

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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



IN THE TIME OF  
APPLE-BLOOM.\*

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

O the glory of the orchards when  
the apple is in bloom,  
And a million swinging censers are  
spilling their perfume !  
When the maples stand a-quiver in  
their frills of tender green,  
And the busy robins building in  
their branches may be seen :  
When the dogwoods light the fringes  
of the woodland turning gray  
With the buds that swell to burst-  
ing at the airy touch of May.  
With her being full of rapture and  
a songful beat of rhyme,  
What is there like her gladness in  
the apple-blooming time !

\* "From Out-Door Poems." By Benj  
F. Leggett. Author of "A Sheaf of  
Song."



BALLASTING NEWLY-LAID TRACK.



DINNERING OUT IN WINTER SNOW.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1906.

## HOW A RAILROAD IS MADE.

BY THE EDITOR.



ALL over the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canada Northern, and other projected railways, hundreds of men are at work prospecting, surveying, locating, constructing these great highways of the nation. Canada is entering upon a period of unprecedented activity in railway construction. The building of the pyramids of Egypt was comparatively insignificant, compared with the engineering and construction work of these great railways, and certainly the later are in service to mankind of infinitely greater value than those mountains of stone erected as the mausoleum of some vain-glorious Pharaoh now well-nigh forgotten.

Most of our readers are familiar enough with travelling by railway. Few of them, however, we venture to think, have any adequate conception of the amount of skill and labor required for the construction of these iron roads. As we are whirled along in our flying palace car, surrounded by every luxury, and able to read, sleep, or enjoy the ever-varying scenery, climbing mountains, diving through tunnels, leaping over valleys, we are apt to forget the weary toil of brain and muscle in the conception, construction, equipment, and management of that greatest triumph of the material civilization of the age—a suc-

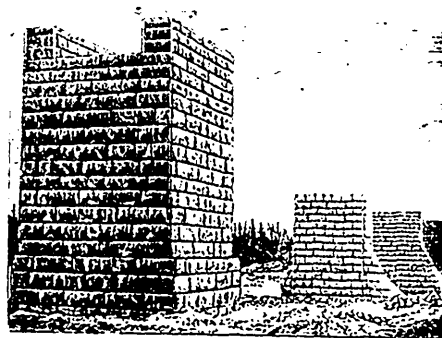


FIG. 1.—ABUTMENT AND PIERS OF BRIDGE.

cessful railway. The difficulties to be overcome are sometimes enormous. The nature of these difficulties and the triumph over them of human skill, experience, foresight, and patience form a record of intense interest. Upon the preliminary processes of surveying, making choice of routes, locating the road, clearing the land, grading, ditching, delving, digging, blasting, tunnelling, and embanking, we shall not delay; but proceed to a brief account of the superstructure and mason work substructures of the road.

In a country like Canada one of the greatest difficulties in railway construction arises from the severity of the climate. The action of winter frosts and spring thaws, especially on exposed embankments, is apt to throw the rails out of level and alignment. The only remedy for this, and for the undermining tendency of water currents and freshets, is thorough drainage. This necessitates deep ditching

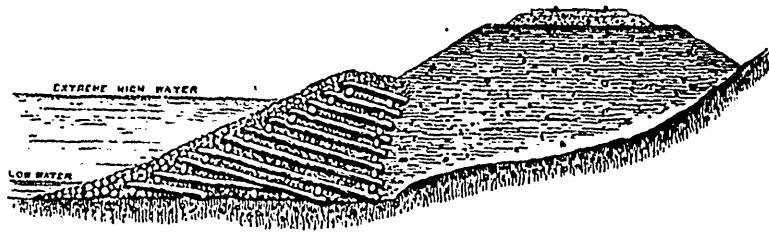


FIG. 2.—CRIB WHARFING ON THE METAPEDIA.

and numerous culverts, large enough to carry off extraordinary floods as well as the usual flow of water. To prevent the impeding of the line by snow, the track must be raised somewhat above the surrounding surface, and the cuttings should be wide enough to admit of the snow being cast aside by snow ploughs. Miles and miles of snow fences and snow sheds are also found necessary for this purpose. In passing through forest land, a sufficient width has to be cleared to prevent obstruction of the road by falling trees and to reduce the risk of injury by bush fires—the latter, in the resinous pine woods, being a dangerous contingency.

No portion of a railway is more important than its bridges. These structures in a rough or mountainous region are often of considerable magnitude, and, on account of spring freshets and ice shoves, have to be of more than ordinary strength. The bridges must be of most substantial character, and generally all of iron. Steel rails are far preferable to even much heavier ones of iron. They last much longer, and the cost of shipping,

transport, handling, and track-laying is no more. Such rails, therefore, are now exclusively employed. The building of stations, "engine-stables," water-tanks, and workshops for the accommodation and repair of rolling stock, is also an important item of railway construction.

The "superstructure" of a railway consists of ballast, ties or sleepers, rails, and everything above the formation level. The weakest part of a line of rails is the joints between them. To secure the greatest possible rigidity under the strain of passing trains, what are called "scabbard joints" are often employed, as well as the ordinary "fish-plate." The scabbard is a sort of splint of good steel, sheathing the ends of the rails, and firmly bolted and spiked in place. The sleepers are generally of spruce, pine, tamarac, or cedar, about two feet six inches from centre to centre. The best ballast is clean gravel, without any admixture of loam or clay, which would hold the water.

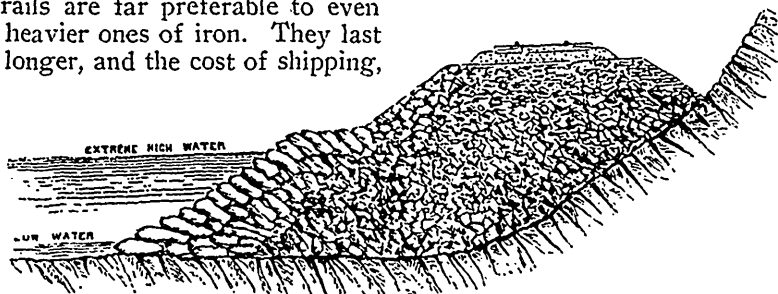


FIG. 3.—EMBANKMENT ON THE METAPEDIA.

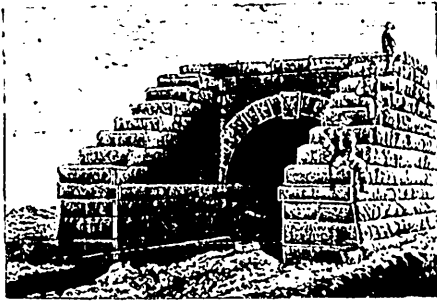


FIG. 4.—CULVERT UNDERNEATH EMBANKMENT.

The "substructure" of a railway consists of everything which goes to form the foundation of the rail-system. A leading principle is to have as few bridge openings as possible. Wherever practicable the streams are conveyed beneath the track through covered archways in a continuous embankment. So also, in crossing valleys, embankments are preferred to viaducts, as safer, more enduring, and generally less costly.

Sometimes it is found necessary to divert a river from its channel in order to construct a road-bed for the railway. This is done as shown in cuts 2 and 3.

In the left-hand margin of Fig. 2 is shown the framework of cedar timbers, faced with stone, as a precaution against the wearing action of flood-water on the newly-formed earthwork. To the right hand of the cut is seen the roadbed, encroaching on that of the river.

In Fig. 3 is shown a similar construction, only instead of crib-wharfing the slope of the embankment is faced with large-sized stones.

The culverts or openings under the railway for streams of water are constructed in the most solid manner. The foundations are carried deep below the frost or quicksands, and every

precaution is taken against the undermining effects of currents of water.

Where the road passes at a sufficient height above the bed of the water-course, a culvert is adopted. The heavy mason-work is first built in the most substantial manner, and the earthwork embankment is afterwards filled in on each side of the culvert, the track running transversely across that structure. Cement is now often used for this purpose. (Cut 4).

Where the height of the road above the water will not allow the use of the semi-circular arch—or where a flatter arch will still allow sufficient vent for the water, a segmental arch is often employed. (Cut 5). This arch is thirty feet wide, and springs directly from the sandstone rock. It is built under an embankment sixty feet high, and the tunnel thus formed is consequently nearly two hundred feet long. The cut is from a photograph taken before the heavy embankment was carried over the arch. The comparative size of the standing figure will show the truly Cyclopean character of the stonework.

In these massive structures no attempt whatever at ornament was made. Such pettiness, indeed, would have been conspicuously out of place.

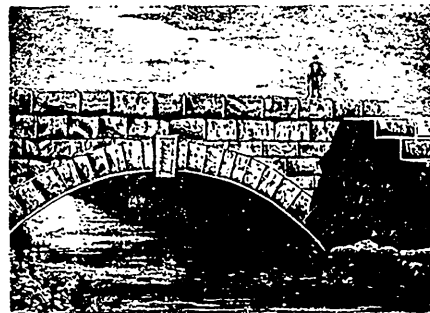
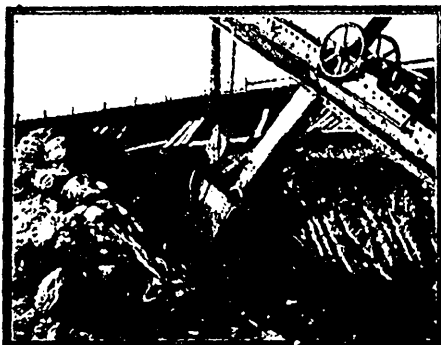


FIG. 5.—SEGMENTAL ARCH CULVERT.



A STEAM SHOVEL.

Whatever character they possess—and they possess much—they derive entirely from their unadorned simplicity, their rugged strength, and the adaptation to the purposes for which they are designed.

For bridges of smaller size the general plan adopted is that shown in the initial cut. The piers and abutments are built as hollow towers, with walls about five feet in thickness, and with circular or rectangular wells within—these wells being sometimes ten feet in diameter. Thus a great saving of material is secured, while a perfectly adequate strength is maintained.

Fig. 1 shows a part of one of these bridges before the laying of the track. The large square abutment to the left is one of these hollow towers. The heavy piers to the right of the cut show the form commonly adopted for resisting the shove of ice in the spring freshets. The sharp wedge-like edge rips up the ice and causes it to part on either side. As the shove, except in tidal rivers, is always down stream, it is on the upper side that this form of structure is chiefly employed.

Among the most difficult constructions on the road are the large bridges near the mouth of tidal rivers. The piers are sunk by means of huge cais-

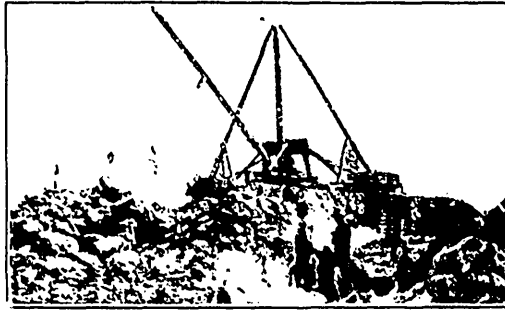
sons, sixty by thirty feet, formed of hewn timber and water-tight planking. The lower part of the caisson is a chamber designed in the form of an inverted hopper to admit of undermining and dredging operations. The lower edge of the caisson terminates in a cutting edge formed of hardwood timber and boiler plate. Above the working chamber are others which are filled with concrete in order to sink the caissons to the bottom. Through these a vertical shaft or well is left, by means of which the excavated material from the bottom is elevated. These huge frameworks are constructed on land, launched and carefully sunk exactly upon the



A DERRICK AT WORK.

site of the piers. By means of the wells dredge pumps remove the underlying material, when the caissons slowly settle down to the solid substratum of rock or firm gravel beds. Frequent interruptions arise from sunken logs and boulders being discovered under the cutting edge of the caisson. These have to be removed by divers clad in waterproof armor, working down on the bottom with pick, shovel, and tackle, like mermen or Tritons. Some of these logs are twenty inches through. Upon the caissons watertight coffer-dams are constructed, to facilitate the building of the mason-work of the piers. On these, dredge-towers were erected, lending their weight to the sinking of the caissons.

By means of steam-dredges the material beneath the caisson is removed. The caisson is then completely filled with concrete, composed of broken stones, sand, and Portland cement, which firmly "sets" in water, and the stonework of the piers is laid thereon, the coffer-dams having been pumped out by powerful engines.



REMOVING ROCK FROM RAILWAY CUTTING.

After one of these piers was nearly completed it was discovered that its foundations were sinking, the amount of sinking being ten and a half inches. The pier was then loaded with stone and iron rails to the extent of 450 tons, when a further depression of two and a half inches took place. Under an additional load of a hundred tons, for several months the foundations continued firm.

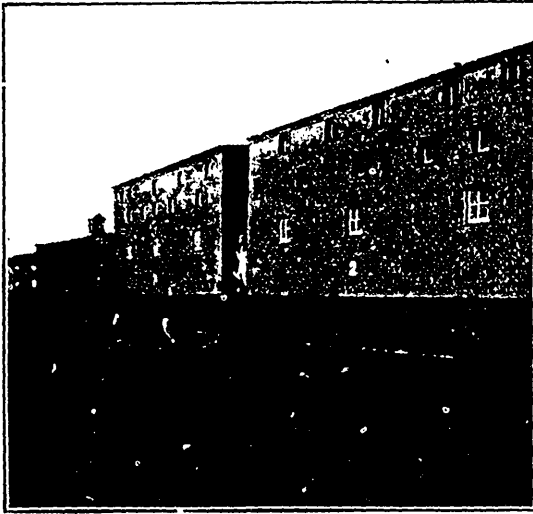
The massive abutments are built on the solid rock, which is cut into steps to receive the foundation. Cofferdams have first to be constructed to



DINNERING ON THE LAKE SHORE.



keep out the water. The huge stones are conveyed to their places by means of a "traveller," running on framework. Our cuts will show the exceedingly solid and enduring character of the masonry. There is a simple majesty about its appearance that approaches the sublime, and almost impresses one with a sense of awe. But the train now whirls rapidly over this structure, and the tourist gives scarce a moment's thought to the immense



"JUMBO" BOARDING CARS, 33FT. X 8FT. X 10FT.  
SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION FOR FROM 60 TO 70.

amount of toil and skill employed in the construction of this air-hung highway.

The employment of caissons in modern bridge-building is one of its most remarkable features. In constructing the St. Louis bridge some of the caissons went down to the depth of 110 feet below the water. The largest in the world is that used for the New York pier of the East River bridge. It is of iron, 172 feet long and 102 feet wide. It had an air

chamber at the bottom ten feet high, lighted with gas, in which men worked in condensed air, at a pressure of thirty-four pounds to the square inch. Nearly twice this pressure, however, has been employed. The excavated sand was blown away by the pressure of the air through the pipes, of which forty were employed. Over this air chamber was a framed timber roof, twenty feet thick, on which the immense piers were constructed. It contained 4,200,000 feet

of timber, 600 tons of iron, and weighed 13,000 tons. On this were built 30,000 tons of masonry.

The construction of a great railway is a greater triumph of human skill and ingenuity and indomitable conflict with the opposing forces of nature than the building of the Pyramid of Cheops. In some places deep bogs or morasses have to be crossed. Here layers of trees and brush are constructed, forming a broad platform. As this sinks till stability is reached an embankment is carried over the morass. Sometimes a lake is drained, a river turned out of its course, or a mountain cleft through or tunnelled. No obstacle is too great to be successfully overcome.

The most rigid resistance has to be opposed to the tremendous ice shoves and the impact of rafts and timber cribs borne on the spring floods. Sometimes when an "ice jam" takes place the water will rise twenty feet in a few hours. When the "jam" gives way, a moving mass of ice, water, and uprooted trees are borne onward with a current of seven or eight miles an hour. Only works of Cyclopean strength can withstand the impact of such a mass.

Some ingenious applications of water-power are employed in railway construction. One is that of hydraulic excavation. Where a sufficient head of water can be obtained, by damming a stream or otherwise, it is found that jets directed against a gravel bank so undermine its structure, that masses, often thousands of yards, will fall in a very brief space of time. This method is also adopted in hydraulic mining in California.

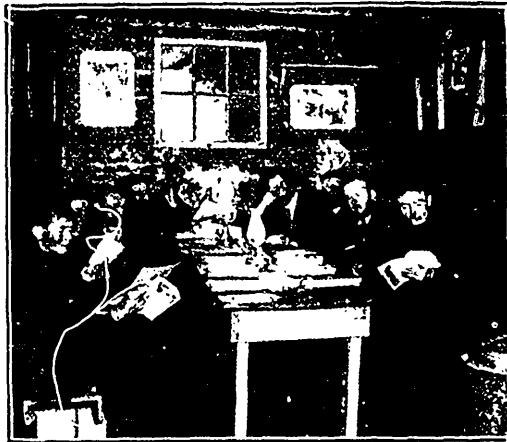
It is a strange development of civilization that pushes into the heart of the wilderness some of the latest achievements of science, steam shovels, high explosives, chiefly dynamite, sometimes electric power and electric light, steam drills and enormous derricks for railway construction. It is surprising how energetically the railway, that pioneer of civilization, thrusts its antennæ into the wilderness. The forest is felled by the army of axemen; the hardest rocks are blasted and riven as with the power of an earthquake; deep cuttings are being scooped out by the "steam Irishman," as it used to be called, though now it is "steam Dago" rather; the valleys are filled up or bridged by trestle work, and hills too high to be pierced by open cuttings are bored through by tunnels. Then comes the grading, the laying of the ties and rails which are brought as near to the scene of operations as possible on the, at first, roughly constructed track. This latter must then be firmly ballasted and made rigid for the ponderous engines and trains which are now in vogue.

