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CHRIST TALKING TO THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND SCRIBES IN THE TEMPLE, AFTER HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased.

And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?



NATIVE PASTOR'S HOUSE, NAGANO,
And pastors attending Nagano District Meeting. 8



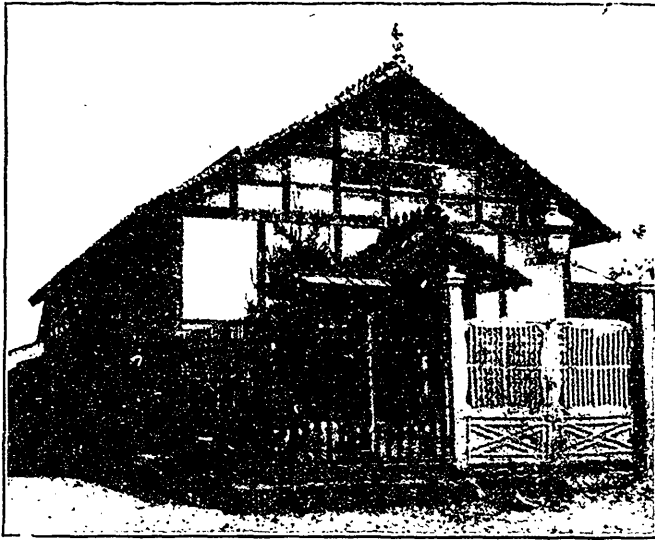
MISSION HOUSE, KANAZAWA.
Rev. D. R. McKenzie, Missionary.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1905.

THE STORY OF MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



TAKAOKA CHURCH, KANAZAWA DISTRICT.



MR. ADDISON has met a long-felt want in his "Heart of Japan." It was said of Mr. Gale's book on Corea that, brilliant and racy though it was, it was a book of travel and adventure, rather than a book on missions. Mr. Addison's book is distinctly on missionary lines.

and newspaper has articles on Japan, when things Japanese are becoming as much a part of our education as botany or rhetoric, there is, nevertheless, a danger of our seeing only the material, not the spiritual, side of Japan. There is a tendency to see only fair Japan, with her mountains and her flowers, her silk-clad ladies, her dainty tea-houses, her parks in cherry bloom, the lotus sleeping on her lakes, and the kites flying in the air.

In this age, when every magazine

Vol. LXI. No. 4.

With so many clever writers exercising their imaginations at a range of eight thousand miles, there is a danger of our coming to look on the

the deeper needs of Japan as we look at her through the halo of victory.

At such a time Mr. Addison's book is most opportune, showing us some-



CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME, KANAZAWA PARK.

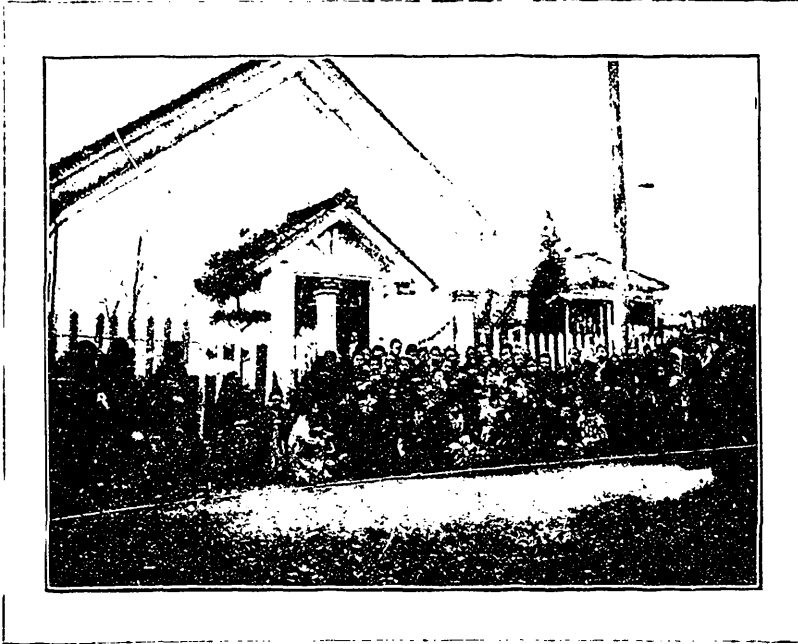
country as a cluster of happy isles in a sunny sea, inhabited by a people all clever-brained and smiling-faced. There is a danger of our forgetting

thing of the real state of Japan's religious life, of the pressing need and the great importance of mission work. Nor is it a tale of need merely. It is

one of achievement. The foundations of Christianity have been laid in the land. There is already a story of success that ought to be an answer to the most doubting heart.

There is little question that the three great religions of Japan, Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism, with their broken glints of light, have in some measure prepared the people for the fuller light of Christianity,

plain. The central object is a metal mirror which is believed to urge the worshipper to look into his own heart for purity of belief and of practice. Around are hung strips of paper notched or folded, in which the spirits are supposed to reside. Of these spirits there are many; they are commonly spoken of as the eight hundred myriads of gods. When at a temple, the worshipper stands without and rings the bell to call the attention of the god. After washing the hands and rinsing out the mouth, the worshipper repeats prayers, of which the following is an



NAGANO CHURCH.

Farewell Meeting for one of the Teachers.

for it is said that in the seventh century, when Buddhism was introduced, the Japanese were a people of "barbaric simplicity and possessing a very low grade of culture."

But the insufficiency of each and all of these religions is readily seen by even the most casual student. Speaking of Shintoism, our author says:

"In the true Shinto shrine there are no images nor idols, and the shrine is severely

example: 'O god that dwellest in the high plain of heaven, who art divine in substance and in intellect, and able to give protection from sin and its penalties, to banish impurities and to cleanse from all uncleanness; hosts of gods give ear and listen to these our petitions. And this I say with awe, deign to bless me by correcting the unwitting faults, which seen and heard by you I have committed, by blowing off and clearing away the calamities which evil gods might inflict, by causing me to live long, like the hard and lasting rock, and by repeating to the gods of heavenly origin and to the gods

of earthly origin, the prayers which I present every day, along with your breath, that they may hear with the sharp-earedness of the forth-galloping colt."

"These temples are planted often amid groves of ancient trees, on the sides of dark valleys, and in out-of-the-way places, but many of them are in the midst of the cities.



DR. MEACHAM AND OUR FIRST NATIVE PREACHERS.

Mr. Miyagawa. Mr. Yuki.

Mr. Assagawa. Mr. Tsuchiya.

Mr. Yamanaka.

Mr. Hiraiwa.

Buddhism, teaching that existence is an evil, and holding forth as its reward practical annihilation, has over eighty thousand temples in the land.

Some of the most beautiful places in Japan are the groves and gardens connected with Buddhist temples. Massive bells struck on the outside by a piece of timber suspended by ropes so as to swing like a battering-ram,

flood the air with their deep, mellow tones. The altars within the temples are gorgeous with gilded images, candelabra, and the other paraphernalia of worship. The air is heavy with incense. Priests in gorgeous robes chant Sanscrit prayers, whose meaning is unintelligible to the hearers and even to most of the priests themselves. In the yards of some of the temples there are seen wooden pillars incised with prayers, and having a little iron wheel attached. The wheel can easily be set in motion by the hand, every revolution bringing as much merit to the worshipper as though he had repeated the prayer."

Confucianism, on the other hand, has no temples and no priests. It is propagated by teachers.

Shintoism teaches no code of morals, and nothing of the life hereafter. It is largely an instrument of the government, inculcating reverence for the Emperor. Buddhism satisfies the emotional cravings. Confucianism gives rules of moral conduct "Yet," says our text-book,

"We must not forget that the average person in Japan does not analyze or separate the three systems. To him they are an amalgam forming one method of life. Except the severely bigoted sectarians, the mass of the people use various temples, and the reading classes get their mental pabulum alike from the books of the writers or teachers of the native Japanese, the Aryan, or the Chinese systems."

So much for the darker side of the religious problem in Japan. But there is another, a tenfold brighter side. The leaven is working, and already the world perceives the flavor of Christianity in the nation. The num-

ber of Japanese Protestant Christians may seem insignificant (55,315 in a population of 50,000,000), but their effect upon the life of the nation leads us to ask what wonderful things may we not expect when the harvest has been greatly multiplied?

By no means the least interesting chapter in the history of missionary progress in Japan is that on the work done by the Roman Catholic Church nearly four centuries ago and the attendant persecutions. It affords



KOMAGOME CHURCH, TOKIO.

abundant illustrations of the kind and quality of Japanese Christians.

Says Mr. Addison:

"Thirty years after the landing of Xavier it was estimated that the Roman Catholics had two hundred churches and one hundred and fifty thousand converts in Japan.

"The priests had great success till 1587, when the Shogun, thinking he had discovered a plot of the priests to overthrow his government, decreed the banishment of all foreign teachers of religion.

"Ten years later, twenty-six persons were publicly crucified in Nagasaki for defying the edict. The great persecution, however, came in 1614, when Ieyasu, believing he had dis-

covered a plot of the Christians to overthrow his power, sent all religious teachers, both native and foreign, out of the country, and ordered all converts to recant. Torture and

and horribleness. The Christians were tortured in the most barbarous manner in the presence of each other, were hurled from the top of precipices, burned alive, torn asunder



HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS, NAGANO,

Who attended Mrs. Norman's Cooking Class. The two marked X became Christians while attending the Class.

MR. NORMAN'S SISTER AND LITTLE GRACE.

MRS. NORMAN.

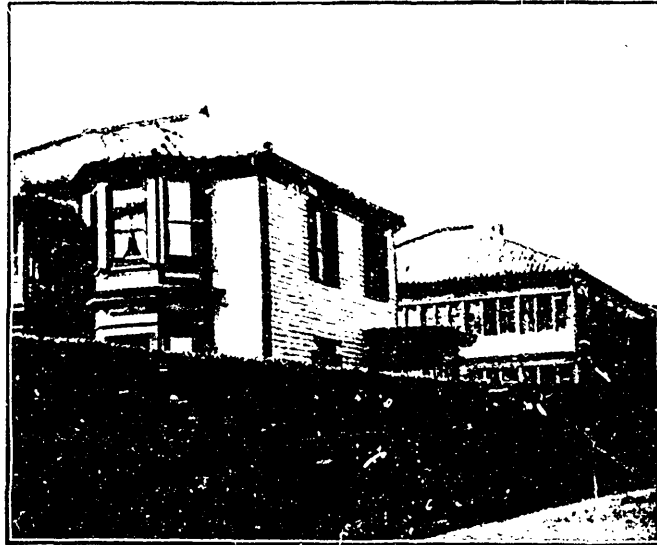
REV. D. NORMAN.

death followed them everywhere, and it is estimated that over two hundred thousand, clergy and lay, perished for their faith in this persecution. The persecution continued through many years, growing in intensity

by oxen, tied up in rice bags, heaped together and the pile set on fire, and by many other ingenious refinements of horrible cruelty. Yet even these forms of death did not make them recant, indeed, there were many who

rather courted martyrdom. The persecution was fiercest in the city of Nagasaki.

“But terrible as was the persecution, and successful as it seemed to be, yet the Roman Catholic priests, who entered Japan immediately on the signing of the treaty in 1858, found in the villages around Nagasaki several Christian communities which had escaped the general destruction. There, without teachers, churches, or sacraments, they had preserved through two centuries certain prayers, the rite of baptism, and a few books.”



OUR MISSION HOUSE ROW, TSUKIJI, TOKIO.

(Three houses. End only of third can be seen.)

What other nation can boast a Christianity that has survived two and a half centuries of persecution and still preserved the faith. If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, surely we may expect a great fruitage from Japan.

With the entrance of Commodore Perry, in 1852, and the subsequent opening of treaty ports, began a new era for Japan. Between this time and 1873, in spite of the fact that edict boards posted along the highway still prohibited Christianity, twenty-four men and nine women were sent out as missionaries. Though for some years the harvest was not visible, yet the people were outgrowing their aversion to foreigners. The Bible and Christian literature were being circulated and the Christian world was awakened to pray for Japan.

But the years of expectancy were to give place at last to fulfilment. Says the "Heart of Japan":

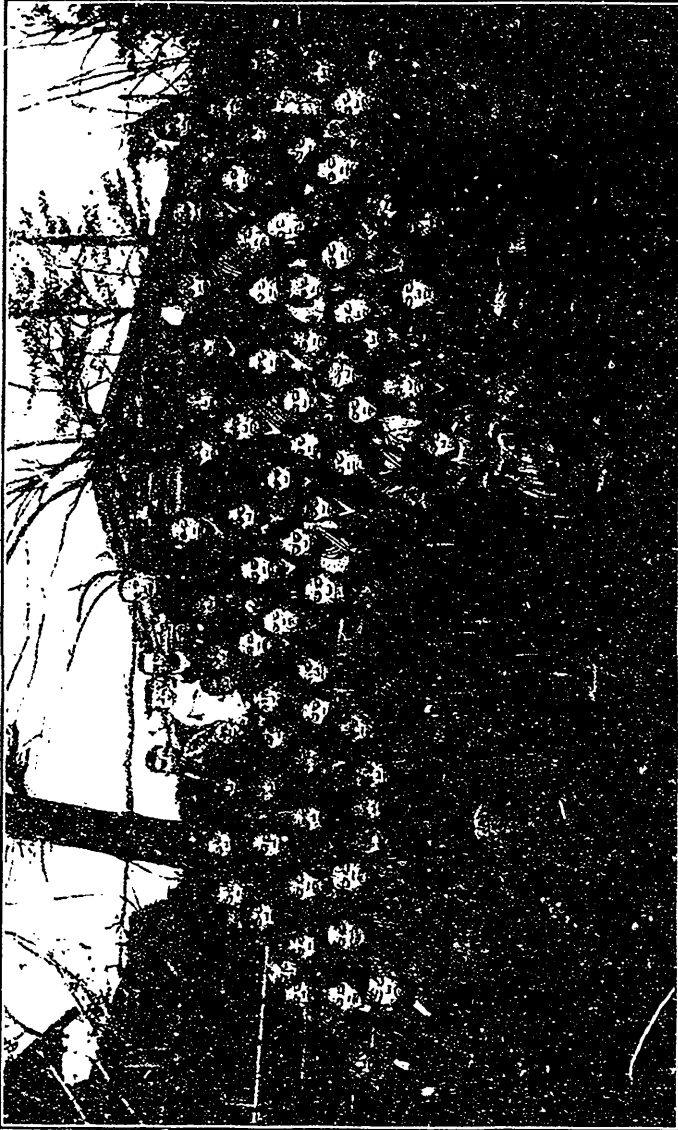
“During this period, up to the spring of 1872, five persons had been baptized in the

north of Japan, and five persons in the south. In January of that year, during the week of prayer, the missionaries and the English-speaking residents of all denominations in Yokohama united in services which drew in some students of the classes taught by the missionaries. The meetings grew in interest and power, and were continued till the end of February. The Japanese were deeply stirred, many of them found the Light, and as a direct fruit of these meetings the first native church was organized in Yokohama on March 10th, 1872, with eleven members. The days of expectancy, of tedious waiting, of prejudice and opposition were over. The harvest, the day of wonders, was beginning. With 1873 the history of missions throughout the whole of Japan entered on a new phase, which Mr. Verbeck calls “the period of progressive realization and performance.” And in the year 1873 the Methodist Church of Canada, called of God to the work, sent her first workers through the now open doors into the harvest and the new sowing.”

The Rev. Geo. Cochran, D.D., pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and the Rev. Davidson Macdonald, M.D., were the first to respond to the call of the Church, and

were appointed leaders of the new mission in Japan. They were warmly welcomed at Yokohama, but from the

Said Dr. Cochran, with his characteristic energy: "After coming eight thousand miles to preach the Gospel



SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS, TOYAMA.
Rev. W. W. Prudham, Mrs. Prudham and Merrill in background.

beginning Dr. Cochran turned longing eyes upon the great city of Tokio, with its unshepherded millions. Yokohama was but a small city and there were already missionaries there.

to the heathen, I think it poor policy to stay within twenty miles of them."

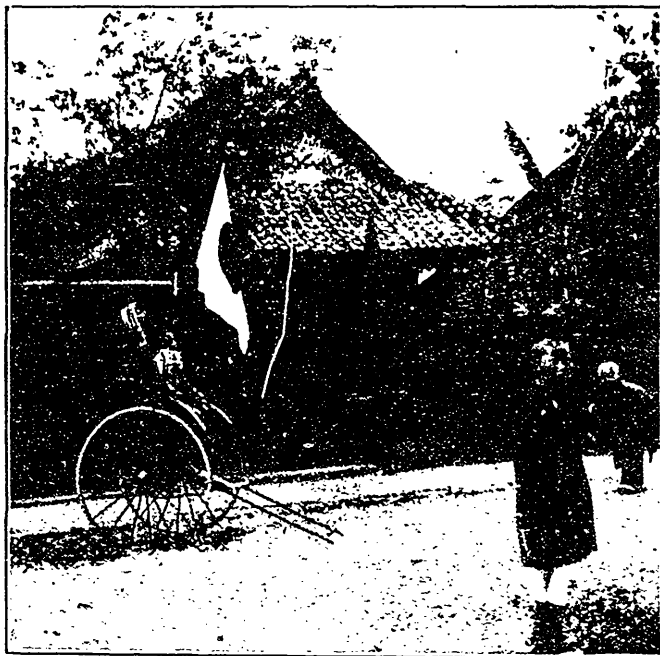
An opening came opportunely for Dr. Macdonald at Shizuoka, one hundred miles in the interior, where he

was to begin his long career of glorious service. About the same time a residence was found for Dr. Cochran at Tokio.

But before leaving Yokohama God set His seal upon their work by the baptism and reception into the Church of two young men, the first-fruits of their labors.

asking a grant of \$20,000 for the erection of an institute of learning for the training of a native ministry.

It was about this time, 1878, that, finding opportunities for work of a kind with which they were powerless to grapple, a request was sent home that women be sent to Japan to assist in the work. Dr. Sutherland laid the



HAMAMATSU CHURCH, SHIZUOKA DISTRICT.

REV. R. C. ARMSTRONG, B.A., MISSIONARY.

REV. K. SHIRAIISHI, PASTOR.

In 1876 the Rev. Dr. Eby and the Rev. Dr. Meacham arrived in Tokio, the one to initiate a successful work in the city of Kofu, the other in Numadzu. At the end of this decade there were five preaching places in Tokio, successful work being carried on in Shizuoka, Numadzu, and Kofu, and a total membership in the mission of 282. The missionaries were now

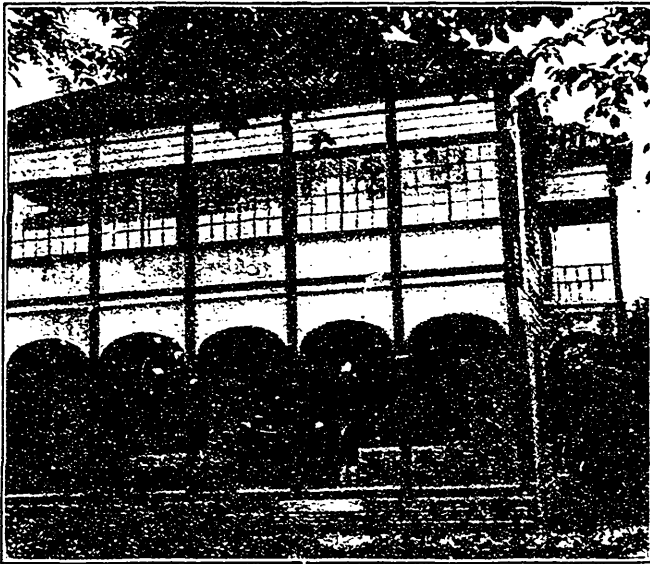
proposition before the Methodist women in Centenary Church, Hamilton. And to that city belongs the honor of organizing the Woman's Missionary Society in the year 1881, and the very fortunate choice of one of their number, Miss Cartmell, as their first missionary.

A boarding-school for girls was opened in Tokio. Miss Cartmell was

at first alone in the management of the school, but so carefully and wisely did she lay the foundations that it almost seems as though she had some foregleam of the splendid Azabu school of to-day, with its commodious buildings and accommodation for one hundred and fifty scholars, ninety-six of whom may be boarders.

In view of the hampering of the educational work of the General

lives, at a time when their hearts are most susceptible, these girls live in the atmosphere of a Christian home. The Bible is studied daily. The Christ-life is lived before them. "Small wonder that the great majority of those who remain any considerable time in the school become Christians, or that the one school should have fifty of its pupils baptized in one year."



THE NEW MISSION HOUSE, SHIZUOKA.

Rev. R. Emberson, Missionary.

Board by government hostility, the marked success of the work of the Woman's Society along the same line is the more worthy of note.

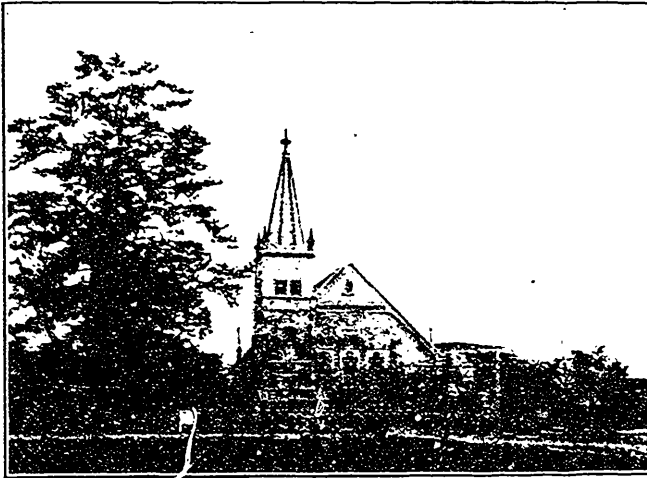
From the beginning the school received as pupils the daughters of the nobility and of the most influential classes. A wise policy was that of charging the pupils such fees as would meet a large degree of the expenses.

Here, for several years of their

A testimony from the Japanese themselves as to the success of Azabu School, Tokio, is seen in the fact that when it was proposed to open a similar school in the city of Shizuoka—there being no high-grade school for girls in the entire province—"the principal men of the city proposed to the ladies in Tokio that if they would assume the management of such a school as was then in Azabu, they

would provide buildings and become responsible for all the expenses other than the salary of the missionary in charge. They were to be business managers only, and were not to interfere in the discipline, or in any way dictate as to the subjects taught or the manner of teaching."

Similar schools have since been opened in Kofu, Kanazawa and Nagano, and from the graduating classes of these schools come the trusted Bible-women who are best fitted to carry on evangelical work.



SHIZUOKA CHURCH.

REV. R. EMBERSON, MISSIONARY.

REV. K. MURAOKA, PASTOR.

Most of the native teachers in these same schools have likewise been trained in them. We do not need to dwell on the influence of these young girl graduates as they return to their homes all over the land to fill the place of daughter, wife and mother—this, too, in a land whose women have been taught for centuries that they know nothing and are too stupid to learn.

Equally important is the evangelistic work as carried on by our women. We quote a description of a little journey by Miss Wigle:

"Last Friday I started on my regular fortnightly trip to Komoro, two hours by train. . . . The snow, which had been cleared away to make a track wide enough for jimrikishas, was piled from four to five feet high on each side, and what remained in the track was melting fast. Even under such circumstances the two little men had no protection for their feet but the ordinary rope sandals.

"After buying my ticket, which cost forty-two sen (twenty-one cents), and waiting half an hour for the belated train, I finally took my seat in a third-class car full of people, about thirty-five in all. I always sit next a window if possible and keep it open all the time, so as to get a little fresh air to dilute the clouds of smoke from pipes and cigarettes used so freely by men and women.

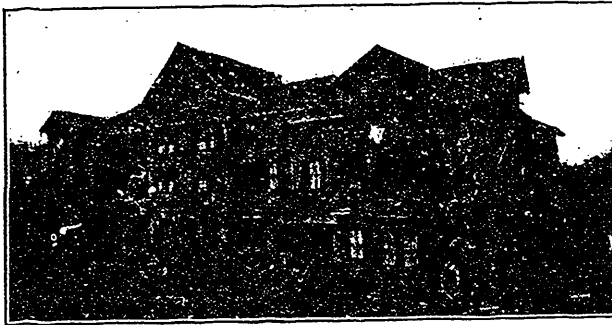
"The floor, as is generally the case, was very dirty, quite wet with melted snow, and not favored even with the hot-water cans on which the passengers in the first and second class cars are privileged to rest their feet. But with a wrap and travelling rug one manages to keep quite warm, especially on the sunshiny days. Soon I was reading a tract which, as I intended, drew the attention of my fellow passengers, so, of course, I shared my reading matter with them, and soon nearly every one was reading a discourse on 'Temperance,' or on 'Tobacco,'

or on 'The New Birth,' or something equally profitable. At every station some left the cars and others entered, and were in turn supplied with literature. One old man asked me to explain a sentence he could not understand about the Jewish sacrifices; while they were efficacious at one time, though now salvation can be obtained in no way save through belief in Christ. There was just time for a brief explanation before we reached Komoro, and so our conversation ended. The Father only knows how many of these forty or fifty or more written messages will reach the hearts of those who received them.

"Mr. Hashimoto, the pastor, met me at the station and we went to visit a family where one of the daughters is a Christian.

After a little general conversation I asked if I might give a short Bible talk, to which they readily agreed, and brought their mother and six guests from an adjoining room. We talked about 'Light in Darkness.' Five of the number were from a neighboring village and knew nothing about Christianity. We had a very interesting time together and gave them some printed explanation to supplement what had been said. I could not help thinking that the Spirit had led us to that house, for I had not intended to go there at first."

A special feature is the work among the girls in the silk factories, who labor from twelve to sixteen hours a day, seven days in the week, most of them earning less than five dollars a month.



GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, W.M.S., TOKIO.

On the children's meetings, kindergarten, and many other phases of the work, we have not space to dwell. Says Mr. Addison:

"The women's work in Japan has been and is work which the missionaries of the General Society have not done and cannot do. The social customs, the language and the position of women make it impossible for the missionaries of the General Board, even though they be Japanese, to reach the women and children of the land, and to do them the good they need. God has led the Woman's Missionary Society of the Canadian Methodist Church out into a large place of usefulness, and has given it abundant success throughout all the years."

A cause for rejoicing throughout

the Christian world was the splendid and sweeping revival in Japan at the beginning of this century, when nearly twenty-five thousand souls were added to the Church of Christ. There were five thousand conversions in Tokio alone. A striking thing about this revival is that it was initiated by the Japanese themselves and under their own leadership. For a year before, the Christians of Japan were praying earnestly for a revival.

This proves the wisdom of the policy of our General Board, that of developing a strong native ministry. The evangelization of Japan must be done largely by the Japanese. For one thing no foreign missionary ever becomes so thoroughly a master of this most difficult of languages as does a native of the country. Then, too, the cost of supporting a Japanese is much less than that of supporting a foreigner. Moreover, the native minister is better equipped for the pastoral work.

"The social customs of the country and their family life are such that it is difficult for the missionary to enter into their spirit or to come into intimate contact with the real life of the people. But the native pastor is one of themselves, and as he sips the tea and eats the cakes offered, he is able to talk freely and frankly of the matter of God and of the Christian life. For this reason, in those places where the foreign missionary is settled, a native minister is usually stationed, and has the pastoral oversight of the established congregation, while the missionary gives himself more largely to evangelistic work, and to those forms of work which bring him into direct contact with the non-Christian masses.

"The question immediately arises, Why, then, are we sending out more missionaries if the native ministry have these advantages and can be supported at so much less cost to the missionary funds? The answer lies in two directions, first, the necessity of super

vision and oversight, and, second, the necessity of the evangelistic work."

The foreign evangelist, with his Anglo-Saxon prestige, draws a larger crowd and is more readily listened to than is the native worker.

Just here is revealed the great need of the educational work among the Christians. Young men offering themselves for the ministry have yet to be "rooted and grounded" in the doctrines of the Church. To be sure, Japan has her educational system—

'one of which any country might well be proud. The lowest grade is the kindergarten, of which there are three or four hundred, public and private, in the Empire. These are specially valuable, as most mothers do not give satisfactory home instruction. At the age of six the child enters the elementary school, and there remains for an eight years' course. Next comes the middle school for five years, then the higher school for two or three years, and finally the Imperial Universities at Kyoto and Tokio, with their various colleges.

"There are also over fifty Normal Schools and a Normal College in Tokio, schools of agriculture and forestry, technical schools and schools of manual training, business colleges and schools of foreign languages. There are ten schools for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. There are teachers' associations, educational societies, and summer institutes."

But when we look at the following religious census of two of the government schools, we see readily the need of schools and colleges where young converts may be trained under Christian influences:

"1. In a school of two hundred students, average age 18½ years—Christians 2, Buddhists 9, Shintoists 1, Agnostics 140, Atheists 27, non-committal 21.

"2. In a school of 130, average age 21½ years—Christians 0, Buddhists 3, Shintoists 0, Confucianists 1, Agnostics 95, Atheists 26, noncommittal, 5."

Such schools are not fitted to direct the minds of those who are to shape the religious thought of the nation. Indeed, experience has shown that the young Christian exposed to such influences is in danger of making shipwreck of his faith. Hence the need of distinctively Christian educational work, even in a land of such enlightenment as Japan.

Undoubtedly the tie between the mother Church in Canada and the daughter Church in Japan was



DINING-ROOM, GIRLS' SCHOOL, TOKIO.
Misses Morgan, Killam, Craig, Hargrave, Armstrong.

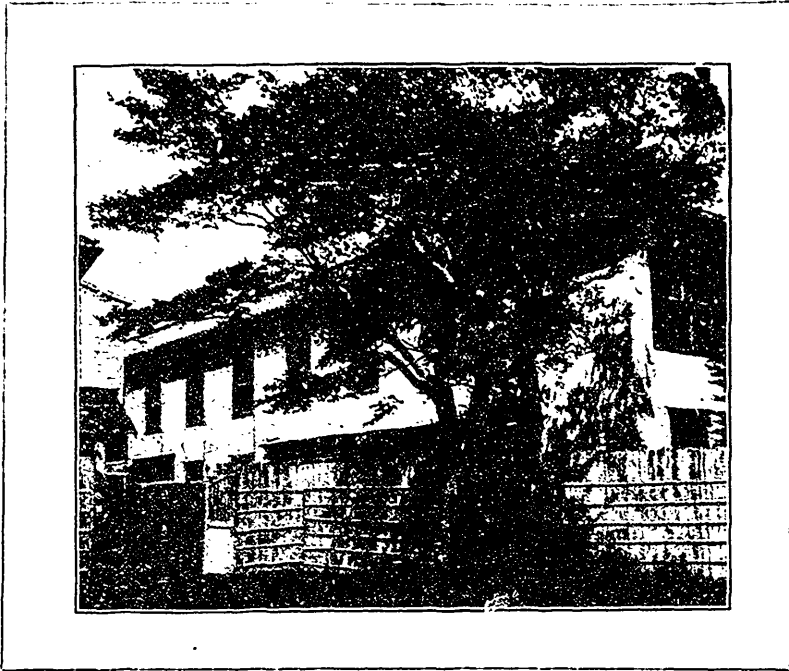
strengthened by the visits of Drs. Carman and Sutherland to that land. Many matters were readjusted, important legislation effected, and reports on topics of interest brought back to our Board. More than this, the bonds of fellowship and brotherhood were deepened. We are pleased that the beloved President of the W.M.S., Mrs. Ross, is now on a visit to the mission field. The Young People's Forward Movement, the systematic study of Japan and its missions, the maintenance of a number of missionaries by our Epworth Leagues, with the living links of

their correspondence in *The Missionary Bulletin*, are omens of brightest augury for the future of our missions in Japan and the promotion of the missionary spirit at home.

