation. Its issue is a fitting time to present a fresh series of studies of the notable hymns it contains, including many which are for the first time contained in a Methodist hymnary. It greatly increases the sacred associations of these time-honored hymns. For so large a book the price, five shillings net, is very cheap.

"The Coming Man." By Gardner S. Eldridge. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 197. Price 75c. net.

This is an important discussion of the new science of sociology. It revolves about a personal Christ and the coming man, who shall be the revelation of Christ. He says this of our Canadian Dr. Osler, who has been thought agnostic in his belief or lack of it. In his essay on Immortality he divides the world into three classes, the Gallios who care nothing about the question, the scientist who finds no data for the belief, and the St. Theresas to whom it is given to know the mysteries. The attitude of the scientists, he claims, towards the St. Theresas should be one of reverence. This, says our author, is the noblest admission of modern thinking. The greatest glory of the coming man is the joy of service, "all individual enterprises are gradually fading out in the coming glory of the one eternal enterprise of God—the public good, the weal of man, the redemption of the race. The great business of man in the future will have to do more and more with the universal and eternal welfare of man." This is a strong, illuminating book.

"Limitations, Divine and Human." By W. F. Slater, M.A. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 213.

This book contains the ripest thoughts of a veteran student on topics which have occupied a ministry extending over half a century. The older outlines of theological opinion, he says, have been largely effaced by a tide of historical and scientific information. The time has come for retracing some of the ancient landmarks and reconstructing a new foundation on the primeval rock. He treats of the limitations in God, caused by the unbelief in man; the limitations in man, in traditional faith, in conscience, in revelation, in personal endowment and spiritual limitations. It is a thought-provoking and stimulating book.

"The Preacher and His Work." By Rev. Henry Graham, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 294. Price, $1.00 net.

This book contains also the thoughts ripened by a ministry of many years. It is, however, of practical, every-day life and its duties that the author writes—sermon making, church and pastoral work, prayer and class-meetings, Sunday School, temperance work, and the like. It will be a book of much service to a busy pastor.

"The Story of Richard Martin." By Joseph Dawson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 274.

The life story of any faithful Methodist preacher, if it be well told, cannot fail to be of interest, instruction and inspiration. This is especially true of such a marked personality as Richard Martin. The author of "Peter McKenzie, His Life and Labors," has found a congenial theme in this sturdy veteran—a man of wide travel, of consecrated piety, of fervent zeal. It is an important contribution to the lives of the saints.