The motley army of railway men of many lands and many tongues, Italians, French, Finns, Icelanders, and many more, are housed in Jumbo

boarding cars two or three stories high, with sleeping accommodation for from sixty to seventy men.

But often the work is so far from the end of the steel that they "dinner out" amid the snows in a forest clearing or upon some lake shore beach. The men are well fed, as they need to be, and do a good day's "darg" under the watchful oversight of the section boss.

Their moral and intellectual wel-



INTERIOR READING CAR, T. & N. O. R. END OF STEEL.  
E. H. BRADWIN, 'VARSITY '07, INSTRUCTOR.

fare is not overlooked. The Lumber Camp Association, under the direction of the Rev. Alfred Fitzpatrick, B.A., has its reading car at the end of steel well supplied with books, papers, magazines, and not seldom a University arts or medical student is engaged as instructor, and to look after the moral and physical welfare of the men.

Not seldom a dog becomes a universal pet and mascot of the camp, shares its isolation and beguiles with his tricks the scanty leisure of the construction gang, or a gramophone



A SURFACING GANG, C.N.R., NEAR BATTLEFORD, SASK.

grinds out its rather strident music or its song in whose chorus the men join with a will.

Sometimes a Methodist or Presbyterian preacher finds his way to the lumber camp, and gives a sermon and leaves a bundle of papers, both of which are heartily welcome. Within five miles of Toronto up the Don valley may be seen some of the most striking features of a construction camp, and here two zealous Church of England clergymen have established a regular religious service.

In the heart of the Rockies, however, such services are few and far between. We visited such a camp at Roger's Pass where heavy construction work was in progress. In reply to the inquiry as to how they spend their Sundays, a slab-sided fellow replied that "an ornery little cuss came to the camp once in a while, couldn't preach wuth a cent, but he was as good as gold and the boys all swore by him." In crossing the open platform of the dining-car a gust of wind had swept away our felt hat and we

had nothing to wear in this frontier camp but a tall silk hat. Of course we were unmercifully guyed, everybody wanted to "shoot the hat," but if you know how to take a joke these rough fellows are friendly enough after all.

The difficulties of camp construction in the Rockies are tremendous. In places the men have to be let down by ropes from a cliff in order to get a footing on which to blast out a ledge for the road. In other places huge timbered galleries have to be built to resist the avalanches of snow, ice and land slides that sweep down the mountain sides. These are technically "snow-sheds," but the name is a misnomer, for they are built with solid masses of timber strong enough to resist a falling mountain.

Our magnificent transcontinental railways may well be an object of patriotic pride. They render the treasures of the sea and of the mine from the East easily interchangeable with those of the forest and the field from the West. They bind together, with bonds of steel the most populous



BEDTIME, BLACKIE'S CAMP, LAKE OF THE WOODS DISTRICT.

provinces of our broad Dominion. They unite in the golden bands of commerce the goodly cities by the sea with their fair sisters on the lakes. They will give us unity and homogeneity as a people. Along their iron ways which span the continent from sea to sea, the commerce of the nations is destined to pour from Orient to Occident. The child is now alive who shall see the names of Canadian merchant princes "familiar as household words" in the bazaars of Tokio and Hong Kong, of Sydney and Madras, of Calcutta and Benares. The treas-

ures of the gorgeous Inde and far Cathay shall be stored in our cities, which shall be the *entrepots* of the most important carrying-trade in the world. Like Venice, like Holland, like Great Britain, we shall levy tribute from all nations. Warden of the great highway of commerce, we shall hold the keys of Empire in our grasp: and, if we but rise to the height of our great privilege, we may take, by the blessing of God, a leading place among the foremost nations of the earth.

## MORNING HYMN.

BY JOSEPH HAMILTON, D.D.,

Author of "Our Own and Other Worlds."

Eternal Father! throned in heaven high,  
Yet to Thy feeble children always nigh;  
We rise to bless Thee for the morning light  
And all Thy tender care throughout the night.

Strong Son of God! Who ere Creation's morn,  
Before the angels or the worlds were born,  
To die for sinners wast ordained,—O may  
Thy precious blood wash all our sins away.

Spirit Divine! Thou Fount of Life and Fire!  
With holy zeal our hearts and lives inspire,  
Guide, guard, control; allay our needless fears;  
Revive our hope, and wipe away our tears.

Thrice Holy Trinity! Thou Three in One!  
Whose love eternal, like the circling sun,  
Sweeps round our sinful world: for this we pray,  
That all the world may see a heavenly day.

## A CANADIAN SURVEYING PARTY.

BY W. J. WITHROW.



THE survey for the branch line of the Quebec Central Railway between Tring on the main line and Lake Megantic on the Maine border, where the Canadian Pacific crosses, lay through a wild country of tortuous valleys, thick woods, long stretches of cedar swamps with occasional "brulés," *i.e.*, timber land through which fire had swept, perhaps years before.

The preliminary survey was made during the summer when the weather was delightfully warm, sometimes oppressively hot.

Settlement in Quebec generally follows the roads passing along the high lands, those in the valleys frequently being either unopened or deserted. The farms have a narrow frontage on the road, but run back some mile or two into the valleys. These Quebec roads consequently present the appearance of continuous village streets, as each narrow farm has its house and barn at the roadside. The villages proper are marked by large Roman Catholic churches, perched upon the highest points.

The valleys, where the railway would naturally run in order to get as easy grades as possible, are mostly left in all their primeval wildness. There one can readily imagine himself hundreds of miles from civilization. The foliage is so thick that a great deal of cutting away of small bushes and overhanging branches is necessary in order to give a clear view for the surveying instruments. Any large trees that cannot be dodged by a slight swinging

of the survey line of course have to be cut down.

The occasional hours of recreation, whipping a virgin brook for the sportive trout, and the long tramps to and from camp in the cool twilight of evening or early morning, certainly give a charm to our summer's outing. The cheerful chirpings and songs of birds, the chatterings of chipmunks, occasional drumming of partridge, or humming of bees lend a friendly feeling of life to the sylvan glades, while soft sunlight, sifted through a perpetual canopy of green, makes of the forest dells a delightful retreat, conducive rather to dreamy indolence than to executive energy.

But this paradise has its bane in the ubiquitous mosquito, or, worse still, the diminutive sand fly. The excruciating tortures inflicted by these little pests are incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Fancy trying to steady a level upon the projecting roots of neighboring trees whose unsteady foundations are in the quagmire of a cedar swamp, balancing oneself in grotesque attitude to obtain an accurate sight, and at the same time having a myriad of venomous carnivores attacking one's neck, ears, nostrils, every inch of the body unprotected by clothing or by a vile concoction of oil of peppermint and tar. The agony of it becomes almost unbearable, is destructive of temper, morals and a pure taste for classic language.

Barring these discomforts engineering and construction work may seem like quite an enjoyable picnic in the genial summer weather, but when the snow lies deep and the thermometer sinks within the bulb, and wintry

winds make the handling of instruments difficult, the tendency is to consider it decidedly otherwise.

Among the disadvantages of winter work are the short days, the intense cold, which sometimes fogs the instruments or renders them difficult of manipulation, and almost numbs the fingers in endeavoring to take observations and record their results. When there is much snow one does not get the ground level and contours so accurately. When the snow is soft it is often hard to travel through the woods and not easy to set up the instruments. On the other hand, the swamps, marshy ground, lakes and rivers form a crystal pathway easy to travel. Although more luggage is required in winter, yet transportation is generally easier. When the snow is five feet deep or so, as it often is, it is easier getting through scrub land and over burnt forests and windfalls on snow-shoes, but, after all, the experience of surveyors is that snow-shoes are on the whole rather a nuisance.

There are the same hills and dales, the same woods and open plains as in summer, but what a difference. Silence of death now reigns supreme. Winter's shroud of white covers the earth. The trees are stripped of their mantles and stand bare. The cedars and other evergreens bow together in the valleys, each beneath its burden of snow. Few things are of more ethereal loveliness than the winter forest under a new snow-fall. Each spruce or hemlock bough is decked with "ermine too dear for an earl," and where the sunlight filters through the boughs it is of a dazzling whiteness.

Often when the thermometer drops to zero or far below, in the silence of the night, the fallen trees will crack with the frost with an explosion like gun-shot. The wind sighs eerily

through the forest aisles and sometimes the long-drawn howl of the wolf in the distance may be heard, but he almost always fights shy of the camp: which, however, is not infrequently visited by bears on the prowl for provender. For these the attractions of the pork barrel have an irresistible fascination.

Jean Baptiste, the French cook, is up first, and his cheery "Reveillez-vous" awakes the sleeper long before dawn. A substantial breakfast of fat pork, potatoes, stap-jacks, molasses and strong tea, sometimes with condensed milk, sometimes without, is a good foundation for a day's hard work.

After breakfast, with feet encased in heavy stockings and moccasins, wearing short jacket, mittened hands, but no overcoat, the surveyors are away to their work. The overcoat would be too unwieldy and fatiguing to walk in, and also much too warm for the constant exercise of surveying sends the blood tingling to the finger tips. It is only in the enforced pauses that the wind chills to the marrow.

The late dawn finds a party of hardy engineers and axemen trudging in Indian file along a deep new-made path to the point where the location of a future railway was ended the night before.

Not a sound is heard. All is deathly still. A great marvel is this silence. For weeks at a time hardly a breath of wind stirs the naked branches. But the snow, ah! snow everywhere, on the ground five feet deep, on the bushes and evergreens. Every twig of oak and maple is outlined in silver hoar frost, while the still air is filled with glistening points reflecting the cold rays of a pale winter sun. The sky is clear, a pure pearl gray, and still a perpetual fall of icy crystals sifts down from the vacant vault. The delicate tints of a Turn-

er's dream of Venice are here portrayed.

The mercury may be anywhere from 10 to 30 degrees below zero, yet in the still air the difference can hardly be perceived. The warm blood goes bounding through one's veins as he draws in deep breaths of pure cold air. From finger tips encased in warm gloves to toes snug in triple socks and soft moccasins the body glows with health and vigor.

The axemen are ordered to force a cut-line through the bush. How the men work! A swing of the axe and the keen blade sinks deep to the heart of a tamarac or severs at one stroke a frozen sapling that would require quadruple the energy in summer. No thick foliage now, no multitudes of bothersome leaves hanging from every bush and branch, to intercept the view of transit-man or leveller. Nothing between the stark tree trunks but thin withes and twigs through which sight penetrates as through a veil. No tormenting pests to sting—only the pleasant tang of frost; no depressing summer heat tempting to indolence, only the exhilarating freshness of our glorious Canadian winter.

At noon the French Canuck "cookee" arrives with his great bag of brown bread, bacon and baked beans. A roaring fire soon sends out its fierce heat and transmutes our pot of snow and tea leaves into steaming cups of hot tea. As the fire falls back to a bed of glowing coals, broad slabs of frozen bread are toasted on long forks, cut from a neighboring thicket. The butter quickly melts upon the hot toast, and the teeth biting through meet in the still frozen centre.

It is remarkable how fiercely a winter bonfire burns. Its heat scorches the exposed face and hands at a dozen feet, while every part of the body out of the fire's direct ray slowly chills.

See, a score of grown men standing in a circle around the fire with all the dignity of Indians in council, but each man slowly turning like so many oxen roasting on their revolving spits. So they endeavor to warm all sides in turn. This may sound decidedly uninviting to you as you lazily recline in your Morris chair with your feet comfortably raised to the fender of your gas grate, while you doze in a room warmed to summer heat. But I tell you the reverse is the fact. Compare your delicate appetite that requires the aid of condiments and delicacies of the table with the hearty hunger that makes our frugal meal taste like nectar and ambrosia. "Faines optimum condimentum est," which may be freely (very) translated, "To enjoy your food go back to the woods."

Much as the meal is enjoyed it is not prolonged. No seven courses here, with half-hour intermissions for conversation. Our comfort depends upon rapid circulation caused by exercise. While standing around the fire our vitality lowers until shivers invade the system. A sharp run, however, or a heavy onslaught with an axe upon some forest monarch soon brings the circulation up to normal—good as advertising to a newspaper.

After a strenuous afternoon's work the word to "knock off" is passed when the early darkness puts an end to instrument work, generally about 4 or 5 o'clock, and the knights of the theodolite and compass hustle back to camp. A low, flat sleigh drawn by an active team of long-haired horses awaits at the nearest clearing. The men jump on any old way and stand clinging together and swaying from side to side as the horses gallop off. A quick turn or side-skidding of the sleigh, and off goes the whole bunch into the snow. But no one is hurt or

disgruntled. To their feet all scramble, and off after the retreating sleigh, which does not slacken speed. To jump on and catch one's balance requires the experience of many falls. Such laughter and good humor I have never experienced in summer as is common to each day in winter.

As we burst into camp with clash and clatter we see the four tents lit up, while sparks from the roaring box-stoves fly skyward.

In soft winter weather, when the bushes are covered with sleet or slush, one is soaked all day, and the blankets in the tent are almost wet till they are dried by the heat of the sleeper. We throw our heavy outer clothes upon an immense bed of balsam boughs stretching across one end of the tent, and sit down to a steaming meal of hot meats, potatoes, and the lumberman's delicacy, nice greasy doughnuts, and again strong tea. But to see the glowing faces and wholesome appetites disarms one's pity for the simplicity of the fare. One thing is required of the cook, quantity—quality hunger will take care of.

After supper the axemen mostly smoke their Canadian tobacco. Woe to the uninoculated who gets a full whiff of its pungent aroma. Baptiste brings out his fiddle and the Johnnie Canucks sing their "En roulant ma boule," or, "Vive la Canadienne," while the imported Irish carol "Come-all-yez." In the engineers' tent several hours are occupied in fixing up notes, plotting the day's work and laying out work for the morrow. Then under the blankets with a candle at the head and a good book in the hands, and the mind is off on summer seas unmindful of the cracking trees in the frost or the moaning pines whose high tops sway in the night wind.

It is surprising how comfortable canvas tents can be made even in coldest winter weather. They are banked well around with snow, and the ice-coated walls exclude the winds though permitting pretty good ventilation. The tent resembles an ice cavern in the flickering light, as its inside surface is coated with an inch or more of solid ice condensed from the moist hot air within. The dude of our party sported a handsome pair of English-made lumberman's boots, and of course the inevitable wag, seeing that the said boots stand conveniently beneath the eave of the tent, pretends that he has the chills and piles on a roaring fire. The ice near the ridge melts and runs down the inside without dropping, but freezes again before reaching the eave. More fire till the air is stifling. Down creeps the water till the eave is reached. Then drop, drop it falls into the boots, and "Prince Charming" wakes up next morning to find his beautiful footwear occupied by solid feet of ice. He has to borrow a pair of the despised Canadian moccasins. But after a day of such comfort as no boots can give, into the stove go his English dainties, ice-feet and all.

Such is winter life in the woods. Nearly every member has a nose, ear, cheek or toe nipped by Jack Frost before the winter is over—but such little things don't count. There are no colds, sore throats or sickness. It was only during my first night between sheets in a civilized bed that I caught my first cold—one I could not get rid of for several weeks. Such was also the experience of Nansen and his arctic explorers. The icy air is death to the microbes that produce colds.

Ottawa, Ont.

---

"Many happy years be thine,  
Full of golden hours,

Both their shadow and their shine  
Bringing forth sweet flowers."



## THE DOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

THERE are some consecrated things in Nature,  
Pure as the Cross, the Cup,  
There is a Touch that sanctifies the creature,  
For ever lifts it up.

Ah, I remember well a group of willows,  
How tenderly they spread  
Their leafless gold against the windy billows  
Of grim storm-clouds that sped

Heavily past them; or, in calm, together  
Lit a bright, hopeful ray,  
And seemed to dream of sun and summer weather  
Against the sky's dull gray.

And I remember, too, some water-lilies  
Upon a stagnant pool,  
Within my heart of hearts their beauty still is  
Reposing, chaste and cool.

Often, at sunset, I have watched where drifted  
Some dark, majestic cloud,  
Till suddenly its sullenness was rifted  
With light serene and proud,

Which dazzling streamed as thro' some mighty casement  
In banners wide and long,  
Filling my earth-bound heart with awed amazement,  
A burst of silent song!

And all these hints of glory most supernal  
Recall one scene of old  
When from the sky was heard the Voice Eternal,  
And in the fragile mould

Of a white dove the Holy Ghost descended  
Upon our God made Man,  
And through the heart of him who near attended  
A thrill of wonder ran.

In ev'ry cloud of grief, all forms of sorrow,  
If we but raise our eyes  
We shall behold that Dove whose pure plumes borrow  
Such sheen from upper skies,

Descending as of old; when we have vision  
Of contrasts light and dark,  
A hand unerring strikes with fine precision  
A swift unerring spark

Thro' the dim twilight of our brief existence:  
It is the Life above,  
Dawning upon our view with deep insistence  
Of pity and of love.

O Dove divine! descend with heavenly message!  
Sweet odors as of myrrh  
The roses raise in rapt, sagacious presage,—  
Spirit and Comforter!

Pakan, Alberta.



AT THE



MARGARET HOPKINS COX

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

## MARGARET HOPKINS CON.

BY NATHANAEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.