And now, after thirty years of labor in Japan—now, while the eyes of the world are turned toward the Island Empire, what of our prospects to-day? Says our text-book:

American missionary, and a more favorable reception of the Gospel message. For this we are most thankful."

The Methodist Church has now thirty-seven foreign workers in Japan (including the W.M.S. and the missionaries' wives). Said one of the lady workers in a personal letter not long ago: "We are busier than usual. We



DORMITORY, TOKIO.

"At present the sympathy and friendliness with Japan on the part of the English and American peoples has given to our missionaries a most favorable reception from the people. Japan is very grateful for the kindness of the Anglo-Saxons in their time of need, and the influence of these two countries in that land is growing. This means that English will be more and more the dominant foreign language, and that through this language the missionary has many circles opened to his influence, and will have an increasing number of opportunities to do missionary work. It will mean larger and more sympathetic audiences for the English or

are entering as many of the homes of the soldiers as possible in these days." Says our author:

"It seems to be universally conceded that whatever the effect may be on mission work in Japan, the success of Japan means a new day for missionary activity in the great East. If Japan wins it will be a great step to the opening up of Corea, Manchuria, and China to the Gospel and to Christian civilization. It is one of the strange anomalies of history that Japan, the heathen nation, with perhaps about 60,000 Christians in a population of 50,000,000, should stand for liberty and

civilization, while the so-called Christian Russia should stand for oppression and conquest."

Contrary to common opinion, Japan is far from an easy mission field.

"Dr. Eby thus describes the difference between Japan and Canada: 'When you come to live in that country (Japan) you feel that in the atmosphere, with its lack of ozone, and among the people, you are giving out all the time, of body and mind and soul and morals, your strength of every kind; it is an everlasting breathing out and out and getting nothing in from any source whatever. In this land (Canada) when I come here and

breathe in the air, I feel that it is giving me strength with every breath I draw. I get among the people and feel that they are giving me strength, and every time I come in contact with them and stand and face our congregations and can pour out myself in English upon them, this is an inspiration as from heaven. It is only by the power of will that God has given me that I have stood all these years in Japan and done the work that I have done."

Let us not forget our beloved missionaries in this nerve-tiring land of beauty.

"Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat."



ECCE HOMO.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

OVER the hills and down the checkered valley,
With swords and staves, the throng,
Guarding their captive as a vile offender,
Hurry His feet along.

Serene He walks amid the wild disorder,
Speechless amid the brawl;
Holding His peace before the priestly council,
Mute in the Judgment Hall.

Up from the Judgment Hall to Herod's presence,
Mocked and in scorn arrayed,
Back to the seat of Pilate's Roman office,
Silent but undismayed.

Coward and traitor to his pleading conscience,
By rabble threat defied,
Seeking his favor at the price of honor,
Pilate his power denied.

"Behold the Man! Before this crowd assembled,
On crucifixion bent;
I wash my hands of guilt in His destruction
Or any wrong intent."

Behold the Man! Beneath the cross ascending
Golgotha's naked side;
Suffering the nails, the spear, the bitter water,
Tongues that in scorn deride.

Behold the Man! Upon the cross uplifted,
Praying with parting breath
Forgiveness for a world whose bitter malice
Yielded His soul to death.

Past is the night and fled the shades of darkness,
Morning in glory shines;
Risen in triumph over death and sorrow
Behold the Christ—divine!

Bloomfield, Ont.

JAPAN IN WAR TIME.*

BY J. H. DEFOREST, D.D.



Of course everything centres around the war. As to the war itself, the causes that led up to it, the bold manner in which it was begun, the unexpected weakness of Russia on land and sea, the "ceaseless battles, with victory every time" on the part of the Japanese, the destruction of Russia's fleet in the East, the driving back into Manchuria of Russia's army with terrible losses, and the downfall of the strongest fortress that has ever been successfully invested—these are all too well known to be repeated here. But how this war affects the home and society and the nation, how it all looks from the interior of Japan, is not so well known. I shall, therefore, confine myself mainly to the inside view of things.

The most conspicuous proof that war is being waged is in the erection of temporary hospitals on a huge scale in the suburbs of the great cities. Imagine dozens of shingled sheds, about 40 x 150 feet, connected by covered passages, each shed capable of holding comfortably some sixty men, the buildings massed to resemble a village, and you have a faint idea of what the last ten months have cost in human suffering. Perhaps the largest mass of these clean, airy sheds is on the old exposition grounds in Osaka, where there are over two hundred new buildings, that look like a large town. In Sendai there are three hospital villages, in which 9,773 sick and wounded have

entered from the one division that went from this place, and this gives a reliable clue to the number that have come back to Japan from the twelve divisions at the front. There are several cities in which over ten thousand are being treated, and that number is increased by thousands every week. The spacious hospital villages are unable to hold the growing numbers, and those who can get along without much medical help are sent off by hundreds to villages in the interior, and especially to the hot springs.

Almost daily a train of sick and wounded arrives in Sendai, the numbers varying from thirty to one hundred and eighty. Officials, representative people and schools go to the station to welcome the sufferers. Among these active sympathizers is the Governor's charming wife, dressed as a Red Cross nurse, and she takes her arms full of soldiers' bundles and carries them to the waiting jinrikishas. The wives of the generals and other noble ladies do the same kind of work day after day. The women everywhere are organized to aid soldiers and their families. They build pretty tea-houses and club-rooms in the centre of the hospital villages, make bandages, knit socks, and make comfortables, contribute blankets, and in various ways show their practical sympathy. This wide hospital service is worthy of all praise.

Every soldier is taught to bind up his own wounds. Each one has a carefully prepared antiseptic bandage done up in oil paper, carried in a special pocket, ready for instant use.

Among the sick and wounded that

* Abridged from *The Independent*.

reach Japan the proportion of deaths is astonishingly small. Out of 9,773 in Sendai there were only twenty-four deaths so far. Eighty per cent. of sick and wounded will get back into battle line or become a portion of the Home Guards. Already of these 9,773, 5,525 have fully recovered and left the hospitals. It is hardest on the poor fellows who develop *kakke*, the *beriberi* of India. They feel ashamed to come back sick. Some at the front conceal sickness and wounds, hoping yet to meet a soldier's fate in the line of battle.

I recently met in a station near Tokio a finely dressed soldier of the Imperial Guards. After a little conversation in Japanese, he slowly said in English: "I hope—to die—in Manchuria—next spring," and smilingly gave me his parting salute."

There has been but one general killed so far. Colonel Yamamoto had just been promoted and then fell at Liaoyang. His military funeral was held in Sendai, the services being, as all have to be, without the body of the dead.

In recognition of our presence at this funeral, the widow called at our house. She had received most precious condolences from the Emperor and Empress, and had said, with dry eyes and a smile, as all these women say: "I count it an honor that my husband fell in battle." But back of that she felt as every true woman feels, that her home was broken and her children fatherless. And it was with deep feeling that she asked whether Western nations would not soon intervene and put a stop to this fearful strife.

As to intervention, it is apparent that neither party cares for it yet. Japan is putting forth new strength and showing unexpected resources in men and money. Having gained from the start virtual command of the sea, with comparatively few disasters, she

has poured her troops into Korea and the Liaoyang peninsula, where she has won fifteen important battles, until, in spite of the 100,000 killed, wounded and sick, we may be sure there are more Japanese troops ready for battle than Kuropatkin commands in his Russian camp. It does not cost one-fifth of the time nor half the expense to get a Japanese in battle line that it does for a Russian. And while the vast majority of Japanese soldiers are unused to severe winters, owing to their ample preparations, supplemented by a popular gift of 300,000 blankets, they will pull through as easily as their enemies. They have an excellent prevention against frozen feet in a thick straw boot, of which 200,000 pairs have already gone to the Manchurian army.

Will Japanese finances stand the strain of another year of war, is a question often raised. Everybody knows how three domestic loans, totalling 280,000,000 yen, were instantly oversubscribed, and two foreign loans of 220,000,000 yen were as easily made. The people are cheerfully responding to the call for 780,000,000 yen for next year's war expenses, of which already 320,000,000 yen is in sight. Moreover, there is no suspicion of any rottenness in army contracts. And Japan has also invisible resources of which foreigners know very little. In past ages of insecurity, and when capital could not well be put to productive purposes, it was the custom to hoard silver and gold, and secretly pass the growing treasure on from age to age. There is, near where I am writing, a deep hole cased in solid masonry in which until recently \$30,000 in gold bars and coins was concealed. Last year one such place was unexpectedly unearthed near Kyoto, revealing 60,000 yen of precious metals. The stability of family lines is supposed to be con-

nected with the secret passing down of these treasures unimpaired, and as yet the new age of banks and credit and the rise of industries have not absorbed these heirlooms. But if the Emperor needs them they will be forthcoming.

Moreover, the crops of the year are exceptional and the hearts of the people are filled with joy over the abundance of grains and fruits. The rice crop is estimated at 96,000,000 yen more than the average. So that, with fat harvests, ready loans at home and abroad, a navy that controls the sea, an army of half a million on the field, and a national spirit educated and ready for any sacrifice, Japan is not in the mood to court intervention, and never will listen for a moment to any intervention that tends to rob her of the fruits of her sacrifices. "The final issue is yet far distant," said the Premier to the House of Representatives on December 3rd.

But the new atmosphere is still charged with the old sentiment, as is seen from the following incidents, which have occasioned one of the great discussions of the year: When the Vladivostok fleet went around in pirate style, sinking harmless vessels here and there, and barbarously kept up firing on the helpless "Hitachi Maru" at close range, so that some two hundred men were killed at a single discharge, the anger of the excitable people turned against one of the bravest men of the navy, Admiral Kamimura, who was supposed to have the responsibility of watching the Vladivostok fleet. Fortunately for him, the Vladivostok fleet came out once more, and the joy of Kamimura must have been great when he sent the "Rurik" to the bottom and so badly damaged the rest of the fleet that it has not since ventured out of its retreat.

The moral idea, however, that life is sacred and that suicide is a belated method of proving courage or innocence has gotten a hold of the public mind, and Japan can never go back to the old idea that self-destruction under certain circumstances is one of the highest of moral acts. It belongs at best to semi-civilization.

Undoubtedly the moral and religious sensibilities of the nation have been quickened by this war. No one again will call the Japanese a people without a religion. Temples and shrines are thronged at times with soldiers buying charms and bidding farewell to their ancestral graves, or with parents who pray for the safety of their soldier children. There is very little of that flippant feeling of former years among scholars that religion is not needed by educated men, but may be good for the ignorant and for women. The nation has become serious at last. The departure of soldiers and their victories abroad are not celebrated with anything like the excesses of ten years ago. There has been but one little outbreak of the anti-religious sentiment, and that was called out by Admiral Togo's report of his victory over Russia's fleet.

The Japanese are not at bottom different from other people. They have a religious nature, which is asserting itself in this national crisis and finds comfort in turning toward heaven. Some, to be sure, have the old pantheistic faith, but others have caught the newer thought of a Great Personality who knows men and hears prayer. It is a significant fact, told me on perfectly reliable authority, that the Emperor, feeling the burden of responsibility and pained beyond measure hearing of the cruel sufferings and horrible deaths of thousands of his soldiers, recently spent, with only one attendant, an entire night in

prayer. Indeed, religion is one of the great thoughts of this year, and it has come now to stay.

The whole attitude toward Christianity, owing to the wise leadership of such great statesmen as Counts Katsura and Okuma, has markedly changed, so that many meetings here and there of all kinds of religionists have been held, in which Buddhists have spoken warm words of Christ, and Christians have praised the Great Pity of Shaka, who sought the salvation of all men. One priest, standing with a Christian pastor, said to the audience: "Jesus also is a Buddha." This mutually friendly attitude is one of the immediate results of the war and is the very best atmosphere in which to search for truth. About 300,000 Gospels, with flags of Japan, England and the United States on the covers, have been circulated among the soldiers, with every encouragement from their officers. Y. M. C. A. work, endorsed by the highest military authorities, has been most successfully begun in the rear of the battle lines and warmly welcomed by officers and men.

The war has brought unspeakable calamities on both combatants; but there are magnificent blessings coming out of this struggle. The West is learning that the East must be treated with respect. A yellow peril

is no worse than a white one. The talk about the partition of China has ended once for all. International law will be advanced to a far more perfect stage. The liberties and love of knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon race, embodied in New Japan, will be imparted to the millions of China, three thousand of whose young men, with two hundred young women, are already in the schools of Japan preparing to be the leaven of the coming China. The sympathy of the best part of the West for an Eastern nation of alien faith is absolutely new to history. The extension of despotism and ignorance has been signally checked and driven back. Belated Russia will awake to claim the light and freedom that make life worth having. Already her zemstvos are boldly demanding some form of representative government. Moreover, this war has called out the true nobility and devotion of Japanese women on a large scale, and has been the occasion of their advancement to a share in the national life. It has also awakened the religious life of the nation. Indeed, no war has ever before brought such signal blessings to the whole human family in so short a time as this has already done. It is one of the great wars that seem to be worth all their cost.

NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE.

Men call me Azrael.
I come this blessed Easter day,
My robes of darkness laid away,
To stand beside each grave to say,
 With yearning love for souls
 Of men, who sorrowing wait
In shadows dim, and faint with fear
And shuddering pain, when'er they hear
My trailing garments sweeping near,
 "All hail! Look up and see
 The beauty of my face!"

Within that little rock-hewn room,
Beside His heart in fragrant gloom,

I watched all night in Joseph's tomb.
The morning broke with light
O'er Eastern hills, and I,
No longer Death but Life, await
The hearts, with watching long and late
Too weary grown, through Heaven's gate
To bear with tenderest love.

The fairest children lie
Upon my breast. With lullabies,
Unearthly sweet, I hush their cries.
Look up, O men, with tear-filled eyes,
And greet me—Gabriel!

—*Julia Redford Tomkinson.*

THE TRAILS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THOMAS OVENS, M.D.



IN examining a map of the North-West Territory a casual observer might infer that a straight line joining any two points indicated on the map would be the proper course to take in order to go from the one point to the other. In theory and on the map this is perfectly feasible, but in practice and on the prairie it is impracticable. On the great prairies of the West there are many obstacles to encounter, though there are no lofty mountain-chains, high rocky ridges or great lakes. There are many sloughs, small lakes, rivers, creeks, coulees, muskegs, and alkaline swamps, which make it absolutely necessary to follow winding courses rather than straight lines. These winding roads or paths are called trails, and follow the course of least resistance.

The age of many of these trails is wholly unknown. As the ancient trails were not laid out by the Hudson's Bay Company traders, the French-Canadian *voyageurs*, or the present Indian population, but possibly by a race antedating the Mound Builders, consequently the history of the old trails is as much a matter of conjecture as is the time and fate of the prehistoric races of the North-West.

In modern times the Hudson's Bay Company fur-traders and the French-Canadian *voyageur* followed well-known trails in travelling over those vast regions, for the purpose of trading with the Indian hunters and trappers. For more than two centuries since the granting of the charter by King

Charles II. to the Hudson's Bay Company, their traders and employees have made use of them. Their vehicles were wooden-wheeled ox-carts, and many hundreds of them went together, forming large caravans, so as to be able to resist possible attacks from bands of hostile Indians. The caravan moved slowly; ten weeks was the usual time required to make the journey from Fort Garry to Edmonton, and as many more to return. On the westward journey the carts were heavily laden with supplies for the Indian trade, on the return with furs to be shipped to England. The passage of countless thousands of these wooden-wheeled vehicles wore deep ruts into the ground, and in some places there are many parallel tracks.

As before pointed out, while the French-Canadian *voyageur* and the Hudson's Bay trader made use of these trails, the ancient ones were not laid out by them. Ages before the coming of the first paleface trader they were in existence. When Champlain was erecting a citadel on the rocky crags of Cape Diamond, and founding the city of Quebec, the Cree, the Blackfeet, the Piegan, and the the Sarcie were warring along these trails. When beautiful Mary Stuart swayed the Scottish sceptre at Holyrood, and her more talented cousin, Elizabeth Tudor, sat upon the English throne, the Indians were hunting on these trails! When the Norman Conqueror battled at Hastings against gallant Harold for the crown of England these trails were old!

When the imperial Caesars wore the Roman diadem, and their brass-mailed legions had subjugated the ancient Britons, these trails were not new!

When Sheba's queen was visiting King Solomon, and admiring the magnificent temple crowning Moriah's brow, the Indian hunters were tramping along these trails! When a trembling, awe-stricken nation was standing around the shaking base and smoke-enveloped slopes of Horeb's lightning crowned summit, and stood listening to the Law delivered to them in thunder tones, these trails were ancient!

So remote is the time when the oldest of these trails were marked out, that while some of the Indian nations have a more or less correct tradition of the Deluge, they have none whatever respecting the origin and early history of the ancient trails.

But while it may be interesting to speculate upon the origin of these trails, and of the character of the Mound Builders, or even of peoples antedating them, it is useless until more data are obtained upon which to base our opinion. Doubtless, in the future discoveries may be made which will throw some light upon a subject now so completely shrouded in darkness.

People Who Use the Trails.

While the Hudson's Bay fur-traders and the *voyageurs* are no longer seen on some of the trails, many other classes of travellers are met. First, there are the immigrants who have just arrived, and are wending their way to homesteads or reservations given them by a generous Government, in the freest and happiest country in the world. Coming as they do from every country in Europe, from every province of Canada, and from almost every State in the neighboring Union, each dressed in national costume, or else according to his own peculiar ideas, they present an appearance as picturesque as it is interesting. Speaking many different

languages the North-Western immigrants are a truly polyglot community. The one great redeeming feature of this invasion is that, as a rule, each is anxious to learn to speak English, to obtain a home of his own, and to have his children taught in a public school.

The freighters are a numerous and indispensable class. Composed as they are chiefly of Indians and halfbreeds, with a sprinkling of whites, they might be said to live on the trails. Where no railways exist they do all the hauling of merchandise and produce. Differing as they do in complexion, from the copper color of the Indian, through the tawny shades of the halfbreeds, to the purest white of the Scandinavian, they are as dissimilar in dress and appearance as they are alike in their mode of life. All freighters are at home wherever night overtakes them.

Experts at pitching tents and preparing meals, life to them on the trail is not by any means one of hardship. All freighters have voracious appetites, engendered by their out-of-door life in the healthiest country in the world; all food to them is welcome, no matter how roughly prepared.

The resident settlers are also met on the trails, coming home from the market towns with heavily laden wagons, containing all sorts of household goods, farming implements, and building material, or going to the towns with farm, dairy or ranch produce. The dress of the residents differs almost as much as does that of the immigrants. On the one hand you may meet a gentleman dressed in the latest styles of English tailoring, on the other a Russian peasant dressed in tanned sheepskin, with the wool side turned in, as his forbears dressed for generations on the banks of the Volga or the Don.

Tourists, land-seekers, homesteaders, hunters, sportsmen, explorers, surveyors, missionaries, and the ubiquitous

ous land-agents are always journeying on the trails.

Of all these classes the missionary is by far the most welcome visitor to the homesteader, rancher, or farmer. None is harder-worked than he. Preaching twice or thrice on Sunday to congregations many miles distant from one another, visiting, advising, exhorting or praying with his widely-scattered flock throughout the week, comforting the sick, assuaging the grief of the bereaved or distressed, ministering to the spiritual wants of all, oftentimes travelling more than two hundred miles a week in making calls, fulfilling appointments, or in other beneficent work he is never idle.

The missionary not only ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, but often assists them in their temporal affairs. In a country where post-offices may be from twenty to fifty miles apart he brings the mail with him to many a lonely homestead, or posts letters for them, and does many other acts of kindness which endear him to the people.

To the Church the services of the missionaries are invaluable. In a new country, in by far the greater number of instances, the people have little or no church affiliation. The Church which has the vitality, energy, and thoroughly missionary spirit to occupy all new territory as soon as settled, will assuredly be the Church of the future.

The Methodist Church is aggressive, and her missionaries seem to be fully alive to the importance of looking after the spiritual welfare of the people in this new country. Wherever a new settlement is formed there a missionary should be stationed to look after the interests of the Church and form the nucleus of a congregation. A congregation formed, a church edifice will follow; a number of such nuclei, and we have the germ of a future Conference; a number of

Conferences and we have a great Church; a great Church in a great country is the greatest, noblest, and most beneficent institution in the world.

The importance of establishing the Sunday-school wherever a congregation is formed, or even before, cannot be overestimated. I am glad to say that the Methodist missionaries in the North-West fully recognize the importance of the Sunday-school.

Wherever congregations are formed and Sunday-schools established, an effort should be made to supply them with church and Sunday-school papers and literature. The value of good, wholesome church literature cannot be overestimated. The literature issued from the church presses to-day is very much superior to that coming from the same sources two or three decades ago. The missionary in inducing the people to subscribe for the papers recognized by the Church is sowing seed from which an abundant harvest will be reaped.

Last summer when I was travelling through that vast, fertile region, extending westward from Battleford, and known as the Cut Knife country, I was much pleased to note how thoroughly the spiritual welfare of the settlers is looked after by the Methodist missionaries.

To me the Rev. Thomas Lawson is an ideal missionary, a valiant, unflinching soldier of the Cross, a man who spares neither life, limb nor health in his efforts to teach the people the way of salvation. Deterred by no danger, no obstacle, no difficulty, he earnestly endeavors by word and deed to lay the corner-stone, sure and deep, of the great Methodist Church of the future in that vast region of which Battleford is the centre. A preacher of great power and no little eloquence, he would be welcomed as a pastor in any congregation. A day will come when it will be found that

the Methodism of the future in the great Battleford District owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the labors of its early pioneers, the Rev. Thomas Lawson and his zealous assistants.

In this connection I might mention the name of the Rev. Charles Thompson, an earnest, efficient helper in the great work now being done in this district. Young in years, he is nevertheless an eloquent preacher and zealous worker.

In the absence of railways the stream of immigration follows the trails, spreading out on either side. It, therefore, behooves the Methodist Church to plant her missionaries along these trails, and well in advance of the flowing tide of immigrants, so as to be able to reach them immediately they have secured homesteads.

I was very much pleased to see how well the new system of selecting sites for churches and other church property is working out under the supervision of local superintendents. The new system is virtually working as a committee of experts.

Now, while land is cheap and easily procurable, the Methodist Church should lose no time in securing a

sufficient quantity of land in suitable localities upon which to erect churches, schools, parsonages, hospitals, orphanages, etc. Nor should any delay be made in establishing Methodist hospitals wherever needed. The Church of the future must take care of the temporal ailments of the body as well as look after its spiritual welfare.

The need of Methodist Book Rooms or agencies in each of the Territories is already becoming a necessity. Methodist nurses and deaconesses should be available for service wherever a Methodist community is found.

The Methodist Church, in order to fulfil its high destiny, should not only build churches, colleges, schools, but also hospitals, dispensaries, training-schools for nurses, deaconesses, orphanages, and homes for the aged and infirm. To obtain the funds an appeal should be made, in the first instance, to the people of the older provinces; later the North-West will not only support her own institutions, but will furnish funds to spread the Gospel to other and less favored lands.

London, Ont.

COULDST THOU NOT WATCH WITH ME?

BY R. BOAL.

Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour,
 Could'st thou not watch with Me?
 I seek the shady olive bower,
 In prayer, O watch with Me.

But heavy slumber held their eyes,
 While He, in agony
 Came forth, and gently bade them rise,
 Could ye not watch with Me?

The tempest smote upon His soul,
 He felt His foe's dread power,
 A storm of horrors o'er Him roll,
 They could not watch one hour.

Dawn rose with awful feet of gold.
 And touched the far-off sea;

West Montrose.

No hearts of sympathy upheld
 Christ in Gethsemane.

No, not one hour, as star by star
 Gleams o'er each olive tree:
 There came an angel from afar,
 In His extremity.

O dust and ashes, slumbering deep,
 Frail watchers would ye be;
 O tired eyes in heavy sleep,
 Ye could not watch with Me.

O spirit willing, flesh too weak,
 To watch one hour of three;
 Great Heart of Love, so kind and meek,
 They could not watch with Thee!

CHURCH HYMNODY.

ITS RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. A. E. HAGAR, B.A.

I.



MUSIC, like poetry, had its origin in legend. Both were primarily the gift of the gods. As far back as we may go are to be found the old-time war-songs of the earliest nomadic and fetish tribes and the hymns in which they celebrated the deities of their imagination. It has been said that even the fame of Homer, that light in the darkness of early Attic history, rests more upon the beauty and number of the hymns he composed than upon his legendary heroes or their marvellous adventures. India, Greece, Persia, Arabia, and other nations, have all contributed their quota of speculation as to the origin of melody, ascribing it to Brahma, to the god Thant, to Hermes. Marvellous demonstrations of supernatural power, attributed to the sweet cadences of their celestial melodies, Orpheus and Amphion were followed by trees, stones and wild animals that suddenly lost their ferocity. The very walls of Thebes springing up as if by magic, and those of Jericho falling down before the blast of rams' horns in the days of Joshua. It is altogether probable that, go back as far as we may to the dim eras of the past, we should find the earliest races of mankind singing or chanting their rude war-songs or hymns of praise to the gods they worshipped. Singing, in one form or another, is probably as old as the race itself.

For the origin, however, of church music as such, or music and singing in their religious sphere, we must go back to the primitive Hebrews. It is from them that the especial use of sacred song arose in the worship of that God who is at once its Inspirer and its Fountain Head. That the Hebrews were an eminently religious and musical people—perhaps the most musical of all the Oriental peoples, as the most religious—no one who has at all studied their history or read the Old Testament can deny. Their literature is a monument of this fact. While not themselves laying claim to the invention of music or of musical instruments, yet it is certain that with them sacred melodies and psalmody reached an exalted stage of development unknown to any other of the Oriental nations. No people ever made such extensive use of music or hymnody in religious worship as did the Hebrews, especially in the time of their greatest prosperity. In the Temple, in the synagogue, and in their homes, the Jews celebrated the praises of God with sacred hymns, and it was from them principally that the use of music and choral singing was adopted by the Christians, though the early Christian hymns were cast in a Greek, and not in a Jewish, mould.

The first mention of music in Hebrew literature, after the deluge, is that found in the narrative of Laban's interview with Jacob (*Gen. xxxi. 27.*) Even at that far-distant time music and song and musical instruments were in use among the ancient family beyond the

Euphrates, and the art had already a high state of development. The Exodus, which has, not inappropriately, been called their national birthday, was celebrated by an outburst of poetry and lyric song, beautiful in its native simplicity as in its utterances of gratitude. The Song of Deliverance on the banks of the Red Sea (Ex. xv.) is the oldest specimen of choral song in all literature, a marvel of construction and literary finish, and one which has been, to some extent, a model for all succeeding generations.

The period of Samuel, David and Solomon forms a new era of Hebrew music, as of Hebrew poetry, and is called its golden age. The establishment of "Schools of the Prophets" appears in large measure to have supplied a long-felt want, and at once there arises the very renaissance of Hebrew literature and of Hebrew song.

At Bethel, at Jericho, Gilgal, and, perhaps (though it is not certain), at Jerusalem, such institutions of learning and instruction were established, upon somewhat the same plane as our modern theological seminaries, and from thence went forth the professional bards and trained musicians who swept the country with their melodies. David gathered around him "singing men and singing women" who could celebrate his victories and lend a charm and soothing influence to his hours of peace. Solomon, who was himself a composer of no mean merit (1 Kings iv.), by his patronage of art gave a mighty stimulus to the cultivation of music as a profession, and under him the service of the Tabernacle achieved an unsurpassed magnificence. The Temple was the great school of music and singing. The very best and greatest that the country had to give in money and ability was unsparingly used to make the service and ritual

as elaborate, as ornate, and as magnificent as the exalted purpose might demand. David made elaborate arrangements for a temple choir in which the three great divisions of the tribe of Levi had each a representative family, and of the thirty-eight thousand who composed the tribe in the reign of David, four thousand were appointed to praise Jehovah in the service of the Temple with instruments, for which the sweet singer of Israel composed a special chant which for ages was known by his name. It was sung by the Levites before the army of Jehoshaphat, and on laying the foundation of the second Temple, and again by the Maccabean army after their great victory over Gorgias.

The appropriations made for the maintenance of so great a choir, and for the conduct of a ritual service on a scale as vast as that which obtained in the palmy days of Solomon, are almost beyond belief. One thousand dresses were provided for the high priest alone; ten thousand linen garments and girdles of purple for the priests themselves; trumpets, two hundred thousand; psalteries and harps of electrum, forty thousand.

From the golden age of Hebrew poetry and music, as in the case of the golden age of Attic literature at the time of Pericles, the art of the people gradually sank into comparative mediocrity, at least as compared with its former magnificence, nor did it ever again attain that splendor and opulence of artistic elegance which for so many years marked the high-water level of its classic history. Henceforth, till the beginning of the Christian era, the services remained somewhat as they are found to-day in the far East.

The rising of the Star in the East bids us turn our eyes to a new era. The word "music" now takes on a new meaning, and sacred song clothes

itself in terms that are the very climaxes of spiritual adoration. At the time of Christ we find an elaborate Temple service, a choir whose magnificence was exceeded only in the time of Solomon, composed of men, boys and women, with a ritual of psalms specified for each day of service for the year, while others were indicated for festivities and similar special times, and all culminating in the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, "that great day of the feast," the day of the great Hosanna, when the choir led the multitudes in chanting the eighty-second Psalm, "while the priests blew their trumpets at intervals and the people bowed in solemn worship."

In these songs Jesus himself was trained from early boyhood, and often, no doubt, He and His disciples joined in them together. The hymn spoken of in the closing verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew as having been sung at the conclusion of the Paschal Supper, was, in all probability, the second portion of the Hallel, comprising Psalms cxv.-cxxxviii., and at the close of the modern ritual of the Jewish Temple service this same psalm is still to be found.

That the use of music and choral singing, the singing of spiritual songs, constituted from the beginning an interesting and important part in the worship of the primitive Church is obvious alike from the history of the times and from the monument of Christian poetry, Latin and Greek, which has come down to our own day, much of which, in the beautiful translations of Neale, Palmer and Alexander, is still sung, though it is to be feared unknowingly to many, in our modern services.

Grotius insists that in Acts iv. 24-30, we have an epitome of an early Christian hymn. Munter, an eminent Biblical archæologist, declares it as

his opinion that the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was accompanied by poetic inspiration, to which the disciples gave utterance in rhapsodies of spiritual song (Acts ii. 4, 13, 47). Other New Testament passages likewise seem to indicate the use of religious songs in the worship of God.

Is not the use of "psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs" directly enjoined by the Apostles as an essential part of religious devotion, "singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord"? And James advises the merry to sing psalms. As this latter epistle is a circular letter to the Gentile churches of Asia, from references in the epistles to the churches at Colossæ and Ephesus it will be seen that there is explicit authority, even command, for the use of song in the religious worship of the Apostolic churches.

If many of our modern churches, so prone to relegate this important and sacred part of religious worship to members of the choir, could but see their duty in the light of Biblical truth and apostolic injunction, much of the dearth of devotional singing in our own day would, it is to be hoped, give place to a heartier participation in so essential a part of the worship of God.

The hymns of the primitive Jewish-Christian churches, it must be remembered, were cast in a Greek, not in a Jewish, mould. Their content, likewise, was distinctly Christian. Later on, as the new religion spread to the Roman provinces, where the Latin tongue was the vehicle of expression, many of the most beautiful specimens of hymnody of that or any other age were written in the dialect of Virgil and Horace. Of all these sacred hymns, perhaps the most famous is the "Gloria in Excelsis," called the Greater Doxology, to distinguish it from the "Gloria Patri," or Lesser Doxology. Another name

by which it is known is "The Angel's Hymn," so called from its opening words, which are taken from the angel's song at Bethlehem. Its author is unknown, but it has been traced back to the early years of the second century. Its English form is:

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will to men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the Only-Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

The "Gloria Patri," referred to above as the Lesser Doxology, is the next most noteworthy, and perhaps the one of these earliest Christian chants most familiarly known in our day. Its first portion, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," was from the very earliest times the common doxology of Christendom. The Western Church, after the rise of the Arian controversy, which, it will be remembered, concerned the unchangeable nature of our Divine Lord, added the closing portion: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

The "Nunc Dimittis" is a hymn with which at least all of Episcopal persuasion are made familiar. When sung to the modern music that accompanies it, it is one of the sweetest of chants. As it was generally sung at vespers, it came to be known as the "Evening Hymn." The "Magnificat," so called from the Vulgate's rendering of the opening words of the

song of the Virgin Mary, as given in the first chapter of Luke, was in common use among the early and mediæval churches, and in his account of Robert of Sicily ("Tales of a Wayside Inn") Longfellow speaks of it as forming a conspicuous portion of the service:

"Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemain,
Apparalled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve at vespers proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat."

The "Te Deum" is of very ancient origin. The Latin version is in all probability based upon a Greek original, and in this form may date from the second or third century. There is a very interesting tradition connected with the authorship of this sublime monument of early Christianity, which makes St. Ambrose and St. Augustine its joint authors. The story goes that in A.D. 387 St. Ambrose stood before a Christian altar in Milan. St. Augustine, but recently converted to the Christian faith, was by his side, and in joy of the latter's conversion St. Ambrose broke forth into praise, using spontaneously the opening words of this noble hymn, "We praise Thee, O God; we confess that Thou art God," and St. Augustine took up the strain with equal inspiration, following with, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." And thus they sang the lines alternately through this hymn, the sublime words of which have, since that day, rung forth from many a cathedral choir in all ages of the Church.

It may be possible that both Ambrose and Augustine were previously acquainted with the hymn in its Greek form, as both were men of acknowledged scholarship, and, being Latins, they may have, almost instinctively, rendered the words of the Greek

original into the familiar phraseology of their own tongue.

As time passed the number and quality of these Christian hymns increased. Eusebius tells us that in the first half of the third century there was a profusion of sacred song, but little of it has come down to us. Indeed, the only entire hymn of this period is one attributed to Clement of Alexandria, *cir.* A.D. 220. The earliest Latin hymn writer was probably Hilary of Poitiers, who became bishop of his native city in A.D. 350, and whose poetical work was adopted by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan.

Following Ambrose is Prudentius, the "First Christian Poet," born *cir.* 348 A.D. The author of several hymns of much merit, his fame rests chiefly upon one of considerable length, dealing with the miracles of Christ. It has long been a favorite with translators, but by far the most acceptable and popular version is that beginning, "Of the Father's love begotten," the joint work of Dr. Neale and Sir Henry Baker. Each is said to have translated the hymn independently, comparing the results. From the two translations the best verses were then chosen, and of the nine stanzas composing the hymn in its present form, Dr. Neale contributed five and Sir Henry four. It

generally, in the several collections in which it appears, goes with a very sweet, plain song, "Corde Natus," from the first two words of the Latin original. With this tune, it appears as No. 56 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the hymnal of the Church of England, in which it first appeared. Two verses are subjoined:

"Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.
Evermore and evermore.

"Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore."

From this time till the eleventh or twelfth century is "The Golden Age of Latin Hymnody." During this period Latin hymns increased, both in number and quality, and many of the very sweetest and most beautiful of sacred lyrics were written at this time, and they still live, not only in the Latin Church, but in our own, in the elegant translations that are the work of some of our most scholarly and pious writers.

Portage-du-Fort, Que.

CHRIST LIVES TO BLESS.

BY SUSAN R. G. CLARK.

They shut Him in a lonely tomb—
They placed the stone, and said:
"Now let Him show His mighty power!
The Nazarene is dead!"

Ho, lily hid in darkest soil,
Rear high thy loveliness
To mock such impotence of speech—
Christ lives again to bless!

Sad mourner by some empty cot,
All nature bids thee see
That hidden in the deepest night
Is morning's prophecy.

Worn toiler, battling with the wrong,
Make brave thy heart and sing;
All right hath immortality,
For Right, death hath no sting.

As that new tomb in old Judea
Served but His power to prove,
Who broke the iron bars of death
And rescued us by love.

So, Truth shall rise o'er all defeat,
And good o'er ill prevail.
Hail! Resurrection-bloom of God!
Hail, Risen Christ! All hail!

SOCIAL BETTERMENT.



It is not alone for selfish or utilitarian ends that employers are creating better physical and moral conditions in their factories and workshops, about their works, and in the homes of their workmen. In a large number of instances great corporations are employing experts in humanitarian and sociological work, and giving them *carte blanche* in providing for the improvement of the physical conditions and the moral well-being of their people. Rest-rooms have been provided in stores and factories, schools are conducted, hospitals, doctors, even chaplains, are provided. The workshops are quite different from what they used to be.

Here is a new factory building going up to-day for a well-known watch concern. Contrast that building with another, erected for similar purposes a few years ago. You will find that one is costing, by the square yard of working area, twice as much as the other, and that more than half of this additional cost is in order that perfect hygienic conditions may be secured for employees. Many men and women work in the factory under much more cheerful, healthful and educating circumstances than they find in their own homes. The factory may be a refuge in such cases from the home. It certainly will have its effect in improving the conditions in the home.

In the large cities it is safe to say that the sweat-shop evil is practically abolished. The factory inspector in Chicago, for example, finds few, indeed, of the dirty, fever-laden dens in which the clothes of the people used

to be made. The worst places to-day are the homes where the family does the work. Some large concerns have erected gymnasiums and play courts for their people. Sometimes we find a perfectly appointed bath-house, where employees wash and are clean at the expense of the firm and on the firm's time. A bare list of the great manufacturing enterprises which provide such benefits for their people would occupy all our space. Some may be mentioned. The Illinois Steel Works, at Joliet, Illinois, provides a club-house, the Athenæum, bath-houses, gymnasium, library, art classes, and co-operative clubs. The Elgin Watch Company offers, in addition to most of the foregoing, a well-appointed hotel for its work-people. The plan and the many benefits of the Dayton Cash Register concern are too well-known to need enumeration. In addition to the better-known provisions for employees, the Acme Sucker-Rod Company, Toledo, Ohio, gives a park and pays dividends; Ferris Brothers Company, seaside cottages; Waltham Watch Company makes loans to build homes; nearly all the great railroad systems have sick-benefit, hospital and pension departments operated at the expense of the road.

But it must not be supposed that the improvement is all on this continent. Two remarkable, out-standing examples of industrial betterment are the soap works of the Lever Brothers, near Liverpool, England, and the cocoa factories of Cadburys at Birmingham. It has been estimated that each of these firms has over a million and a half of dollars invested in its social work alone. Plans quite similar to those followed in this country, with some novel features, are in use

at the great Krupp Works in Germany, and with the Van Markens in Holland. In most European countries the governments began this work long ago, but to-day their factories and arsenals fall far behind those of private enterprises in the provisions they make for the welfare of their people.

Within this movement there are certain very hopeful indications. This work is no longer undertaken as a charitable enterprise, or looked upon as so many gifts bestowed on the people by wealthy employers. The men are helped and led into self-government of their own benefits. Perhaps there were some firms that sought to cover up long hours and short pay with petty benefits of libraries, with coffee for the men and candy for the children. But the spirit of the workman, straightening out his bent back and standing upright for the first time in many long centuries, demands to-day, not charity, but simple justice. And now these benefits take on rather the aspect of mutual co-operation between employer and employee, so that a man's life may be lived and his work accomplished under the best physical, mental and moral conditions. Who can say how large a contribution these better conditions shall make, not alone to our industrial supremacy, but to the elevation of our manhood and womanhood, and to the coming of the Kingdom in which character shall be supreme.

There have been several great strikes during 1904, the most notable being the Stock Yards strike, or rather series of strikes. It resulted in a defeat for the men and a loss of certain things that common humanity would seem to insist should be theirs. But it showed that right and just demands must be enforced by right and honorable methods; it may take a

long while to learn it, but we shall some day realize that it never pays to fight for the right with crooked weapons. Similar and even more striking lessons come from the building trades strike in New York. Neither labor nor capital find it a paying investment to sink character in conspiracies, briberies and graft.

There has been even a greater house-cleaning in the realm of what they call "practical politics." Nineteen hundred and four has been a year of fear and trembling for many of the men who needed no other stock in trade than brass face and a glad hand—together, usually, with a zinc-lined throat. It is a grand thing when so chaotic a city as Chicago can stand and say, We have a fairly clean, decent and honest City Council. Minneapolis, St. Louis and Buffalo have all had a tremendous house-cleaning. Baltimore has a strong business administration. Denver, Philadelphia, and not a few other cities stand in line.

Again, in city life, there is a noticeable inward movement of the tide. Once the sole aim of any American city was to be bigger than her rivals; now, many are sincerely trying to be better. Clean streets, adequate sewers, pure water, ample breathing-places, artistic edifices—all these claim public attention. Men take pride, not only in saying: "We have more people than —;" but, "We have larger and better parks." The cheap politician, the saloon-keeper, the grafter, all cry: "The parks pay no freight." But the people know better; they carry the freight of sunshine, flowers, health and happiness clear into the heart of the city at practically no charge. Attempts are also being made in many large cities to get more good out of the public schools. For one thing, they are being made to give manual training; the curriculum

is being revised to meet the needs of our changing life. Then, the buildings are being used for neighborhood purposes, classes, social gatherings, clubs and meetings. We are coming closer together; we are thinking a little more of men as minds and hearts, of other men as just such beings as we know ourselves to be. Contrasted in splendor against the wave of commercialism and industrial greed there is this splendid tide of altruism, of social service and helpfulness. Our cities get to look less like big factory yards and more like dwelling places.

Take one little indication; how long is it since the prospect from the railroad station in any city outside of the few very large ones was that of cinders, refuse, and freight-cars? To-day the people take pride in their depot parks, with flower beds and grass. Even in the mining regions of the west, one cannot but notice the attempt to hide the grit and the cinders of our commercial and manufacturing life, and show and share a little of the life of beauty. Whenever men show their love for more beautiful things, whenever they seek better conditions, we know they have turned their faces toward the light.

To-day's paper spoke of a railroad ticket-agent having a Bible in his desk; yesterday's paper would have offered this as a splendid subject for some infidel jester; to-morrow we shall wonder that any man would hope to conduct his business without the

Bible at its base. We are deploring the emptying of our churches, the depleting of our congregations; but we find the spirit of religious work really going out into the world. And it is vastly more important to get people doing religious service than it is to get them attending religious services. Although depleted congregations show but a temporary ebb in the tide; the multitude will turn toward the house of God again. This is a period of advance, a movement on from the religion of contemplation to the religion of service, from the religion that ended with the prayer-meeting to the religion that goes out into the primary, the office and the factory. Once we had to cry aloud to men to get them to think of religion at all; does it not mean something that to-day we find them inquiring, not only, "What must I do to be saved?" but, "What must we do to save the world?" It will mean much if we are learning to give utterance to our doctrines in deeds.

What shall we say, then? Is the Kingdom coming? What are the signs? In the measure that His will is being more perfectly done; in the measure that men are learning to love one another with life-giving sacrifice; in the measure that this sad old world takes on the glory of that other world; in the measure that men realize and express their sonship to the Father, the Kingdom is coming, the tide is setting in.—Service.

NOX ET LUX.

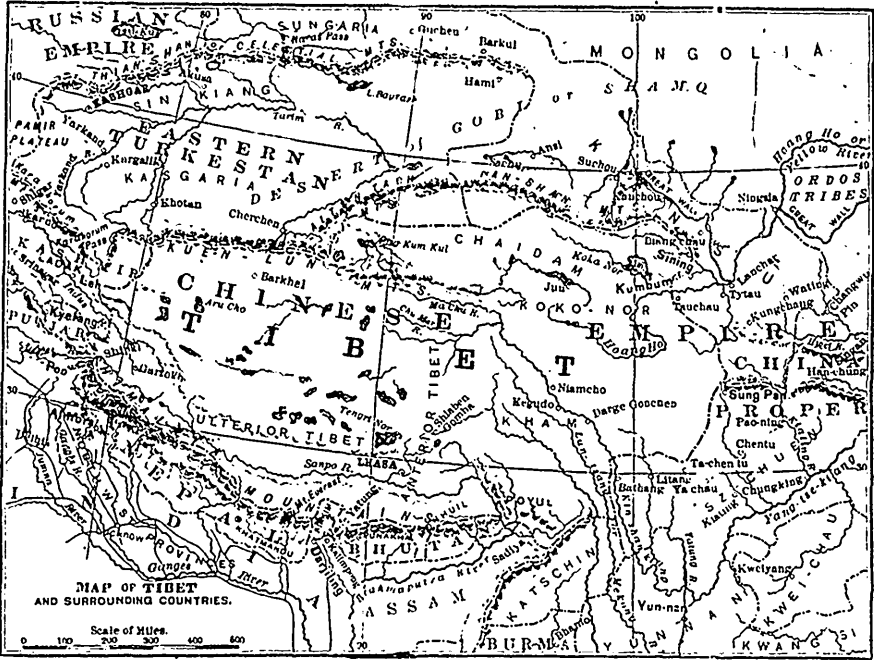
BY R. BOAL.

The poet laid his laurel'd head
 Upon a rosy, thorny bed;
 With tears his piercing eyes were red,
 His lips and cheeks were as the dead,
 While Scorn, and Sorrow, and Fear,
 Kept watch as o'er a bier!

West Montrose.

Night fled, and smiling Dawn
 Dispelled those watchers wan,
 His face with morn grew bright
 Eyes full of glorious light.
 In darkness, Sorrow may reign,
 Glad Day brings joy again!

IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



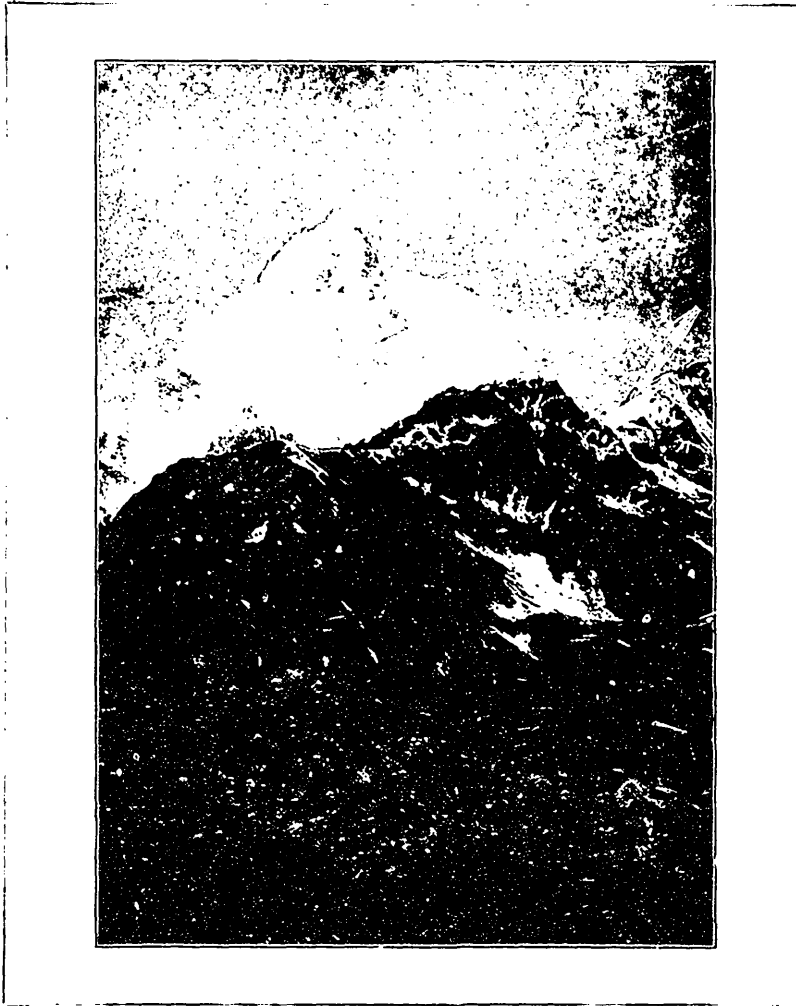
THE recent British expedition to Lhasa, the long-sealed capital of the forbidden land of Thibet, has opened the door to civilization, and commerce, and Christianity of this last stronghold of superstition and ignorance. It was the one place in the world from which missionaries, and merchants, and travellers of every sort were rigidly excluded.

The success of Colonel Younghusband's expedition, says *The Outlook*, or mission, as it is called, adds another to the many dramatic incidents in the Far East during the past few years. The British purpose in sending an expedition to this ancient city was two-fold: To establish closer trade



THIBETAN PRAYER WHEEL.

relations and to compel the Thibetans to live up to their agreements. Their retirement from Lhasa shows that they had no intention to occupy per-



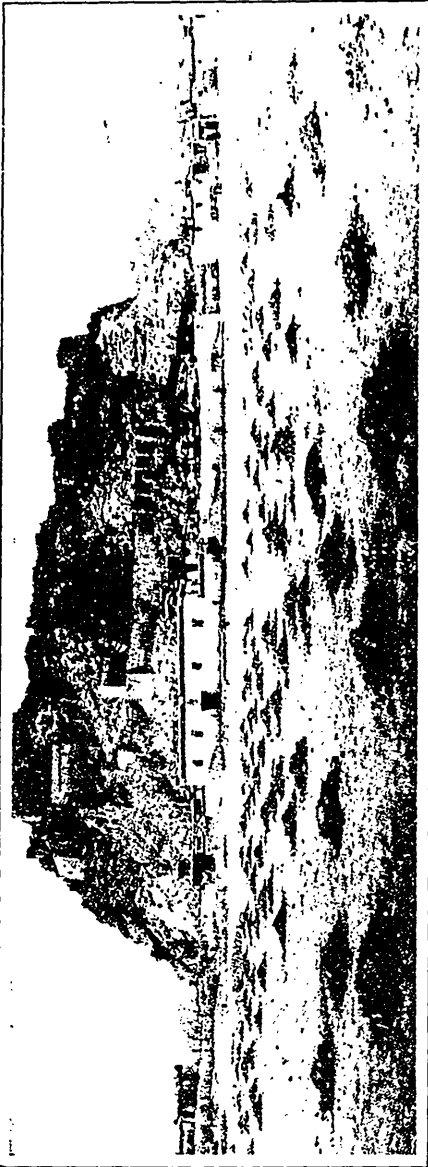
THE WALL OF THIBET.—ENORMOUS PEAKS CAPPED WITH ETERNAL SNOWS.

manently the country. Russian influence has had much to do with the vexatious avoidance and negation of trade agreements of the Thibetans. Thibetan commissioners met British commissioners on the border of the country, but they seemed to possess neither the authority nor the willingness to make any satisfactory arrangements, and the British Ministry decided that a mission in force was the

only method of bringing the Thibetans to terms.

This expedition involved a march of three hundred miles from the Indian frontier, the entrance through precipitous passes of the most dangerous kind at a great elevation, and hard fighting above the snow line, on what has been called "the roof of the world." The British have met with determined but unsuccessful opposi-

tion on the part of the Thibetans, who, with their antiquated weapons and lack of organization and military



THE FORTRESS OF GYANGTSE, IN THIBET, STORMED BY THE BRITISH ON THE WAY TO LIASA.

The hostility of the Lama was due to the influence over him of his favorite tutor. This man is a Mongolian who has entered the service of Russia. He is a man of considerable education, who has repeatedly visited St. Petersburg, and is a member of the Russian Geographical Society. He is known as the Lama Dorjief. When the Dalai Lama declared his independence of China, he was perplexed by the advice of his ecclesiastical counsellors, who knew nothing of the outside world, and who gave him contradictory counsel. They were hopelessly opposed to one another, and the poor young ruler found himself forced into opposition with powerful ministers, no matter what course he adopted. His position was all the more difficult because these priestly counsellors had no scruple about murdering a Lama, and had, with good reason, been suspected of having killed his predecessors. He therefore gave himself up completely to the guidance of the Russian, Dorjief, who poisoned his mind against the British, and convinced him that Russia was his most powerful and reliable protector. Overtures were made to St. Petersburg, and were received with assurances of friendship.

Lord Curzon, the British Viceroy of India, recognizing the danger of having on his frontier a principality that was becoming practically a Russian province, applied for similar commercial privileges to those granted Russia, but under the advice of Dorjief, who apparently did not know how absorbing the Japanese trouble was becoming, the Lama sent an insolent reply to the Viceroy's request, and brought upon himself the attack in which his capital has been penetrated. In a recent address the Viceroy of India said: "No one regrets more than I the fighting which has occurred. We did our best to avoid it. We hope to

training, had not even a fighting chance against the scientific warfare of the British.

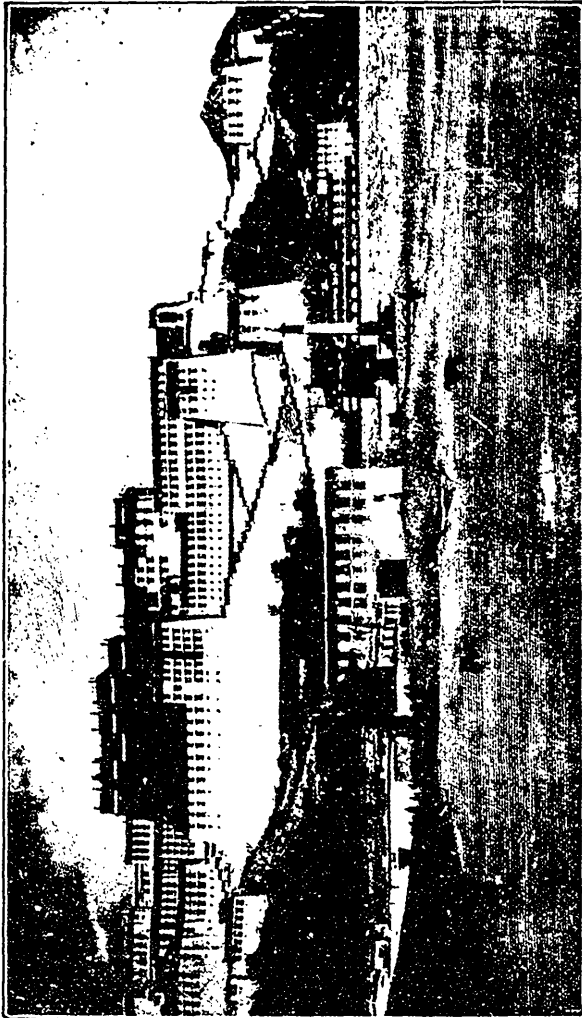
introduce a measure of enlightenment into that monk-ridden country."

After the passage of the Karola, a delegation of commissioners met the expedition and asked that negotia-

once for negotiations, which had proved futile, and as it had been attacked by Thibetan troops, he felt it incumbent to proceed to Lhasa and have the treaty signed there.

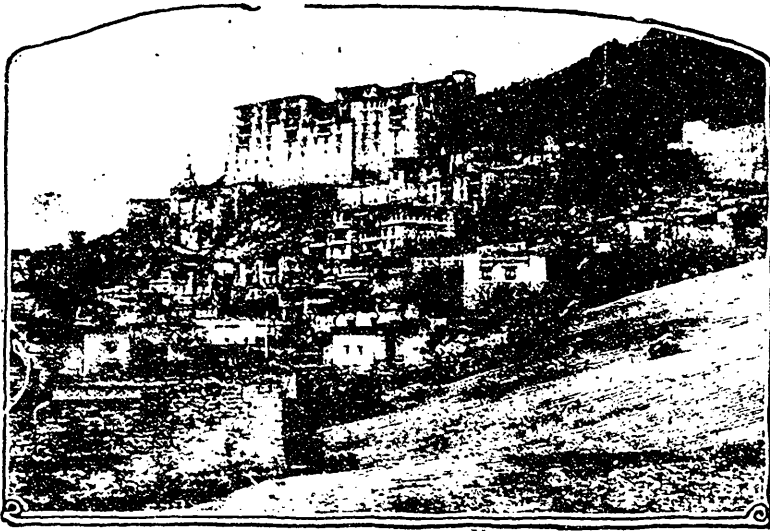
On entering the city, the British troops showed respect for the prejudices of the Thibetans by encamping in an open space a mile away from the sacred mount of Potala, on which the Lama's palace is built. They were informed that the Lama, with M. Dorjief, his Russian adviser, had quitted the city, and were at a monastery eighteen miles off. He had, however, left authority with his representatives to conclude an arrangement with the British, and had also deposited the royal seals in the palace, so that the treaty might be duly signed and sealed. The Ambam, who is the representative of China in Thibet, had remained at Lhasa to take part in the negotiations. As Thibet is nominally tributary to China, the Ambam's endorsement of the treaty will give it binding force.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SACRED PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LHASA.



tions might be resumed at a distance from the city, as the Dalai Lama might die of shock if the capital was profaned by the feet of the stranger. The British leader replied that as the expedition had already been halted

the palace consists of an imposing mass of buildings on the mountain in the north-west quarter of the city, which commands a view of the great plain surrounded by mountains, on which cluster innumerable temples and mon-



THE THIBETAN TOWN OF LEH.

asteries. The rooms are richly decorated in Chinese style. There is no regularity about the streets, which divide the city proper into blocks of many shapes. In this district are the houses, huts, and shops of the common people. It can boast of only one important temple, and that is the Great Cathedral, at its south-west corner. The street fronts not taken up by houses are chiefly occupied by shops, bazaars, and markets of all kinds.

Potala, the "Mountain of Buddha," on which the palace of the Dalai Lama stands, has played a most interesting part in the history of Asia. For the past twelve hundred years it has been the most hallowed spot in Asia.

The Dalai Lama is twenty-eight years of age. He is the first in a century to attain that age. His predecessors were secretly put to death before they emerged from boyhood, by the Buddhist priests, who found it to their advantage to be regents under the nominal rule of a boy, rather than ministers of a ruler of responsible age. It has been his ambition to become

independent of China. He contended that China ought to have gone to war with Great Britain in 1890 to prevent the seizure of Sikhim, which he claimed as Thibetan territory, and as China did not interfere, he practically renounced his allegiance. He accepted the tutelage of Russia, in the hope that Russia would protect him from the vengeance of China.

Signs of the theocratic character of the Thibetan government are found everywhere in the country. The Dalai Lama himself is revered more as the representative of Buddhism and the reincarnation of Buddha than as the ruler of Thibet. Around the city of Lhasa are many monasteries, in some of which there are said to be as many as six thousand inmates. Many of these are not priests or monks, but students preparing for the priesthood. The people themselves are ignorant and superstitious. Their observance of their religious rites, in many instances, consists in little more than the turning of the cylinders which form the prayer-wheels of the country. A turn of the wheel is sup-



A BORDER THIBETAN CHRISTIAN AND WIFE.

posed to bring the prayer contained in it to the notice of the Supreme Being, and to be equivalent to a prayer uttered by the lips of the worshipper. The adherents of the Lama are far less intelligent than the Buddhists of Ceylon, over whom he exercises little if any influence.

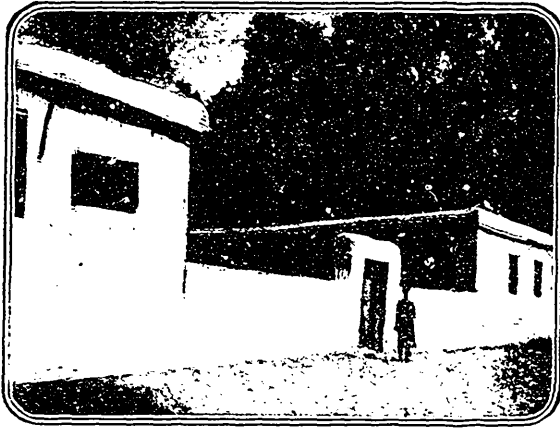
One of our pictures is from the first photograph ever taken of the Lama's palace. It is described as a majestic mountain of building, rising far above the roofs of the city. The road to it is free from stones, and very broad. The foundations of the palace rise from the base of the hill, and on these is erected tier on tier of white masonry. In the centre are two red edifices, crowned by five golden domes, which glitter in the sunlight. Between this and the city is a dense wood and cultivated fields. The city itself covers an area about a square mile in extent. The most conspicuous object in it is the Buddhist cathedral, four stories high, surmounted by gilded domes and pinnacles. It may be hoped that the terms wrung from the Lama by the British, include not

only commercial concessions, but the right of missionaries to enter and proclaim in this, almost the last unevangelized land on earth, the glad tidings of salvation.

The significance of the unfurling of the British flag in the capital of Thibet is to be found in the dramatic evidence which it furnishes of the opening up of Asia to Western trade and influence. For centuries Thibet has been forbidden country. Scores of crafty and courageous men have perished in the endeavor to invade its privacy and discover what lay behind the closely guarded front which it presented to the world. It is thirteen hundred years since Lhasa was founded, but in that time, so far as records have been preserved, not more than twenty foreigners have been within the walls of the Thibetan capital, and most of these were Hindus. Several Englishmen have been in Thibet, but only one had ever seen Lhasa before the arrival of the British troops on August 3, and this Englishman was Thomas Manning, who entered Thibet in 1811, and, as a



WOMEN OF LEH IN FULL DRESS.



THE MORAVIAN MISSION DISPENSARY AT LEH.

physician, performed some cures on Chinese troops and was allowed to accompany them to Lhasa, where he stayed several months. From that date until the present only two Europeans have been in Lhasa—French missionaries who were able to reach the city in disguise in 1844, and the story of whose adventures and privations is most fascinating and thrilling.

Not only has Thibet been shut off from the rest of the world by a system of espionage and of rigorous penalties so thoroughly and so consistently applied that the country has been protected by something far more impregnable than the Chinese wall, but it has been the centre of a mysterious cult. The letting in of light and air by the rude hand of the Western invaders will show an empty shrine. There will probably continue to be communications from Mahatmas living in the solitudes of the Thibetan mountains, but no great new truth will reward the British explorers.

The Grand Lama, who is said to have secluded himself in a monastery not far from the city, has escaped the mysterious fate which has cut

off his predecessors in their early youth for many generations past, but no important mystery will be found in his keeping. Methods, systems, and craftsmanship are sometimes esoteric; truth is always diffusive and in the open, and the fall of Lhasa will dispel one of the last illusions that remain regarding the accumulation of hidden truths in sacred localities. The world becomes every day more and more an open field, and knowledge and experience tend

steadily to be the capitalized possession of the whole race.