**I**N the thirties of the last century there came to Canada from the North of Ireland a splendid band of settlers. The men were many of them tall, broad-shouldered and of imposing appearance, the women fine specimens of womanly beauty. They were generally intelligent and well educated, not a few well fitted to take their place as teachers in our public schools. The very fact of their emigration to Canada at this date proved that they were a people with ambition, not driven out by famine or poverty, but seeking a new home with the energetic resolve to better their fortunes. They were all members of the Church of England or Presbyterians or Methodists, and the principles of religion purified and strengthened their lives. A large number of these settled in the new townships south and west of Peterborough, forming a colony of people linked by ties of kindred and race and by oneness of habits of life and convictions of religious faith. From this colony have come many leading men in Church and State, and they have made their Canadian home one of the most prosperous sections of Ontario.

In this company of immigrants came Daniel Hopkins and Jane Donnelly, who shortly after united their lives and set up their home in the village of Peterborough. That home was of the old-fashioned sort, Christian, Methodist, frugal, industrious, permeated throughout by the courage, the

hopes and the earnest purpose which led them from their homeland to seek a home in our new country. No better home than this for the training of strong, virtuous, religious manhood or womanhood could be found, and here, on November 12, 1844, was born Margaret, the third of a family of six sons and daughters, who have now all been gathered to the majority.

She proved to be a child of rare promise, beautiful in person, alert and strong in mind, deeply affectionate in disposition, winning in manners, and earnest and thoughtful as well as cheerful in character, and ready to profit to the fullest extent by the advantages of her home life as well as by her surrounding circumstances. In two directions these were unusually favorable.

The religious life of Peterborough Methodism was in the fifties vigorous and presented a high ideal of consecration. The old Methodist principles of denial of worldly amusements and devotion to a life according to Wesley's rules were rigidly upheld and impressed upon young and old. This ideal Miss Hopkins fully embraced and to it she firmly adhered to the end of her life. Of the circumstances of her conversion we have no record, but at sixteen we find her already a teacher in the Sunday-school and active in the discharge of religious duties. On one point to the end of her life she remained unchanged. She was never able to speak freely either in public or private of herself or her own religious experience, or even of her affections or emotions in other directions. These were revealed only

through her active work. What she felt always worked itself out in deeds rather than words. But in these early years she grew up a Methodist in all her sympathies, her views of life and conduct and even her prejudices, and to her the welfare and good name of Methodism were as the apple of her eye.

In her education in the public schools of Peterborough she was also peculiarly fortunate. Peterborough was one of the towns which under the acts of 1855 established a central union school, with primary ward schools. This gave the young women of the town the advantage of an excellent high-school education at a period when girls were as yet excluded from the public provision for secondary education, and Peterborough enjoyed at this time the services of a teacher, the late Dr. Tassie, whose reputation in after years was to extend to every part of the Dominion. There was thus opened up to the young women of Peterborough a wider curriculum than could be found in the ladies' schools of that day, as well as the most thorough training in their subjects of study. Thus Miss Hopkins' native gifts were developed by a good education in the best sense of the term, and the foundation was laid for that intelligent interest in education and especially in the education of women which was a marked characteristic of her future life.

School days were scarcely completed when there came to Peterborough a young man pushing his way in the world, but possessed of talents which would one day make him one of the leaders of his country. Tall and handsome in person, gentlemanly and attractive in manners, but most modest and sincere in character, he easily won his way to the heart of one in whose estimation personal worth was of far more importance than wealth or social prestige, and whose

courage did not shrink from being the helper of one who had his fortune still to make and who possessed in her judgment the gifts by which that fortune would one day be conquered. On the 28th of May, 1862, she was united in marriage to Mr. George A. Cox, then agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company and the Canadian Express Company in the town of Peterborough. It was a happy augury of their future that they met in the work of the Sunday-school, to which both had given themselves at the call of religious duty.

The early years of their young life were not passed in ease or pleasure. If they were young in years they were wise and strong in experience, and both well disciplined in the school of earnest purposeful work. They took life seriously but cheerfully, made light of hard work and disappointments, and rejoiced together in the success and victories which came to them in the providence of God, and never lost that holy purpose of life which in the first days had guided the steps of both to the Sunday-school.

As the years went by the house was filled with merry boys and girls, but the mother was as cheery and merry as the youngest of them all, and to the father there was no spot on earth so bright, so restful and so pleasant as that modest little home. In after years, when surrounded by all that wealth and social prestige could give, she said to a friend, I have known no happier days than those spent in my old cottage home. The secret of the joy of this early life was its loving spirit. Loving thoughtfulness, loving self-sacrifice, loving labor, these were in constant exercise and were building up the rare character which appeared in the strength and beauty of its maturity in after years.

These were the days when her husband was busy early and late with that strenuous work which laid the

foundations of fortune, often leaving home for some distant engagement at five o'clock in the morning. But even at this early hour a cosy meal prepared by her own hands and brightened by her presence gave him strength both of body and mind for a long day's work, sometimes weighted with most important results. And when these days of strenuous exertion were crowned with ever-increasing success, her joy in that success was as beautiful as the quiet womanly way in which she had contributed to its attainment. The early years of married life were thus filled up with wise, diligent, loving and faithful work for home, husband and children, such work as more than anything else perfects the noblest Christian character.

But busy as these days were with the interests and duties of home, they were not forgetful of the duties of the Church of God, and the community in which God had cast their lot. Those were the days when the social side of Methodism had not yet spent its force. If aught was needed for church or parsonage, the Ladies' Aid, a church social or a tea-meeting made the collection of funds more easy and pleasant and kept the whole church in touch with each other.

Sometimes a very serious brother objected to so much joyousness of a social kind in the church as inconsistent with the holy place; and again a very practical brother regarded it as a waste, because on the one hand the contributions and work of the ladies just about equalled the contributions of those who bought the tickets, and thus the net financial results were paid twice over. But granted that it were so, the whole church had a joyous hand in the work, and the whole church had met each other in pleasant social intercourse. We may well doubt if the generous gift of a liberal Christian millionaire, to whom was

left the whole work of contribution while the others looked on and applauded, would have done half as much good. It might, indeed, provide the organ for the Sunday-school or the carpet for the parsonage parlor; but it would not have so conferred a spiritual and social blessing on all the people. It could not have so united them in common interest and feeling of brotherly equality. One would be the great and good man, all the rest beneficiaries.

In this social work of the church Mrs. Cox was quickly acknowledged as the inspiring leader, gifted with a capacity, an enterprise and an energy that never failed of success. As old and young gathered around her and said: "Now we need this or that; you tell us what to do and set us all to work," her ready answer was: "Well, girls"—she was always a girl in spirit and made the oldest feel young with her youthful enthusiasm—"Now, girls, if there is any preaching or praying to be done, set some one else to do that; but if there is any work to do I can do that," and so, inspired by her example, all set to work and the thing was speedily and lovingly done. And so her skilful hand and no less skilful head were everywhere, working, directing, planning and inspiring.

The Sunday-school, the loved field of her youthful activity, must have its picnic, and her motherly heart, full of kindness to all the little ones always made it a success. The old-time missionary meeting, with its Sabbath sermons and respectable deputation, and great week-evening gathering, demanded that the church should put on a more festive appearance, and she, with her band of willing workers, saw that this was done, and after all was over invited the deputation to a bountiful supper in her own home. If the Conference came to Peterborough some pleasant entertainment or excursion

sion, at which all could meet and become acquainted and spend a pleasant social hour, was planned and carried out, and hers was the thoughtful mind which suggested, planned and carried it through. In her own church circle she was the very heart of all that was to be done, and yet ever so modest, so appreciative of the part borne by others, and so humble in her estimate of her own work, that even those who wrought with her were scarcely conscious of the greatness or importance of that work. In proportion to her means she was always generous, but no money could represent the heart, the thought, the personal sacrifice and labor which she put into her work.

But of all her work, either in the earlier or the later part of her life, none was more characteristic or more perfectly wrought in the loving spirit of Christ than her help to the poor. Her keen discernment quickly drew the line between the impostor and the really needy. A case might be very undeserving, but none the less she would say, "We must not let them suffer," and to the utterly undeserving a wise help would be extended. But it was to the deserving and unfortunate poor that her heart went out in unrestrained sympathy, even weeping over the thought of their sufferings while she was preparing for their relief. But nothing could surpass the delicacy and tact with which she did this work. It was almost literally true of her that she "let not her left hand know what her right hand was doing." Only the Great Day will reveal the hundreds whom she helped. And so thoughtfully, so tactfully, so lovingly and with such meekness and sympathy of spirit was this done that the most sensitive pride was not offended or humiliated. It was a little help, a loving gift from a sister, not a dole of charity from a superior, or perhaps it was sent secretly as God's gift and

only God and the giver knowing whence it came.

One example taken from her later life will illustrate hundreds of cases, the records of which are in heaven. In one of the back streets in the lower part of the city there dwelt an orphan family, two girls and a younger brother, the girls supporting the scant home by their needle. The boy committed some misdemeanor for which he was sent to the industrial school, and one girl was stricken with consumption, while the other, broken-hearted, struggled with her task of finding bread. So Miss Sanderson found them and reported the case to her friend, Mrs. Cox. It was just before Christmas and a Santa Claus gift was her beautiful pretence. And the gift was a fowl, beautifully cooked, from her own kitchen, jellies and delicacies to tempt the appetite of the sick child, warm flannels and other comfortable things to clothe her wasted body. Said the sick girl after: "If God had told her all that we needed she could not have known it better." And surely God did tell her through the instincts of a thoughtful, loving mother's heart. But the gift did not come alone. Her carriage and her own hands brought it, and, sitting by the bedside, she herself cheered and comforted the dying girl. Never a day passed after but that child prayed for the blessing of heaven upon the kind woman who had thus sought her out in her loneliness, weakness and want.

But we are now reaching that period of her life when the one talent had become ten and the providence of God was saying to her: "Have thou authority over ten cities." A wider field and larger responsibilities were opening before her. The gifts which had made her leader in the church and the loving circle of her younger days were being recognized and their

aid sought in those larger charities which unite all the churches and command the sympathy and co-operation of the whole country. God had given wealth, her husband stood among the princes of the land, and her place was by his side. This is the severest of all tests of character. To a selfish, vainglorious character it is surely fatal. It brings to light all their emptiness and weakness and littleness. But her depth of soul, her directness and reality of motive, her simplicity and godly sincerity, were unmoved from their broad foundations. Circumstances changed, but she was the same. The character which had grown strong in the discipline and toil of life now in the simple dignity of its truth and sincerity commanded the admiration and respect of the great, as it had always won the love and confidence of the lowly.

During a visit to England in 1882 Mrs. Cox was greatly moved by the extreme poverty and wretchedness of the submerged masses in the city of London, and while there became acquainted with Dr. Barnardo and his work. On her return to Canada she sent a friend to spend a year in London with Dr. Barnardo and his work, and in the meantime secured an excellent property in the suburbs of Peterborough as a distributing home for the children whom the Doctor sent out to seek for a new and happier life in our broad country. This work brought her into touch with the world's great beneficent movements which were so prominent a feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century and which for the next twenty years were to occupy no small part of her time and thought; and from this first experience she came to understand the responsibilities and discouragements as well as the successes and joys of this field of work.

Mr. Cox's position at the head of great financial institutions now

required their residence in Toronto, and thither they removed in 1887. The old-time church and social life of which she had been so large a part was already changing even in Peterborough and the modern ways were coming in. But the coming to Toronto completed the change and launched her upon the new methods and fields of labor. Henceforth she was to take her place on the directorate of the charities of a great city and also of schemes whose operations extended over the whole country. Her first experience of these things was one of the trials of her life. She had, as we have seen, commenced public work in Peterborough. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association and the Barnardo Home and other forms of beneficence had engaged her sympathy and co-operation. But there the personal element was as yet predominant. Personal sympathy and personal influence were not obscured by organization. The souls of the individual workers were not merged into a soulless corporation, distributing charity by a cast-iron rule.

Against this the deep humanness of her heart rebelled. She respected the feelings of the poor, even of those who through sin had fallen to the lowest depths. And into the organization and direction of the city charities she carried this divine element of personal human sympathy, often upsetting the cast-iron regulations which made charity a mechanical supply of material wants and converted the staff of a benevolent institution into instruments for enforcing a system of regulations such as might fit a prison.

Her first ideal for these institutions was a staff of godly, intelligent workers, full of Christ-like, loving sympathy, and she knew where to find such helpers, for they were to be not paid servants but fellow-helpers in



the work. Her next was personal touch with the people who were to be helped. Her ideal of help was to reach their hearts and so lift them up into a new life and help them to take courage to help themselves. And in this personal heart-to-heart work she herself led the way. Very few indeed could do it as well as she, for the sympathy of her great soul had in it a wonderful magnetic power. More than once while some suffering case was being revealed to her the great tears would roll down her cheeks while she was planning for relief. She would give even a poor outcast for whom there was hope a day's work in her own house. In the evening she would not send her a stunted day's wage by a servant's hand, but come down herself and pay her a good round wage, equal to the best going, and then say: "Won't you put an apple or an orange or some cake or a bunch of grapes in your pocket? And here are some flowers for Miss —; I know she likes flowers." And so the poor girl would go away with a new love, a new hope and a new strength in her heart. If the lady could treat her so kindly surely she might yet be something worth while, there was something worth living for. The saving faith and hope were planted in her heart.

But her sympathetic thought and effort did not end there. It shaped policy, discovered and provided for needs, found ways and means of making things more comfortable, treated and thought of the poor inmates as fellow-creatures, for whom it was worth while and a duty to make life easier and more healthful and pleasant. Just as she planned for the order and comfort and beauty of her own home, so she planned for these sometimes only unfortunate, sometimes almost criminal, always weak and often erring ones whom the large charities of a great city brought under

her care as a director. Her motto was never "That is good enough for them," but always "What is the best that we can do for them," and her great heart always thought that a great deal was possible. Out of such large thought came modern machinery and an engine for the laundry and other helps to lighten labor.

Conspicuous among the greater charities in which she was called to take part were the works founded by the Countess of Aberdeen and the Countess of Minto, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the hospital scheme for the new settlements of our expanding Dominion. These were large enterprises, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to the wintry mountains of the Yukon, bringing the aids in sickness which our modern Christian civilization and science have evolved within reach of the pioneer settler, the hardy fisherman, the miner and the lumberman on the outskirts of civilization. They were enterprises requiring large resources and skilful financial organization as well as scientific and professional knowledge. All these must be enlisted in the work by the band of noble ladies, whose hearts had initiated the enterprise and whose steadfast purpose must carry it to success.

How the magnetism of Mrs. Cox's spirit and the winning, persuasive power of her personal influence aided in this the noble ladies who led in its accomplishment will themselves relate. One of them says: "Indeed, I am well aware that I should have achieved very little without her interest and support." She could not visit personally all the distant hospitals, she could not inspire personally all the consecrated band of nurses. But the power of her personal influence added largely to the momentum of the great work, as it gathered scores of wealthy, learned and skilful men to its assistance.

It is scarcely possible to enumerate all the various charities which she helped in Toronto, in Peterborough, and elsewhere, Christian associations, homes for the sick, refuges for the unfortunate; but one was almost entirely her own work, the Home for Incurable Children. The Hospital for Sick Children is often spoken of as one of the most beautiful of our city charities, and all think of Mr. John Ross Robertson with a kindly sympathy in connection with that work. But after all that medical science can accomplish for the little sufferers, many must linger for weeks or months in pain and so pass away. And where shall these weeks be spent? Shall they be carried back from the bright, sunny and comfortable wards of the hospital to the dark, clammy, foul basements from which they have been rescued? This was the question which her heart asked and answered by the cosy home for such on Avenue Road, with all its devices to make the short, suffering lives as comfortable as possible.

It might be supposed that in the midst of such numerous and far-reaching and weighty interests as these, her powers of work would be completely exhausted and her thoughts gradually turned away from the more domestic, religious and personal interests of her younger days. But it was not so. She never forsook her first love. To the end of her life every little interest and matter of the personal comfort of her husband was never forgotten, and to the end of life she was his wise and most trusted counsellor, even in weighty matters of business and state. As the homes of her sons and daughters grew up around her and created new and onerous interests to be cared for and burdens to be borne, her great heart carried them all with the old-time anxiety and loving prayer, as well as unbounded self-sacrifice of work.

Mother's hands still did things which no one else could do as well.

And the friends of her youth were never forgotten. Some of them were not fortunate and needed a helping hand, and the helping hand did not wait to be asked, but sought them out. Of others who had shared her good work in days gone by she knew the worth and gathered them round her to help her in the wider field. Said one of them to her one day, "It is a blessed thing to have such a friend as you to come to to get help for all these poor people." "And," she replied, "it is a blessed thing to have such a friend as you to hunt them up for me." And so they obeyed the injunction of the apostle, "in honor preferring one another." It was as these cases were gathered before her that she said, "Oh, I don't know whether I am glad or sorry to see you. You tear me all to pieces telling these things," and then she wept over her poor.

To the end of her life she never ceased from this individual sympathetic work, and its old-time pretty little ways. Strawberry or raspberry time reminded her, and baskets of these grateful fruits went to the homes of the poor and the refuges of the friendless. When oranges came in they were an excuse. "I saw these and thought you would like some." Every holiday was her opportunity, Christmas, of course, and ministers and fellow-workers were not forgotten. And the tact with which all this was done was as wonderful as the loving sympathy. It seemed as if she could enjoy nothing alone, she must share it. "I had some tickets for a concert and I don't know what to do with them. Can you use them for me?" She had bought them that she might have some to share with others.