There is another campaign going on in Thibet, which possesses a deeper significance than Colonel Younghusband's military operations. Not with sword and cannon, but with the Word of Life, and with hearts overflowing with love and brotherly kindness, a Gospel band stands knocking at the gates of Thibet. For many years a cordon of brave Christian missionaries has been drawing its lines closer and closer to the borders of "the Sealed Land," awaiting for the propitious moment to carry the Word of Life to its benighted people. From two of these missionaries letters full of hope and encouragement have been received. One of the writers, Mr. Ernest Shawe, of the Moravian Mission at Leh, in western Thibet, has forwarded, with his brief communication, a number of photographs, which are probably the first illustrations from that strange and far-away land that have ever appeared in the Western world. They are presented in this article.

One of the photographs shows a typical Ladak village of western Thibet, with a monastery in the back-



MISS TAYLOR IN THIBETAN DRESS.
The cap is of fox-skin, made for her in the
Mongol encampment.

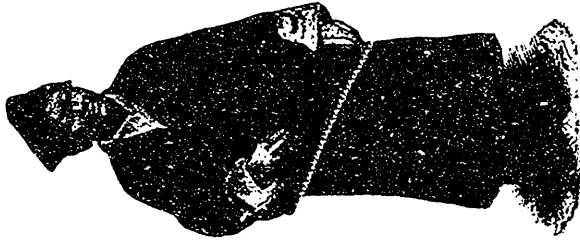
ground. In another, a group of Thibetan lamas or priests are seen reading the sacred books "for the good of the country." Mr. Shawe explains that the object is to read as much as possible, and the loose leaves of the books are divided among the lamas, and all read simultaneously. In the photograph of the town of Leh—the mission headquarters—is seen the old palace of the former kings of Ladak, an ancient-looking and somewhat extensive building in the rear.

The other pictures show types of this long-isolated people, who seem destined shortly to become better known to the world.

Mr. Shawe writes: "Leh, from where I write, is the capital of the province of Ladak, which is now under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir; but as the Ladakis are Thibetans by race, religion and language, it is quite fair to count the Moravian Mission in Leh as a Thibetan mission, though here we are still some one hundred miles from the borders of Chinese Thibet.

"Leh is probably the highest mission station in the world, being 11,600 feet above sea level. This great altitude is very trying for Europeans, and some travellers have died from the effects of the rarefied air. The Moravian Mission was first permanently established here in 1885, but already ten graves of missionaries and their children are to be found in the little graveyard by the side of the desert. Leh was the third mission station to be started by the Moravian Church in the Western Himalayas, the two former being Kyelang in 1856, and Poo in 1865. Now there are seven stations and out-stations belonging to our Church in this mission field.

"The town of Leh is not a large one, according to our ideas. The population consists of only about 2,500, but still it is the largest town for hundreds of miles around, and as it is the meeting-place for traders from all parts of Central Asia to India, it has an importance far beyond its size. In the trading season (August to October) the population becomes doubled or trebled; and in the bazaar, people from Turkestan jostle those from India and Kashmir, and traders from Afghanistan bargain with traders from Lhasa, and one may hear six or eight languages or



PONTSO.

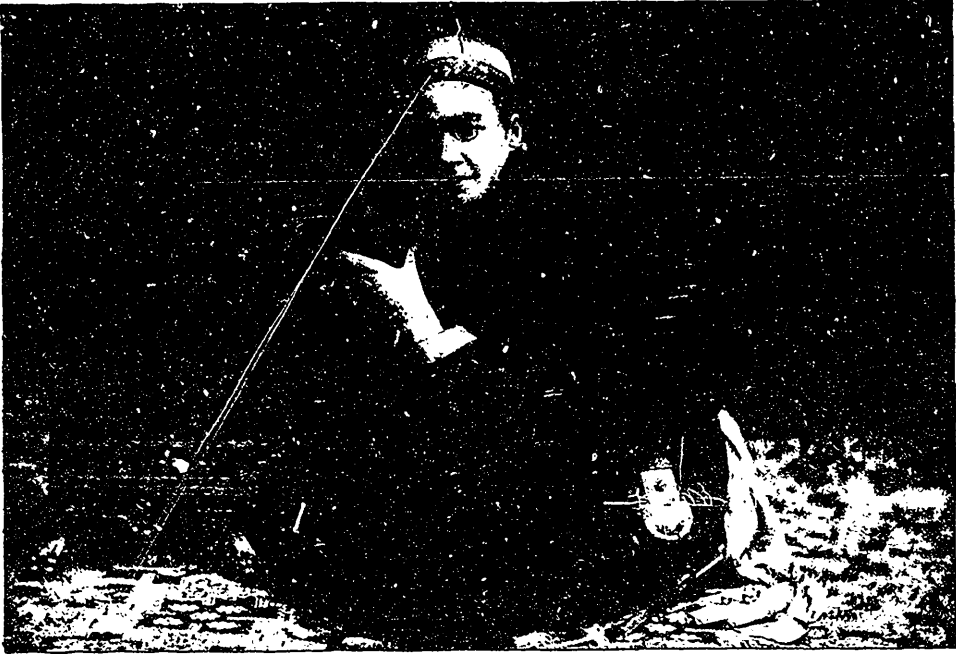


TAKING TEA IN TIBETAN STYLE.

In the centre is Miss Taylor; at the left is Pontso, holding a leather bag of barley-flour; on the right is his wife, holding the teapot; the three wooden bowls are the tea-cups. At the extreme right is a bamboo churn; in front of it, goatskin bellows with an iron funnel; and in the centre of the picture, in front, are leather bags for tea, butter, etc



CHURNING TEA.



MRS. RIJNHART.

dialects spoken in as many minutes. This increases the difficulty of mission work, especially medical mission work, but our preaching is done in the Ladaki dialect of Thibetan.

“The Ladakis, like other Thibetans, are ‘Lamaists’ (demon worshippers), with a thin veneer of Buddhist ideas and ceremonial. About Buddha and his teaching they really know very little. Work among them is slow and difficult, and there is often much opposition, generally secret, from the lamas or priests. Still the sowing of the seed has not been in vain, and now there are nearly forty Christians in Leh. Thibetan gospels and tracts have been widely distributed, and in many cases have done their silent work in human hearts.

“The great peculiarity in the costume of the Ladakis is the head-dress worn by the women. This consists of a strip of red cloth, on which tur-

quoises and silver ornaments are sewn. From either side of the head project great ear-flaps of lambskin, or, in the case of wealthy ladies, of sable. The value of such a head-dress may be several hundred rupees, and the wealth of a woman is known by the number of turquoises and ornaments she has. The Ladakis are generally lively and good-natured, and, compared with many other Asiatics, easy to get on with. Pray God that their hearts may be more easily opened to the Gospel.”

Another correspondent, the Rev. James Johnston, A.T.S., writes as follows of the work of the missionaries:

“Since 1856, the Moravian missionaries have vainly endeavored to penetrate the loftiest mountain passes and sterile wastes, for the evangelization of the Hermit Nation. In the wild and picturesque provinces of British India, bordering on the West-



REV. PETER RIJNHART.

ern Himalayas, their record of 'working and waiting,' has perennial charm. To strike a blow at the stronghold of Buddhism they have left no stone unturned, and, as one of their number writes, 'any missionary working on the borders of the Great Closed Land, would almost be prepared to start for Lhasa at five minutes' notice, if the way were unexpectedly thrown open.' To their oldest and the highest mission stations in the world—Poo and Leh—the Moravians have added six more points of evangelical light.

"Thibet is partially encircled by missionary bands, on its eastern, western, and southern borders. On the northern frontier of Thibet proper, neither man nor beast can live. Mr. O. T. Crosby, the American traveller, who has lately returned from Central Asia, describes it as consisting of hundreds of miles of tragic and desolate wastes, where even the camels of well-equipped caravans perish of cold and hardship. Upwards of eight missionary societies have stations on other than the northern frontiers of Thibet, embracing the Kashgarian Mission (Swedish) N. W., and the Church of Scotland Mission, S.,

associated with the Scottish Universities Mission. The London Missionary Society's strategic base at Almora is identified with the names of Miss Turner and Miss Rutledge, the latter declaring, 'We mean to be amongst those who are to be first in Thibet.' Two other ladies, Dr. Sheldon and Miss Brown, have made the north-eastern part of Kumoan their special field.

"On the southern border, at Yatung, near the main route to the Chumbi Valley, Miss Annie R. Taylor, of Thibetan mission fame, persistently remains at her post, though, of late, she has had a hard time from the strong anti-foreign feeling existing among the wilder class of Thibetans. In the same region, the Assam Frontier Pioneer Mission, amid the fierce Abor tribes, tells of unusual difficulties and marvellous escapes.

"The famous Thibet Prayer Union, of the China Inland Mission, east and north-east, has its centre at Ta-chien-lu, ably superintended and led by Cecil Polhill, who writes in glowing terms that Litang, the second town of altitude in the world, and containing one thousand families, on the high



A THIBETAN CONVERT.

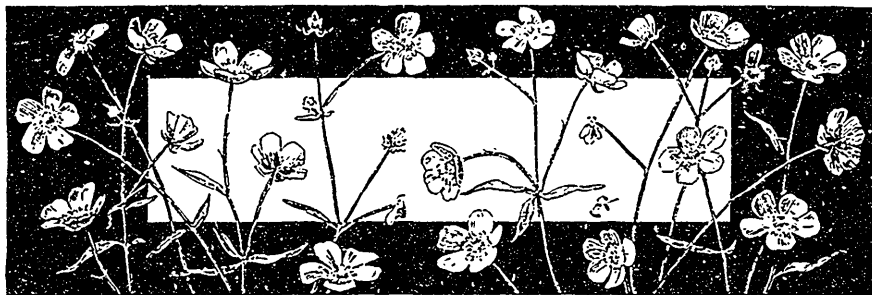
road to Thibet, is now opened to the missionary.

"Of honored names interwoven with Thibet's Christianization, the Canadian missionary, Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D., takes a foremost place. This lady has returned to the land where she has previously suffered the loss of husband and child. Her missionary volume, "With the Thibetans in Tent and Temple," a narrative of four years' residence on the Thibetan border, and of a journey into the far interior, recounts thrilling adventures such as few women have gone through and lived to tell the tale."

This brave Canadian girl, born near Toronto, was one of the very first to penetrate this remote region and to dispense the healing simples of medicine and the healing doctrines

of the Cross. She was, however, brutally treated, her husband was murdered, and she was compelled to return to Canada. But she has gone back to the borderland of Thibet, waiting an opening to resume her mission consecrated by the blood of her husband and the loss of their only child.

The delay has been turned to account in familiarizing themselves with the Thibetan language, so that there might be no delay in beginning work when the way was open. Bibles also have been sent into Thibet by the waiting missionaries, who have found the traders willing to carry and circulate them. Thus the way has been prepared for the entrance of the missionary, and, by the blessing of God, a harvest of souls may be looked for.



CROSS AND CROWN.

BY REV. C. FLEMINGTON.

Teach me Thy hallowed cross to bear,
 Teach me Thy sufferings to share,
 Be magnified, O Lord, in me,
 Till I in heaven Thy glory see.
 For who the crown of life would gain,
 Must share with Thee the cross of pain,
 Point de Bute, N.B.

And faithful to the end abide,
 Till thou shalt call them at Thy side.
 O God, Thy strengthening Spirit give,
 And let me, daily, die and live:
 Be dead to sin and all its power,
 Alive to God, from hour to hour.

FRANCIS BONIVARD, THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.*

BY THE REV. JOHN WILSON, M.A., AND W. H. WITHROW, D.D.



MOST visitors to the shores of the Lake of Geneva have made a pilgrimage to the famed Castle of Chillon; they have descended into its gloomy vaults and seen the hollows worn in the rocky floor by the feet of prisoners who were chained of old to the pillars; and have shuddered at the sight of the mysterious *oubliette* and other relics of mediæval cruelty. That grey pile, with its square central tower and round, pointed *tournelles*, is not without its picturesque aspects, but its celebrity is mainly due to its historical associations, its matchless surroundings, and, above all, to Byron's poetry. Every reader of the poet knows the lines:

“ Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus far the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.”

This gloomy tower, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves, has been used as a prison for over a thousand years. What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, “*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*”—“God bless all who go in and come out.” An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and wooden frame burned black by red-hot branding-irons, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carvings. She



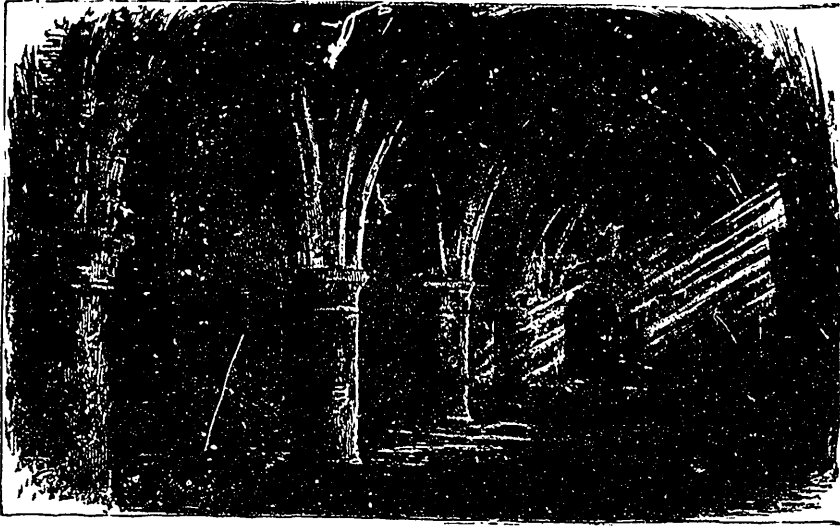
CASTLE OF CHILLON.

showed us the pillar to which Bonivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loopholes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

“ Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard !—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

* Reprinted in part from *The Leisure Hour*.

We cross a yard and enter a



DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

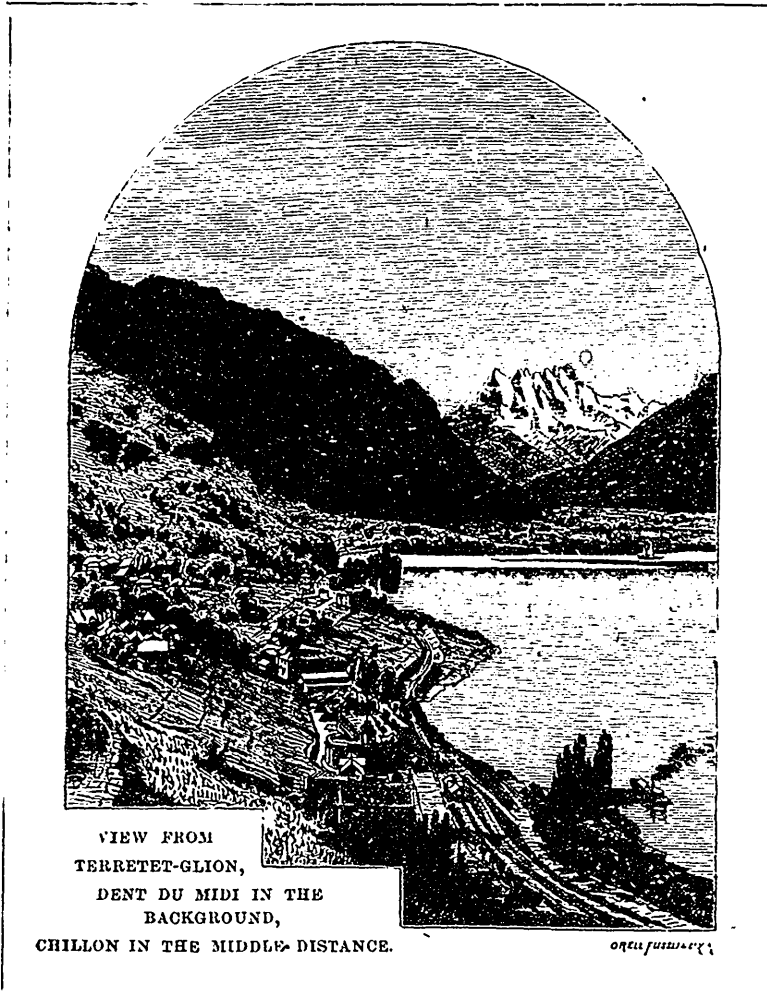
gloomy-looking tower. Looking down a well-like aperture in the floor, we gain a dim glimpse of the *oubliettes*, or grim dungeons, where contumacious prisoners found their tragical fate. Looking through the window we saw the little Isle of Peace, only thirty paces long and twenty wide, with its three elm-trees, of which the poet sings:

“ And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view.”

Here, to the everlasting disgrace of the Republic of Switzerland, in the year of grace 1889, an act of tyranny was enacted, as outrageous in its way as the imprisonment of Bonivard. A young English girl, a member of the Salvation Army, for daring to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, was arrested, condemned to prison for one hundred days, and thrust into a cell. She was permitted to go out on parole, went to England, and was urged to break her parole, the result of which would have been to forfeit

about \$100, which would gladly have been given her; but she refused, returned to the castle, and completed her term of imprisonment. Small wonder that an indignant rebuke of such intolerance was inscribed on the wall. The prison matron spoke with the greatest respect of the fair young English girl for whom the prison had no terrors. It seems to us that this was a suitable occasion for a remonstrance from the English Foreign Department, akin to that which Cromwell thundered against the Vatican for the persecution of the Vaudois.

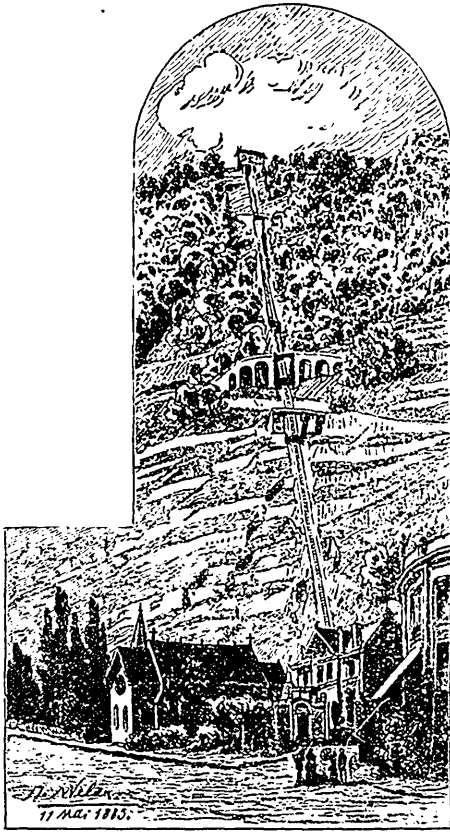
It is unfortunate that Byron, when he wrote his “Prisoner of Chillon,” was unacquainted with the story of Francis Bonivard, the real prisoner of Chillon, and that he drew upon imagination for the graphic details of his poem. That story belongs to a stirring epoch of the Reformation period, and is well worthy of being recalled. The mediæval and the modern spirit were then at deadly warfare, and this old stronghold, be-



longing at that time to the Dukes of Savoy, represented all that was despotic and merciless in feudalism. Though Chillon looks upon a landscape whose main features are essentially unchanged—the mountain-range of Naye and Arvel still rising abruptly behind it, the grand craggy contours of the Savoy Alps looming dark in front across the smooth mirror of the lake, and the snowy slopes and glaciers of the Dent du Midi, with its seven summits, overlooking

it on the south—yet it has a tale to tell of mighty change which has come over the social and political condition of the district. In the conflict which brought about this happy change Francis Bonivard played a part of considerable importance, and the racy narrative he left behind him shows him to have been a man of keen insight and quaint humor, as well as of bold, patriotic spirit.

Bonivard was born in 1493 of a noble Savoyard family, and being



CABLE RAILWAY AT TERRETET-GLION.

destined to succeed his uncle, who was Prior of St. Victor, near Geneva, he received a superior education. His mind was further matured by foreign travel: he studied law for a time at Freiburg, in Germany, and he lived for some time at Turin, as well as at Rome. His uncle having died in 1514, he had barely attained the age of twenty-one when he became Prior of St. Victor. A high-born, high-spirited youth, with superior mental endowments and training, eager to take part in the great movements of the time, he was one likely to win distinction in almost any sphere, though he was more fitted to shine in the political than the religious arena.

At that period Charles III., Duke of Savoy, whose territories surrounded those of Geneva, was encroaching more and more on the liberties of that city with an eye to its complete absorption. From the first Bonivard identified himself with the Genevise in this struggle, and his part in the drama was to begin very early. On his arrival at St. Victor he found, among other inherited chattels, three culverins which the militant prior, his predecessor, had used in war with a neighboring baron. These cannon, in accordance with the deceased prior's will—he having been evidently smitten with some remorse about them on his deathbed—were about to be melted and transformed into church-bells; but some of the Genevise leaders, foreseeing the coming storm, begged that they should be handed over for the defence of the city. It was by agreeing to this that young Bonivard first incurred the displeasure of the Duke, who had vainly demanded the cannon for himself.

An association, headed by Philibert Berthelier, was straightway formed for the maintenance of the liberties of the city. Charles, seeking to lay hold of its leading members, was only able to seize upon one Pecolat, who was tortured and "lifted several times a day by a rope put round his neck." By the skill of Bonivard a warrant was procured for this man's trial at the archiepiscopal see of Vienne rather than the episcopal see of Geneva, but the difficulty was how to "bell the cat," and deliver that warrant into the hands of the Duke of Savoy or his tool the Bishop of Geneva. Both these dignitaries chanced to be attending mass at the church of St. Peter's in Geneva, and a clerk was deputed to deliver the warrant to one of them on retiring from church. When the critical

moment arrived, the clerk took fright and was about to hurry off, when Bonivard, then only twenty-three years of age, standing by him with a drawn dagger, compelled him to deliver the warrant into the hands of the Bishop, who was as much frightened as the clerk. Straightway a high quarrel arose between the Archbishop of Vienne and the Bishop of Geneva, who was instructed by the Duke to refuse compliance with the warrant, but in the end Pecolat was set free.

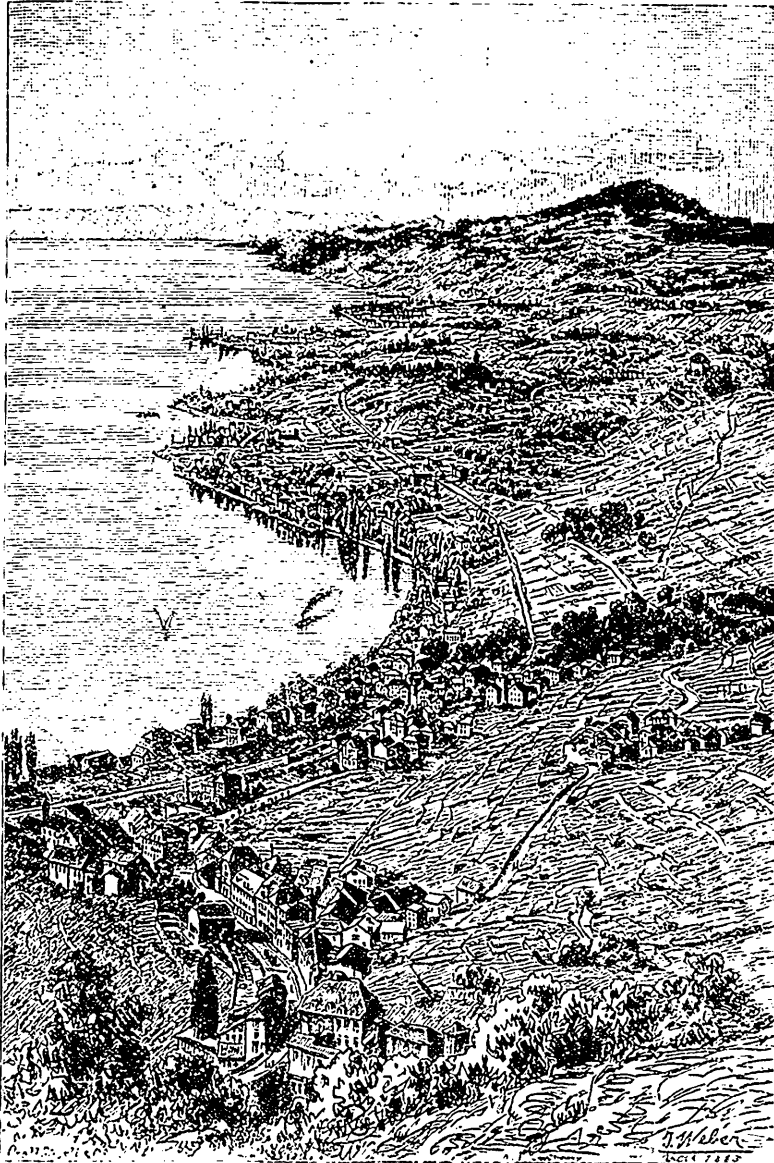
Bonivard, writing of this period, says that in his youthful rashness he feared neither Duke nor Bishop; but Berthelier, with more experienced insight, prophesied that he himself would lose his head and Bonivard his benefice in the cause of Genevese liberty. As many of the leading citizens had entered into a bond of alliance, called *combourgeoisie*, with some of the warlike Swiss cantons, whose pikemen were at that time so formidable on the battlefields of Europe, there was danger of stirring up a hornets' nest if Charles openly attacked Geneva. Therefore, as Bonivard, using a different metaphor, quaintly puts it in his "Chronicle," "the Duke tried every means of catching the fish without wetting his paws." He tried to get the ecclesiastics of Geneva on his side, but in this he was circumvented by Bonivard; then he intrigued with the Swiss cantons, and at a favorable moment invaded the Genevese territory and seized the city. Bonivard was thrown into the prison of Grolée for two years, and Berthelier was arrested and beheaded; but on tidings of the advance of a Swiss army, the Duke prudently withdrew his forces.

On the 25th March, 1529, the famous "Journée des Echelles," which is still annually celebrated at Geneva, the Duke tried to carry out a plot to capture the city by means of a force disguised as peasants and

furnished with cannon and scaling-ladders. The details of the plot, however, did not work smoothly, and the Duke was baffled in this *coup d'état*. In the following year Bonivard, who was now at large, had been furnished with a safe-conduct to go to Moudon to visit his mother; but in spite of this he was waylaid and captured by an armed band under Antoine de Beaufort, captain of Chillon, who waited in ambush among the wooded heights of the Jorat near Lausanne. He was bound and carried "garrotté" to the Castle of Chillon, where he was imprisoned for the space of six years.

In 1532 the Duke of Savoy paid a visit to Chillon, where his private chamber and that of the Duchess are still shown. He found his prisoner more considerately treated than he approved, and gave orders that he should be chained to a pillar in the dungeon. Here, in the words of the old writer Froment, "in the depths of the fortress beneath the rock near the water, Bonivard wore a pathway in the rock whilst walking (round the pillar) and composing many detached thoughts and ballads in Latin and French."

Meantime the Reformation doctrines were being preached at Geneva by William Farel, and the Bernese, having also embraced the reformed faith, were still more disposed to thwart the Duke of Savoy in his projects against Geneva. In 1536 they concluded an alliance with the latter city at a time when the Duke of Savoy was embroiled with his nephew, Francis I. of France. In the same year the Bernese, aided by the Genevese, laid siege by land and water to the Castle of Chillon. A flotilla was prepared, many of the boatmen and vessels being provided by Geneva; and, after a brief siege, the garrison capitulated. Bonivard and several companions were found in



MONTREUX AND VEVEY—ON LAKE LEMMAN.

the vaults and restored to freedom. On returning to Geneva he found a new order of things prevailing: the Reformation had been established; the monasteries had been destroyed and their revenues confiscated to the

State. Bonivard, however, was received with honor, and a compensation was voted to him in the form of a pension of one hundred and fifty golden crowns.

That was a memorable year in the

history of Geneva and of the Reformation, for then it was that John Calvin arrived and began the work which resulted in the memorable attempt to establish a Christian state with laws directly drawn from Scripture. It must be noted, however, that this idea did not originate with Calvin, for on the 21st May of the year 1536, shortly after the return of Bonivard, a General Council held at Geneva under the influence of Farel entered into a Solemn Engagement to give effect in the lives of the citizens to Evangelical doctrines and morals. It was Calvin, however, who sought to carry out the idea with rigorous, logical consistency. The preachers were to expound the Scriptures; the magistrates were to carry them into effect in the laws and penalties of the republic; and the people were to give due obedience in their lives down to very minute details.

How then did Bonivard comport himself under this Calvinistic regime? He found himself in sympathy with it so far as opposition to the papacy and adoption of popular representative government were concerned; but he was a humanist and a lover of good cheer and pleasant company, rather than a religious zealot or an austere ascetic. There were thus elements of natural antagonism between him and such a man as Calvin. Accordingly, we find him absenting himself from the preaching, and not seldom cited before the Consistory for

irregularities. He occupied himself with literature, and wrote controversial and other work, and in 1542 the City Council employed him to write the history of the struggle against the Duke of Savoy. This work was undertaken by Bonivard in the true historical spirit: he faithfully consulted the official documents, besides drawing in his own personal knowledge.

The "Chronicle" of Bonivard is the work, no doubt, of an ardent partisan, but it displays graphic power of narrative. A hint of its racy character has already been given, and another example may be cited in connection with the disappearance of the Duke of Savoy's coat-of-arms, which had been affixed in a prominent position in the city. Who had removed it could never be discovered. "Perhaps," remarks Bonivard, slyly, "St. Peter, the patron saint of the city, was jealous of that emblem, having no wish to see a secular prince reigning in Geneva, and had, therefore, miraculously removed it."

Calvin, on examining Bonivard's "Chronicle," found it "*trop vif et familier*" in style, and it is remarkable that the manuscript lay unpublished for nearly three centuries. It did not appear in printed form till 1831.

Such, in outline, is the story, and such were the times of the real "prisoner of Chillon."

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

An angel came our way last night,
With flowers plucked on hills of light,
His radiance over us;
We sought to stay him in his flight,
And rest beneath that presence bright;
He let a blossom fall.

Another heart, another home,
Last night perceived the angel come,
And shuddered at his call:

Baie Verte, N.B.

He bathed their sadness in his grace,
But plucked their blossom, to replace
The one to us let fall.

So one receives, another gives;
One feebling dies, another lives;
And God is over all.
You'll praise, that in His garden fair
Your lily blows, and I in prayer
Must guard what He let fall.

WATCHERS ON THE BORDERS OF THIBET.



BETWEEN ninety and one hundred missionary men and women belonging to different branches of the Church universal, says Dr. Otis Dwight, in *The Missionary Review of the World*, are established as near as may be to the frontiers of Thibet. They are watching, as they have watched for years, to see some crumbling of the barriers that shut them out of the "Great Closed Land."

These watchers attract notice by their personal qualifications. Some of them are eminent linguists, like Jaeschke and Heyde, whose researches the British government of India has used for the instruction of its own officials. Some are daring explorers, like Miss Annie Taylor and many other less-known workers, who have reconnoitred the slopes, valleys and passes of the Himalayas. Some, both men and women, are highly educated physicians, whose skill draws patients from places hundreds of miles within the border. Others are skilled writers, eloquent preachers or teachers, whose classes train native men and women for important service to their race.

The watchers are also worthy of attention because of the strange, out-of-the-way, and generally unknown places which their purpose requires them to inhabit. The most of these places are on barely accessible routes of Thibetan trade. Shrewd traders there are among the people of the highlands of Asia—men whose calling is fixed by their ingrained love of bargaining. They carry into India gold and silver from their western mining region, and salt in crystals from the

weird lakes of their northern plains. They buy, in India, cloth, indigo, sugar, spices, rice, and tobacco, and, in China, hardware, silk, and tea by the thousands of yak loads. To Lhasa, the holy city, all their trade routes finally lead, and the chief of them reach that city from east or west by skirting on the southern edge rather than by crossing the broad, sparsely inhabited northern plains.