In the midst of the great things she never forgot the little homely things of life, and by these she most

of all touched the hearts of her fellow-men. But her help to the individual was by no means confined to little things. A cheque for five hundred or a thousand dollars to give a friend who was not rich a chance for life when struggling with disease was not a thing at which she hesitated. A thousand dollars quietly put in the bank to the credit of a young man studying for the ministry was one of her ways of doing good. She rather avoided large subscriptions blazoned before the world and delighted to do large as well as small things seen by God alone. After she was gone many of them were brought to light as a grateful tribute to her memory.

We doubt if ever she has been excelled in her skill in helping without degrading or causing humiliation. No one ever said to her, "Curse your charity; we want work." She would create work or some excuse, so that there might be no sting. And her last resort was that of the Corinthians with St. Paul, praying them with much entreaty to accept the help of a sister.

One of the strong interests of Mrs. Cox's life was in the ministry of her beloved Methodism. She began, as so many of our noble Methodist women have begun, with the care and comforts of the parsonage. Her pastor and his wife knew that in her they had a most faithful and watchful friend. She had all the old-time reverence and respect for God's ministers. Everything that was needed for their comfort was matter of thought and care to her. Very soon her thoughts took a wider range, and the men on distant missions and families passing under the rod were remembered with both heart and hand. Sometimes her interest took a festive turn, and all the ministers gathered in Conference were treated to a garden party fit for a prince. As she put it, "I want them to have the very best." There was

about this no ostentatious display, it was the lavish wealth of pure kindness. We well remember how travel and toil-worn itinerants smiled as they moved about among the choice flowers and tables laden with rare delicacies which she had prepared for their entertainment. Many of them had never seen it before after this fashion. Said one to me, "How I wish my wife could have been here to enjoy it all."

As to the end of life she preserved the sensitive moral instincts and deep religious faith and affections of her childhood, so to the end she expanded in all her intellectual faculties as a larger experience and new fields of work or opportunities for culture called out her latent powers. Her early solid education had laid a good foundation. Her native good sense, clear judgment and keen, fine intuitions always stood her in good stead, and as she was called to take her place in the highest social circles she was as to the manner born. Her grace of manner and modest dignity of bearing were as fit for the palace as for the cottage. At the same time each new phase of life brought to her quick intelligence new treasures of knowledge. Her intimate friends were often surprised at her knowledge of the history and principles of fine art and at her critical discrimination of the excellencies of the great artists. It appeared also in the readiness and clearness with which she grasped the great principles of higher education, as she took so important a part in the modern movement for higher education in Canadian Methodism.

From 1886 Mr. Cox had taken a deep and practical interest in the university federation movement and was one of the three large contributors who made its inception financially possible. When the corner stone of the new building for Victoria in Queen's Park was laid in June,

1890, Mrs. Cox was chosen to perform the ceremony and did honor to the college by the grace with which she took her part in the function. We of the college at that time knew but little how helpful a friend was thus taking a leading place in our work. Two years later, when we removed to Toronto, she, with her splendid hospitality, gave us a royal social welcome to Toronto.

The college was not long in the city before she appreciated the need of a better social environment for the women students than could be had in the cheap boarding-houses in which they were lodged, and she joined in forming an association of prominent ladies, whose homes would be open to students. The liberality of the late Mr. Hart A. Massey had also made provision for a residence for women students, and the project of furnishing such a residence in harmony with the liberal ideas of the original founder at once appealed to the practical and domestic nature of Mrs. Cox. She undertook the office of treasurer of the fund. She led the way with a large personal contribution. She spent weeks in securing subscriptions from city friends. She organized a most successful bazaar, in which she enlisted the help of the Methodist young ladies of the whole city, and so brought them into touch with the college. She opened her own house for a musicale, to which she invited all the "upper ten" of the city, mixing them up with staunch Methodists of all social degrees, and adding many hundreds of dollars to her fund.

Later, when a site for the new building was required, she pledged a ten-thousand-dollar subscription, which, though afterwards applied by the trustees for another purpose, gave them the impetus and courage which secured the site as well as a campus for the young men. And, finally, when the shadows of evening

were already darkening, and physical weakness and suffering might well have excused her from further labors, her excellent taste and judgment assisted her noble band of fellow-workers to bring the enterprise to a most successful and satisfactory conclusion. Most fitting is it that her portrait should hang in the music room of Annesley Hall, reminding daily our young women of Canadian Methodism of one whose whole life was an anthem of gladness, a praise to God, and a delight to all people.

In these university young women of Methodism she saw the future hope of our Church. It was indeed a joy to her to know that the highest intellectual culture and the most ample treasures of learning were now so freely and so easily within their reach, and her one aim was to add to the intellectual advantages that depth of religious affection and that refinement of taste and of manners, and that elevation of character which would perfect their crown of womanly grace and beauty, making them indeed, "as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." But this work, like all else that she did, sprang from a mother's heart. It was not a fad for intellectual culture or a phase of woman's rights, or a desire to be associated with a popular movement. She loved the young people with a mother's love that made her quick to see their wants, and the physical was not forgotten in the intellectual and social, and her final part in the completion of Annesley Hall was the equipment of the gymnasium.

It was most fitting that one who had thus given time and talents as well as wealth to our educational work should be kept in perpetual remembrance in our college halls, and the Margaret Cox endowment of the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology will be her monument and con-

tinue for long generations in her name a work which, as we have seen, lay very near to her heart during her life. A sentiment of sympathetic approval was also felt in all hearts when it was known that Senator Cox by a princely memorial endowment had provided for the perpetuation of the many other noble works to which she had consecrated her life.

One of the last and most pleasant of her public acts was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Y. W. C. A. building in Peterborough. For many years she had been a chief helper of this work and it commanded her entire sympathy and confidence. When a new building was needed her large but quiet gift made its attainment possible, and her final aid was the complete equipment of the gymnasium, a work faithfully completed after her death.

The last years of Mrs. Cox's life were passed in suffering, but it was the suffering which, patiently endured, leads to the final perfection. It but served to make more conspicuous the courage of her brave heart as we saw her battling with weakness, but standing at her post, responding with a loving heart which forgot herself to every call of duty and literally in labors abundant to the very end. It is not easy to describe the pained

anxiety that passed through many hearts when a few years ago it was whispered among friends that she was suffering from serious, and perhaps fatal, disease. But when, after a time our dull vision had grown too familiar with the traces of pain upon that face which had been so radiant with the gladness and sympathy and strength of life, we forgot but that the courage and energy of her brave spirit might ward off even the darts of death, until suddenly the whole wide circle whose lives she had blessed were startled because out of the very midst of work God had called, and she had passed to the mansions of her Father's house.

As we looked for the last time on that beautiful face, the features so exquisitely chiselled by the Creator's hand, the eyes now closed from which had shone out so long the light of such wonderful love, the lips silent which had so often spoken the words of cheer and comfort, the fingers still which had wrought so many deeds of kindness, but one thought filled all minds, Rest, blessed rest, glorious rest, in heaven. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

---

#### HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

O blessed Comforter, sent down from heaven,  
By God the Father to His children given,  
The precious things of Jesus to reveal,  
And in their souls His work of grace to seal,—

Spirit of purity, thou Dove Divine!  
Make there a dwelling in this heart of mine,  
That my Redeemer's heart no more I pain,  
For where Thou comest sin can ne'er remain.

Spirit of truth! make plain the truth to me,  
Ligheten this darkness of perplexity;

Toronto.

So with unclouded mind my Saviour's will  
I may discern—and, seeing, may fulfil.

Spirit of tenderness! on me outpour  
The love of my dear Lord, yet more and more;  
And in its sweetness make me to repose  
When wearied with the weight of earthly woes.

To have my heart the home of purity  
Surely to know Christ's purpose wrought in me.  
And in His love to rest: these boons but given—  
Naught else I ask this side the gate of heaven.

## WILLIAM WATSON—A LATTER-DAY PROPHET.



HERE are, perhaps, not a few persons who might be disposed to deny to William Watson the right to be included in any series of "Modern Prophets," seeing that he is by no means a pronounced orthodox believer in the Christian creed—certainly not in the sense in which Lord Hugh Cecil, say, believes it. He is much more like the first Isaiah than the second, and resembles Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius more than either. He is Theist, Pantheist, if you will. We disagree with a writer who has spoken of the almost entire absence from his poetry of that which is spiritual and religious, and who avers that he might have been reared in a land where the name of Christ was never heard, and where all these great facts and principles associated with Christianity and the New Testament had never penetrated. That is much too sweeping and harsh a verdict. We may miss the shibboleth, but we never have far to seek for the spirit and temper of the Christian life. It may be that his tone is more stoic than evangelical, and we recognize his relative limitation on the spiritual side, but we have no poet among us who unites, as does he, genius, poetic power, moral passion, the love of justice and truth, sympathy with the oppressed, and the spirit of a high and noble Imperialism. He has all Matthew Arnold's scorn for the irreverence, falsely called piety, which talks about God as though He were a neighbor in the next street. But none the less, perhaps all the more, he believes in a God near and real.

"The God I know of, I shall ne'er  
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.  
Raise thou the stone and find me there,  
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.  
Yea, in my flesh His spirit doth flow."

He is like his great master, Wordsworth,

"Who trusted nature, trusted fate; nor found  
An Ogre sovereign on the throne of things;  
Who felt the incumbence of the unknown, yet  
bore  
Without resentment the Divine reserve."

Besides Wordsworth, Keats and Arnold have been his mentors and inspirers, but he has gradually shaken himself free, to some extent, even of these tyrannous influences, as he has felt, more and more, the call of these later times for a singer both to chasten them and to express their higher aspirations. Well is it for us that we have had one among us like Watson to sing in our ears and hearts something other and worthier than the jingo jingle of Rudyard Kipling. No poet of the music-hall is William Watson. In his most recent volume "For England," poems written, as he pathetically says, during estrangement, and published at pretty much the same time as the latest "tattoo of Mr. Kipling's now more than a little cracked Imperialist drum," Watson does not a little to help to restore us to sanity, after our fit of the war fever. Some one spoke recently in connection with the National Free Church Council gathering at Newcastle of the "redemption of Ian Mac-laren." Haply the words of his namesake may have had something to do with salvation. William Watson is at last coming to his own again. "Estranged," as Aristides from Athens, because of his fealty to high ideals, he returns, after the tumult and the "delirium," to assist and assure our cure, for 'tis his faith that

" this great land  
Shall yet win back her lost and wandering soul,  
Shall yet recall herself from banishment."

Let strains like the following sink  
into our hearts:

" Here, while the tide of conquest rolls  
Against the distant golden shore,  
The starved and stunted human souls  
Are with us more and more.  
Vain is your science, vain your art,  
Your triumphs and your glories vain  
To feed the hunger of their heart  
And famine of their brain.  
Your savage deserts howling near,  
You, master of ignorance, vice and shame,  
Is there no room for victories here,  
No field for deeds of fame?  
Arise and conquer while ye can  
The foe that in your midst resides,  
And build within the mind of man  
The empire that abides."

This is evangelical in the best sense—a new and needed setting of the Great Master's words, "The kingdom of God is within you—a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." As one has testified, it is songs like this which make William Watson the greatest moral force in our literature to-day.

William Watson's "New National Anthem" is, at once, better poetry, better taste and better morality than the old one, and its rebuke of the current gospel of grab and glory is scathing:

" God save our ancient land,  
God bless our noble land,  
God save this land!  
Yea, from war's pangs and fears,  
Plague's tooth and famine's tears,  
E'en unto latest years,  
God save this land!

" God bless our reigning race!  
Truth, honor, wisdom, peace,  
Guide their right hand!  
Yet though we love their sway,  
England is more than they:  
God bless their realm, we pray,  
God save our land!

" Too long the gulf betwixt  
This man and that man fixt  
Yawns yet unspanned.  
Too long that some may rest,  
Tired millions toil unblest,  
God lift our lowliest,  
God save this land!

" God save our ancient land,  
God bless our native land,  
God save our land!  
Earth's empires wax and wane,  
Man's might is mown as grain,  
God's arm our arms sustain,  
God save our land!"

Born in what he calls "a certain lovely Yorkshire dale," William Watson has always loved and drunk in the spirit of the hills. They have breathed into him much of the strength, sanity, and elevation of tone which characterize all his work, and have made him a second Wordsworth with a special message to our much more complex age. Speaking of his Muse, he says:

" And she hath known the mountain spell;  
The sky-enchantment hath she known;  
It was her vow that she would dwell  
With greatest things, or dwell alone."

At "Wordsworth's Grave" he asks what the great poet's birth-gift was, and answers—

" Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine,  
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless,  
human view,  
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine,  
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge  
knew.

" What hadst thou that could make so large  
amends  
For all thou hadst not, and thy peers  
possessed,  
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?  
Thou hadst for weary feet the gift of rest.

" Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless  
flower  
There in white languors to decline and  
cease,  
But peace whose names are also rapture,  
power,  
Clear sight and love, for these are parts of  
peace."

Of the whole poem Mr. Grant Allen well remarked: "In its own kind I venture to say since 'In Memoriam' burst upon us we have not heard quite so authentic a voice, so large and whole of utterance; we have not met anywhere with such close marks of kinship to the sanest work of the great English singers."

The quick heart of Nonconformist England, at any rate, has never forgotten or forgiven Lord Rosebery for his desertion of Armenia in 1895. And it was William Watson who gave it clear and sonorous voice at that crisis of shame. The lines are worth recalling:

“What profits it, O England, to prevail  
 In camp and mart and council, and bestrew  
 With sovereign argosies the subject blue,  
 And wrest thy tribute from each golden gate,  
 If in thy strongholds thou canst hear the wail  
 Of maiden martyred by the turbaned crew  
 Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that  
 slew,  
 And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?  
 We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from  
 Him  
 Who watches, girdled by His seraphim,  
 To smite the wronger with thy destined  
 rod.  
 Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the sleep-  
 less cry  
 Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high  
 The gathering blackness of the frown of  
 God.”

That sonnet is right worthy to take rank beside Milton's on the persecuted Piedmontese—or any of the great patriotic sonnets of Wordsworth—and than that greater praise could not well be imagined.

Let it be granted that William Watson lacks humor, lacks the tear-starting strain, and is prevailingly sad and sombre in his tone—his seriousness and intensity leave him scarcely any room for such diversion. To say he has no passion is nigh to a slander. For power of suppressed indignation it would be hard to find his superior. We suppose it must have been because he was so uncompromising in his moral strictures, and so little of a court flatterer, that we have now to endure the mockery of being represented by Alfred Austin as our Poet-Laureate—but time will set right that inversion of the true order of merit.

Some one not long ago affirmed that Mr. Carruthers Gould, the carica-

turist, is at present the best asset of the Liberal party. We should bracket with him William Watson. Though the appeal of the one is to so much a larger constituency than the other enjoys, Watson's influence is of the intensive sort, and works at the root of things with quiet sureness. If his appeal is to the few, it is to the few who have the ear of the many, and Watson translated is bound to tell its tale on brain, and heart and conscience.

If what England needs to-day is to have lifted aloft the shining ideals of humanity and justice, of “the chivalrous courage that will not sacrifice the right to the expedient, the unflinching belief in the true which allows no paltering with the false,” then no living standard-bearer is worthier or more in evidence than William Watson. We thank God for him with all his limitations. Perhaps indeed it is those very bonds which make him, within his own prescribed circle of potentiality, the moral force he is. As bearing on his attitude towards current religious belief, let us listen before parting from him to his sonnet addressed to one who had written in derision of the faith in Immortality:

“Dismiss not so, with light, hard phrase and  
 cold,  
 E'en if it be but fond imagining,  
 The hope whereto so passionately cling  
 The dreaming generations from of old!  
 Not thus to luckless men are tidings told  
 Of mistress lost, or riches taken wing;  
 And is eternity a slighter thing,  
 To have or lose, than kisses or than gold?  
 Nay, tenderly, if needs thou must disprove  
 My loftiest fancy, dash my grand desire  
 To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,  
 And truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze  
 above  
 And round me, and to ask of my dead sire  
 His pardon for each word that wronged his  
 love.”

—J. D. T., in Primitive Methodist Magazine.



## A JEWISH MYSTIC.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.



**M**YSTICISM has had its disciples and exponents in all religions, and sainthood has blossomed in strange places and thrived under conditions most unfavorable. This statement is well illustrated in the life, career and teaching of Baalshem, a Jewish reformer of the eighteenth century. Baalsnem was born some three years before John Wesley. Wesley, Swedenborg, Baalshem, three seekers after God, three leaders in the world of religious thought, born about the same time. How different in doctrine, how diverse in method, how one in their aspirations for the divine and the eternal!

The birthplace of Baalshem was an obscure village in what was then Roumania. Both parents died while he was still an infant. The little orphan was carefully tended and educated by the Jews of the neighborhood. He was early supplied with an instructor in the law, but rejecting the customary methods of instruction, he sought for wisdom and truth in solitude and meditation. Many wonder tales are told of his childhood.

Like Isaac he was a child of old age, his birth was preceded by an angelic announcement. At one time Satan appeared to him in the shape of a were-wolf, but was defeated and driven away. So modest was Baalshem that he read and studied the law only by night, toiling at some form of manual labor by day. In spite of these precautions, however, his true character was revealed. Leaving his native village he settled as a teacher in a

small town near Brody, where he became greatly respected for his upright conduct, and was often called upon to act as judge in cases of dispute.

About this time he married the daughter of a learned man named Abraham; but still concealing his true character, he, together with his wife, left Brody and began a life of hardship and suffering. A home was selected upon one of the spurs of the Carpathian mountains, where they led a life of complete solitude. Baalshem gave himself up entirely to devotion and religious contemplation. His habit was to climb to the summit of the mountains and wander about wrapt in spiritual ecstasies. He fasted, prayed, made continual ablutions and observed all the customary outward and inward exercises of piety and devotion.