The watchers on the border, without exception, suffer intense discomfort. In Kailang and Poo, for instance, from April to October every year the Moravians are shut up by the snows in those clefts of the mighty mountains. In all of the border stations the missionaries are isolated as to social privileges, are deprived of numberless things which we deem necessities of life, and are surrounded by people who rarely sympathize with and often despise them. Withal, they face a dead wall which permits no passage. The reason why these cultured, able men and women stand and wait in these forbidding places is their belief that the Bible message can help Thibetans as it has helped multitudes belonging to other races, and that barriers made by human ingenuity cannot stand against the Divine purpose to bless all sorts of men through Jesus Christ. When Gutzlaff, in 1850, urged the Moravians to send a mission to the western border of Thibet, he thought it a way of access to China quite as hopeful as approach from the sea-coasts of the great empire; for in 1850 the interior of China was as hermetically closed to foreigners as Thibet now is. The tremendous change which, since then, has dotted all China with little groups of Christians, confirms our confidence in the

fulfilment of present-day hopes as to Thibet. When the set time comes the walls of Jericho must fall.

Meanwhile it is well to know what these watchers on the border are doing. The general principle is by every means to try to win the confidence and regard of Thibetans who come over the border for trade. The means used are the familiar means—preaching, personal work of man with man, schools, publication of books, tracts, and even a newspaper (by the Moravians), and medical work. In some places the stereopticon is used with good results. In other places knitting-schools for Thibetan women have proved a means of gaining influence. All this work is recognized as preparatory; it calls for endless patience, and it yields small results, for the lamas are everywhere to warn people against the foreigner, and to organize a relentless boycott against all converts to Christianity.

The missionaries give much time to touring, seeking out the people in their inaccessible aeries among the mountains, that they may win them to trust the Christian. Two devoted women of the London Missionary Society have established themselves with a tribe of Thibetan Bhotivas, travelling with them as they wander higher up the mountains in the summer, and coming back with them as they descend again when winter is near. All this wearisome homelessness is submitted to for the sake of winning the women and teaching the children to read!

The missionaries on the border do not limit their efforts to the Thibetans and Buddhists, for Mohammedans, Hindus, and spirit-worshippers are among their converts. The missionaries are daily learning to know the Thibetans better, and all acquaintance adds stress to the impulse to help this wretched people. The common people are held like serfs under the iron

rule of the lamas. It is almost impossible to conceive of the filthy state in which they live. They are black with the smoke of unchimmed houses. They never have washed, and, except they be taught, they never will wash themselves. They are degraded in life, mechanical as their prayer-wheels in religion, and possessed by a most unspeakable folly of superstition. When some of the China Inland missionaries visited a Thibetan encampment, and with infinite difficulty had induced a little group to hear what they had to say, they sang a hymn, thinking to impress the people. Before the first line ended the whole congregation had fled in terror, thinking the singing a sorcerer's spell that would harm them. Other missionaries have found the Bible on a shelf in a Thibetan house, but the people had not read it; they lighted candles before it in worship. Nevertheless, some Thibetans have been converted, some have been trained in mission schools, and are doing good service as itinerant preachers. At one of the Moravian outstations in Kashmir, the pastor of the little Christian congregation is a lama from Lhasa, who was formerly pastor of the Buddhist congregation in the same place.

One may ask how long these watchers will wait amid the discouraging and repelling circumstances of the Thibetan border. The question would not be asked if they were land-hungry "rustlers" waiting for the opening of an Oklahoma. It is curious that these missionaries are not discouraged. They are there to stay! Ten years the Moravians at Kailang waited before they won a single convert. Now, after fifty years of diligent effort, they have but one hundred and twenty-three baptized Christians altogether in the Thibetan border stations, and most of these are from the serf class.

The missionary Heyde, one of the

founders of the Thibetan mission, who is eminent in language and letters, has just returned to Germany for the first time since he was appointed in 1853. To him fifty years is not much to sacrifice if thereby Christianity may gain firm footing in the Forbidden Land. With such persistence behind them, the labors of the missionaries on the Thibetan border are slowly telling upon the exclusiveness to which the people are brought up. At the same time the raising up of native Christian Thibetan preachers powerfully reinforces the agencies at the disposal of Christendom. Thibet will open before all these steady efforts in the name of the Lord, and the missionaries will not turn back from their circle of investment on the border until access to the land is free.

Why should we of the West take notice of these watchers on the Thibetan border? The question, whether or not a nation has a right to view contact with Christendom as a calamity has been settled in China, in Japan, and in Korea. In all the world no lands but the Mohammedan holy land of Arabia and the northern Buddhist sacred territory of Thibet absolutely refuse to let Christian feet press their

noble soil. A Buddhist can enter the cities of Arabia, and Mohammedans, Hindus, fetish-worshippers, and what not, can roam at will through Thibet. Christians only are boycotted, ordered away, and refused food, save on the principle applied to ironclads that seek to buy coal of neutrals in time of war. The honor of Christian nations requires that this unreasoning prejudice be overcome. Those prudent and skilful missionaries on the borders of Thibet are the ones more than any others fitted to overcome it, and it concerns us all to see and know how they progress.

But another reason is found in the command "Go teach!" given by the Master. It is a command whose fulfilment is duty to all in this sense; that if all disobey, all are guilty; while if a sufficient number perform the duty, all who will to obey are held to have fulfilled the command. These devoted workers on the borders of Thibet, whether Moravians, British, or Americans, are our representatives in the duty of teaching the Thibetan. Let us, then, carry these lonely watchers in our hearts, and plead their cause as our own in our prayers.

THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird:
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to feel Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in.

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head:
There was nothing to offer—no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine.
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile and sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord divine;
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast;
Reign—I will worship and serve my Guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Eastertide.

ON THE YANGTZE.*

BY ROBERT M'LEOD.



DR. W. E. GEIL'S new volume giving an account of his journey from Shanghai up the Yangtze to Chungking, and overland to Bhamo in Burma, is one of great interest. The journey occupied ninety-nine days, and would have taken a much longer period but for the good-will of the Chinese authorities, and the energy of the traveller, who was ever forcing the pace. Dr. Geil's graphic narrative vividly reflects the scenes through which he passed, and records the adventures of the way, as well as the character, the superstitions, and the religion of the people with whom he came into contact. It was written "on the wing, parts in native huts at night, parts while riding in a mountain chair, parts in the snows of lofty passes, parts on the hot lowlands, parts in the homes of missionaries, parts on boats sailing up the mighty Yangtze." Consequently there is no lack of movement, variety, virility in the story. The traveller's attitude towards Christianity and missionary toil arouses in us gratitude; while his endeavor to understand the genius of the yellow race, and his treatment of the different classes with whom he had relations, from the governors of provinces down to boatmen and carriers, marks him out as an open-minded, kindly man. Of course he is thoroughly American, ever ready with his opinions, brusque, emphatic.

* "On the Yangtze," being a narrative of a journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma. By W. E. Geil, with 100 illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton Price, 6s.

The Yangtze is a magnificent river, rising three thousand miles away on the borders of mystical Thibet, "engaged in the manufacture of territory, robbing the West to enrich the East." Large tracts of land, where there was formerly sea, now bearing rich crops and densely inhabited, have been formed by the mud brought down by the saffron-hued stream. It is a busy crowded highway into the heart of the empire. Shanghai, Dr. Geil's point of departure, is the metropolis of the East, an Oriental Liverpool, more beautiful when viewed from the river than our Lancashire emporium, for the forest of masts is interspersed with well-grown trees and a margin of green creeps down to the water's edge. The flags of all nations float over the town; the life is increasingly cosmopolitan, but the natives cling to their own civilization, "walking with their backs to the future, pushing on to the past."

Despite the hardness of the field Christian missionary enterprise has struck a deep root in Shanghai. Attached to the respective Churches are colleges and schools patronized by wealthy natives who are wise enough to see the priceless value of these institutions to their country. English translators and the press are doing excellent work, the Presbyterians alone turning out over 80,000,000 of pages of literature in 1903. The visit to Shanghai gladdened the traveller; but Shanghai, he remarks, "is only an infinitesimal part of this great empire, and only 100,000 persons freed by the Gospel from the bondage of demons!"

Dr. Geil's purpose was to see China and the Chinese; he, therefore, se-

cured a cabin in the native quarter of a triple-deck river steamer. Among the passengers were several missionaries—university men and ladies—all travelling Chinese style to save the funds of their societies; and everywhere he noted the same careful husbanding of the moneys with which they were entrusted by the Churches at home. Economy, not comfort, was ever kept in view. The fare on board was not appetizing, things being done in native fashion. To hear the missionaries sing grace was a strange interlude in the midst of heathen surroundings. We cannot delay over the doctor's humorous vignettes of the delightful servants who supply him with the text from which to make favorable comments upon the Chinese generally, not always to the advantage of the people of the West. "In courtesy they are Chesterfields, we are troglodytes." "They are not of the jelly-fish type." "They have the qualities which if rightly used will make them eminently Christian." "They are a nation of scholars; they love literature." "The Chinaman is a family man." And the pathetic note is struck again and again as he realizes the spiritual destitution of a fine race. "Think," he says, "of their cities, distributing centres for millions, without a ray of the Gospel, thousands of great towns without churches or schools for girls, an empire without colleges for women."

At Nanking, politically the second city in the empire, Dr. Geil found four missionary societies at work, above eight hundred native Christians, several hundred young men in Christian schools, a fine college in course of erection. The student population which gathers here for the Triennial Examinations affords a fine field of labor. A prominent Chinese official, a pronounced Confucianist, who had been educated in an American univer-

sity, told the doctor that what China needed more than new learning was a new spirit, and he suggested that if twenty thousand youths could be sent to the United States, and then returned to China with a new spirit, it would do his native land incalculable good; and that there was a tendency among the mandarins to give to the missionaries and native Christians a generous consideration hitherto unknown.

At Hankow, Dr. Geil tells us, seventy-one Protestant missionaries have their headquarters, from which many of them make long and laborious journeys throughout the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. One native church here has a congregation of five hundred Chinese, while in Hanyang, across the river, there is a Baptist chapel with a congregation of six hundred. Around this centre over ten thousand Protestant Christians are to be found. "The Chinese are clamoring to join the Christian Church, villages and clans *en bloc*." Ever since the Boxer movement there has been this decided leaning toward Christianity, induced by the belief that the Christian Church is a stable institution. If the missionaries take proper advantage of the present situation and direct the movement, Central China will be evangelized in the near future.

Tuan Fang, the enlightened and humane viceroy of Hukuang, who saved the lives of so many foreigners during the Boxer outbreak, showed special kindness to Dr. Geil, extending to him a hearty invitation to visit him at his yamen. In conversation the Viceroy expressed himself in favor of native Chinese missionaries if only they were sufficiently educated. Medical missions were welcome, and he thought the educational work for the most part commendable, but that it was a mistake to require the scholars in mission schools to attend church services. At the close of the inter-

view, lasting an hour, the Viceroy made Dr. Geil some valuable presents as a token of confidence, promising to telegraph orders to Ichang that all courtesy and needful protection should be accorded him.

Proceeding up the Yangtze, through monotonous scenery, he enjoyed "the elevating society" of the missionaries on their way to lonely and dangerous posts in the Western Provinces. He notes groups of yellow men on the deck listening to the story of Jesus of Nazareth, from the lips of the white man standing in their midst—the Chinese as eager to hear as the missionary to speak. Shansi is reached, where a crowd in blue gowns gathered to meet the boat. Here he met a Censor holding a high literary degree, who having embraced Christianity, had become a voluntary apologist, devoting himself to the removal of doubts from the minds of his Confucian friends.

Leaving Shansi and the alluvial flats of the lower Yangtze, they enter picturesque undulating country with lofty mountains in the distance. Handsome Taoist temples and pagodas are perched on the hills, white goats graze in the riverside pastures. The stream is rocky and dangerous and they have to thread their way cautiously. Reaching Ichang, a place of thirty thousand inhabitants, where the river was alive with boats, a Chinese gunboat came promptly alongside, and a mandarin, dressed in his best silk, deputed to meet the traveller, stepped on board. This gunboat, by the courtesy of the Viceroy, was placed at Dr. Geil's disposal, who was to continue his voyage escorted by a mandarin, under the protection of the Chinese flag. She also bore the American flag. Before proceeding, Dr. Geil spent a pleasant evening at the headquarters of the China Inland Mission, meeting here representatives of several missionary societies. He worshipped on Christ-

mas Day at the Chinese Presbyterian church, over four hundred being present. Casually he heard from a native house the notes of a familiar Christmas hymn, sung to Chinese words, and thanked God that in dark places the Light of the World was beginning to shine.

Dr. Geil, parting here with his missionary friends, proceeded on his voyage through the great Yangtze gorges in "No. 7 of the Advance Squadron of the Ichang District,"—a ten-oared, one-masted, high-stemmed craft, some forty feet in length, and about nine feet beam, carrying a huge leg-of-mutton sail of extreme lightness and armed with one cannon and a stack of rifles and horse-pistols for the crew—a fine lot of young Chinamen. The scenery was sublime, perpendicular cliffs rising in solid walls to colossal heights of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, where soaring eagles build their nests. Dangerous rapids, along which the gunboat was swept half-buried in scething foam, lent excitement to days of solitude.

They arrive at Wan, a city of 200,000 souls, in which culminates the wealth of the rich province of Sz-Chuan. No foreigners live here save three missionaries of the China Inland Mission, who have erected buildings well adapted for mission work. The native church, severely tested during the Boxer persecution, now stands high in the respect of the community, some of its members being well-to-do and marked by unusual generosity toward the Church which has brought them light and deliverance from the opium slavery. In the hinterland of Wan, salt is produced, and there is coal and iron and sulphur mining. In the shops of the city are exhibited the products of our Lancashire looms, European clocks, candles, soap, matches, called "foreign fire." The consumption of opium here is an awful

scourge, more than half the population being victims.

At Luchi the river widens into a lagoon. Here Dr. Geil left the gunboat, hiring a boat with a picked crew. On the river-side they observed, as they sailed up the stream, conspicuous houses, the palatial residences of wealthy tillers of the soil. Landing from the boat, they proceeded overland, up terraced hills, by rice patches and graveyards, and finally down steep stone stairs to the river bank, where they crossed by ferry to Chungking, a bustling emporium of Sz-Chuan, a city of 300,000 people. Mission work here is of the most gratifying character, conducted by a band of fifty missionaries, refined and cultured men and women; and among them Sorensen, a gifted Norwegian, a pioneer to the savage tribesmen on the Thibet frontier, who for six or seven years had labored with little apparent fruit, but had met a Thibetan priest who professed great interest in the truth, and said to him, "I have been seeking peace all my life, and maybe your religion has it for me." The China Inland Mission is here in force, having excellent premises, and well-organized work. The Friends' Mission carries on the largest school for native boys in the city. The London Missionary Society has a staff of strong men who combine evangelical preaching with medical work. The American Methodists are devoting their attention to the training of native ministry, and are erecting a "monster hospital." Last year eighteen thousand native patients were treated by the American medical missionaries. Great energy is evinced by all the societies.

Chungking was soon left for Chentu, *en route* for Luchow, where Dr. Geil was welcomed by Australian missionaries on whose self-sacrifice, hospitality, and admirable teaching he

comments. Their mission has 30 stations, 104 church members, 5,000 professed inquirers. Ten native evangelists are employed. But Luchow is a heathen town of 40,000 inhabitants, dominated by sixty-six temples and a host of priests of indifferent reputation. The cruelties, to which we cannot refer in detail, inflicted on prisoners in the jail inside the yamen, where poor wretches are tormented beyond human endurance, cast a horrible shadow over the place.

Soon the conflux of the Min, the river of golden sands, and the Yangtze hove in sight, the water of the former stream crystal clear, contrasting with the yellow hue of the latter. Suifu was in the midst of a frantic effort to procure rain after long drought by an appeal to the rain god. The city officials repaired daily to the temple, walking barefooted and bare-headed, exposed to the fierce rays of the midsummer sun, to the place of prayer, where enveloped in clouds of incense they bowed before the idols. Mission work is actively carried on here, chiefly by the Baptists and China Inland Mission. Thousands of natives are anxious for spiritual guidance. Several of the villages on the way contained a Gospel Hall, representing perhaps only two or three decided Christians, but a hundred or more inquirers.

Sometimes by boat, sometimes overland the journey was completed, now passing through a region of wondrous sculptured rock caves, the abodes of men of a former age, and now through a country of costly tombs and mighty pagodas, whose architecture rivals the finest structures of the West. Again his way is by the fortified villages of half-wild people, in impregnable situations, with the snow gleaming overhead on lofty mountains, and with the roar of turbulent rapids ever filling the air. In a mountain village he finds a

solitary evangelist; in another an old man, not a Christian, who reads to the people the new doctrine; in a third he sees on the wall of a shop the Lord's Prayer in English. His faithful Chen, one of his bodyguard, is ever in attendance. This was a remarkable man, in red coat and blue trousers, with straw sandals, and a hat two feet in diameter, whose story deserves to be printed in gold, but we have no room for it.

We have already exceeded our space, and must leave untouched the most interesting part of the journey, through the Switzerland of China, over mountains and across ravines,

spanned by great chained suspension bridges, to Tashui Ting, Tongchuan, Yunnan City: the scene of many a bloody episode in the days of the famous Viceroy Ts'en (where Dr. Geil was favored with an interview with the acting Viceroy), Talifu, built on the margin of a beautiful lake.

Then rest of the way was through the country of the Shans to Bhamo and British soil, where he was welcomed by American Methodist missionaries. The pictures in the volume are, many of them, unique, and are of great value in illustrating little-known ways of Chinese life.

“LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES.”

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Lift up your heads to-day, ye gates,

Lift up your heads to-day !

The King of Glory comes again,

His feet shall pass this way.

Oh, late we saw Him crowned with thorns,

We saw Him crucified ;

But on this morn of hallowed morns

Let none our King deride.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !

Make room ! all hearts of men !

For He, who bowed in death for you,

Is now alive again.

Oh, late we laid Him in the tomb,

And at its door a stone !

He rose and rifted all that gloom,

And conquered death alone.

Lift up your heads, ye iron gates,

That hide earth's gathered dead ;

Beneath your sullen arches He

Steps with the victor's tread !

The countless armies of the saved

With broken fetters come.

The King of life who death has braved,

Leads all its captives home.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of time !

Through all the lasting years

No other King so vanquished hath

Your change and toil and tears.

The gates of time before him ope,

Who in the final strife

For every soul wins endless hope

And pledges endless life.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of pearl !

The saints, a radiant throng,

March on with Christ, the Risen One,

They march with shout and song.

“ Lift up your heads,” all angels cry,

They strike exulting chords,

The King of kings who passes by

On earth is Lord of lords.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, to-day !

Yea, lift them up in pride,

The King of glory comes this way,

Who late was crucified.

For men He bore the nail, the thorn,

For men he comes with power ;

All heaven is glad this Easter morn,

In this, Love's crowning hour.

ELIJAH'S GOBLET.

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

I.



ARON BEN AMRAM removed from the great ritual dish the roasted shank-bone of lamb (symbolic residuum of the paschal sacrifice) and the roasted egg (representative of the ancient festival offering in the Temple), and while his wife and children held up the dish (which now contained only the bitter herbs and the unleavened cakes) he recited the Chaldaic prelude to the Seder,—the long domestic ceremonial of the Passover evening.

"This is the bread of affliction which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry come in and eat; let all who require come in and celebrate the Passover. This year here, next year in the land of Israel! This year slaves, next year sons of freedom!"

But the Polish physician showed nothing of slavishness. White-bearded, clad in a long white robe and a white skull-cap, and throned on white pillows, he made the rather a royal figure; indeed, for this night of nights conceived of himself as "King," and of his wife as "Queen."

But "Queen" Golda, despite her silk gown and flowery cap, did not share her consort's majestic mood, still less the rosy happiness of the children who sat around this fascinating board. Her heart was full of a whispering fear that not all the brave melodies of the father, nor all the quaint family choruses, could drown. All very well for the little ones to be unconscious of the hovering shadow, but how could her husband have forgotten the horrors of the Blood-Accusation in the very year he had led her under the canopy? And surely he knew as well as she that the rumor was gathering again; that the slowly growing Jew-hatred had reached a point at which it must find expression; that the nobles in their great houses and the peasants behind their high palings alike sulked under the burden of debts. Indeed, had not the Passover market hummed with the old, old story of a lost Christian child? Not murdered yea, thank God! nor even a

corpse. But still if a boy should be found with signs of violence upon him, at this season of the paschal sacrifice, when the Greek Church brooded on the crucifixion—O God of Abraham, guard us from these fiends unchained!

But the first part of the elaborate ritual, pleasantly punctuated with cups of raisin wine, passed peacefully by, and the evening meal—mercifully set in the middle—was reached, to the children's vast content. They made wry, humorous mouths—each jest endeared by annual repetition—over the horseradish that typified the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage, and ecstatic grimaces over the soft, sweet mixture of almonds, raisins, apples and cinnamon, vaguely suggestive of the bondsmen's mortar; they swallowed with avidity the eggs sliced into salt water, and settled down with more prosaic satisfaction to the merely edible meats and fishes, though even to these the special Passover plates and dishes and the purified knives and forks lent a new relish.

By this time Golda was sufficiently cheered up to meditate her annual theft of the "Afikuman," that segment of Passover cake under Aaron's pillow, morsels of which, distributed to each as the final food to be tasted that night, replaced the final mouthful of the paschal lamb in the ancient Palestinian meal.

II.

But Elijah's goblet still stood in the centre of the table untasted. Every time the ritual cup-drinking came round, the children had glanced at the great silver goblet placed for the Prophet of Redemption. Alas! the brimming raisin wine remained ever at the same level.

They found consolation in the thought that the great moment was still to come, the moment of the third cup, when, mother throwing open the door, father would rise, holding the goblet on high, and sonorously salute an unseen visitor. True, in other years, though they had almost heard the rush of wings, the great shining cup had remained full, and when it was replaced on the white cloth, a vague resentment, as at a spurned hospitality, had stirred in each youthful breast. But many reasons could be found to exculpate Elijah—not omitting

their own sins. And now when Ben Amram nodded to his wife to open the door, expectation stood on tiptoe, credulous as ever, and the young hearts beat tattoo.

But the mother's heart was palpitating with another emotion. A faint clamor in the Polish quarter at the back, as she replaced the samovar in the kitchen, had recalled all her alarms, and she merely threw open the door of the room. But Ben Amram was not absent-minded enough to be beguiled by her air of obedient alacrity. Besides, he could see the shut street door through the strip of passage. He gestured towards it.

Now she feigned laziness. "Oh! never mind."

"Simeon, open the street door!" The eldest boy sprang up joyously. It would have been too bad of mother to keep Elijah on the doorstep.

"No, no." Golda stopped him. "It is too heavy; he could not undo the bolts and bars."

"You have barred it?" Ben Amram asked.

"And why not? In this season you know how the heathen go mad like street dogs."

"Pooh! They will not bite us."

"But, Aaron! You heard about the lost Christian child!"

"I have saved many a Christian child, Golda."

"They will not remember that."

"But I must remember the ritual." And he made a movement.

"No, no, Aaron! Listen!"

The shrill noises seemed to have veered round towards the front of the house.

He shrugged his shoulders: "I hear only the goats bleating."

She clung to him as he made for the door. "For the sake of our children!"

"Do not be so childish yourself, my crown."

"But I am not childish! Hark!"

He smiled calmly. "The door must be opened."

Her fear lent her scepticism. "It is you that are childish. You know no Prophet of Redemption will come through the door."

He caressed his venerable beard. "Who knows?"

"I know. It is a destroyer, not a redeemer of Israel who will come. Listen! Ah, God of Abraham! Do you not hear?"

Unmistakably, the howl of a riotous mob was approaching, mingled with the reedy strains of an accordion.

"Down with the *Zhitz*! Death to the dirty Jews!"

"God in heaven!" She released her husband and ran towards the children with a gesture as of seeking to gather them all in her arms. Then, hearing a bolt shot, she turned with a scream.

"Are you mad, Aaron?"

But he, holding her back with his gaze, threw wide the door with his left hand, while his right upheld Elijah's goblet, and over the ululation of the unseen mob and the shrill spasms of music rose his Hebrew welcome to the visitor: "*Baruch habaa!*"

Hardly had the greeting left his lips when a wild, flying figure in a rich furred coat dashed round the corner and almost into his arms, half spilling the wine.

"In God's name, Reb Aaron!" panted the refugee, and fell half dead across the threshold.

The physician dragged him hastily within and slammed the door, just as two Russian moujik—drunken leaders of the chase—lurched past. The mother who had sprung forward at the sound of the fall frenziedly shot the bolts, and in another instant the hue and cry tore past the house and dwindled in the distance.

Ben Amram raised the white, bloody face and put Elijah's goblet to the lips. The strange visitor drained it to the dregs, the clustered children looking on dazedly. As the head fell back, it caught the light from the festive candles of the Passover board. The face was bare of hair: even the side curls were gone.

"Maimon the Meshumad!" cried the mother, shuddering back. "You have saved the apostate."

"Did I not say the door must be opened?" replied Ben Amram gently. Then a smile of humor twitched his lips and he smoothed his white beard. "Maimon is the only Jew abroad to-night, and how were the poor drunken peasants to know he was baptized?"

Despite their thrill of horror at the traitor, the children were secretly pleased to see Elijah's goblet empty at last.

III.

Next morning the Passover liturgy rang jubilantly through the vast crowded synagogue. No violence had been reported, despite the passage of a noisy mob. The Ghetto, then, was not to be laid waste with fire and sword, and the worshippers in the moss-grown, turreted quadrangle drew free breath and sent it out in great shouts of rhythmic prayer, as they swayed in their fringed shawls, with quivering hands of supplication. The ark,

at the end of the great building, overbrooded by the Ten Commandments and the perpetual light, stood open to mark a supreme moment of devotion. Ben Amram had been given the honor of uncurtaining the shrine, and its richly clad scrolls of all sizes, with their silver bells and pointers, stood revealed in solemn splendor.

Through the ornate grating of their gallery the gaily clad women looked down on the rocking figures, while the grace-notes of the cantor on his central dais and the harmoniously interjected "poms" of his male ministrants flew up to their ears, as though they were indeed angels on high. Suddenly, over the blended passion of cantor and congregation, an ominous sound broke from without—the complex clatter of cavalry, the curt ring of military orders. The swaying figures turned suddenly as under another wind, the women's eyes grew astare and ablaze with terror. The great doors flew open, and—oh, awful, incredible sight!—a squadron of Cossacks rode slowly in, two abreast, with a heavy thud of hoofs on the sacred floor, and a rattle of ponderous sabres. Their black conical caps and long beards, their great side-buttoned coats and pockets stuffed with protrusive cartridges, their prancing horses, their leaded knouts, struck a blood-curling discord amid the prayerful white-wrapped figures. The rumble of worship ceased, the cantor, suddenly isolated, was heard soaring ecstatically; then he, too, turned his head uneasily and his roulade died in his throat.

"Halt!" the officer cried. The moving column froze. Its bristling length stretched from the central platform, blocking the aisles; the courtyard echoed with the clanging hoofs of its rear, which backed into the school and the poor-house. The *shamash* (beadle) was seen to front the flamboyant invaders.

"Why does Your Excellency intrude upon our prayers to God?"

The congregation felt its dignity return. Who would have suspected Red Judah of such courage, such apt speech? Why, the very rabbi was petrified, the elders stood dumb. Ben Amram, himself, their spokesman to the government, whose praying-shawl was brodered with a silver band, and whose coat was satin, remained immovable between the pillars of the ark, staring stonily at the brave beadle.

"First of all, for the boy's blood." The words rang out with military precision and the speaker's horse pawed clangor-

ously, as if impatient for the charge. The men grew deathly pale, the women wrung their hands. "Ai, vai!" they moaned. "Wo, wo!"

"What boy? What blood?" said the *shamash*, undaunted.

"Don't palter, you rascal! You know well that a Christian child has disappeared."

The aged rabbi, stimulated by the *shamash*, uplifted a quavering voice.

"The child will be found of a surety—if indeed it is lost," he added, with bitter sarcasm. "And surely Your Excellency cannot require the boy's blood at our hands ere Your Excellency knows it is indeed split."

"You misunderstand me, old dog, or, rather, you pretend to, old fox. The boy's blood is here—it is kept in this very synagogue—and I have come for it."

The *shamash* laughed explosively. "O Excellency!"

The synagogue, hysterically tense, caught the contagion of glad relief. It rang with strange laughter.

"There is no blood in this synagogue, Excellency," said the rabbi, his eye a-twinkle, "save what runs in living veins."

"We shall see. Produce that bottle beneath the ark."

"That!" The *shamash* grinned, almost indecorously. "That is the consecration wine—red as my beard."

"Ha! ha! the red consecration wine," repeated the synagogue in a happy buzz, and from the women's gallery came the same glad murmur of mutual explanation.

"We shall see," repeated the officer with iron imperturbability, and the happy hum died into a cold heart-faintness, fraught with an almost incredulous apprehension of some devilish treachery, some mock discovery, that would give the Ghetto over to the frenzies of fanatical creditors—nay, to the vengeance of law.

The officer's voice rose again. "Let no one leave the synagogue—man, woman, or child. Kill any one who attempts to escape." The screams of fainting women answered him from above, but impassively he urged his horse along the aisle that led to the ark: its noisy hoofs trampled over every heart. Springing from his saddle, he opened the little cupboard beneath the scrolls, and drew out a bottle, hideously red.

"Consecration wine, eh?" he said grimly.

"What else, Excellency?" stoutly replied the *shamash*, who had followed him.

A savage laugh broke from the officer's lips. "Drink me a mouthful."

As the shamash took the bottle, with a fearless shrug of the shoulders, every eye strained painfully towards him, save in the women's gallery, where many covered their faces with their hands. Every breath was held.

Keeping the same amused, incredulous face, Red Judah gulped down a draught. But as the liquid met his palate a horrible distortion overcame his smile, his hands flew heavenwards. Dropping the bottle, and with a hoarse cry, "Mercy, O God!" he fell before the ark, foaming at the mouth. The red fluid spread in a vivid pool.

"Hear, O Israel!" A raucous cry of horror rose from all around, and was echoed more shrilly from above. Almighty Father, the Jew-haters had worked their fiendish trick! Now the men were become as the women, shrieking, wringing their hands, crying "Ai, vai!" The rabbi shook as if with palsy. "Satan! Satan!" chattered through his teeth.

But Ben Amram had moved at last, and was stooping over the scarlet stain.

"A soldier should know blood, Excellency," he said, quietly.

The officer's face relaxed into a faint smile.

"A soldier knows wine, too," he said, sniffing. And, indeed, the spicy reek of the consecration wine was bewildering the nearer bystanders.

"Your Excellency frightened poor Judah into a fit," said the physician, raising the beadle's head by its long red beard.

His Excellency shrugged his shoulders, sprang to his saddle, and cried a retreat. The Cossacks, unable to turn in the aisle, backed cumbrously, with a manifold thudding and rearing and clanking; but ere the congregation had finished rubbing their eyes, the last conical cap and leaded knout had vanished, and only the tarry reek of their boots was left in proof of their actual passage. A deep silence hung for a moment like a heavy cloud, then it broke in a torrent of ejaculations.

But Ben Amram's voice rang through the din. "Brethren!" He rose from wiping the frothing lips of the stricken creature, and his face had the fiery gloom of a seer's, and the din died under his uplifted palm. "Brethren, the Lord hath saved us."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever." The rabbi began the

phrase, and the congregation caught it up in thunder.

"But hearken now. Last night at the Seder, as I opened the door for Elijah, there entered Maimon the Meshumad! 'Twas he quaffed Elijah's cup!"

There was a rumble of imprecations.

"A pretty Elijah!" cried the rabbi.

"Nay, but God sends the Prophet of Redemption in strange guise," the physician said. "Listen! Maimon was pursued by a drunken mob, ignorant he was a deserter from our camp. When he found how I had saved him and dressed his bleeding face, when he saw the spread Passover table, his child-soul came back to him, and in a burst of tears he confessed the diabolical plot against our community, hatched through his instrumentality by some desperate debtors, how, having raised the cry of a lost child, they were to have its blood found beneath our holy ark as in some mystic atonement. And while you all lolled joyously at the Seder table, a bottle of blood lay here, instead of the consecration wine, like a bomb waiting to burst and destroy us all."

A shudder of awe traversed the synagogue.

"But the Guardian of Israel who permits us to sleep on Passover night without night-prayer, neither slumbers nor sleeps. Maimon had bribed the shamash to let him enter the synagogue and replace the consecration wine."

"Red Judah!" It was like the growl of ten thousand tigers. Some even precipitated themselves upon the writhing wretch.

"Back, back!" cried Ben Amram. "The Almighty has smitten him."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," quoted the rabbi, solemnly.

"Hallelujah!" shouted a frenzied female voice, and "Hallelujah!" the men responded in thunder.

"Red Judah had no true belief in the God of Israel," the physician went on.

"May he be an atonement for us all!" interrupted the cantor.

"Amen!" growled the congregation.

"For a hundred roubles and the promise of personal immunity Red Judah allowed Maimon the Meshumad to change the bottles while all Israel sat at the Seder. It was because the mob saw the Meshumad stealing out of the synagogue that they fell upon him for a pious Jew. Behold, brethren, how the Almighty weaves his threads together. After the repentant sinner had confessed all to me,

and explained how the Cossacks were to be sent to catch all the community assembled helpless in synagogue, I deemed it best merely to get the bottles changed back again. The false bottle contained only bullock's blood, but it would have sufficed to madden the multitude. Since it is I who have the blessed privilege of supplying the consecration wine, it was easy enough to give Maimon another bottle, and armed with this he roused the shamash in the dawn, pretending he had now obtained true human blood. A rouble easily procured him the keys again, and when he brought me back the bullock's blood, I awaited the sequel in peace."

"Praise ye the Lord, for he is good!" sang the cantor, carried away.

"For his mercy endureth for ever," replied the congregation instinctively.

"I did not foresee the shamash would put himself so brazenly forward to hide his guilt, or that he would be asked to drink. But when the *epikouros* (atheist) put the bottle to his lips, expecting to taste blood, and found instead good red wine, doubtless he felt at once that the

God of Israel was truly in heaven, that he had wrought a miracle, and changed the blood back to wine."

"And such a miracle God wrought verily," cried the rabbi, grasping the physician's hand, while the synagogue resounded with cries of "May thy strength increase!" and the gallery heaved frantically with blessings and congratulations.

"What wonder," the physician wound up, as he bent again over the ghastly head with its pious ringlets writhing like red snakes, "that he fell stricken by dread of the Almighty's wrath!"

And while men were bearing the convulsive form without, the cantor began to recite the "Grace after Redemption." And then the happy hymns rolled out, and the choristers cried "Pom," and a breath of jubilant hope passed through the synagogue. The mighty hand and the outstretched arm which had redeemed Israel from the Egyptian bondage were still hovering over them, nor would the prophet Elijah for ever delay to announce the ultimate Messiah.—The Sunday-School Times.

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way—
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for the stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!



MISS MINERVA'S GERANIUM TREE.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



HERE'S another wagon turning in—that's Amos Bly's spotted horse. I didn't know Lavinia Bly *kept* plants."

Miss Minerva peered wistfully across the width of roadway into the little yard that surrounded the church. It was unwontedly lively over there to-day. All the forenoon and the afternoon pedestrians and carriages had been turning in

there with loads of potted plants. Miss Minerva knew just how many geraniums there had been in the roads, and how many begonias and fuschias and calla lilies. She had counted them all.

"No, I'm sure I didn't know Lavinia Bly—but, there, she must, for Amos is lifting out a plant this minute. It's a geranium, a master big one, too; but it isn't a tree."

The slender little figure wheeled about toward the magnificent plant on the other side of the room, and Miss Minerva's sad eyes lightened with pride. There might be geraniums and geraniums in Far Acres, and some of them might be "master big" ones, like Lavinia Bly's but there was only one tree—only Miss Minerva's. It towered up to the ceiling. Its rich green foliage was snowed over with beautiful white blossoms. Miss Minerva crossed to it and touched it lovingly. The lonely little woman went often to it for comfort.

"You beautiful, beautiful thing!" she murmured. "You'd make an Easter all by yourself! They can bring all their poor little plants and pile 'em up in a heap, but all of 'em put together can't come up to you—just *you*! And you won't be there—" She turned back to the window with a little sigh. Another wagon was unloading in front of the vestry door, and mechanically she counted the pots as they were lifted out.

"Those are Peace Potter's callas. There hasn't anybody else in Far Acres got *two*. One, two—four blossoms out. Well, they'll help out. Everything does, I suppose. I remember the last Easter I helped decorate—"

Miss Minerva broke off with a groan. She did not want to remember. Hadn't she been trying not to all day?

The last time she had been across there in the church, getting ready for Easter Sunday, was a dozen years ago. Twelve—that is not a short time. In twelve years a little lonely woman can grow old. Miss Minerva's hair had whitened, and drooping lines had deepened and settled into permanent position at the corners of her lips. She had sat beside her window twelve years of Sundays and watched Far Acres go to church, with homesick longing in her eyes. Twelve Easter Sundays—would she never get used to it?

The trouble had begun on that Saturday afternoon so long ago. There had been a deacons' meeting in one of the class-rooms, and Nathan had got his feelings hurt in some way. What did it matter how? There had been fault-finding and bitter words. Some one had begun it, some one had kept it up—oh, what did it matter? What did it matter? Nathan was—Nathan, so there would be no end to it. The Trouble—Miss Minerva spelt it with a capital T in her sad thoughts—the Trouble would go on and on. Sometimes Miss Minerva wondered if it would end when she died—if Nathan would let them carry her across there into the dear old church to lie a little while before the altar while the minister prayed and they sang her funeral hymns. She would like to go to church once more.

It was no use trying to remember. Everything stood out clear and pitiless in her mind. She remembered what dress she had on when Nathan came striding into the church—what coat Nathan had on, and how the women had stared in wonder. She remembered that Peace Potter had smiled.

"Come, Minervy, I guess we'll go home and *stay* there," Nathan had said shortly, and how well she remembered the little well-known click in his voice, like the turning of a key in a lock. They had gone home together across the street, and stayed there.

"I won't have part nor passel with the whole lot of them hereafter, nor you won't, Minervy." Nathan had said: "I guess it's a sister's place to stan' by her

brother—I guess so. I guess you and me can manage to shack along alone. Now I've had my say and we'll drop it."

Nathan was—Nathan. There had been no hope from the beginning. Miss Minerva had realized that and made no opposition. In Far Acres there was a saying that a "Greeley grudge extended unto the third and fourth generation, and died hard then."

"There won't be any third and fourth generation to this one," Miss Minerva smiled sadly. "I guess the Lord knew best not to 'set' me and Nathan in families. It wouldn't have been safe. It would have broken my heart to have bequeathed a grudge against the house o' God to my little children and grandchildren. To think of them staying away from church, year in and year out, like this! Oh, it's terrible lonesome—I guess the Lord knew best."

At first the neighbors had been inclined to ignore the "grudge" out of kindness of heart. It seemed a pity to visit Nathan Greeley's sins on poor little Minerva—*she* hadn't ought to be boycotted because of his pigheadedness. So they had gone on running in of an afternoon with their knitting-work, and inviting her to return their visits. But Nathan Greeley controlled the atmosphere in his own house, and gradually the chill of it crept into the kindly, neighborly bones and discouraged further attempts at hospitalities. At the end of the first year the Greeley household was quietly dropped from the "calling list" of Far Acres. Then had begun the long, weary loneliness of living for little Minerva Greeley. It had told sadly on her strength and courage. There had been times—only two—when she had rebelled secretly. And at one of the times she had even put on her church clothes and tied her bonnet strings. She had got as far as the front door—no farther. This Saturday afternoon before Easter there was no rebellion in her gentle soul for herself. But she rebelled against the decree that kept her beautiful plant from its place over there among the flowers that were to celebrate His rising. She coveted the place of honor for her tree, her beautiful great geranium tree. All day she had hoped some one would come and ask her for it, but now she had given that up. She might have known—of course they would not ask any one who had not been to church for twelve years to help trim the altar for the Easter service.

The afternoon trailed out into the twilight, and Miss Minerva saw the

women slipping out of the little vestry by twos and threes, and going away to their homes. A sudden impulse had made her pull the geranium tree up to the window, though it had taxed her slender strength to do it. She had rolled the shade up as far as possible, and drawn the muslin draperies out of the way. The tree filled all the window with a network of green and white. It would be easy enough to see how splendid it was from the sidewalk. Peace Potter would surely see—Peace had such sharp eyes! And if she saw and coveted—if she came up the little front walk to the door; if she asked for it! Miss Minerva almost held her breath when Peace Potter came out of the vestry door. Her eager eyes peered between the beautiful green branches. Peace Potter was such a slow walker! She was only as far as the red oak; no, now she was opposite the syringas, now she was opposite *it!* She was looking!

Miss Minerva waited, breathlessly and wistful. She could read Peace Potter's face, and knew she was "coveting." But she went on down the street into the twilight. It was Nathan who came up the little front walk to the door. Minerva met him in the hall.

"Come in here!" she cried, sharply, her voice frightening her as much as it did him. "Come in here and see what you've done! Look at my tree! Stand over there where you can see it better. Did you ever see anything as lovely as that? Could there *be* anything else as lovely to trim the church with to-morrow? Think of it standing up there against the pulpit, Nathan! Oh, Nathan, think of it! Shut your eyes and try to see it. I've been seeing it all day long, and it breaks my heart. Seems to me I can't bear it!" She stopped an instant as if for breath, then the high, strained voice plunged on. "I can't go to church—I promised you I wouldn't twelve years ago, and I've kept my promise. I wouldn't complain; I'm *willing* to stay at home to-morrow if my tree could go. If I could sit here by the window and know that that was across there helping keep Easter Sunday, do you think I'd complain? Complain! I'd sit here and sing an Easter hymn all alone! But it won't be there—nobody will ask for it. *That's* what you've done!" And, to Nathan Greeley's utter confusion, the little figure sank on the rugs beside the great earthen flower-pot, and lay there inert and pitiful. In the quiet room there was only the sound of muffled sobbing.

But Nathan was—Nathan. The grudge—the grudge was unsoftened and unlessened in his heart. And love and pity could find no place; that took up all the room. For one instant the man seemed to waver over the prostrate little figure, then he wheeled shortly and strode away out of the room. It grew darker till the beautiful white blossoms of the great plant made the only glints of white in the gloom. Miss Minerva, her excitement spent and the old weary resignation back in her heart, got up after awhile and felt her way across to the door. There was Nathan's supper to get; the dull routine of things must go on though the slow grinding wear away her strength. Miss Minerva had never felt as feeble and sore and lonely—not quite—as she did to-night.

Nathan Greeley strode out of the house again, his mouth set in its old stubborn lines. The neighbors said Nathan had the "Greeley mouth," and had it hard.

Down the street a light glimmered in the little parsonage parlor. The window was open, and Nathan could hear the boyish voice of the young minister as he passed. It was pitched high and solemn, as if he were preaching. Some of his words crept out clearly to Nathan, and whether he would or not, he heard them distinctly.

"And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great." It was the minister's text. He was rehearsing his Easter sermon in the quiet of his little parlor. His earnest, boyish voice went eagerly on, gathering fervor and strength. And outside in the darkness Nathan Greeley stood and listened. He could not have told why he did not go on down the street on his errand. He did not want to wait, but he waited. From beginning to ending he heard all the pleading little Easter message. It was the only sermon he had heard in twelve years.

"'For it was very great,' could anything but divine strength have rolled it away? Is there one of you, dear souls, whose heart is closed and sealed with a stone that is 'very great?' Have you tried to roll it away till your frail, human hands are scarred and bleeding? Have you forgotten—ah, then remember to-day. Remember His strength that rolled that other stone away, on that other Easter morning. Have you forgotten to appeal to that strength, some one of you, dear souls? Was there ever a time to do it more beautiful than to-day—the day He rolled the stone away from

His grave and came forth our Risen One? Do you think He would ask a sweeter celebration of the day?"

The clear young voice rang out into the solemn quiet of the night. The man outside, listening, drank in every syllable. The minister was talking to him. It was he whose heart was sealed, and the stone was very great. Could anything but the strength of the Mighty Risen One roll it away?

Miss Minerva's tea was poured out late that night. It emitted a steeped, rank odor, and Miss Minerva glanced at Nathan uneasily. Nathan did not like boiled tea. If he said anything to-night—but Nathan drank the steaming cupful without comment. He was always silent, but to-night scarcely a word was spoken at the little table. His face, if Miss Minerva had read it right, was oddly softened. The harsh lines in it were less pronounced; there was something about the set of the strong, thin lips that in another man's face one would have called tenderness. But Miss Minerva did not understand. To-night her own sore heart needed all her thoughts. She put away the tea things and crept upstairs to bed.

The moon rose at nine. Miss Minerva's room was flooded with a radiance of soft, white light, and she lay in it, a little sombre, and thought her sad thoughts patiently. She could not go to sleep. At a little after ten she got up and dressed again.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said. "I'm going across the street and look in the east window of the church. The ground's rising there and I can stand on my tiptoes. It's most as bright as day out—I know I could see the trimmings. And I'm worn out hankering to see the pulpit and the organ and the Greeley pew again. If I can't go to church I guess I can look in the window. I never promised I wouldn't do that. It seems as if 'twas a Providence having the moonshine so bright just when I can't seem to bear it any longer!"

She hurried softly downstairs and across the street. Her heart was beating in quick, pumping throbs of excitement. Once when she was a little child she had run away in the moonlight, and the remembrance of it came back to her now. She laughed a little nervously.

The ground under the east window of the church rose to a convenient pitch. It was quite easy to reach up and peer into the big, dim room. Miss Minerva clung to the window-sill and looked with

hungry eyes. Not at the flowers—not first. She looked at the empty pews and sought out eagerly the one she had sat in so many years. Even in the dimness, how plainly she could see it! The big hymn-book and the little thumbed, worn one were in the rack, just as they had been twelve years ago. There was the palm-leaf fan, too, with the edge bound with a strip of her mother's wedding dress! It was colorless in the faint light, but to Miss Minerva's eyes it was a strip of tender green. She remembered how carefully she had bound it round the frayed edges of the fan.

After a little she looked at the bank of flowers in the little altar. Then Miss Minerva uttered a low cry of utmost wonder, for there in the centre, its sweet white blossoms outlined in beautiful tracery against the tall old pulpit was her tree! It towered splendidly above all the potted plants. In her dreams she had never thought it could look as beautiful as that.

"Dear land!" cried Miss Minerva in tremulous pride and joy. Then sudden suspicion smote her. If it should be somebody else's—no, no, no, it was hers! It could not be anybody else's. In all Far Acres there was only one perfect, peerless tree like that. And how beautiful—how beautiful it was in there among the Easter flowers! After the first puzzled instant Miss Minerva, in her joy, scarcely wondered how it came there. Enough that it was there. For a full ten min-

utes she stood there painfully on her tip-toes, only exultant and proud. Then came the wonder.

"It's past believing!" she marvelled, "but it's there; I know it's there! It isn't a beautiful ghost—it's *it*! But what does it mean? Dear heart alive, how ever came it there?"

Something moved a little in the moon-lighted church—something down in front of the little altar beside the flowers. Miss Minerva was startled until she saw what it was. She cried out softly then. In another moment she was in the church herself.

"Nathan! Nathan!" she called, and he came to meet her down the dim, quiet aisle.

"Oh, Nathan, what does it mean? I came to see the other flowers, and mine was here. And then—and then I found you!" She was looking into his face, marvelling at what she saw. For Nathan's face was happy and bright, like a little child's.

"The stone, Minerva—it means the stone is rolled away," he said, quietly. It's been sealing my heart up all this time—'for it was very great,'" he added, solemnly. And Miss Minerva understood. Brother and sister, together there in the faint white light and the fragrance of the flowers, they held a little Easter service of praise. The voices of the choir, too sweet and soft for human ears, must have chanted the good news jubilantly in the ears of the Risen One.—*Epworth Herald*.

HUMILITY.

BY M. E. RICHARDSON.

I cannot picture thee with downcast eyes,
Of shrinking, cringing form and drooping mien
Aye dwelling lowly amid scenes terrene,
While heavenward all thy sister graces rise
Unfettered. Nay, the joy of high emprise
Is thine as theirs. From thee this fleshly
screen
Veils not the wonders of a world unseen
That open only to the lowly-wise.
Westmount, Montreal.

There, 'whelm'd by Love's breadth and depth
and height,
No sense of weakness doth thy soul enthrall
As low in adoration thou dost fall
Before the presence of the Infinite;—
But these the words that from thy lips take
flight,
"Through Christ who strengtheneth I can
do all."

DICK BRIMACOMBE'S WEDDING.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

I.

UNCLE ABE.



T was Uncle Abe who married them. You see, there was nobody else to do it; and, if there had been, the young folks would just have stuck to Uncle Abe. Whether you wanted to be christened, or married, or buried, you always sent for Uncle Abe; and when folks were sick or in trouble, you would be sure to see Uncle Abe's buggy standing outside the door—and a rough kind of thing it was, for Uncle Abe had to be his own carriage repairer, if not carriage builder, and there was very little of the original left. He made his own harness, cut from a cowhide. Everybody did that much—felled the timber, and built the house, and roofed it with shingles; but it was Uncle Abe who could mend your furniture, and set your plough right, and cure your aches, and cobble your shoes, and held that nothing was worn out so long as it could be kept together by a bit of leather or a strip of bark.

He lived in what was then counted the backwoods of Canada, a place now as civilized as any old-fashioned town at home, where the latest advertisements cover the walls, and the latest fashions fill the drapery stores, and three daily papers record the latest news or invent it, as the case may be, availing themselves of the opportunity of contradicting it all in to-morrow's issue. But in the forties of the last century it was a wild spot, where there were so many wolves that nobody could keep a sheep. The old folks still tell how that, looking out of a window on a frosty night, they often saw a pack of wolves leaping over the logs and sniffing about the place. Here it was that a few hardy settlers had made a clearing and built each his wooden shanty. And here they lived their lives, rough and hard, but healthy and happy; and, however little they owned, it was all their own, which made it so much.

Uncle Abe was not exactly a minister. He never gave up business, and no man amongst them worked harder. He was big and strong, fearing God and then fearing nothing and nobody. Hard and narrow, it may be, in the view of some, when he found the evildoer, but all kindness and goodness when he came to deal with the sick and suffering. So it was that he was ordained a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He gathered the scattered population together in house or barn for preaching services. He baptized the babies, and married the couples, and buried the dead, and preached the funeral sermons, and did as much good as any Right Reverend Father in God. Payment for his services was mostly in kind. The sweet sentiment of lovers whose bliss was consummated by marriage found a grateful acknowledgment in the gift of a bear skin, and the peaceful burial of some old saint was requited by the skin of a wild wolf.

This was Uncle Abe, who married Dick Brimacombe to Jessie MacDonald, and, although they have all passed away, there stands to this day the maple tree under whose branches the bride and bridegroom stood on that memorable day.

II.

WHAT CAME OF A PARING BEE.

Dick Brimacombe, they said, would never marry; he was not a marrying man. That he was thirty-five years old, and had not sought a wife, was quite enough to settle the matter in the minds of the maidens who met at church or on the few and simple occasions when the settlers gathered at some festivity. He had come, a little lad, with his father and mother from the west country at home before he could remember. Indeed, there was but one memory that filled his boyhood's days; beside that all else was lost, behind that nothing seemed to lie.

It was one day in winter, when he was some twelve or thirteen years of age, that he had gone with his father into the woods to fetch the logs for fuel, a thing sorely needed where the cold often sank below zero. Dick's work was to drive the horses home with the load on

the sleigh, and merrily rang his voice and the crack of his whip in the still and frosty air. On one of these journeys, as he drove along the rough track, a wolf ran from the bush and galloped snarling at his side. The horses, terrified, rushed madly away, and Dick had to hang on with all his might to keep from being flung off.

The beast kept trying to leap upon him, and sprang, hideous with bloodshot eyes and open mouth from which the specks of foam flew as it ran, every now and then madly snapping its cruel teeth. Then suddenly an arrow from an unseen hand fled straight at the beast and killed it instantly. An Indian to whom they had shown some kindness had caught sight of it, and thus saved the lad. It was a mad wolf that had broken away from the rest of the pack and roamed by itself—a creature far more fierce than any other, since the venom of its madness meant that the least touch of its teeth—and some said even the scratch of its claw—meant certain death, and that perhaps the most terrible death that a man can die.

The Indian hastened to tell the father of the son's peril and escape, and as they returned together to the place where the dead wolf lay Dick joined them.

"Well," said the old man, when he had heard the story from both of them, and given the Indian all the tobacco he had, "we will have his skin, anyhow. He shall do some good now he is dead, which is more than he did when alive. The boy shall have that for his own."

Taking out the knife that hung from his belt, he proceeded to skin the beast. But he was all unmindful that his hands were chapped with the cold. It cost him his life. A fortnight later he died of hydrophobia.

From that hour the boy became a man. His was all the hard work of the place; his the burden of anxiety in the struggle to live. And bravely he carried his load. Utterly absorbed in his work, he grew old before his time, and as he passed through the years of his early manhood life had no room for sentiment, no leisure for love, except in the tender care and unceasing devotion which he showed to his mother.

The life of those days in those parts was by no means lacking in opportunity for courtship. No hired help could be had then, and the neighbors gathered at each other's houses in turn to lend a hand at all that required any extra help. And on such occasions Dick Brimacombe came gladly enough to do his share of work.

There was a Raising-bee, when a man wanted to put up a barn, and every neighbor brought a horse or a yoke of oxen to drag the timber and then help to put it in its place. There was a Logging-bee, when they gathered to bring the logs to the fire, and made ready the potash, the only thing for which they got paid in cash; all else was a matter of barter. There was the Paring-bee, when they made ready the apples and pumpkins for winter use.

Such occasions were always finished by a great supper, at which as many as fifty or sixty guests would gather, and this was followed by all kinds of merry games. Then they drove home in wag-gons or sleighs. But Dick Brimacombe seldom stayed to supper, and never to the merry-making afterwards. There was nobody else to see to the cows and to set things right for the night, and his mother sat by the lonely fireside; so before anybody knew it he was gone. Little wonder the maidens had come to think of him as not a marrying man.

But old Mrs. Brimacombe had died, and there had come changes that quickly told on Dick. The evenings were long and lonely as he sat now after supper when the day's work was done, and there was nobody to cook his victuals and to see to his buttons. A hundred discomforts began to meet him which only a woman's hand could set right, if he could but find the one that suited him, one who could do all these matters as his mother had done.

The chance soon came, and Dick took it eagerly. It was at a paring-bee, where the neighbors for half a dozen miles around had come together to pare and prepare the apples for the winter. It was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see—the men busy picking the ruddy apples from the trees and filling the baskets, then emptying them in piles where the groups of maidens sat laughing and chatting merrily, one skillfully peeling the apples, another quartering them, whilst yet another threaded the pieces with a needle on a fine string some yard or two long, these later to festoon the kitchen and thus be dried for winter use. The fallen leaves of the trees already littered the orchard, whilst the maple stood ablaze with gold and deepest crimson hues.

Amongst the girls was one more quiet than the rest, to whom Dick Brimacombe brought his basket more than once, and then lingered watching her hands as skillfully and swiftly she pared the apples. If it had been any other of the men, there would certainly have been some laughing

pleasantry about it, but it was only Dick, and nobody took any notice of him—nobody, that is, except Jessie MacDonald herself. She, seated on the ground, her lap full of apples, turned her head and met the eager look of Dick, and at once had read the secret. With a blush on her cheek, she bent her face low down, and went on more busily with her work.

Then Dick flung himself down at her side. "Let me help you," he laughed, and, taking an apple out of her lap, he began to eat it. The others looked; but there, it was only Dick Brimacombe, and he did not count, from a girl's standpoint.

The early supper was over, and all were taking part in the games. Dick, unused to games and awkward at merry-making, had strolled away into the orchard again. The great harvest moon was rising over the distant woods. Presently he caught sight of Jessie leaning against a fence watching the moon rise. He little guessed how hardly she was trying not to think of what filled all her thoughts. His coming startled her. He was at her side before she had caught sight of him. For a few moments they stood in silence.

"I want to have a Paring-bee," said Dick.

Jessie said nothing, only turned her head towards him, hoping that he had not seen the blush that filled her face, and glad to notice that he was looking at the moon.

"I guess it would be a new kind of Paring-bee, too."

Jessie looked up with a questioning wonder.

"I am only going to ask one—a sort of Queen Bee," Dick went on.

Jessie's eyes fell, and she grasped the fence nervously.

"And when she comes I want her to stay and see the apples dried, and then to cook them, and help to eat them, too."

Jessie beat the fence timidly with her foot. Then Dick slipped his arm in hers. "Jessie, will you be my Queen Bee?" The little hand slipped into Dick's big ones. For a minute there was silence, except as the crickets chirped in noisy chorus; but Dick heard the words almost whispered, "Do you mean it, Dick?" Then he sealed the bargain with a kiss, and it was settled.

"We shall have to be quick about it," said Dick, as they came to the house again. "Apples won't keep long this season, I'm afraid."

So Dick Brimacombe was going to be married.

III.

THE WEDDING.

It was within a very few weeks of the Paring-bee that there came the wedding. There was no need for delay, and Dick thought there was much need for haste; so they had seen Uncle Abe and fixed it all with him. They had got the license, and the day was fixed when at the nearest little church the friends were to gather and the marriage was to take place. The autumn had passed into the early winter, and there had come a great storm of wind and rain. All night the wind blew, and all night the rain pelted. Dick slept soundly as only a tired man can, but Jessie lay awake half the night listening to the roar of the blast in the woods, moaning and howling, and to the beat of the rain. How could she get to church in the simple finery in which she was to be decked? And then a new horror seized her. What if the river were swollen, and Uncle Abe could not cross to marry them! She slept, but it was only to dream that she was being swept away in some fierce torrent in which Dick struggled vainly to save her. The day broke with dull, heavy clouds on every side; no sign of any clearing was there, and the rain came down with a steady and persistent beat as if it would never cease. Later, they met at the church, the bride and bridegroom, with a few of her friends. Dick had no relatives that he knew of in the world, and was his own best man.

But there was no Uncle Abe. The wind roared about the little church, then went howling into the woods like a thing in pain. In gusts the rain beat on the window panes. The little company sat waiting in silence, when one came into the church with the news that Uncle Abe was the other side of the river and could not come across. The stepping-stones were buried several feet below the raging flood. There was no chance of any wedding to-day. They must go home again and wait until the flood was over.

"Never," said Dick; "we'll manage it somehow."

Forth went the bride and bridegroom to the bank of the river, where Dick set Jessie in the shelter of the big maple tree and then called across to Uncle Abe.

The rush and roar of the torrent was the deep bass to the howl of the wind, and it was difficult for him to hear his own voice as he shouted, "What's to be done, Uncle Abe?"

"Nothing, I guess, my son," said

Uncle Abe. "I'm just awful sorry. I should have to go miles up the river before I could cross it, and it would take me all day."

"Dick," whispered Jessie, close at his side, "ask him if he can't manage it standing over there."

"Say, Uncle Abe," bawled Dick with all his might, "can't you do it over there?"

"What?" shouted Uncle Abe, and Dick had to say it again before it was heard.

"I don't see how I can," and Uncle Abe scratched his head. "I can't marry you without the license."

"Dear, dear!" said Dick helplessly.

"We can manage the license all right," said Jessie. "Take your handkerchief and put a big stone in it, and the license, and you can fling it across."

"That's just grand," said Dick. "I should never have thought of that," and a minute later the thing went flying across the river to Uncle Abe.

"Well, we can try it, anyhow," roared the Deacon, as he came to the brink of the river and stood in the pelting rain. "Come as near as you can."

So the service began. Now the words rang out clear and distinct as in a church, then again nothing could be heard. But Uncle Abe struggled on with his part, and Dick was not to be beaten.

"Say after me, Dick," roared Uncle Abe, "*I know not*—" For a moment it was useless to struggle with the roar of the storm. Then he began again, "I know not any just cause—"

Dick got safely through this part, but it was in vain that Jessie tried to make her voice heard across the river.

"I can't hear," roared Uncle Abe, leaning across the surging flood, and holding his hand at his ear.

"She said it right enough," yelled Dick.

"We heard her," said the little group about the maple tree; "we can swear to that."

There was a pause, and the whole matter seemed in peril. Then Uncle Abe roared across to them, "Hold up a hand, my dear. I guess that will do under the circumstances."

And up went Jessie's hand.

"Dick Brimacombe, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" cried Uncle Abe, and then stood listening, his hand against his ear. But there was no need for that. Dick put both his hands

to his mouth, and in a tone that might have defied Niagara's thunder, roared, "*I will!*"

"Guess Uncle Abe heard that right enough," said the group to each other with a smile. Then Uncle Abe began again.

"Jessie, my dear, it's your turn now. Can you hear?" Jessie nodded her head.

"Jessie MacFonald, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" But it was in vain that poor Jessie tried to get her words across.

"She says she will, right enough," said Dick impatiently.

"But I've got for to hear it," cried Uncle Abe.

"Let her hold up her hand," pleaded Dick.

"Well, then, Jessie, my dear, hold up a hand if you mean it."

"Hold up both," whispered Dick.

"You've got hold of one," said Jessie.

"Well, I'll hold up this one, and you hold up the other," laughed Dick; and up went both Jessie's hands high in the air.

"Have you got the ring?" cried Uncle Abe.

"Here it is, uncle," Dick roared, holding it up.

"Well, put it on. Jessie will show you the finger."

"All right, Uncle Abe. What next?"

"Hold it there, and say after me—"

Now it was whilst Dick's hands were busy in this part of the ceremony that there came a violent blast, which sent Dick's hat flying before it and dropped it into the surging stream. It was Jessie's old aunt who flung a big black shawl over Dick's head and accidentally covered them both.

"All right," roared Uncle Abe. "That will do."

And Dick took the opportunity, whilst hidden in the shawl, to give his wife a kiss that sealed the wedding as a kiss had sealed the engagement.

"God bless you, my children," said Uncle Abe, as he crawled into his buggy. "I guess you're tied up all right."