After seven years he returned to Brody. His wife, by conducting an inn, supported the family, and her husband gave himself to meditation and preparation for his future work. A little later, when forty-two years old, he revealed what he considered his true character and mission to a few disciples.

From this point the materials for a complete biography are wanting. We hear of him as a rabbi in Podolia and meet with a few detached and uncertain anecdotes. His method was that of Socrates, teaching by conversation with his friends and disciples. He left behind him no printed work. Between him and the rabbis there was no sympathy. The authorized teachers regarded him as a harmless eccentric. He died at Miedjibos on the eve of Pentecost, 1761. After his death his

disciples carried on the work, and at the present time the number of his followers is about half a million.

A host of legends gather about his memory. There are the miracles so often credited to the founder of a new religion. "When Baalshem desired to cross a stream, he spread his mantle upon the waters, and standing thereupon, passed safely to the other side. Ghosts evacuated haunted houses at the mere mention of his name. Was he alone in the forest on a winter night, he had but to touch a tree with his finger-tips, and flames burst forth. When his spirit wandered through the angelic spheres, as was frequently the case, he obtained access to Paradise for millions of pining souls who had vainly waited without through long thousands of years."

Baalshem's teaching was a reaction from the dry and pedantic rabbinical study of the law, the sophistry, subtlety and casuistry of the Jewish teachers around him. To them religion consisted only of complicated cases of conscience and innumerable ordinances. Feeling, faith and love, the weightier matters of the law, were almost entirely neglected. These higher religious emotions were Baalshem's peculiar province. His whole life was a protest against the typical rabbi of his time. He was a religious revivalist, according to the light that he possessed, full of burning faith in God and His cause, utterly convinced of the value of his work and the truth of his teaching.

The key-note of all Baalshem's teaching is the immanence of God. From this flows naturally every article of his creed. The idea of the constant living presence of God in all existence permeates the whole of Baalshem's scheme. All things owe their being to God and are pervaded by the divine life. In every human thought, evil as well as good, God is present. Revela-

tion is continuous as well as creation. Faith is more efficacious than learning. God is present in all things, therefore there is good in all things. No sin can so separate us from God that we need despair of return. From every round of the moral ladder, no matter how low, let man seek God, and he who leads a sinner to repentance causes a divine joy. He despaired of none. Prayer is communion with God, rather than asking for the supply of some want.

He taught boundless charity for all, and himself consorted with outcasts and sinners, the poor and uneducated of both sexes. He had small respect for mere form. It made no difference whether prayers were said in synagogue or forest.

Unlike the contemporary religious teachers, he honored woman, revering his own wife as a saint. Women were among his most devoted adherents. According to Baalshem, the most common acts of life, as eating, drinking and sleeping, might be performed in the service of God and for His glory. Upon the continual study of the law he laid but little stress, it being but a part of a larger whole. The true lover of God is also a lover of man. The three cardinal virtues are humility, cheerfulness and enthusiasm. He taught no ascetic or morbid piety. We are not to regard the physical propensities as evil, or to burden the conscience with mere trifles. Love is the impelling motive in a true religious life.

It can readily be seen how much in Baalshem's teaching is beautiful and true: how nearly he came to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. He was an earnest seeker after the light. Must we not place him in the long list of saintly souls, who, in all creeds, have sought the unseen and the eternal, holiness and truth, men, like John of old, "sent from God"?

## SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

BY FLORA MACDONALD DENISON.



ALL reforms have been brought about by the enthusiasm of the devotees of Freedom. Luther and Wesley were not satisfied with conditions as they found them, and with divine enthusiasm they spent their lives and energies to change and better them. In barbaric times might was right, but now we believe that intellect should triumph over brute force.

Susan B. Anthony, whose recent death made her the subject for newspaper and magazine articles all over the world, was not satisfied with conditions as she found them. She was a school-teacher and did not receive the same pay for the same work as her brothers did. This seemed such a self-evident injustice to her that, when at a convention where over two-thirds of the teachers were women and not allowed to speak, she timidly asked permission to state her grievance. But she was voted down, only one man expressing a wish that the "lady should be heard."

Susan B. was not to be discouraged by trifles. There were three great wrongs: slavery, intemperance and unfranchised womanhood. She saw slavery abolished, much good work for the cause of temperance accomplished, and many a victory in the suffrage movement.

Pelted with rotten eggs, hissed and hooted in 1861: in 1904, when eighty-four years of age, the honored guest of the Empress of Germany, where the great women of the world met in convention, and where she was greatest of them all! Susan B. Anthony had so long and faithfully fought the

battle of Freedom for women, before there were any banquets or pleasures, that with one accord she was given the place of honor

Each successive change in the progress of the world seems to have decided opposition, but it is a satisfaction to know that there was much joy and many grand friendships all along Aunt Susan's life. With such co-workers as Lucretia Mott, Mary Livermore, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, George Sand, Mary Wright Sewell, Frances Willard (who said she would drive her team, temperance and suffrage, tandem, and would place the suffrage ahead), Caroline Chapman Catt and Rev. Anna Shaw—how full her life was of splendid memories of work and endeavor! Nor did she lack the co-operation of men, for among the ones who fought side by side with her at many a convention and many a meeting, we find such celebrities as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, and England's great philosopher and scholar, John Stuart Mill. Nor must we forget that our own fair Dominion co-operated in her splendid work, with Dr. Emily Stowe and Mary MacDonnell as leaders.

It seems amazing that, with the unanswerable arguments in favor of woman suffrage, and the influential adherents that espouse its cause, women are still asking for the right to vote. Miss Anthony's last thought was for the success of her life's work, and she left every cent she owned (some \$10,000) to the cause, entreating the Rev. Anna Shaw, who was with her at the last, and her niece Lucy, never to give up the fight till the entire victory should be won.

She had the satisfaction of seeing New Zealand, Australia, many of the States of the American Union, and the Isle of Man, with an unsexed suffrage, and a limited franchise in all the States of the Union, in England and Canada. She had not tired with the long struggle, and hoped that in the vast beyond greater opportunity would be given her to continue her work. It would be hard to say too much in praise of this wonderful woman, whose intellect and ability, perseverance and endurance, kept her in the front ranks of the suffrage movement for over half a century, delivering over one hundred lectures a year, besides organizing societies and writing for the cause.

Every one must admit her greatness, and women throughout the world should never rest till they see the great work she began finished! Only those living fifty or seventy-five years ago can imagine the absolute bondage women were in, with no right to their property, though they may have earned it, and no right to their children. Why, we owe it to Susan B. Anthony that this world is half fit for a woman to live in.

Woman, figuratively speaking, represents freedom, and yet all are free save women. The prolonged injustice

to woman is the darkest page in human history. But splendid men all over the country are lifting voice and pen to see justice done. In our own Queen City only last year a deputation waited on Premier Whitney; besides the officers of the W. C. T. U. and the D. W. E. A. were many men also—Mayor Urquhart of Toronto, a representative of the London City Council, James L. Hughes, who championed Political Equality to the extent of their splendid ability.

The race cannot rise above its source, and only when the mothers can have every opportunity of exercising whatever talents they may have, can the race attain a modicum of idealism. Women have been petitioning, begging that male governments redress their wrongs, when they should have asserted their rights and made laws themselves.

It requires philosophy and heroism to rise above precedent, but with a few more heroes such as Susan B. Anthony, woman will float easily to her proper place on this green old earth as the co-equal of man. It will not be man's right or woman's rights, but human rights. All honor to the great pioneer.

Toronto.

---

#### A QUIET LIFE.

A quiet life is mine, all closed about ;  
I can go neither in nor out  
As others go ;  
Within my daily paths no flowers sprout  
Nor sunbeams glow.

As captive bird doth long its wings to try,  
So doth my yearning spirit sigh  
Sometimes to roam ;  
But I content must be—I wonder why ?  
Always at home.

Oh, plaintive, restless heart, be still, be still !  
Know that it is my Father's will  
Thou here shouldst stay ;  
And the full measure of His purpose fill,  
Though others stray.

Thy life is His appointing. He doth know  
The cares that press, yearnings that glow  
Within thy breast.  
Thy lot is lowly, but He meant it so ;  
Then be at rest.

—Sarah Kilbreth McLean.

## THE AFTERMATH IN JAPAN.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN WINTER DRESS.



THE Bible Society agent at Kobe sends some striking impressions of the effect of the war on the general life of the Japanese nation. The all-absorbing subject of prayer, thought, and conversation is, of course, the war, which has been so full of surprises and so pregnant with possibilities for the extension of the Kingdom of God. Japan has been fighting for her life as an independent nation, and is victorious. Let us continue increasingly to pray that "not peace alone, but mutual goodwill may be restored to these nations who have been at strife."

Last year the foreign trade of the country showed a considerable increase—possibly through the prosperity of the silk merchants and an unusually heavy rice crop. Not a little hard-

ship, however, has been occasioned by the economy practised in regard to the use of silk for wearing apparel. The weavers have had to turn, at no little cost to themselves, to the weaving of other fabrics. As yet the people generally have not begun to suffer from loss of employment. Before long the industrial world may be affected acutely, as, at the time of writing, the rice crop for 1905 is endangered by very heavy rainfall and long-continued low temperature, and already the price of rice has begun to appreciate. A cheerful optimism has been preserved by the Government and its officials as to the resources of the nation. But grim want has at last been revealed. With stolid Eastern endurance Japan has concealed the desperate conditions which have grown up in her northern provinces through the waste and destruction of war, but the truth has reached the West through letters to missionary



THE FUNERAL OF A JAPANESE OFFICER.

societies and other reliable avenues of communication.

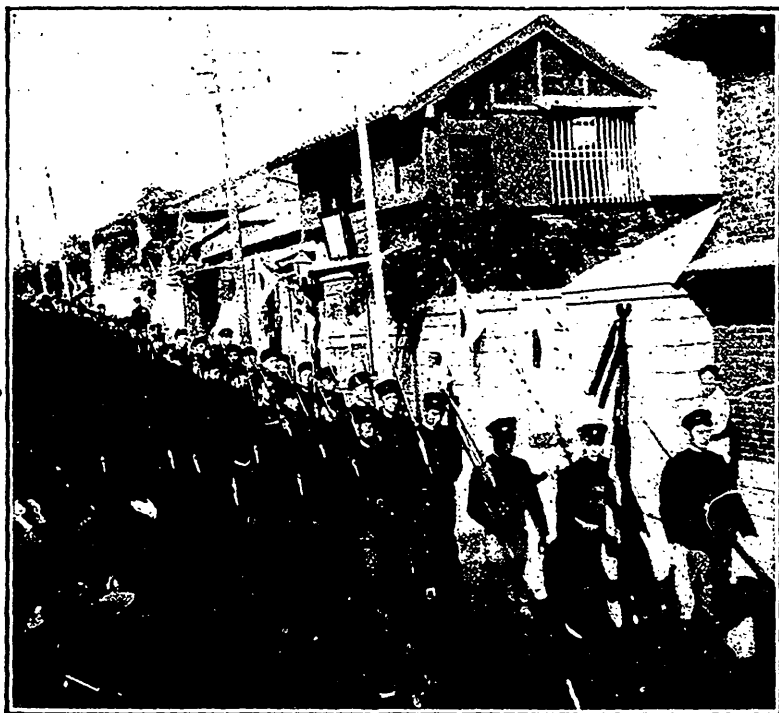
Our own Dr. Meacham, who has spent many years in Japan, writes: "The sad intelligence has come that the famine has spread far more widely than we had at first supposed. Statistics show that about a million of persons in that region are face to face with starvation. The facts that come to hand appeal mightily to our sympathies. Besides, they are our brethren, for God has made us all of one blood. And they are our allies, and have recently fought our battles as well as their own with Russia, and partly on account of that struggle are now in this dreadful condition of suffering."

"We have missionaries of our Church in Japan who are strongly in sympathy with this movement, and in close touch with those who can most judiciously distribute the relief

we send among the suffering. Besides, these missionaries of ours will have their own hands strengthened and their influence widened among the Japanese by being made the almoners of our bounty."

Thousands are living on fern roots and bark, or a mixture of one-third rice and two-thirds bark. The Christian Herald declares that unless help providentially comes "the wolves of famine will claim more victims than the totals of the killed and wounded in all the battles of the Manchurian war. Dr. Briggs will forward to our missionaries in Japan the donations of our people for the Famine Fund.

The Japan Times quotes as follows from the annual White Book, which reports the progress of education: "Classified according to sex, 96.59 per cent. of boys and 89.58 per cent. of girls of school age attend school. The total attendance of both sexes in



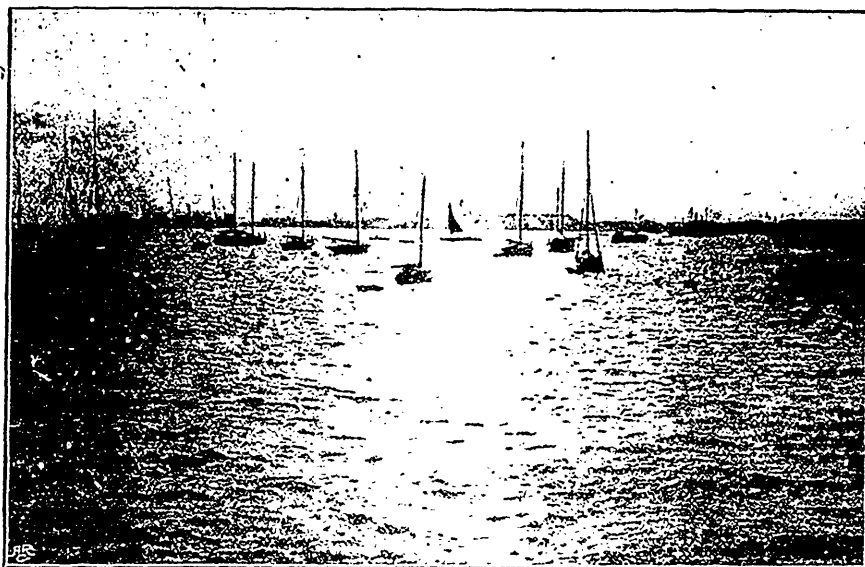
JAPANESE STUDENTS AT MILITARY DRILL.

1873 was 29 per cent.; in 1883, 51; in 1893, 59; and in 1903 over 93 per cent."

Y. M. C. A. work has recently attracted attention. It has long been held in high esteem by leading public men, especially in Tokio. Some months ago, in response to repeated requests, permission was accorded to the Association for some of its officers to enter Manchuria in order to attempt work among the troops. So rapidly and efficiently was the provision of bath-rooms, reading-rooms and facilities for letter-writing, and other necessary and much-needed creature comforts undertaken, that the military authorities gave most hearty consent to the Association's request for permission to extend its field of operations. Official buildings have been placed at its disposal. Several thousand Scrip-

ture portions and Testaments have been supplied from the Kobe agency to this enterprise of the Y. M. C. A. for reading-room and hospital use.

The Y. M. C. A. has been brought to the notice of his Majesty the Emperor, who has graciously presented from his privy purse the sum of yen 10,000 to the Association as a mark of appreciation of its work in Manchuria. A gift of yen 1,000 has also been made to the Home for Discharged Prisoners—a Christian institution, whose records show that over 80 per cent. of the inmates of the home have been reformed and enabled to enter society again as men who could be trusted and treated as reliable. The Okayama Orphan Asylum, founded by a Christian medical student, has also shared in the imperial munificence. The director



KOBÉ HARBOR, AS SEEN FROM THE BIBLE HOUSE.

was recently notified that it was the imperial pleasure to bestow a sum of yen 10,000, in ten annual instalments of a thousand yen each, in appreciation of the success attending the labors of the asylum.

Never in her history has Japan seen so much philanthropic effort successfully organized. At different centres the families of soldiers at the front have been given employment daily at a fixed rate, and in this all the members of the family who are capable of working unite. Of course the remuneration for sewing garments, preparing numerous small articles, etc., is small, though sufficient to prevent want. In Kobe the resident foreign ladies are supporting five *crèches*, where Japanese mothers may leave their infants during working hours. Especially is this a boon to those mothers who are engaged in the tea-firing *gotōrens*, and who labor from five in the morning until five in the evening. In country districts tree-planting is being pursued very

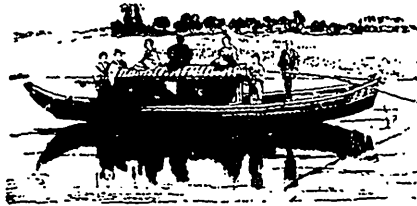
vigorously, women and children being quite capable of performing this light labor, which in a few years will add to the timber of the hill districts, and so form a source of considerable wealth to the country. In these and various other ways the Japanese Government, both centrally and locally, is endeavoring to meet the hardships that individual families are forced to endure.