"Thank 'ee, Uncle Abe; I'll owe you a bear skin," roared Dick.

"Come and see us soon," said Jessie, but the words failed to get across the river. They were lost in the roar of the flood and the howl of the storm.—The Quiver.

THE BARRIER.

BY A. B. COOPER.

I.



YOU have got China on the brain."

"No, I have got China on the heart."

The first speaker was a woman, or rather a girl—for she could have been barely twenty—and she was evidently angry and a little disgusted, for she sat up straight upon the piano-stool and turned her head determinedly away from the wistful face of the

young man at her side. Speech is in variably fatal when the speaker is angry. A strict seal upon the lips is the only safe course. Constance Goring knew this perfectly well, and at that very moment her better self was prompting her to golden silence. But no, Harry was stubborn, self-opinionated, and generally "horrid" over this whole business, and—well—she would not let her temper wait on her discretion, and allow time to soften her mood.

"You used to say I occupied that place," she said, still with averted face.

"So you do, darling," replied Harry Fane, with a tone of quiet consciousness of being in the right, which, however admirable, is irritating to the one who is in the wrong.

"Well, I don't want to share your heart with a lot of yellow pigtailed." This time Constance did turn round and face her lover. Her face was flushed, and her eyes flashed.

Then Harry made a mistake. He took these foolish, spiteful words for the genuine expression of this young girl's convictions, and he answered her according to her folly.

"You couldn't say that if you really loved me," he said.

"Well, I have said it, so I don't love you," said Constance stubbornly.

"Don't you?" There was a depth of pain in the young man's tone which for the moment shook Constance off her pedestal, but she hardened her heart.

"You say I don't. I am living up to my reputation," she said coldly.

"Well, what is it to be?" he said, looking straight in front of him with set face and stern mouth.

"It is not to be at all," she said. "We may as well say good-bye at once and get it over. You've got a craze for going to China—"

"It's not a craze; it's a duty," interpolated Fane.

"Call it what you like. I call it a craze. I say you can do just as much good by staying at home; and though you have foolishly resolved to sacrifice a brilliant career, you cannot expect me to do the same thing. I have thought about it day and night, till—till—my heart—" There was an ominous trembling of the lower lip which immediately brought Harry down from his perch, and sent a flood of love surging through his heart for the girl who, in spite of everything, was still all the world to him.

"Constance, my love," he began; and a tenderness came into his eyes.

"No, no," cried Constance, springing to her feet and retiring a pace or two. "Don't, Harry, don't. It's no use beginning all over again. You've chosen your way, and I've chosen mine. We can never see eye to eye. When what appears a sacred duty to you appears to me a mere craze, it is evident that there is a real barrier between us."

"I shall pray for you in the far country, Constance," said the young man, feeling that for the present at least the end had come. "I shall pray every day that the barrier may be removed."

"It never can be," said Constance, with conviction. "It never, never can be."

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," quoted Harry in a husky voice.

"Well, go, go," said Constance impulsively, biting her lips to keep back the tears. "No, no, I am not angry now, Harry: I am just resolved. I should be nothing but a hindrance as the wife of a medical missionary. As you value your work, be content to do without me."

"And that is your last word, Constance?"

"Yes, the very best. It's my firm conviction."

II.

From the worldly standpoint Constance Goring could certainly make out a very good case both with respect to Harry Fane's folly and her own wisdom. A year ago, when they were first engaged, any such cause for the rupture of the engagement seemed as remote as the stars. Harry had just become the junior partner of an old and celebrated physician in Harley Street, and everybody looked upon his success as practically assured. His career had been one of exceptional brilliance. If there was a scholarship going Harry secured it, and he was generally looked upon as the best man that Bart's had turned out for a dozen years.

Though a thoughtful man at all times, and one to whom conscience and duty had always made a strong appeal, the religious influences under which he had hitherto come had been of the conventional order; and while they had to some extent succeeded in influencing his conduct, they had never touched his heart. Dr. Bradley, of Harley Street, however, was not only a great physician but he was a Methodist of the good old-fashioned type, and Harry had not been three months his partner ere the old man loved him as a son, and, unknown to Harry, made it the daily burden of his prayers that Harry's heart might be touched with the divine fire, so that all that was noble in him by nature should be made Godlike by grace.

One of the most frequent visitors at Harley Street was the Rev. Charles Hammond, a man of rare enthusiasm and charm. He first of all captured Harry's intellect, for he was a man of wide culture and sound learning, and the two soon became excellent friends. So, imperceptibly, by conversation and example of these two godly men, the heart of Harry Fane became prepared for the seed of the kingdom.

That seed was sown one night at the great hall where the Rev. Charles Hammond preached every Sunday night to a vast congregation. Harry had consented to accompany the old doctor, and he heard for the first time the sanctified common sense, illumined with a real passion for humanity, which constituted the preacher's eloquence, and which was quite sufficient to attract every grade of society to his services. There can be no doubt that the preparation of the heart, which had been going on silently

but surely, had much to do with the effect which Mr. Hammond's sermon had upon the young man. In the good old-fashioned way, as he sat beside his friend and partner, he saw himself a sinner in the sight of God: he saw that his only hope was in the redeeming work of Jesus Christ, and he there and then sought and found peace in believing. How he eventually became possessed of the idea of devoting his splendid talents and skill to the cause of missions in China not even Dr. Bradley knew, and it is doubtful whether Harry Fane knew himself. Doubtless the good Spirit of God put the missionary cause upon his heart, and after that the sense of duty, which was his even before he was converted, settled the thought into the fixed determination of his life.

It was this, as we have seen, which led to his final parting with Constance Goring. He had had many talks with her since the light had broken into his life, and up to a certain point she had listened patiently if not sympathetically. But when he actually proposed to her that she should either accompany him to China, or join him there after a brief interval, she immediately and strongly demurred.

The factor which most strongly worked against the dictates of her heart was her ambition. She had a voice of gold. She was still studying, and her appearance before audiences had been hitherto only of a semi-private character; but there were good judges who believed that she could easily and instantly take her place in the front rank of vocalists. She dreamed of having the world at her feet, of crowds of rapt, upturned faces worshipping at the shrine of song; she heard in imagination the applause of enthusiastic thousands, and she had made a stipulation with her lover, even before his conversion, that her marriage should not interfere with her musical career.

On the other hand, Harry's worldly ambitions were now fused in the white-hot flame of his enthusiasm for humanity. To him wealth and fame had become baubles that were not worth the seeking. Like St. Paul, he was determined to "know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But to Constance this was mere foolishness. She could not see it in his light at all. It seemed to her a deliberate flinging away of life's best opportunities, and she could not, and would not, face the ordeal.

III.

If fame meant huge posters which contained but one name, and that *Constance Goring*; if fame meant enthusiastic audiences, tears and laughter at will as the beautiful songstress coined her throat into golden notes, then in the three years which had elapsed since she parted with Harry Fane, Constance Goring had attained her desire. But attainment is often another way of spelling disillusionment, and on the whole, in spite of a sincere love for her art, Constance had found fame but Dead Sea fruit, "all ashes to the taste." Was it lack of love in her life? She had always been a little heart lonely until she met Harry Fane, for she had early been left an orphan, although her means had been ample. Of flatterers and suitors she had plenty, but these she treated with contempt and those with indifference. Her heart was hungry, and she knew it. But she had not come to the point of laying the blame at her own door, and in her harder moods she thought almost bitterly of Harry, and would say to herself that he had spoiled her life. Sometimes the softer mood prevailed, and she thought of him far away in China, alone, unhelped; but even then she would say, "He couldn't have cared for me very much, or he would not have left me." She had specially asked him not to communicate with her, for she had said in her downright manner, "It is no use to keep the fire smouldering. We might as well let it go out if it will."

Ah! "if it will." The "if" made all the difference. The fire would not go out. It kept leaping up and defying every effort to quench it, and in her moments of dejection she had confessed in the secret places of her heart that love was worth all things besides, and without it all things were stale and unprofitable. When this heart-unrest was at its height, a strange thing happened—strange at least to those who do not believe in God's personal solicitude for His children.

Constance had completed her engagement in a Midland town, but delayed her return to London until the following day. Walking through the town in the morning, she saw upon the front of a large Wesleyan chapel in one of the main streets an announcement of a missionary meeting, and the name of a missionary from China was mentioned as the principal speaker. Instantly Constance made up her mind to attend the meeting; for, though she did not allow her tongue even to whisper the words, her thoughts were, "I may hear something of Harry."

The audience was bowed in prayer when Constance, with her veil down, entered the church that night, so she slipped unobtrusively into the hindmost pew. A white-haired man of noble aspect, but evidently not a minister, was praying. "We pray Thee, O Lord," he was saying, "to give to us not only the seeing eye and the hearing ear, but the understanding heart. Grant us love-vision, that the things from which our natural sight revolts may become attractive to us, and the duties which now appear to us to be the bitterest crosses may become our chief delight. Teach us how easy it is to turn away from the kingdom of God for the baubles of fame and wealth, and help us to see the worth of things as Jesus Christ saw them, that our ambitions and desires may be for the things of true and eternal worth."

Yes, the face was familiar, and the voice struck a chord of memory which was unmistakable. Then, like a flash, Constance, who had been so much about the world, and had seen so many faces during the last three years, remembered whom the speaker was. It was none other than Dr. Bradley, Harry's one-time partner, and his dear friend as Constance knew. Once she felt bitter towards him, persuading herself that it was mainly by his influence that Harry had been seized with his new enthusiasm. But now, as the voice pleaded amid the silence, there was no such thought in her heart. Indeed, she felt strangely softened, and had difficulty in restraining her tears. Then the congregation rose to sing, "Jesu, Thy boundless love to me," and Constance found herself singing, with more real feeling behind the words than ever before—

"Still let Thy love point out my way,
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought."

But the climax of the meeting was reached during the speech of the missionary from China. He had a thrilling story to tell, for he had been in China during the Boxer Rebellion, and the terrors and triumphs of that time of fear were engraven upon his heart.

"The wife and three children of a missionary who had been murdered in a neighboring town," he said, "escaped almost miraculously to Hang-Chu, and took refuge in the hospital. Three days later Boxers attacked the town, and the young medical missionary with the poor woman and her children, were hidden in an old monastery in the hills outside

the city walls for two weeks, until some means could be arranged for their conveyance to the river, and thence to the coast. But they were betrayed, and had to fly for their lives—the young medical missionary carrying the two young children mile after mile—avoiding the main roads, and making as best they could in the direction of the river, where they hoped to find friendliness and help.

“Five times in that terrible journey of forty miles were they in imminent danger of their lives. Once, indeed, they were captured, and the young missionary was put to the torture. He endured it with Christian heroism, and was only saved from death by the arrival of a messenger from the governor, giving the party safe conduct. But again they were treacherously treated, and in a fight in the darkness the young man’s arm was broken. In spite of this, and without making known his misfortune, he managed to escape with his charge, and at length, by the good providence of God, they reached the river and comparative safety.

“I have seen Dr. Harry Fane only twice; but our good chairman, Dr. Bradley, can tell you that the heroism he displayed during that terrible month was only what might be expected from one who gave up his splendid prospects, and all that his heart held dear from the worldly standpoint, to bury himself in the heart of China. If this life were all, we should cry, ‘Fool!’ but there is no one in this audience who will blame him.” (Constance felt her face flush beneath her veil, and she felt meaner than ever before in her life.) “No, this man is truly living. He is treading the path which heroes and martyrs have made the path of glory. He has become an inspiration to his fellow men and an honor to the Church of Christ.”

As soon as the missionary’s speech was over, the meeting resolved itself into an informal convention for testimony, questions, and suggestions. Why Constance did it she scarcely knew. Her main thought was that she must do something to make atonement for her past unkindness to Harry Fane. She felt that she had been a moral coward hitherto; and in consequence her life had been lived in vain. Now she must do something, she knew not what, to break down the barrier of which Harry once spoke, and for the removal of which he said he would pray daily. She wondered miserably now if he still prayed for her, or whether she

had ever crossed his thoughts during that awful journey.

Then suddenly she found herself walking along the aisle toward the platform, and a minute later she stood upon it. She was accustomed to facing great audiences, but not for the purpose of making a speech, and yet she felt she was there to say something to break down that barrier. What should it be? Words utterly failed her, and she stood for a moment, while a great hush fell upon the audience.

Then she had a sudden inspiration. She could sing if she could not speak, and she lifted her veil, and with that voice which had thrilled thousands she sang—

“There is a green hill far away.”

She had sung many songs, and she had ever been remarkable for the feeling she put into them, and many times had she moved her audience to tears. Now, ere she reached the second verse she was herself moved to tears. Her emotion did not seem to affect her voice, for it still filled the church with its wonderful sweetness: but the tears rolled down her cheeks as she sang the second verse—

“We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.”

Not only she herself, but every one who heard her had a vision of Calvary. Then, as the song proceeded, her voice became more triumphant, and the last verse was sung with a smile upon the singer’s face—

“Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too;
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do.”

IV

“6 Harley Street, W.

“My Dear Harry—

“I have glorious news for you. Who do you think I saw last night and spoke to? Why none other than Constance Goring. Don’t start, my boy. Though her name has never been breathed between us during the last three years, I know as well as if you had told me a thousand times that she is still dear to you. It wouldn’t surprise you, I suppose, to hear that you are still dear to her? Ah, it would, would it? Well, I can assure you she did not tell me you

were; but you know my diagnoses are seldom at fault, and I am something of a heart specialist, as all the world knows. But here am I joking, when I ought to be serious, and yet I feel so uplifted that, although I am just as serious as ever I was in my life, I find it almost impossible to get my feet on solid common sense.

"What a wonderful time we had last night, to be sure! No sooner had I got my eyes wiped and the lump in my throat swallowed, than I had to start all over again, until I began to think I must have really reached my second childhood. First of all, the Rev. Henry Stewart told the story of your escape with that poor woman and her children, and upon my word, dear boy, I felt proud of you. Then I got the next thrill when I saw a stately lady coming down the aisle and right on to the platform. I knew her the minute she lifted her veil, although you know I only saw her twice in your company, and had not set eyes on her since you went away, although I had come across her name in the papers and on the hoardings at every turn. I never was so much surprised in my life. There was no mistake about it; it was Constance Goring herself, and she stood and faced that audience like a hero—or heroine, I suppose it should be.

"My word, she must have been deeply stirred, or she could never have done it. You see, the meeting was open for any one to do anything or say anything they liked, and Constance told me afterwards that she felt impelled to do something—something unconventional—which would break down a barrier, a certain barrier she talked about. She did not tell me, but I guessed by the way she said it that it had something to do with what you had once said to her. Well, she broke down my barriers completely, and I was too much entranced to mop the tears up. She has a voice in a million, nay, in ten millions, and the way she sang "There is a green hill far away" was a hundred sermons rolled in one.

"But the best of it all is, Constance Goring was converted last night, soundly converted, Harry—no nonsense about it. I could tell by her eyes she had got the vision. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new to her. I know it will be good news to you, Harry, and I know too that it is in answer to your prayers that this great thing has come to pass. I will write to you again

in a few days, telling you all the usual things, but this letter is sacred to the one thing; so with every good wish.

"I remain your old friend,

"Morton Bradley.

"P.S.—Her address is 5 Charlton Gardens, W."

And what about Constance? Oh, human love is very real and very tangible and very necessary to this little life. Constance felt this during the next five weeks. In coming into harmony with Harry's view of life, any love she had felt for him in the past seemed as moonlight to sunlight compared with her love for him now. Yet she had voluntarily put him out of her life. She could not think of writing to him. Had she not herself made him promise not to correspond? No, she could do nothing. She had wronged him too deeply. Nor was she worthy of him. How could she ever be a helpmeet to a man such as he was? Yet the barrier was down. She felt in touch with him, even though, perhaps, she should never be able to tell him so. They saw eye to eye. The miracle had been wrought, and the thing he had promised to pray for daily had come to pass.

But she reckoned without Dr. Bradley. Indeed, it says much for her new humility that she never dreamt of his intervention, yet it was to him that she carried a certain piece of flimsy paper, inscribed with magical words which had been flashed under oceans and over continents. They read, "Will you come? Meet steamer Hong Kong. Harry."

"Well, my dear, what will you say in reply?" said the good doctor, looking at Constance humorously over his spectacles.

"I have replied already," said Constance.

"Ah! Ah! you have then?" said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Constance. "an hour ago."

"Ah, my dear," said the doctor, "you should have come to me first. Cablegrams are expensive, and ladies never save words."

"I did," said Constance, laughing in her turn. "My cablegram consisted of two words."

"And they were—?" cried the doctor.

"Yes.—Constance."—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Current Topics and Events.

THE TRAGEDY OF MUKDEN.



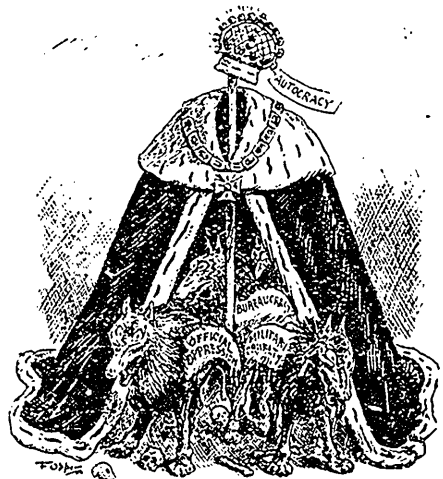
RUSSIAN CARTOON.

Death leading the sons eastward to battle.
The fathers driven into exile.

Never before has the world watched with such intense and absorbing interest the dreadful tragedy of war as during the greatest battle of history, which has been waged upon the Manchurian plains. It seems almost incredible that, even allowing for the difference of time, we could read in Toronto at noon news dated at Tokio at 11 a.m. the same day. During the invasion of Russia by Napoleon—the event which comes nearer in magnitude to the present war than any other—long weeks and sometimes even months elapsed before details of battle were reported, but now we can almost be present on the battlefield—so full and vivid are the press reports. Never have such enormous armies fought since Darius, with his million of men, met the Greeks at Arbela, and never were such deadly engines of war, such scientific instruments of slaughter employed for the destruction of mankind.

Surely after such crushing defeat the Czar will yield to the logic of events and give up the reckless game of Beggar my neighbor—while he most of all begins himself. Yet we read that, like Pharaoh, he hardens his heart and determines to send another and another army to be sacrificed to his indomitable pride. Well may the Russians, as described in Herr Hugo Ganz's book, pray for a smashing defeat as their only hope of liberty—and they are like to have it. If with their enormous resources and position strongly fortified for months upon the Shakhe they were unable to withstand the intrepidity and skill and strategy of the Japanese, their routed and shattered armies cannot hope to rally against the victorious foe.

The Japanese, we read, still propose generous terms. Instead of being drunk with victory and planning to destroy the Russian power they ask little more than Russia promised all the world to give two years ago. Never were more strikingly fulfilled the words of Scripture, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."



"ALL THIS MUST PASS AWAY."
—Oppen in the New York American.



THE FALLEN IDOL, KUROPATKIN.

In his insolence of power the now discredited Kuropatkin threatened a year ago to make peace at Tokio. It now develops that it was the plan of Russia to subdue Norway and Sweden, as they had already subdued Finland, and to invade India, and seek a port in the Persian Gulf. But "vaulting ambition overleaps itself." Again is fulfilled the Scripture. "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

HISTORY IN CARTOON.

Affairs in Russia continue to grow from bad to worse. The disaster to Russian arms in Manchuria but intensifies the disaffection at home. The chord of patriotism declines to vibrate, however pathetically the Czar may harp upon it. The people of Poland and other disaffected parts of the country rejoice as openly as they dare at the defeat of Russian armies. The last hope of the autocracy of a diversion from popular discontent by a victory has failed. The snarling big bear is awakening to a keener sense of his wrongs and of his strength, and will not hibernate again.

The cloak of pomp and splendor thrown over the howling wolves of official oppression, bureaucracy, and military

cruelty can no longer protect these beasts of prey from the hatred of the people. A clever cartoon shows the great powers, England, America, France, Germany, Japan, all riding to prosperity in a twentieth-century automobile, while the poor Czar, weighted down with mediaeval armor, is riding a knock-kneed, spavined, armor-clad horse, and wielding a broken lance. The legend reads, "Come on, Nick. Drop your old-fashioned truck, and get into the band waggon."

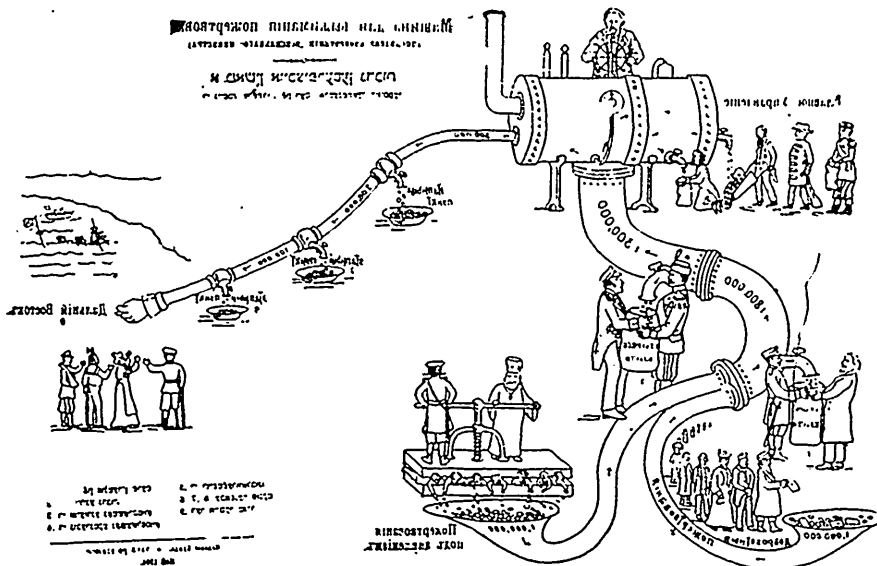
The native cartoons are more bitter still. One, reproduced from a Russian revolutionary paper, shows how the people are squeezed as in a wine-press by priest and soldier, and their very life-blood and treasure are distributed in pipe lines to the Far East, except where tapped by graft and greed on the way. Still another, entitled, "Father and Sons," shows a procession of stalwart young men being led by a skeleton towards the Far East, while the old men following a mourning genius are driven into exile.

A fatality seems to follow even the best of the Czars. Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs, was cruelly murdered by the Nihilists, it is said, at the instigation of the Court Party.

It is a fearful thing that one weak man—weak in body and mind—should have the despotic power of the Czar; that his word should send army after army across the wastes of Siberia to meet a cruel death on the snow-stained Manchurian steppes. A craven at home, shrinking



Nicholas (to Kuropatkin)—"Wave your flag and distract his attention until he begins to hibernate again."—Chicago Tribune.



Russian Cartoon—Squeezing the People to Enrich the Bureaucrats.

from the terror that walketh in darkness, he is valorous only in spilling the blood of the millions of his serfs. Whom the gods would destroy they first infatuate. The blindness and recklessness of the autocracy in waging at this crisis a relentless persecution of the Jews, and fiercer oppression of the great dumb weltering mass of the people, the closing of the schools and universities, are surely an act of national suicide.

Japan is fighting the battle of civilization not merely for herself, but for the oppressed people of Russia as well. Surely the colossal empire that controlled the whole of northern Europe and Asia had territory enough to develop, and nations enough to civilize, without invading Manchuria and menacing both China and Korea. Defeated alike by sea and land her history presents a tragedy—

At which the world grows pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Again has been illustrated the description of Russia as a despotism tempered by assassination. Notwithstanding all the wrongs of the people, the public opinion of Christendom revolts at the cruel method of the Grand Duke's taking off. "Non tali auxilio"—not with such weapons as these is freedom won for a people. It is doubtless the answer of the revolutionaries to the massacre of the

Red Sunday, but such terrorism only defeats its object, estranges sympathy and gives ground for excuse for greater restrictions. We have been shocked to hear



CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

What an irony of fate that the founder of the Hague Court of Arbitration should wage the greatest war in the history of the world! Can he send another army of 450,000 to "avenge" the defeat of the 750,000 despatched to the Far East?



THE MODERN GULLIVER.

the frequent expression concerning this murder, "Served him right." Even if it did, it is a dreadful thing to assume the role of executioner. Far wiser is the advice of Tolstoi to accept the Saviour's teaching, "Resist not evil." The Jesuitical argument that the end justifies the means, that it is lawful to do wrong to secure an ultimate good, is a devil's argument. The simple axiom remains, "It is never right to do wrong."

The old story of the giant Gulliver is re-enacted. The northern Colossus, whose tread seemed to shake the earth and menace the nations, is being bound hand and foot by the "pigmy Japs" and is no longer the terror of Europe. It is just as well that the gigantic egotism and conceit of the world's bugaboo are being exposed.

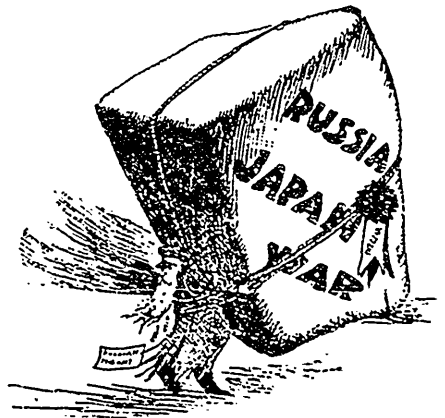
THE HOLY CITY OF THE MANCHUS.

The ancient city of Mukden, the scene of the great Japanese victory, is the capital of Manchuria, and is situated on a plain in the southern part of that province, two hundred miles north of Port Arthur, and three hundred miles south of Harbin. It has a population of 250,000,

and is located in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded on all sides by vast fields of millet, which afforded a rich supply of food for the people. Mukden is a walled city. There is an outer wall of earthwork, circular in form, surrounding the entire town, and an inner wall of brick, in the form of a square, enclosing only the chief part of the city. The inner wall is entered by eight gates, two on each side.

Some of the things of chief interest in and around Mukden are the city walls and gates, the Chinese prison, the drum tower and huge bell, the tombs of the ancient kings, the imperial palace, the Russian post-office, the Roman Catholic and the Russo-Greek churches, and the Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland. But it may reasonably be expected that the small group of mission stations will grow, and that Gospel influences will multiply, as Japanese tolerance takes the place of Russian bigotry.

Mukden is a port of considerable importance, with a good deal of shipping, and with shops and bazaars that are filled with native and foreign goods. Its streets are broad and well laid out, and



THE WAR BURDEN OF THE MUKIK.

many of its buildings, especially those in the western and southern quarters of the city and the suburbs, are quite pretentious. There are eight city gates, and many fine monuments. It has witnessed many wars and undergone many changes. In the war with Japan, it was threatened with destruction by 40,000 Japanese troops, who landed on the Manchurian coast. China's army at that time amounted, on paper, to over 1,000,000 soldiers, and Mukden, with its force of 200,000 "Green Flag" defenders, armed with antiquated rifles, was considered impregnable.

A TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

The award of the international jury on the North Sea outrage is a triumph of peace more honorable than one of war. Britain might presumably have sunk or shattered the Russian fleet with a loss of thousands of lives—and that would not have decided the right of the case, only the might of the victor, and would have engendered an undying hate—and then would have to make a treaty of peace at a green table when the fighting all was over. By her self-restraint, her patience, her appeal to the Hague Tribunal, she has avoided this tragedy,



THE LOFTY WALLS OF MUKDEN.

and has won a verdict that for ever vindicates her integrity. There was no Japanese torpedo-boats; the Russians had no cause to fire on the harmless trawlers, and Russia now pays \$350,000 indemnity. Surely this is a presage of a better day when reason and righteousness shall take the place of savagery and war.

The action of the United States Senate in so loading the proposed reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland with conditions which make it absolutely useless, has provoked very hostile feeling in Britain's oldest colony. We hope that the island, so rich in resources of forest and fisheries and mines, will find that its truest interests lie by union with Canada rather than looking for any favors from Uncle Sam, whose attitude in all commercial dealings is well illustrated in the accompanying cartoon.

Our venerable kinsman south of the line seems to be waking up to the fact that the attractions of reci-



THE FAMOUS "BELL TOWER," MUKDEN.



MURDEN, AS SEEN FROM THE CITY HALL.

procity have not the fascination for Canada that he thought it had, that we have learned to trust to our own resources and to cultivate trade with the homeland. A cartoon in the Montreal Star illustrates this by showing Uncle Sam as a gardener saying, "Just look at this beautiful specimen of *Reciprocus Americanus Canadensis*, my dear. How is yours getting along?" But jaunty Miss Canada over the wall replies, "Oh, mine died long ago! I am cultivating a different kind of plant now," and she points proudly to the sturdy growth of British trade. Canada has learned to paddle her own canoe, and does not need the assistance of her kinsman across the line.

THE STURDY TWINS.

What would have been a cause of universal rejoicing, the birth of two new provinces to the Dominion, the sturdy twins of the North-West, has been turned into an occasion of strife and rancor and ill-will by the maladroit efforts of the hierarchy to claim a large share in the training of these infants as peculiarly its own. But we must not in this strife of words forget the significance of the fact: two commonwealths, large as a European

nation have been created. Like the infant Hercules, they will strangle the serpents that seek to invade their cradle, and grow up to be a sturdy Protestant power moulding, probably, more largely than any other section of the Dominion, the future of Canada.

The cartoon quoted from an exchange shows our great North-West, but recently a child, now grown to such stalwart proportions that he demands autonomy of a province greater in area than any in the broad Dominion.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

A writer in a recent number of *The Outlook* presents the merits of the public library with much force. Our public schools only afford the beginning of an education. A very small percentage of our population can get beyond the public schools. The need of a supplementary educational system is self evident. Our public schools should be an inspiration to continue study in this wider field of the public library. Certainly libraries and laboratories have come to occupy a position in our colleges that no one thought of fifty years ago.

What is of such importance to our col-



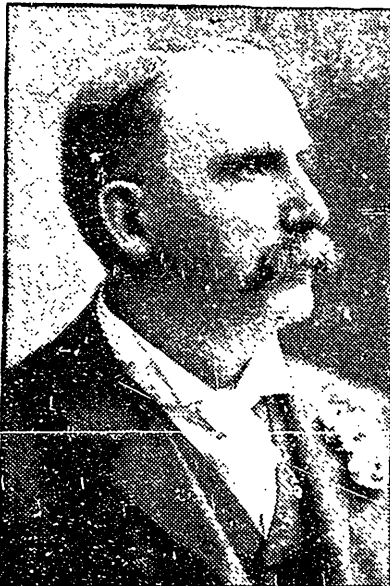
CAN PADDLE HER OWN CANOE.

Uncle Sam—"Waal, say, she d'n't appear to be much on the flirt, does she!"—*World*, Toronto.



"Don't you think I'm big enough to boss my own ranch"? - World.

leges must be a boon when brought to our very doors in the public library. It doubles the value of the education a child receives at school. It opens the door to the adult whose education has been neglected in his youth. It substitutes the reading-room for the bar-room. It provides information for teachers, ministers, journalists, and others. If



THE LATE E. F. CLARKE, M.P.



THE LATE O. A. HOWLAND, K.C.

the cost were ten times as great, says the Outlook, it would be money well spent. We cannot do better than look to the increase and improvement of "the people's universities."