Hamada, an isolated little town on the west coast of Japan, was thrown into a state of great excitement shortly after the battle of Tsushima. Six wounded Russians and a nurse were rescued from the sea. Official word was sent to the few foreign residents that if they mingled in the crowd to see the Russians they must not even smile, as any such action might hurt the feelings of the injured men. Despite careful treatment in the local military hospital—a small one, of only about two hundred beds—two of these Russians soon died of their injuries. They were interred by the



Japanese in the military cemetery, and the burial service of the English Church was conducted by a Japanese pastor of the Nippon Sei Kokwai (Episcopal Church of Japan). A plain wooden cross was placed at the head of each grave, and a cross of flowers on the grave. The officer in charge of the funeral commented on the changed attitude toward Christianity that now permits the cross to be erected in a military cemetery. Christian services for the Japanese

wounded have for some time been held in the Hamada hospital. The soldiers enjoy singing hymns, and gladly receive the gospels given them. After the rescued Russians arrived they were invited to attend with the Japanese. The pastor found in a Russ Bible the passage he meant to speak upon, and the nurse read it aloud to the Russian sailors. This Russ Bible belongs to a lieutenant of the Hamada regiment, and was brought back by him from the war.



JAPANESE RIVER BOAT.

### SONG OF THE PLAINS.

—:0:—

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,  
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart,  
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,  
Singing of life and endurance and bidding me bear my part.

For this is the song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,  
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,  
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open west,  
Echoing deep in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

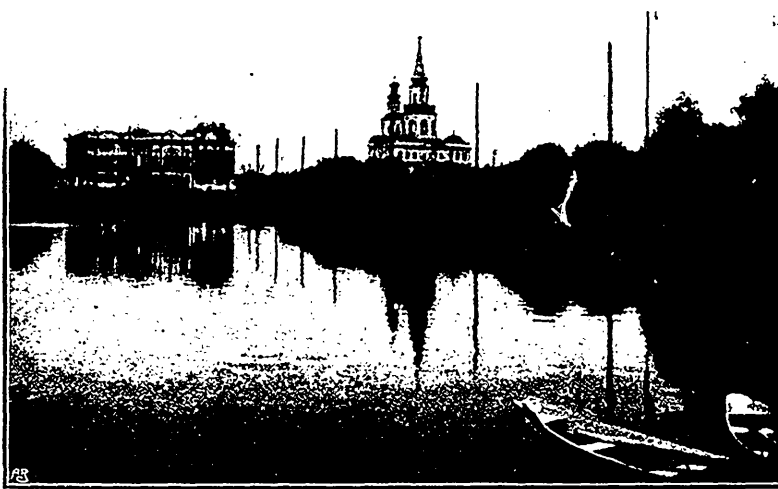
And this is life, as I read it, and life in its fairest form,  
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod.  
To strive and strive and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,  
Pencilling over the prairies the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,  
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath the sky,  
To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to follow straight,  
Silent and strong and contented—the limitless plains and I.

—The Spectator.



## THE BIBLE IN SIBERIA.



THE COURTS OF JUSTICE, EKATERINBURG, SIBERIA.



WE have for long been in the habit of regarding Siberia as typical of all that lags behind the times on the plains of desolation. Mr. W. Davidson, the Bible Society's agent, who has spent sixteen years in that country, and probably knows as much about Siberia and its inhabitants as any living Englishman, gives a much more hopeful picture of its internal condition, and regards the people as more promising than their kinsmen in Russia.

"The Siberian peasant is ignorant—often very ignorant," said Mr. Davidson recently at the Bible House in London, when detailing the progress of his agency, "but he is neither as ignorant nor as indolent as the Russian peasant. Siberia is peopled largely with emigrants from the more congested Russian cities, who have

availed themselves of the excellent facilities offered them, and have crossed the Urals in search of wider breathing space. Land in Siberia can be bought at a very cheap rate, while the emigrant can obtain a free allotment and is exempt from taxes for the first three years. In this way it is said that the Government has given away 19,000,000 acres. In addition to this, the State will advance the emigrant about £10, without interest, for the purchase of agricultural implements to enable him to clear his land. He is also allowed to travel at the rate of a shilling per hundred miles.

"Emigrants—no matter what their nationality—are invariably more enterprising than their fellows who stay at home, and equally is this true in the Russian Empire. Hence, the Siberian peasant is sturdier and more self-reliant than his kinsman in Russia. He is not afraid of journeying long distances, and grows accustomed to



A MINER'S HUT IN THE URALS.

think for himself from the sheer necessity which confronts an emigrant suddenly thrown on his own resources. One curious indication of the more advanced condition of the people in Siberia appears in the fact that those who have settled far east are adopting new and improved agricultural machinery in those outlying districts, where there are not sufficient men to do the work by hand. Whereas in the Urals you cannot induce the peasants to try any modern improvements of this sort: anything like innovation is regarded with suspicion, if not with open hostility."

"Are the Siberian people much given to reading?"

"By no means. Schools are very few and indifferent, and many folk live out of the reach of these, such as

they are. But those who can will read aloud to others, and when once a book is purchased it is usually put to good use.

"The village priest is frequently a great aid to us. It is quite an exception to meet a priest who is not in sympathy with our work. He invariably gives a hearty welcome to the colporteur, and not only encourages his parishioners to buy and read the books offered for sale, but may purchase copies for his own use, or to distribute on his own account.

"All our colporteurs in Siberia are members of the Orthodox Church. In the Russian Empire there is a universal antipathy to anything Western—or, indeed, to anything that is other than Russian. It would, therefore, be inadvisable to employ any but those



A BURIAT GIRL, SIBERIA.

free passes, and convey large consignments of books for us, carriage free. And to show the readiness with which the subordinate officials carry out the instructions received from headquarters, even during the war, when everything naturally had to stand aside to make way for the transport trains going east, cases of our Scriptures were forwarded free, through the kind influence of the manager of the lines."

"Do the colporteurs work much in Eastern Siberia?"

"We are not justified in keeping a large staff in the eastern provinces, owing to the sparseness of the population. Except for a vast territory watered by the River Amur the interior is nothing but forest and waste land. People are only to be found along the river banks. These are the descendants of the Cossacks from southern Russia, who were originally sent out as military colonists—to open up the country and develop its agri-

who belong to the national Church. Our staff numbers some of the most earnest and zealous Christians you could desire to find engaged in Bible-selling. They will endure uncomplainingly the greatest hardships, realizing that their work is for the good of the souls of men, and not for mere earthly gain."

"How do the colporteurs travel?"

"As a rule, by rail or by water (and you must remember that there are over 30,000 miles of navigable waterways in Siberia alone), but when the colporteurs leave these main highways of traffic, and penetrate into the more primitive parts of the country, they use a sledge or a cart, or they leave the bulk of their books at the nearest station and set out on foot, a full pack on their back. The railways and shipping lines controlled by the State no less than those owned by private companies, grant our men



A TUNGUSKA SORCERESS, SIBERIA.



A MAN AND WOMAN BELONGING TO THE OROTCHONKI NOMADS, SIBERIA.

culture, while holding themselves in readiness to take up the sword against the robber hordes from Manchuria. They have proved disappointing, however; though daring horsemen and useful for dispersing mobs, they are, on the whole, lazy and indolent. Our colporteur has a free pass on the Amur steamers, and sells the Scriptures in the villages and hamlets along its banks."

"I believe our society has exceptional facilities for work among prisoners and convicts?"

"Yes, I have a special permit from the Minister of Prisons, which gives me free access to them at any time. When this permission was granted, the Minister, embracing me in Russian fashion, thanked me very cordially for what the Bible Society was doing, and asked God's blessing on the work.

"I used to visit the prisons prior to the opening of the railway, and I have often seen detachments of prisoners in chains, making the journey by road. They used to travel two days and rest for one day. Now they are sent to Siberia direct by rail. In those early

times I went by cart from Tjumen, Omsk or Tomsk. More recently I accompanied Dr. Baedeker, who is specially privileged to preach the Gospel to Russian prisoners. I was able to procure permission to take Mr. Bondfield, the Society's agent in China, to see the prison in Chita when he was crossing Siberia a couple of years ago."

"What is the attitude of the prisoners towards you?"

"They are very glad to see me, and welcome the books. In every prison there is a library, and our depositaries at Chita and Krasnoyarsk visit the prisons at stated intervals to see that the copies of the Scriptures are in good condition, and to replace any that may be lost. Our men have also visited the mines and been permitted to distribute books among the convicts there."

"The war, of course, kept you very busy?"

"Yes, most of the troops passed through Siberia and we met them at Cheljabinsk, the great junction where trains from Europe enter Asia. At this place 50,000 copies were given



A SETTLER'S HUT IN SIBERIA.

away, and were carried all over the country, as far as Mukden, and even into Japan.

"There have been proofs again and again that the books have been much appreciated. One of our own colporteurs, who was called out to the front, has written telling how he saw soldiers with the Scriptures they had obtained from our colporteurs reading them in their spare time. It is interesting to note that we gave away books to soldiers in ten different languages. The bulk of these copies were either the Four Gospels or the Psalms. When we were distributing these in the railway carriages—something like our guard's van (each one being labelled 'To accommodate forty men or eight horses')—we endeav-

ored to give an equal number of Gospels and Psalms, so that the men could exchange their copies and be enabled to read both."

"I suppose your sales in Siberia have been affected by the war?"

"To some extent. The people have less money to buy anything, and cannot so readily spare even the small coin required to purchase a Gospel. The peasantry are loaded with taxes. Everything seems to be taxed, from matches upwards. Nevertheless, our actual sales last year were nearly 62,000 copies—only 3,000 copies below those of the previous year—and our total Siberian circulation was over 95,000. These represented books in twenty-two different languages."—*The Bible World.*

## MARIE CORELLI.

BY LOTTIE M'ALISTER.

"A finger's breadth at hand will mar  
A world of light in heaven afar;  
A mote eclipse a glorious star."



MASON CROFT (MARIE CORELLI'S HOME), STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



It is equally true that the larger the object looming on the physical or mental horizon, the longer must be the distance between that object and the observer, to enable him correctly to estimate proportions. Any one standing with his eye glued to a crack in the marble of Milan Cathedral cannot see the columns, the arches, the pinnacles, the buttresses, the harmonious symmetry of the

whole that gives to solid marble the appearance of a structure supernaturally wrought. Marie Corelli is still alive and the printer's ink in her books is barely dry, but that modern prophetic soul, the Critic, has already denied her immortality. This denial may be prompted by the same motive that prompts the Mohammedan to deny soul in womankind—simply because she is a woman. No less a personage than W. T. Stead, in referring to "The Master Christian," wrote: "The phenomenal sale of such works is perhaps much more worthy

of consideration than anything that is found within the covers of the books themselves."

Miss Corelli will have to be content to write without the parchment formally executed and signed by the Council of Critics. Her success has been taken very largely, by these tasters of literature, as a personal grievance. They appraised her as below par in the great market of letters, but an unreasonable public has set aside their censorship and is taking her at a very large premium.

There has recently been issued from the press a book, "Marie Corelli; the Writer and the Woman," in which the writers, Thomas F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell, take the longest backward look possible at this writer.

We have seen an ingenious advertisement to which a match was applied at a designated place on a sheet of paper, and, lo, the burden of its message was traced out before our astonished eyes in letters of fire. To ears not attuned to the note struck by Marie Corelli in the choir of earth's melodies, and to eyes unable to translate her subtle allegories, her "earthly stories with a heavenly meaning," this new book is at once a tuning-fork and eye salve. In it her message is spelled out, beautifully, simply, note by note, letter by letter.

It was a happy conjunction, indeed, of essentials for greatness that gave to the world Marie Corelli. Even the critics do not now totally deny her supergenerous endowment of mental gifts. The soil, the air, the sun, and whatever else is covered by Dr. Drummond's peculiarly emphasized word environment, was a veritable forcing ground for embryonic genius. She did not even lack the impetus that comes from the need of loved ones. The result is an enrichment not only of English literature, but of the imagination of the world.

The few descriptions procurable of Miss Corelli's personal appearance are pleasing and contradict the theory that female genius is born old and ugly and bearing on her forehead the mark of the beast Strongmindedness. Gladstone wrote: "You are pretty and good." The editor of the Manchester Chronicle particularizes, and writes: "A small creature, with a mass of waving golden hair—'pale gold, such as the Tuscan's early art prefers'—with dimpled cheeks and expressive eyes, almost childlike at first glance, but with immense reserves of energy—that is Marie Corelli."

Dr. Mackay, Miss Corelli's foster-father, was a man of letters, and undoubtedly the precocity of her mental development was largely due to her association with him, his books and his friends. "He instilled into her a strict regard for truth and sincerity, a reverence for sacred things, and a desire to follow in spirit and in truth the teachings of Christ." This teaching forms the index by which is to be read her character and works. He also taught her to love Shakespeare. Before she was ten she had read many of the works of her father's friends—Dickens, Thackeray and Jerrold, but we read: "The Bible, and especially the New Testament, was always her greatest friend in the world of books."

What does Miss Corelli conceive to be her mission? To write stories? Nay, verily, but rather through this attractive medium she makes "her dauntless crusade against vice and unbelief." She writes of the supernatural, the religious. Her answer at the bar of literary criticism as to why she should so write is: "Because I feel the existence of the supernatural, and, feeling it, I must speak of it. . . . But I distinctly wish it to be understood that I am neither a Spiritualist nor a Theosophist. . . ."



I have no other supernatural belief than that which is taught by the Founder of our faith. . . ."

Writing, as she does, of the things lying nearest to the heart of humanity, may account for the fact that: "She is perhaps the most extensively read of living novelists in Holland, Russia, Germany and Austria, where translations of her books are always to be obtained, or that her 'Barabbas' and a 'Romance of Two Worlds,' in their Hindustani renderings command a wide following among the native peoples of India. She is extremely popular in Norway and Sweden, and 'Vendetta' in its Italian translation is always in vogue in Italy, as the French version of 'Absinthe' ('Wormwood') is in France."

Marie Corelli's first book was written under the shadow of financial trouble. Her beloved father was stricken with paralysis, and, like many literary men, had met head winds and heavy seas financially.

She sent the manuscript, "A Romance of Two Worlds," to Mr. George Bentley. This great publisher was ever afterwards "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to the young writer. If George Bentley had listened to his readers his house would never have published the book. It was a case of overdose of criticism that saved. To quote the authors of "Marie Corelli; the Writer and the Woman":

"The plot of the story with which Miss Corelli won her spurs is simple in the extreme. The plot, indeed, is a secondary matter, the main strength of the book being the Physical Electricity utilized by Heliobas—the medicine-man of Chaldean descent. . . . It ought to be remembered, too, that, at the time the 'Romance' was published, the wonders of the X-rays had not been demonstrated, nor had wireless telegraphy become a *fait accompli*. Yet these were distinctly foretold in Marie Corelli's first book, as also the possible wonders yet to be proved in certain new scientific theories of Sound and Color.

It may instruct many to know that the theory of God's 'Central World' with which all the universe moves, is a part of the author's own implicit belief in a future state of being."

Of "Thelma," Miss Corelli's third book, Mr. Bentley wrote: "There is a rich imagery in 'Thelma' which makes me believe you capable of becoming our first novelist, and there is a versatility which bodes well. . . . But God sends what is best for His children—may His best be for you."

"'Ardath—The Story of a Dead Self,' a book inspired by the Jewish apocryphal 'Book of Esdras,' is one of the author's finest efforts to further the cause of true religion." Theos Alwyn, "an agnostic and searcher after absolute and positive proof," demands of Heliobas, a mystic scientist, release of his soul from fleshly bondage. Heliobas answers:

"To-night!—without faith, preparation or prayer,—you are willing to be tossed through the realms of space like a grain of dust in a whirling tempest? Beyond the glittering gyration of unnumbered stars, through the sword-like flash of streaming comets, through darkness, through light, through depths of profoundest silence, over heights of vibrating sound, you, *you* will dare wander in these God-invested regions, you, a blasphemer and a doubter of God!" But Theos prevailed, and his soul went out on its questioning journey crying, "O God, where art Thou?"

The thread that holds together the enthralling visions, dreams and experiences that follow is, "learn from the perils of the past the perils of the future." In the pre-historic city of Al-Kyris, "a city of lies, atheism and humbug," Theos meets Sah-luma, the Prince of Egoists, who explains the religion of this 5000 B.C. city.

"We believe in no actual creed,—who does? We accept a certain given suppositious Divinity, together with the suitable maxims and code of morals accompanying that Divinity—we call this Religion—and we wear

it as we wear our clothing, for the sake of necessity and decency—though truly we are not half so concerned about it as about the far more interesting details of taste in attire. Still, we have grown used to our doctrine, and some of us will fight with each other for the difference of a word respecting it, and as it contains within itself many seeds of discord and contradiction such dissensions are frequent, especially among the priests, who were they but true to their professed vocation, should be able to find ways of smoothing over all apparent inconsistencies and maintaining peace and order. Of course, we, in unison with civilized communities, worship the Sun, even as thou must do, in this one leading principle at least, our faith is universal!

"And yet," he went on thoughtfully, "the well-instructed know through our scientists and astronomers (many of whom are languishing in prison for the boldness of their researches and discoveries) that the Sun is no divinity at all, but simply a huge Planet—a dense body surrounded by a luminous flame-darting atmosphere, neither self-acting nor omnipotent, but only one of many similar orbs moving in strict obedience to fixed mathematical laws; nevertheless, this knowledge is wisely kept back as much as possible from the multitude, for, were science to unveil her marvels too openly to semi-educated and vulgarly constituted minds, the result would be, first Atheism, next Republicanism, and finally, Anarchy and Ruin. If these evils—which, like birds of prey, continually hover about all great kingdoms—are to be averted, we must, for the welfare of the country and people, hold fast to some stated form and outward observance of religious belief."

Even in Al-Kyris :

"There was a prophet, Khosrûl, who . . . gave out the faith that was in him, that far away in a circle of pure Light the true God existed, a vast, all-glorious Being, who, with exceeding marvellous love, controlled and guided Creation towards some majestic end. Furthermore, Khosrûl held that thousands of years thence . . . this God would embody a portion of His own existence in human form; and will send hither a wondrous creature, half God, half man, to live our life, die our death, and teach us by precept and example the surest way to eternal happiness."

To quote again:

"The Prophet Khosrûl was predicting in

the midst of excited multitudes the early destruction of the city, and the coming of the Redeemer. Upon Theos was again forced the knowledge which was his in the world whence he had been transported to this pre-Christian age, and, suddenly roused to excitement, he declared to these talented barbarians: 'He HAS come! He died for us, and rose again from the dead more than eighteen hundred years ago!'"

Out of the horrible scenes of final destruction Theos carries the dead body of his poet friend Sah-luma. Then there came to him that common but fleeting and indefinite sensation that somewhere in the filmy past his dead friend's face had once been a familiar one. This impression grew until in the lifeless face and figure he beheld his "Dead Self."

On his return from abstract regions to concrete London he makes everywhere the Great Declaration "God exists."

Through this poet Marie Corelli declares her own convictions in those words :

"I consider, that if you take the hope of an after-joy and blessedness away from the weary, perpetually toiling Million, you destroy, at one wanton blow, their best, purest, and noblest aspirations. As for the Christian Religion, I cannot believe that so grand and holy Symbol is perishing among us. We have a monarch whose title is 'Defender of the Faith'; we live in an age of civilization, which is primarily the result of that faith, and if, as it is said, Christianity is exploded, then certainly the greatness of this heretofore great nation is exploding with it! But I do not think that, because a few sceptics uplift their wailing 'All is vanity' from their self-created desert of agnosticism, therefore the majority of men and women are turning renegades from the simplest, most humane, most unselfish Creed that ever the world has known. It may be so, but at present I prefer to trust in the higher spiritual instincts of man at his best, rather than accept the testimony of the lesser Unbelieving against the greater Many, whose strength, comfort, patience and endurance, if these virtues come not from God, come not at all."

In this book she has a message for womankind, and it is this :

"If women gave up their faith let the world prepare for strange disaster! Good, God-loving women, women who pray, women who hope, women who inspire men to do the best that is in them, these are the safety and glory of nations! When women forget to kneel, when women cease to teach their children the 'Our Father' by whose grandly simple plea Humanity claims Divinity as its origin, then shall we learn what is meant by 'men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after these things which are coming on the earth.' A woman who denies Christ repudiates Him Who, above all others, made her sex as free and honored as everywhere in Christendom it is. He never refused woman's prayers, He had patience with her weakness, pardon for her sins, and any book written by a woman's hand that does Him the smallest shadow of wrong is to me as gross an act as that of one who, loaded with benefits, scruples not to murder his benefactor?"

Notwithstanding the objection that one may not righteously lecture on Castles in Spain who has never been there, and that he may less righteously lecture on this subject if he has taken the journey, Marie Corelli has made a pronouncement on the marriage question that if heeded would fill the homes of our nation with Edenic splendor. Commercialism is daily sacrificing at the marriage altar. Too often women who have beauty or gold expect to barter these possessions. Her beauty is weighed in an even balance for gold; her millions command a title.

Marie Corelli reminds this calculating old world that marriage should stand for the 'Supreme Affection.'

"Marriage," she says, "is not the Church, the ritual, the blessing of clergymen, or the ratifying and approving presence of one's friends and relations at the ceremony; still less is it a matter of settlements and expensive millinery. It is the taking of a solemn vow before the throne of the Eternal—a vow which declares that the man and woman concerned have discovered in each other his or her true mate; that they feel life is alone valuable and worth living in each other's company; that they are prepared to endure trouble, pain, sickness, death itself, provided that they may only be together;

and that all the world is a mere grain of dust in worth as compared to the exalted passion which fills their souls and moves them to become one in flesh as well as in spirit. Nothing can make marriage an absolutely sacred thing except the great love, combined with the pure and faithful intentions of the vow involved."

To woman Marie Corelli says :

'I want you to refuse to make your bodies and souls the traffickable material of vulgar huckstering. I want you to give yourselves ungrudgingly, fearlessly, without a price or any condition whatever, to the man you truly love, and abide by the results. If love is love indeed, no regret can be possible. But be sure it is love—the real passion, that elevates you above all sordid and mean considerations of self, that exalts you to noble thoughts and nobler deeds, that keeps you faithful to the one vow, and moves you to take a glorious pride in preserving that vow's immaculate purity; be sure it is all this, for if it is not all this you are making a mistake and are ignorant of the very beginnings of love. Try to fathom your own hearts on this vital question; try to feel, to comprehend, to learn the responsibilities invested in womanhood, and never stand before God's altar to accept a blessing on your marriage if you know in your inmost soul that it is no marriage at all in the true sense of the word, but merely a question of convenience and sale. To do such a deed is the vilest blasphemy—a blasphemy in which you involve the very priest who pronounces the futile benediction. The saying, 'God will not be mocked,' is a true one; and least of all will He consent to listen to or ratify such a mockery as a marriage vow sworn before Him in utter falsification and mispraisal of His chiefest commandment—Love. It is a wicked and wilful breaking of the law, and is never by any chance suffered to remain unpunished."

Such is Marie Corelli; a woman of high ideals and intensely practical in striving to realize them.

It is fitting that Stratford-on-Avon, Miss Corelli's home, should have such a presiding genius. She has proved herself to be its preserving angel. May she long live to turn a flaming sword every way to preserve this Shakespearian Mecca from the money changers.

## GENERAL BOOTH: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.\*

BY H. JEFFS.



THE famous Boston "Stump," dear in memory to the Pilgrim Fathers, and a valued landmark to the fishermen of the Wash, was dimly seen through the gloom as, on a Monday evening in early September, General Booth's procession of motor cars entered the ancient East Anglian town. It was my fortune to occupy a seat in the second car, following the pilot, and immediately preceding the white car of the General. We had flitted over the eighteen miles from the old-fashioned town of Horncastle, the whole population of which had cheered us "good-bye."

All along the road the people were gathered, waving hats and handkerchiefs, mothers holding up their children to see the General. At every cross-road there was a little crowd gathered from the villages of the countryside. Laborers rushed to the hedges, and servant men and maids leaned over the walls of wide-stretching parks. Long will they remember the passing of the hoary old General, who waved his hand in acknowledgment of the shouted "God bless you!"

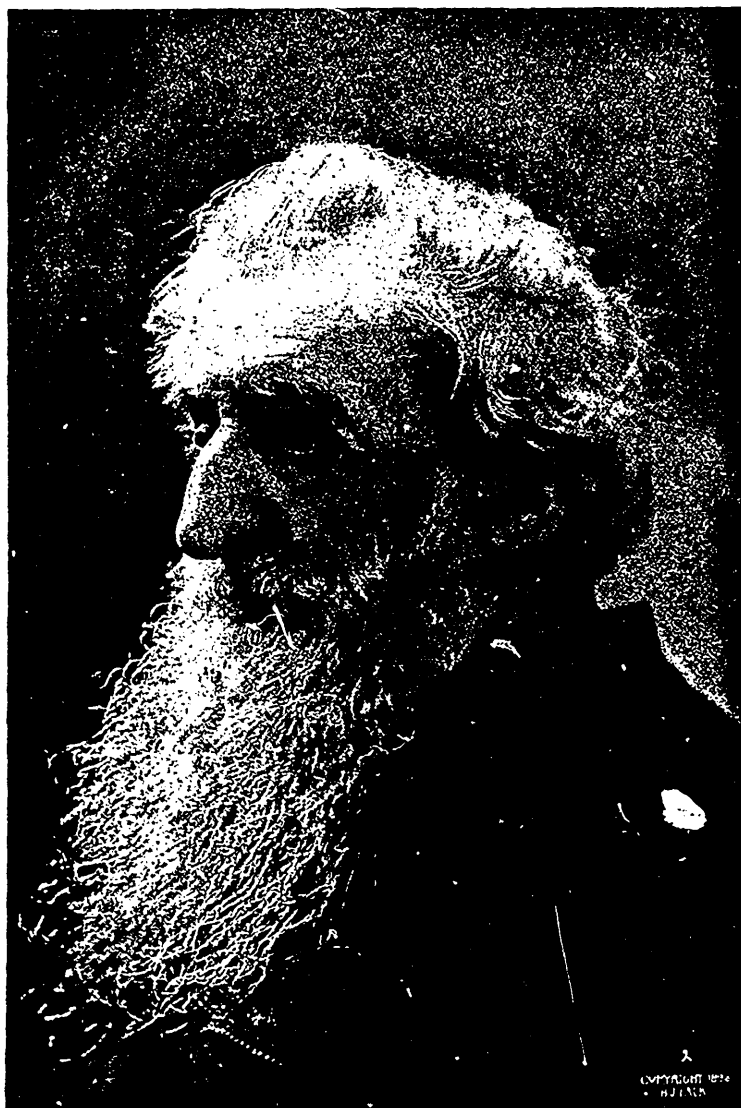
We entered Boston to find, as it seemed, the entire population waiting to give us a royal welcome. It was with difficulty that a clear space was kept for our passage to the spacious Market Place, and then we had to force our way through a seething human sea into the Corn Exchange,

\* Abridged from Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.

where all the local notabilities were assembled to support the General. This was a sample of the reception that had been given to the General on his journey of two thousand miles from Folkestone to Glasgow and south again.

Talking to Commissioners of the Salvation Army during the two days I spent with the General on his tour, I learned that they and General Booth himself had been continually carried back in memory to the years when the entrance of a band of Salvationists into any town or village was a signal for a disgraceful outbreak of rowdiness such as that which the pioneers of Methodism, and later on the pioneers of Primitive Methodism, almost invariably unwillingly provoked. Now it was "roses, roses all the way." Decoration of the streets, the Town Hall placed freely at the General's disposal, the Mayor, the Corporation, the Magistrates, the County Council Chairman, uniting to give him the heartiest of welcomes, and bid him "Godspeed" in his work. What was the secret of this revolution in public opinion?

Let me relate two personal experiences out of many that I have had which may help to account for the popular, the municipal, and the united Churches' welcome to General Booth. I went a year or two ago to Lady Warwick's estate at Easton, near Dunmow in Essex, where some seventy men from the Salvation Army's labor-colony at Hadleigh were carrying out extensive works on a contract given by Lady Warwick to the labor-colony. These men were busily engaged with spades and barrows in laying out a piece of landscape gar-



GENERAL BOOTH.

den at the back of the mansion. I was invited by the officer in command to go amongst the men and freely question them.

I discovered among those who were wielding the spades or wheeling barrow-loads of earth a doctor of music,

who had held a leading position as organist, a former head of a department in a Tottenham Court Road firm, who had earned well on to a thousand a year, a doctor, and other professional men, and men who had held responsible positions in business. These men

had fallen victims to drink or to gambling. Some of them had been in prison. They had lost their characters, lost their means of livelihood, lost their self-respect, lost their friends, and had sunk lower and lower until they were homeless, and physical and moral wrecks.

Then they fell into the hands of an officer of the Salvation Army, or drifted into one of the Army's night-refuges for the men who cannot scrape together the fourpence or sixpence for a night's lodging. The Army had had pity on them, sent them to the labor-colony, taught them to work, fed them, brought religious influence to bear on them, all the while keeping a tight hand upon them, holding them up until they were able to stand by themselves, and this holding up in such cases is usually a long and weary process.

It is an experience of the Salvation Army that those who have fallen from the greatest heights are the most difficult cases to lift up to any height at all. Men and women who have been educated, who have lived in comfort and refinement, when once they have sunk into the mire have not the muscular or the moral fibre of the men and women who have always lived hard lives, and they seem often hopelessly incapable of making any effort at all for their reformation, and they have to be held for a year, or two years, or three years, as a weakly babe is held under the arms, or by the waistband, before they can be trusted to walk alone.

These men assured me of their profoundest gratitude to the Army for what it was doing for them. It was rebuilding the backbone they had lost, it was giving them courage, it was restoring their self-respect, and though they might never recover the positions they had lost, yet they realized that they had the opportunity of beginning a new life, in which they

might find contentment and happiness. Had the Army not come to their rescue, heaven only knows what would have become of these men.

And the Army has had not only men of this class to deal with, but it has had ministers of all denominations, and clergymen who have held prominent positions in the Established Church, but who through drink or other causes have fallen from their high estate into the seething mass of misery known as "the Submerged Tenth." The Salvation Army has realized its claim to be the moral and social scavenger of the nation.

A week or two later than the motor tour, I went down to the hop-fields in Kent where, during the hop-picking season, the slums of South and East London send thousands of their poorest population. I called at an empty house which was occupied for a time by a party of Salvation Army women—social and slum officers. An empty house, I repeat, in spite of this occupation, for the only furniture was a rough table or two and some chairs borrowed from a neighboring school-room. These women, eleven in number, had brought with them sacks which they had stuffed with straw, and these sacks were their beds. One of the women remained in the house to attend to the cooking and other necessary domestic arrangements, which were reduced to the lowest possible minimum.

I had a talk with some of these women about their work in the slums, and also in the hop-fields, which they regarded as a holiday. The previous week had been a week of almost continual rain, bleak and cold, yet every morning these women had left the house shortly after six, had tramped a forty-minutes' walk to the fields, and there they had remained "all round the clock," working side by side first with one and then another, helping them to fill their bins, hearing

their stories, and seizing every opportunity of speaking to them about the Saviour who once Himself had no place to lay His head, but was always the Friend of the poorest of the poor. I was told that they had been soaked to the skin, but not one of them had dreamed of abandoning the post of duty. They had met with terribly sad cases. For instance, there was a woman who had left her home with a fifteen-days-old baby in order to earn a few shillings at the hop-picking, and so help her husband, a consumptive compositor.

Many of the people they tried to help appeared to be hopelessly hardened. They took what service was given them in the way of helping to fill their bins greedily, but without gratitude, and grumbled when the women left them to talk and work with others.

"Oh," said one of the officers to me, "it seems as if a thick, dark veil was drawn between many of these people and God, and it seems impossible to lift the veil, but we pray about it, and we believe that God will not let our work be in vain."

Does not such work as that I have described at Lady Warwick's estate, and in the hop-fields, sufficiently explain the national honor done to General Booth, culminating in the presentation to him at the Guildhall of the freedom of the City of London?

But how has this social work, which is now carried out in all the continents, in some forty countries, evolved out of the purely spiritual evangelistic mission with which General Booth began?

Let us return to the meeting in the Corn Exchange at Boston where, for nearly an hour and a half, the General explained the development and the agencies of the Salvation Army. He told how he had been a minister of the Methodist New Connexion, and had been satisfied and happy with do-

ing the ordinary work of a minister until he found himself placed in the East of London. Then he looked round him and was appalled at the poverty, the misery, the demoralization and degradation of the people who were herded together in the East End. He found that the people who most needed the uplifting power of the Gospel never entered the churches, and that the ordinary machinery of church work was hopelessly inadequate to bring these people under the influence of the Gospel. He brooded over the problem, and at last the conviction was borne in upon him that a new machinery must be created on entirely novel lines, the means being exactly adapted to the ends to be attained.

One day he conceived the idea of the Salvation Army, and went home to his wife and said, "My love, I have found my work." He explained to her what was in his mind. She heartily endorsed his decision, and the two knelt together and dedicated themselves to the service of God among the poorest and most degraded of the population. He found in his wife, whose memory, next to the example and teaching of the Saviour, is his greatest inspiration and spur, an ideal helper.

Mrs. Booth, whom it was my privilege to know during my early years in London, was a woman of the greatest force of character, with a wonderfully clear head, and a genius for organization. General Booth acknowledges that she was the thinker and theologian of the Army during its first quarter of a century of existence, and it is largely due to her that the Army created the host of self-denying women workers who have counted it an honor to toil and beg and starve, if need be, so that the work can be carried on. Mrs. Booth's name will go down to history as one of the greatest and most influential women

workers for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ since the days of the Apostles.

The General told the Boston meeting how thirty years ago his health broke, and he was strongly urged to consult a great specialist, and he went on two conditions—that the gentleman who was most pressing in his advice should pay the fee, and the General should be allowed to please himself whether he followed the prescription.

The specialist carefully examined him, and gravely informed him that he might consider his work was done. He should get a quiet country parish, where there was little work, where the air was good, and where there was plenty of fishing and shooting.

"That," said the General, with twinkling eye, "was thirty years ago. I did not follow the prescription, but I have had plenty of fishing for men, and have had good shooting at the devil."

To look at the General—tall, thin, with snowy hair and beard—one asks can this frail-looking man be actually in his seventy-seventh year? He looks it. He might sit almost for a picture of Moses in the Plains of Moab, blessing the children of Israel before his death. But is it possible that this man should be the Herculean worker who does enough to wear out three men of fifty in the course of ten years? How General Booth can work I saw for myself on the day after that grand entry into Boston. He spoke three times indoors for from an hour and twenty minutes to an hour and a half each time. Not satisfied with this, he spoke three times out of doors for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour each time. Yet at the end of the day he seemed as fresh as if he had travelled without any speaking at all, but simply for the sake of "the glory of motion" and enjoyment of the country air.

This is the era of wonderful old men, but General Booth appears to be still more wonderful in the tireless energy of his grand old age than Mr. Gladstone himself. What is it that keeps him so fresh? The explanation is simple. General Booth, like John Wesley, has one passion only, but it is an overmastering passion. His consuming desire is to do his Master's work in saving the bodies and souls of his Master's people, and it is this ruling passion that keeps him going.