It is a curious coincidence that within a few days two ex-mayors of Toronto, who had also served in the great councils of the nation, should pass "where beyond these voices there is peace." The generous tribute alike of political friends and foes of E. F. Clarke to his integrity and high character relieve the antagonisms of political life of some of their acerbities. Pity that one must wait till these kind words, which would have fallen with such comfort on the living ear, fall only on the dull, cold ear of death. The generous subscription for the family of the man, who served his country better than he served himself, shows that Canada is not ungrateful to those who give of their best for her benefit.

Dr. Withrow's excursion to Europe now numbers twelve—a small and congenial party. There is still opportunity to join this party, but early application should be made. For free programme address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.



“THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THE WOMEN, FEAR NOT YE.”

THE LORD OF DEATH.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

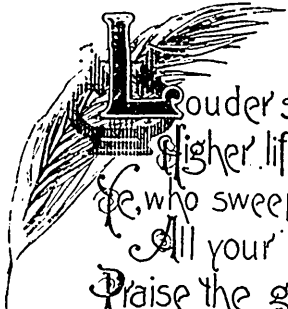
Within the garden all is still,
 As men at arms, in grim array,
 Fulfil the haughty high priest's will
 Where Joseph laid his Lord away.
 But see! the East bursts forth in bloom
 And earth responsive throbs beneath—
 The soldiers reel, and from the tomb
 Jesus is risen—the Lord of Death!

The Roman guard kept watch below,
 Angelic legions watched above;
 A mad direst hate of fiend and foe
 Falls vanquished at the feet of Love.
 Death, who had all his arrows hurled,
 Now flees, a smitten, skulking wraith,
 While seraphs shout around the world:
 The Lord and Christ is Lord of Death!

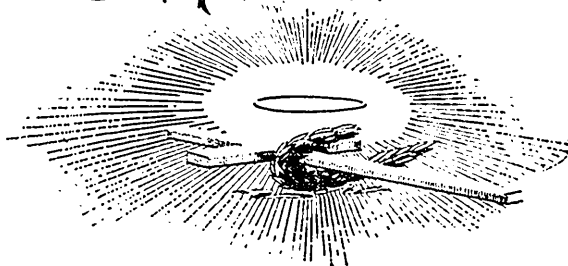
Then let us keep the Holy Feast,
 Of death of Death, on Easter Day;
 Of love to man and God increased,
 Of sin and malice put away.
 Aye, let our lives proclaim our creed
 As with a sounding clarion's breath,
 And let us rise with Him indeed,
 Who is our Lord, and Lord of Death!

O mourning ones, lift up your heads!
 O breaking hearts, awake to song!
 There is no darkness and no death
 If ye but list th' exultant throng
 Whose endless hallelujahs ring.
 Hear what the Easter triumph saith,—
 Hear Angel and Archangel sing:
 The Lord and Christ is Lord of Death!

EASTER READINGS.



Louder strike the note of triumph,
 Higher lift the song of joy,
 Ye, who sweep your harps of rapture
 All your noblest powers employ;
 Praise the glorious, risen Savior,
 Praise Him in His courts above.
 Still ascribe to Him the glory,
 Crown Him with immortal love!



HE song of the Homeland
 never grows wearisome. Its
 melody sweetens as life
 runs on. Bernard's ex-
 ultant and rapturous hymn
 breathes the joy of every
 confident believer :

" For thee, O dear, dear, country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep."

But the gates of this " Sweet and Blessed
 County " were opened to human vision
 and hope on Easter morn. After the
 stone was rolled away from the rock-hewn
 sepulchre the disciples first understood
 those wondrous words, " I go to prepare
 a place for you." " Where I am ye shall
 be also."

The world has been slow in getting at
 the heart of this comfort-bringing prom-
 ise. The conspicuousness of the physical
 in our lives makes materialism easy and
 almost inevitable. The tangible and vis-

ible insist on holding the first place in
 our thought. The body is ever asserting
 itself in our philosophy of spiritual life
 and of heaven.

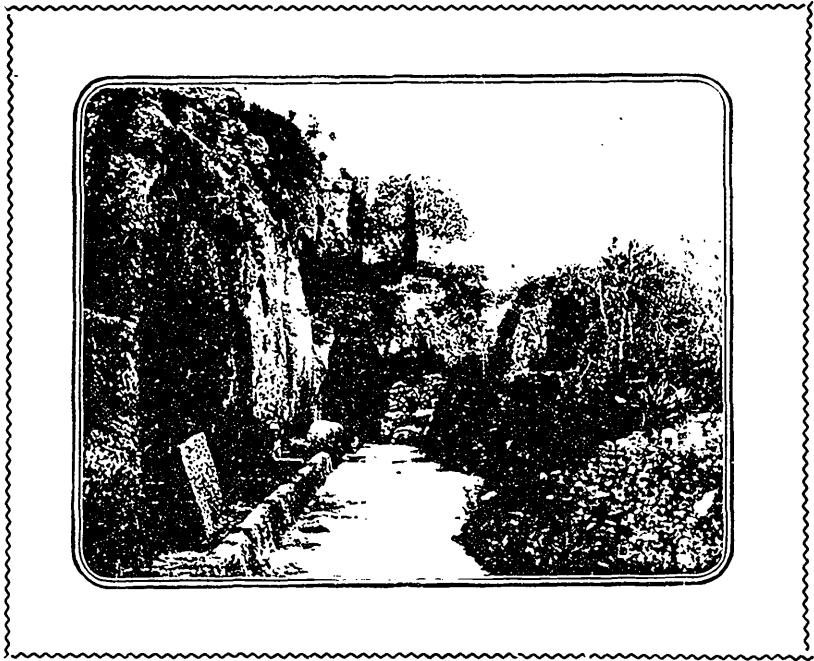
For ages the dominant conception of
 the resurrection was physical. Even the
 most spiritual preachers of the Church
 spent effort and argument to prove how
 a body scattered to the four winds of
 heaven, and perhaps forming the con-
 stituent parts of other bodies like itself,
 could ever be summoned back to life and
 to identity with its former self.

It seems strange to the luminous spirit-
 uality of this later age that great divines
 should ever have missed the whole sig-
 nificance of that wondrous miracle in
 the garden. The resurrection of Jesus
 was not for the sake of the body. It
 matters not whether the body is ever
 raised. " Flesh and blood cannot in-
 herit the kingdom of God." The body
 that now is is not the body that shall be.
 " It is sown a natural body ; it is raised a

spiritual body." Even before the ascension of Jesus his resurrected body had about it a wondrous mystery. The miracle of ascension completed the transformation, and he took humanity back with Him, in His own person, to the skies in a glorified and spiritual body.

The return of Christ's physical being to life was for the sake of demonstrating a spiritual reality. It was not in order to show that a body could again live, but to show that the spirit was not dead. The significance of Easter is purely spiritual. Immortality consists in the life

according to Scripture and experience, a dead soul may reside in a living body. Open eyes discover this in the wondrous words of Jesus to the sister of the buried Lazarus: "I am the resurrection and the life." Regeneration is the spiritual counterpart of the physical miracle of Easter. Like as Christ rose in body, so in spirit we are to "walk in newness of life." The miracle of Easter is the miracle of the soul's life. The invincible Christ rose to make us equally invincible to death. The world's last and greatest enemy is Death; not physical death, but



THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN.

of the soul. The death of Jesus' body in no way interfered with his existence or personal identity. He spent the three days in which his body rested in the tomb in ministry to needy souls in the spiritual world, even as he spent his time on earth in acquainting men with God.

Our bodies hold too large a place in our thought. Personality is not physical. Manhood consists in something nobler than vitalized dust. Easter is not only a demonstration that the soul lives after death, but a nobler demonstration of how it may live before death, for,

spiritual. Death, physical, has no sting but sin. To an emancipated soul it is the portal to blessedness.

There is then no real Easter for mankind except as in spirit men are risen with Christ and experience "the power of an endless life," even the life "which is hid with Christ in God."

Our physical resurrection is an incident, not a primary fact. Its certainty is assured by the fact of the soul's immortality. Its blessedness is guaranteed only when, through the risen life, the "soul is made alive unto God." This



THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.—James Tissot.

Contrast this realistic treatment with that by Gabriel Max in the famous picture reproduced on page 143 of the February number of this magazine.

spiritual quickening of humanity is the goal of Christ's ministry. Life is the portal of heaven. "I am the resurrection and the life," said Jesus. When the earth shook, and the rocks rent and the stone of His sepulchre rolled away. Life grappled with Death in mortal strife and for ever conquered.

Easter morning is the symbol of the soul's resurrection; the birthday of the hope, the natal day of its spiritual life. From the first moment of its dawning light sunshine illumined the world's sorrow and music cheered its march to the tomb. Every conqueror in Christ goes through life with a song and smile, while his heart and his hope are anchored in the skies.—Dwight Mallory Pratt, D.D., in *The Independent*.

THE NEARNESS OF CHRIST AND OF OUR DEPARTED.

We must not think of the Christ simply in relation to His historical past, but as the Ever-living One; not as One who was raised and who ascended to some remote heaven nineteen hundred years ago, but

as One who appears to us on this Easter morning just as He appeared to the women and His disciples on the first Lord's Day, the day of resurrection. Margaret Sangster voices this thought very sweetly in these lines:

"The morning springs exultant! (Christ is risen!
No bars for life in death's swift-shattered prison.
Lo! the day breaks, the shadows flee away;
Lo! Christ is with us, even as we pray.
Lord, come, Lord Jesus. He is with us here,
For ever present and for ever dear."

And she expresses the same faith beautifully with reference to those who have faded from our vision; who have been swallowed up in the light which is too intense for our mortal gaze, but who, nevertheless, need not necessarily be imagined as far removed and entirely disconnected from us. Rather is it natural and rational to conceive the opposite as the better probability. And Mrs. Sangster speaks in her poem "To One Gone Home" in such touching words as these:

"And often it is clear to me
That here and there are not apart,
That somehow God's whole family
Have scarce the throbbing of one heart—
To separate them; just a breath—
The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death.

"To you, dear one, whose very tones
Still vibrate in your empty room,
To you, athwart whatever zones
For you are bright with fadeless bloom,
I send my whole heart's love to-day,
The day my darling went away."

Jesus said "Mary" as if He were re-summing the thread of a conversation broken off by His death. The sound poured like a crystal river of sunlight and delight through all the murky wastes and gloomy reaches of her soul's dark landscape. It is true that not Mary, but only Jesus, was risen from the dead. But He alone is enough. His one word to her means that silence cannot lock for ever in her rugged cell the mute music of our dead. It shall become vocal again. The sigh for the sound of a voice that is still is not a hopeless heaving of the breast. The bitterness of death is past. The last enemy is destroyed. Mary turned and said, "Rabboni." And even when at a later hour she repeated the word to the disciples, so much of unspeakable ecstasy still lived in her tone that they, writing still later, did not venture to translate it into Greek. No other word seemed able to carry her tone and her joy. There is no word we know as yet that can carry the tone and the joy with which by and by we too shall greet the risen Lord.—Willard H. Robinson, D.D.

This Easter Day my message is the old, old message you have heard so often, but it is worth while to hear it again, at least every Easter. Life is continuous, there is no break; the flower is not cut off by the sirocco; the water is not spilled upon the ground never to be recovered; the weaver's thread is not cut, broken, lost. No! Death is Christ saying, Come, weary one, and I will give you rest;

death is Christ saying, Come, enslaved one, I will give you liberty; death is Christ saying, Come, immigrant, I will take you out of the land of your bondage; death is Christ saying, Come, lonely and solitary one, I will take you to your home. There are children waiting for some of you; parents waiting for some of you; friends waiting for some of you; the husband is there waiting for the wife, and the wife is there waiting for the husband, and the pastor is there waiting for many a friend; and when we take the mystic ship and sail across the unknown sea, it will not be on a foreign shore that we shall land, but they that have gone before will troop out to welcome us and we shall be as at home.—Lyman Abbott.

The full Easter joy is given to those who walk daily with the living Christ, and to them alone. Through all the Easter music a note of expectation rings. It is joy in the midst of imperfection, because it is the experience of a hidden life. The church was never perfect. Every true heart knows the need of repentance and the need of a redeemer from indwelling sin. But we have our portion in a risen and prevailing life. Our great day is yet to come. The unfolding of the plan of which we are a part cannot be hurried. We are imperfect because the work is incomplete, yet the eternal life is ours.—Congregationalist.

Christ's resurrection is the cause, the earnest, the guarantee and the emblem of the rising of all His people. Let them, therefore, go to their graves as to their beds, resting their flesh among the clods as they now do upon their couches.—Spurgeon

My risen Lord, I feel Thy strong protection,
I see Thee stand among the graves to-day;
"I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,"
I hear Thee say;
And all the burdens I have carried sadly
Grow light as blossoms on an April day;
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
This Easter Day.



Religious Intelligence.

HANDS OFF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Seldom has Canada been so stirred to the very core as by the attempt of the Dominion Government to force upon the new provinces of the North-West the incubus of separate schools. This is all the more surprising because it is a reversal of the policy of conciliation which Sir Wilfrid Laurier observed in the outset of his ministerial career. It gives evidence of the meddling influence in our institutions of the Church of Rome. Not satisfied with the dominance which for one hundred and fifty years it has had in the province of Quebec, it covets the whole broad continent for its own. The chivalrous generosity of the British secured to a conquered people, not merely the toleration, but the endowment and protection, of their language, their religion, and their laws.

It would have been better for Canada and better for Quebec if public schools had been established in that province. There would have been to-day a higher type of intelligence than we find in the unlettered French habitant. There would have been less racial distinction, not to say antagonism. The rights of the Protestant minority would have been better secured without the least wrong to the Catholic majority. They could both have all the religious instruction in the schools they wish, as both Protestants and Catholics can have in the public schools of Ontario, where priest and presbyter alike may teach catechism or Bible to his own flock in hours specially set apart for that purpose.

The Protestant minority in Quebec, in the rural districts, are practically denied education for their children, because there are not enough of them to maintain a Protestant separate school. Hence they have gone by thousands from the Eastern Townships to the United States, and whole sections of English-speaking Protestants, the best blood and brawn and brain of the community, have been extruded by the domination of Catholic schools.

And this baneful system the hierarchy wishes to saddle for ever upon the new commonwealths of the great west, to perpetuate in them the system of clerical teaching that obtains in French Canada,

in Mexico, in Spain, in every country where the Church of Rome has been permitted to choke intelligence, to stifle inquiry, to substitute superstition for rational piety.

Sir Wilfrid avers that the prevalence of lawlessness, lynching and divorce in the United States is the result of their secular teaching. If that were true, it is due, as The Northwestern, of Chicago, has pointed out, to the attitude of Roman Catholics, united with atheists, to prohibit religious instruction in the public schools. But crimes of violence, as of the Mafia, and social immorality, prevail more in Naples and Sicily, where Rome has full control, than in any part of the United States.

The efforts of France and Italy to throw off the incubus of clerical domination show what an intolerable yoke it has become. But that is not the primary question in the present case. The question is the right of the new commonwealths springing into life in our great mid-continent, soon to be filled with millions of people, to choose for themselves. It is intolerable that a papal nuncio, or a group of bishops, should attempt to dictate what the free settlers on the prairies shall do for all time. We have had too much of the grip of the dead hand in Quebec to wish its repetition on the virgin soil of the great west.

If the Church of Rome were to have its own way in this regard, it would sow the seeds of discontent, of racial estrangement which would bring forth bitter fruit for long generations to come. But of that there is little fear. The sons of the prairies, breathing their air of freedom and enjoying their wide vision, would make short work of any such intolerable burden laid upon them without their consent and against their protest. They will give the widest religious freedom to their Catholic fellow-citizens, and those of every faith, but they will not bow their necks to a yoke neither they nor their fathers were able to bear.

That broad-visioned man, John Morley, expresses his astonishment at the manner in which the United States has assimilated the many millions of foreigners of diverse races and religions, and made them all patriotic Americans. It is the

public school more than anything else that has done it. In the foreign settlements of New York the schools rise like palaces amid the squalor of the surrounding slums. They are filled three times a day, morning, afternoon, and night, with successive classes of children or adults—so eager are the people to embrace their advantages. In one of these we were informed that forty-nine different dialects and languages were spoken. Yet English is rapidly superseding them all. The bright-eyed Jews and Italians, the more stolid Teuton and Russ, are winning their way to future success through the schools.

On the plains of Minnesota and Dakota the same is true. The schools are the pride of the people, in which the polyglot overflow from Europe are trained in civilization and citizenship. The same means will produce the same result in our own new west, if the hand of Rome is prevented from muddling and marring and blighting its future, stirring up racial and religious antagonism, from which the people are now free.

The intelligent American immigration, accustomed to the free schools of their own land, will certainly not accept the mediaeval system proposed in the new provinces. At a time when the development of the country needs all the statesmanship and union of heart and mind and men and means that we can have, it is a bigoted and suicidal policy to fling this apple of discord into the midst. Nothing menaces more the future of our country, its temporal prosperity, its intellectual freedom, its religious growth, than this meddling of the Roman Catholic hierarchy with the free and inalienable rights of the people.

FRANCES E. WILLARD HONORARIUM.

The unveiling of the statue of Frances E. Willard in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol, in Washington, was one of the events in the history of Congress. It is said that more people have named the name of Frances Willard than that of any other woman of her generation, except Queen Victoria. Miss Willard is the first woman in the history of the United States to be recognized by Congress as among the great of the nation. It is an indication of public sentiment on the temperance question that the first woman to be placed in Statuary Hall should be so honored because of her efforts in behalf of the victims of the liquor traffic.

The statue itself is of Carrara marble (See illustration on cover), and repre-

sents Miss Willard in the art of delivering an address. The inscription on the pedestal is from her own tribute to women: "Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of 10,000 prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

It is said that rarely, if ever, have better speeches been made in Congress than on this occasion. Both houses suspended their labors for the day. An entire gallery was reserved for the delegation from the W. C. T. U. Great crowds were unable to get through the doors, and stood waiting for hours in the hope of gaining admission. Perhaps the most touching tribute of all was that of the several hundred children from the public schools, each of whom, with bowed head, placed a lily upon the base of the statue. As was fitting, this statue is by an accomplished woman sculptor.

THE AUTHOR OF BEN HUR.

General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," who died recently at Crawfordsville, Ind., at the age of seventy-eight years, had a life of most varied and in-



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

teresting experiences. Governor of New Mexico, governor of Utah, U.S., minister to Turkey, major-general in the Civil War, surely these would have satisfied the ambitions of most men. Nevertheless, it is as an author, and more especially as the author of "Ben Hur," that his name is remembered.

In face of the discussion lately evoked by Dr. Osler on the comparative uselessness of man in later life, it is interesting to note that Mr. Wallace published his first book, "The Fair God," at the age of forty-six. Following this came "Ben Hur," with its enormous sale, reaching well up to a million copies, and its translation into many languages. Says an exchange: "Multitudes have been greatly helped by it to realize the truths of the New Testament story, and in thus honoring the Great Teacher, General Wallace worthily won honor for himself."

Gen. Wallace was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout his life. Almost his last words were: "I am ready to meet my Maker."

A SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently celebrated its silver anniversary. During its short life it has expended about three million dollars, and now holds property worth more than one million. At the time of the anniversary there was kept before the church the object of raising \$200,000 for the payment of debts incurred as the result of the rapid progress of the work. To-day the Society is conducting forty-seven schools and industrial homes among the colored people; it sustains twenty-four deaconess homes, and three large national training-schools for deaconesses and missionaries. It manages four city missions and a home for immigrant girls.

GREAT REVIVALS IN SMALL PLACES.

In Redwood Falls, Minn., a little town of 2,000 inhabitants, there were 600 conversions during the months of December and January. Union services were held in a tabernacle built for the occasion. Over fifty per cent. of the converts were adult men.

In one village where meetings were being conducted by some young people, fifty were converted out of a population of 250. Of the county officials, seven out of ten were converted to God. Echoes of revival from everywhere should encour-

age God's people to bear His banners forward.

The Salvation Army, among its many operations, conducts a Life Insurance and a Banking Department. It commenced active assurance business in 1894. For that year its premium income was £420. To indicate its surprising growth we have but to mention that at the present time its premium income amounts to £3,270 per week, or £170,000 per annum. It has found that it can come in touch with multitudes of people for their religious welfare through these organizations whom they cannot reach in their distinctly evangelistic work.

A GENEROUS SACRIFICE.

The mysterious death, by poison, of the late Mrs. Stanford, brings to notice an interesting page in the history of the Leland Stanford University. The property conveyed by the late Senator's deed of gift to the university was valued at \$30,000,000. But soon after his death an action was brought by the Government against the estate for \$15,000,000. Pending the action Mrs. Stanford was allowed \$10,000 a month for personal expenses. She declared that she was familiar with poverty, that she could live on \$100 a month, and she gave the balance of the allowance to the University. She was willing at the same time to sell all her jewels and to make any personal sacrifice. Inspired by her spirit, the Faculty of the University bravely faced the conditions, cut down running expenses, accepted greatly diminished salaries, and passed safely through the crisis."

REVIVAL ECHOES.

Echoes come to us of the revival that has followed in the wake of Dr. Dawson's meetings in Boston. Says *The Outlook*: "The religious life of the Churches has been profoundly stirred. It is evident that they are heartily accepting Dr. Dawson's leadership in efforts to revive the primitive enthusiasm of the Apostolic days." An interesting spectacle was a battalion of the Salvation Army heading a column of Boston Congregationalists, a thousand strong, with Unitarians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists in company. The object of this night march was to gather into a Gospel meeting the street loafers, saloon tipplers, the flotsam and jetsam of the city. Fifty of those thus gathered were convicted of sin.

Book Notices.

"Men of the Covenant." The Story of the Scottish Church in the Years of the Prosecution. By Alexander Smellie, M.A. Author of "In the Hour of Silence." London: Andrew Melrose. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-433. Price, \$2.65.

No more heroic story was ever told than that of the brave men who kept flying through long years of persecution the bonnie blue flag of the Scottish Covenant. In an age of much laxity, not to say latitudinarianism of opinion, when depth and strength of conviction are largely lacking, it is a mental tonic to read of those brave days of old when men gripped convictions to their souls for which they were willing to live and to die. Like a waft from the heathery hills comes this tale of fidelity and fortitude.

Mr. Smellie tells the heroic story in the light of the most recent documents and data. "Surely we in our time ought to know," he says, "and knowing, to praise famous men, and women not a whit less famous than men, who, in Kipling's phrase,

"Put aside To-day
All the joys of their To-day,
And with toil of their To-day,
Bought for us To-morrow."

The setting of the story is of remarkable vigor and vivacity. Charles I., says our author, was the best of the Stuarts, yet he lost his life, while Charles II., the basest of the line, was restored to the forfeited throne amid the adulations of millions. "Put not your trust in princes" is a lesson the Scots have been slow to learn. They clung to the Stuarts, both regnant and Pretenders, with a pathetic fidelity.

The story begins with the chapter, "How the King Came Home," the restoration of Charles II. Then follows the long record of royal perfidy. The very titles of the chapters indicate the insight into the spirit of the times. "Marquis and Martyr" tells the heroic story of Argyll; "The Short Man Who Could Not Bow" is the tale of the valorous James Guthrie, a true counterpart of Bunyan's "Stand Fast in the Faith"; "Sharper

of that ilk," to use Cromwell's phrase, portrays the small, paltry, higgling archbishop, whose name described his character; "A Nonsuch for a Clerk" portrays the noble character of Johnston of Warriston, "God's Gift in Danger's Hour"; Ephraim MacBriar, who was satirized by Scott, is shown to have been a very Sir Galahad; "Blot His Name Out" is the epitaph of Lauderdale: "The Blink" describes the gleam of light in this strange history; and "Gloom After Gleam" describes its extinction. "Spokesmen of Christ" were the field preachers of the day who, counting not their lives dear unto them, freely sealed their testimony with their blood. "A Temporary" is one who tries year in and year out "to carry his dish level." "Claverhouse in a' His Pride" describes the character of the best hated man in Scottish history. The tale of the Killing Time is one that in its plain telling surpasses even the romance of Crockett's tragic story. "Those Women Who Labored in the Gospel" records the faithfulness of those sometimes called the weaker sex, who suffered even more than those made of sterner stuff. The long and tragic story ends with a chapter like the breath of spring, "Lo, the Winter is Past."

Some thirty-six illustrations are given, mostly from quaint old prints of places and persons memorable in this epic of Scottish history. Some of the quotations in the quaint spelling of the period take us back to the very time. Lauderdale this describes his visit to the home: "Wher I found them al weal, and was quickly encompassed with children striving who should be most mead of. Charles is grouen ane mighty kind child, and left al his frowardness, and, I think, squints not mor than he did. I asked Jhon if he knew me; he said, 'Ay, ay,' and clapid my cheek, and kissid both of them, and asked for his grandfather at London. Ann is grouen a pleasant and bewtiful child. My littel dawghter Jean, when she saw me mak mor, as she thought, of the rest than hir, said, 'I am a bairn, too.'"

If we are to merge our fortunes with those of the grand old Presbyterian

Church, we should be familiar with its heroic history, especially in this year when the fourth centenary of John Knox is being celebrated; and whether we are or not, it is well worth knowing for its own sake.

"The Land of Riddles." (Russia of Today). By Hugo Ganz. Translated from the German, and edited by Herman Rosenthal. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-330. Price, \$2.00 net.

Nothing could be more opportune at this time, when every one wants to know the truth about Russia, than this recent study—in 1904—by an intelligent traveller, who has had the special opportunities of studying the problem. Mr. Hugo Ganz, a well-known writer of Vienna, had introductions to leading persons in Russia—publicists, lawyers, judges, bankers, merchants, professors, and princes. He went without prejudice, but records his judgment that Russia remains in a state of semi-barbarism akin to that of the middle ages. "An empire of one hundred and thirty million prisoners and one million jailers—such is Russia." St. Petersburg he regarded as a colossal prison—brilliant in its veneer of civilization, but its dungeons echoing with the groans of many of the noblest spirits of the empire. There was luxury in which the gilded youth squandered in vice the wages of the starved mujik; there was misery inconceivable. The real Nihilists, he says, are not the noble young men and women who stake their lives in effort to redeem their nation from ignorance and immorality, but the autocratic cynics, who are not held back even from murder when it is of service to the system.

The palaces, churches, and art galleries of St. Petersburg are the richest in Europe, but the condition of the people is the most deplorable. "We are maintaining," said a Russian prince, an army against the nation." The real authors of the Kishinef massacres were Plehve and his underlings, who, in the name of the Czar, proclaimed the outlawry of the Jews. It is the omnipresent police who terrorize the Czar by placing threatening letters in his pockets and under his pillow. By similar tactics they almost drove his father insane.

The Grand Duke Sergius was one of the

worst Jew-baiters, a man of odious life and morals, "the curse of the country," said a Russian professor, "whose inclination to torture human beings amounted to a disease."

A leading banker declared that the nation was practically bankrupt. It was paying its debts with new ones, and only able to obtain loans by paying the banks a commission of six per cent. when Prussia pays about one-half of one per cent.

The chief Russian paper, *Novoe Vremya*, is "branded with the deepest contempt by the flower of Russian intelligence as a well-poisoner, a worthless cynic. . . . It has not its equal in untruthfulness and diabolical business in the whole world." It finds no lie too infamous, no invention too childish to feed to its readers. It is the leading paper of the country, openly supported by the Government, "infamous, but indispensable," as its patrons say.

The beautiful enthusiasm, the almost religious fanaticism that makes martyrdom bliss, that was being shivered against the brutality of the Cossacks and gendarmes, was for him the most hopeful he saw in Russia. The officials and police, and even judges, are so ill paid that they live by bribes and corruption. It is, he affirms, a proof of the patience of the Russian people that assaults on official criminals are so rare.

The brutal persecutions of the Jews under Plehve involved unspeakable misery. A colonel of the Cossacks denounced the English as "a vile Jew-nation." The usurers, who advance money to the peasants at three hundred to two thousand per cent., are without exception Christians, not Jews. "Absolutism palliated by corruption" is the bitter description of police rule.

Eighty per cent. of the political indictments were against Jews, of whom there are only four per cent. in the empire.

"Every word that he speaks is a lie," is the assertion one oftenest heard about Plehve. "All Russia hopes he will soon be annihilated," a sentence which casts a lurid light upon his subsequent taking off. The present writer knew of his assassination before any one in America. The chief of the relay cable station at Placentia heard the news being repeated by the relay instrument and told us of the fact.

Plehve's rule was described as a regime of hell founded by a devil. "Misery, despair, inevitable collapse," was the

prophecy of a Russian professor. The students regard the Japanese as unexpected allies in their fight against tyranny. A student in prison emptied an oil lamp over his body and set fire to it only in order to protest against absolutism.

There is a revolt from the Church as well as from the State. In 1860 there were thirty millions of often fanatical Nonconformists. Three chapters are devoted to a visit to Tolstoi, who said: "Everything is done to suppress religion. Our upper classes have completely lost religious consciousness." He, too, thought the only hope of the nation was defeat by the Japanese. The revelations of this book seem almost incredible, but several of the chapters have been published in the Berlin Nation and the Frankfort Zeitung, and they cast a lurid light upon the Russian problem of to-day.

"Only Letters." By Francis I. Maule. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 325. Price, \$1.10, post free.

These are among the most vivacious letters of travel we have ever read. They have all the fun of Mark Twain without his exaggeration, and give a vivid picture of unfamiliar scenes. Mark is all right, if you can only tell the fact from the fiction. Here it is all fact and no fiction, but brimful of sparkling humor. Of special interest at this juncture will be the graphic letters from Finland, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, which fill many pages, and give a vivid presentation of out-of-the-way places. We can bear witness to the photographic fidelity of the pictures of Egypt, and the Levant, and the classic memories of the Italian Peninsula. There is about them nothing stilted or pedantic, just the familiar letters home, full of fun and frolic, of a home-loving tourist abroad.

"The Right Life and How to Live It." By Henry A. Stimson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvii-255. Price, \$1.20 net.

We read much of the strenuous life, the simple life, the beautiful life, but most important of all is the right life, on which all the others are based. Conduct and character are all there really is of life. The author of this book writes in a breezy, vigorous way on the facts of life, the individual, the family,

the nation, the universe, of its laws, progress, habit, and character, of its moral equipment, duty, intellectual powers, the feelings, the domain of conscience, moral obligation, individual, social, and religious, and, finally, the rules of the game, the care of the body, of the true self, of sport, of the home, the state. This book is one which we have pleasure in strongly commending.

"John Knox." By A. Taylor Innes. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 158. Price, 35c.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox makes specially timely this study of the life of the great Reformer. The more we read of his character and achievements the more we are convinced of the truth of Froude's assertion that he was the greatest man of his age, and the greatest man that Scotland ever produced. The only thing cheap about this book is its price.

"The Changeless Christ, and Other Sermons." By Rev. Robert Forbes, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116.

The Western Book Concern is doing a good thing by this series of Methodist Pulpit sermons. Sermonic literature was once a drug on the market, and much of it deserved to be, but preaching adapted to the needs of humanity will always find hearers and readers. These chapters distil the very dew of Hermon. They are instinct with evangelistic feeling and power. They are not only interesting reading, but get a grip upon the heart and conscience.

"The World as Intention." A Contribution to Teleology. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-346. Price, \$1.25 net. Reserved for further notice.

"Introduction to the Study of Christian Ethics." By A. Ernest Balch, M.A. London: Chas. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Reserved for further notice.

"The Eternal Saviour-Judge." By James Langton Clarke, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 353 pages. Price, \$3.00 net. Reserved for further notice.