If General Booth ceased work for a month it is the conviction of those who know him best that he would collapse, but he grudges every moment that is not given to the promotion of the mission which he is absolutely convinced God has given him to do. He regards himself as wholly in God's hands, and so far as he is personally concerned he takes no thought for the morrow, though nobody is more far-seeing than General Booth is in thought for the future of the work he has instituted.

The General loves to have a little chaff at the expense of the press, but nobody appreciates the value of press support to his work than does General Booth. I heard afterwards what was the usual diet of the General during this long tour. He is rather faddy in some respects, and particularly with regard to his food. He is a vegetarian, and eats remarkably little of anything at all. His supper after an arduous day's work is often simply a rice pudding, to be made without sugar, and a roasted apple.

I was told by the Commissioner who accompanies General Booth on his foreign trips that the General sleeps well, but is at the same time a light sleeper, and frequently wakes up in the night. His active mind is always engaged in planning and scheming for the Army, and his secretary has always to be at his call at any hour of the night to take down



from the General's dictation his instructions.

In a talk at the International Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street with General Booth's chief foreign travelling companion I heard that even on board ship bound for Australia or elsewhere the General works almost incessantly from eight or nine in the morning till nine, ten, and even eleven, at night. His cabin is crowded with books and reports relating to the Army's world-wide work. The General has every detail at his finger ends, though he now leaves much detailed work that he used to undertake himself to his son Bramwell and to the able and experienced staff of officers whom he has trained in his methods.

The General studies his books and reports, dictates speeches, sermons and instructions, thinks out new developments, and, in fact, regards every moment as golden, far too precious to be wasted in mere resting. He allows himself now and again a ten-minute constitutional on deck, and after his frugal vegetarian mid-day meal he will take a forty-minute nap, and will perhaps sit quiet for a couple of hours afterwards while his secretary reads to him.

On land he will travel journeys of many hours' duration in extreme heat or extreme cold, and at the end appears "as fresh as a daisy." He is a confirmed tea-drinker, and his travelling baggage includes a spirit lamp and kettle with which tea can be made *en route*. This is his one luxury.

The General's home is at Hadley Wood, near Barnet, where I had the privilege of spending a couple of hours with him a few days before his departure for Germany. It is very little indeed of his time that the General spends at his home. The house is pleasantly situated, standing by itself, overlooking fields and trees. The modest sitting-room in which we conversed has portraits of Mrs. Booth

and some of the General's children. One of the portraits was a large photograph of his son-in-law, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who lost his wife, the General's youngest daughter, in a railway accident in the United States last year. Commissioner Booth-Tucker has written an inscription on the photograph in which he pledges himself to follow the General faithfully "till death do us part."

The General talked to me about his early life. His father was a fairly well-to-do man, sprung from the farming class, but he had gone into building speculation and did pretty well until in the General's boyhood bad times came and reduced him to comparative poverty. The General was about sixteen years old when he was converted, and he said his conversion completely changed his attitude towards life. Within half a dozen hours of surrendering himself to his Saviour he was at work in attempting to save others, going in and out of cottages in the slums of Nottingham delivering a message from his Master to the people.

He began evangelistic work on a small scale, but was unsettled for several years, and it was not till some ten years later that he entered the ministry of the New Connexion Church. He was happy enough in that first circuit of Spalding, but soon found himself cramped in ordinary circuit work, and so began the larger work which developed into the Salvation Army. When he began the Christian Mission in the East End the General did nothing without full consultation with the men who worked under him.

"But I found," he said, "that if I went on in this way we should make no progress. There was so much discussion, so much controversy, so much committee work over every little detail, that we should soon have been brought to a standstill. I called the men together and gave them the option of leaving

me or of remaining with me on condition that they allowed me to plan the work, and they were willing to carry out my orders. I saw that what they had in their minds was to settle down into a sect, while I wanted the work to continually progress and expand.

"At first it was my own idea that the converts should enter into existing churches, but two denominations that I approached placed obstacles in the way of their reception. Then I found that I wanted the converts myself to turn them into officers. When the idea of an army got accepted it greatly helped the converts to know that what was expected of them was obedience. It is for a general to plan and for a soldier to obey, and this prevented all the friction that would have arisen under other conditions. I had been greatly interested in military biography and came to see that the military organization might be applied with very great effect to religious work.

"They say I am an autocrat. Well, I don't mind that. As a matter of fact, however, there is very little autocracy in the Salvation Army. If an officer shows himself capable he produces his plans, I listen to what he has to say and in nine cases out of ten I tell him to 'go ahead.' If there is anything I see reason to object to we discuss it together. If he can convince me that he is right he has his way, if he cannot convince me I have my way, but we do not have much trouble about that."

Talking over the social work, the General told me how it had all arisen inevitably in the most natural way. It began with the opening of a home on the smallest scale for ruined girls. These girls were met with in the course of the evangelistic work and something had to be done for them temporarily or they would have drifted back to their old life, so the first rescue-home was started. Out of that had arisen other homes by means of which something like forty thousand girls and women had been taken off the streets and the vast majority of them had kept straight. In like manner the night shelters for men, the labor "elevators," the prisoners' homes, the farm colonies, and a host of other institutions of all sorts had come into existence.

Working as it does amongst the

very lowest strata of society the Army found it simply impossible to leave these people to welter in hopeless misery. It would have seemed a mockery to preach the Gospel to them and to make no attempt to lift them out of the mire and to drag them from under the wheels of the chariot of the social Juggernaut. The General drew attention to the fact to which I have already referred, that the people rescued are by no means confined to the poorest and ignorant who have been brought up in the slums, but they include an appalling number of men and women who have sunk down from the superior classes. He will not have it either that the officers of the Army are ignorant men and women. "How," he asked, "could men and women destitute of education have created such an organization as the Salvation Army and carried it on with such increasing success? As a matter of fact the officers of the Army include men and women of high social position and of the best education who have been willing to cast in their lot with the Army and work side by side with comrades who have been among the rescued proteges of the Army."

The General spoke in high praise of his women officers. He confessed that at one time he looked askance at the employment of women. He especially disliked women preachers. He was taken, however, to hear a young woman preacher in Fetter Lane and she preached one of the most striking sermons he had ever heard in his life. That settled the matter with him so far as women preachers and officers were concerned.

As to the foreign work, this also arose inevitably out of the home operations of the Army. Men were converted at Army meetings in England and went abroad, where they started mission work on their own account; or foreigners who happened to be in

England got converted and returned to their own countries and started work. The work grew beyond the capacity of its originators to carry it on, and then appeals were sent to the General to supply officers who should take charge of the work on behalf of the Army. A drunken milkman, converted in East London, emigrated to Australia, held meetings in his house in Adelaide, and the work spread into other Australian centres. The Army was appealed to, sent officers to the Antipodes, and to-day the Commonwealth Government and the Governments of all the colonies support the Army in every way as the most powerful social salvage organization of that continent.

The General is looking longingly towards Russia. On the day of my visit he had received a telegram from Finland stating that "Russia is open." He hoped Russia will be entered via Finland, as soon as arrangements can be made, and that the Salvation Army will become a powerful peace agency in that distracted country. The Army was introduced into Finland by a couple of Finns who went to a Salvationist Conference at Stockholm, started a little work of their own in their own country, and then begged the General to have them trained in England and to send them back to carry on the work under the Army's banner.

"I have never," he said, "studied maps to see whether there was a country in which I could start work. I have waited for the country to send for the Army. There are appeals now to which we cannot for the time accede, from countries where work is being carried on which the people claim to be Salvation Army work."

At the time of writing the General is holding crowded meetings in Germany, and is being hailed there with the same enthusiasm, as a great religious and social reformer, as he was on

his motor tour in our own country. He is doing a great work for the promotion of international peace. It is no small thing that an Englishman should have started a religious organization which has been able to plant itself in so many different countries, among such widely diverse races, and to train in so short a time native officers who carry on the work of the Salvation Army in the Salvationist spirit with such surprising results.

I was anxious to know what training the Army gives to its officers. The General was characteristically frank on this point. He admitted that the training had not been what it ought to have been. It had been necessary quickly to multiply officers, and to train them at a minimum of expense. The work had suffered from sending officers after only three or four months' training into active service. Now the time of training had been extended to nearly a year following on the training of youthful cadets in the various corps to which they belong throughout the country. The General said: "I cherish the hope of seeing a great Salvation Army University founded, which shall be the centre of our training operations, but we must wait till God opens up the way."

What will be the future of the Salvation Army?

Pessimists are plentiful who predict that when the General's strong hand and masterful will are withdrawn, the Army will be ruined by dissension among ambitious officers, and will collapse like a house of cards. What I have seen and heard from men in the innermost circle of the Army's operations leads me to believe that the Army is a much more stable organization than is commonly imagined. General Booth leaves more and more of the management of the Army's affairs to his son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and to the extremely able, energetic and devoted headquarters

staff which directs the multiplied activities of the Army.

I have been assured by one of the head Commissioners that Mr. Bramwell Booth, though his work has been mostly done out of sight of the public, possesses his father's organizing genius and his father's ravenous appetite and inexhaustible capacity for work. The Commissioners have no doubt whatever that the Army will hold together. The very vastness of its operations and the complication of its organization ensure its permanency.

Certain elements that might have caused dissension and schism have been eliminated or have voluntarily withdrawn themselves, and there remain sifted and tried men whose pride in the Army is little less than that of the General himself. Those men express the most unbounded enthusiasm in the capacity of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who, as Director of the women's social work and as a spiritual force in the Army, is little less influential than was the General's wife herself.

The General's motor tour, in which he was accompanied by his principal officers, did very much to bind the officers closer together. No break-up of the Salvation Army is feared so long as the Army's work continues on the progressive lines on which it is now conducted. If there were to be a slackening down, a settling into ruts, and a disinclination to adapt methods to new conditions, then, indeed, there might and would be trouble, but then the Salvation Army would cease to be the Salvation Army, and a new Salvation Army would have to be created. The remainder of the Gen-

eral's life will probably be spent as the travelling world-missionary of the Salvation Army.

A word should be said, in conclusion, as to the Methodist element in the Salvation Army. Undoubtedly the Army owes its existence to the fact that General Booth was a Methodist. It was in Methodism that he served his apprenticeship as organizer, and learned how to make the best of untutored but enthusiastic men and women. It is the Methodist theology of personal experience of salvation, the theology of the love of God, the theology of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the only thorough and permanent reforming agency, that has been the mainspring of the Salvation Army organization.

The General, at his great meetings on the motor tour, in the presence of the local magnates and of the ministers and clergy of all denominations, including Roman Catholic priests, Anglican rectors and Unitarian ministers, never forgot to point to the crucified Saviour as the one hope of a ruined and a dying world.

Our forefathers who, in the early days of our denomination, did the work which we have left too much to the Salvation Army in the latter days, would have recognized in General Booth a kindred spirit. Let us not be too proud to learn lessons from the Salvation Army, and especially let us endeavor to re-catch from the Salvation Army the old Gospel, the old spirit, and the old willingness to bear and to do anything and everything, regardless of what respectable people think, if only we can reach the lost and bring them to their knees at the foot of the Cross.

---

Speed on, O year, the time foretold,  
By bard and minstrel sung;  
Lead on the coming age of gold,  
And give its praise a tongue;

So shall dissension's voice be stilled,  
While strife and malice flee,  
And earth's green hills and vales be filled  
With sweetest charity.

## PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GERMANY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE controversies which early arose in the Reformed Churches greatly retarded the development of missionary sympathy and missionary operations. The finer graces of the Christian character are of such delicate growth that they wither in the stormy atmosphere of disputation and strife. But God is not revealed in the earthquake and the thunder as He is in the still small voice. That voice was never unheard even in the stormiest days of conflict and controversy. The Jansenists in the Roman Catholic Church, and the so-called mystics and pietists of Protestantism listened to the inner voice and followed the inner light of the Spirit of God.

These prophets of a revived faith were often men of lowly station. One of these, "the prince of mystics," Jacob Boehme, was a shoemaker of Gorlitz. He was born in 1575 of humblest parentage, but he was anointed of God as a seer and sage of Christian faith and hope. "If we consider him merely as a poet," says Schlegel, "and in comparison with other Christian poets who have attempted the same supernatural themes—such as Klopstock, Milton, or even Dante—we shall find that in fullness of emotion and depth of imagination he almost surpasses them."

A contemporary, John Arndt, shared this inspiration and gave it

expression in his celebrated work on "True Christianity." "Next," says Bishop Hurst, "to the Bible and à Kempis' 'Imitation of Christ,' it has been circulated more widely on the Continent than any other book. It was translated into all the European languages, and missionaries rendered it into heathen tongues. What Thomas à Kempis was to the pre-Reformation age, Fenelon to France and Jeremy Taylor to England, John Arndt has been to the Protestant countries of the Continent for the last three centuries."

His son in the gospel, John Gerhard, was more serviceable, Bishop Hurst maintains, to the interests of the orthodox Church than any other theologian of his time. His love was boundless, his spirit unruffled, his piety deep and lasting. Nor were there wanting other devout souls who kept the lamp of piety burning amid the gathering gloom of the Thirty Years' War. The Protestant churches, both Reformed and Calvinist, suffered incredible persecution during that long and sanguinary conflict.

Among the theologians of the seventeenth century Philip Jacob Spener was the purest and most spotless in character. "He was," says Dorner, "the veritable successor of Luther and Melancthon." Pietism, of which he is the most striking type, went back from the cold faith of the seventeenth century to the living faith of the Reformation. Spener was in many respects, the most remarkable man in his century. For twenty years he was pastor at Frankfort. Departing from the dry and barren style of the times he preached with great plainness, simplicity, and zeal. He ap-

\* Abridged from Withrow's "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century." Linscott Publishing Co., Toronto, London, Eng., Philadelphia. Price, \$2.00.

pointed meetings for the familiar explanation of the Gospel. These were called "Collegia Pietatis," or "schools of devotion," from which came the name of "Pietists." Spener was a man of intense activity, and found time in his busy life to write one hundred and twenty-three volumes, seventy of them ponderous octavos or folios.

The plain speech of the pietists aroused opposition and led to the foundation of the University of Halle, "for the avowed purpose of promoting personal piety, scriptural knowledge, and practical teaching throughout the land." In its theological faculty was the famous Augustus Hermann Francke, who combined in beautiful union a deep and earnest piety with an intense and active Christian benevolence. He is chiefly known by his founding the Orphan House at Halle. The condition of the poor, especially of the orphan children, appealed to his fatherly sympathy. With an endowment of four thalers and sixteen groschen he said: "With this money I will found a school." Two thalers were spent for the purchase of twenty-seven books, and a group of children were gathered in his own house.

From this feeble germ has grown one of the earliest and most noteworthy institutions of Europe. For nearly two centuries it has furnished inspiration for many similar institutions, and especially for the famous Muller orphan home, founded by George Muller at Bristol, England.

This pietistic revival in time gave way to a rationalistic reaction. The influence of the French and English Deists of the eighteenth century also made its influence felt in Germany. Voltaire, one of the most brilliant literateurs of France, became the pensioner and literary valet of Frederick the Great of Prussia. That truculent

sovereign aspired to be the same monarch in religion and literature that he was in politics. "That thin-visaged man," says Hurst, "in top boots and cocked hat, surrounded by his infidels and his dogs at Sans Souci, dictated faith to Berlin and to Europe."

The literary despotism of Berlin did much to reinforce and spread this German rationalism. Every university in the Fatherland was largely under its power. Gotthold Lessing, playwright and professor, wielded a powerful literary influence on the spread of German rationalism. Immanuel Kant, the famous professor of Konigsberg, exerted a profound philosophical sway. To a bleak northern city the spell of his genius drew students from all parts of Europe. His "Critique of Pure Reason" still exerts its spell over many minds. "After every deduction has been made," says Dr. Calderwood, "which rigid criticism seems to require, Kant's name stands out as the most noted in the roll of modern philosophy."

Early in the nineteenth century the little town of Weimar came to exercise an extraordinary influence on philosophy and literature. Through the genius of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, it became the Athens of Germany, the centre of its intellectual life. Herder, the eloquent preacher, was a man of great learning, trained under the hallowed influence of the early Moravian pietism. He had an impassioned love of the Hebrew Scriptures, especially of the Hebrew poetry. He interpreted the Bible with keen insight, and brought to his biblical studies a devout and sympathetic soul.

The benumbing effect of the worldly life and sceptical spirit of Weimar were, however, only too strongly marked in the latter years of Herder's life. The practical paganism of Schiller and Goethe, the greatest poets

of the age, exerted a powerful influence upon the state of religion in Germany and throughout Europe. "Like Kant, they stamped their own impress upon theology, which at that day was plastic and weak beyond all conception. Under the Konigsberg thinker it became a great philosophical system as cold as Mont Blanc. Then came poetry and romance, which, though they could give a fresh glow to the face, had no power to breathe life into the prostrate form."

The ancient hymns of the Fatherland, that outburst of sacred song which accompanied the Reformation, is one of the strongest bulwarks of the faith. No country is so rich in these hymns, of which there are eighty thousand in existence, many of which are found in all the hymnaries of Christendom. The rationalist spirit invaded this sacred realm and revised and changed both music and words till they lost their ancient power. "Secular music," says Hurst, "was introduced into the sanctuary; an operatic overture generally welcomed the people into church, and a march or a waltz dismissed them. Sacred music was no longer cultivated as an element of devotion. The oratorios and cantata of the theatre and beer-garden were the Sabbath accompaniments of the sermon. The period of coldest scepticism in Germany, like similar conditions in other lands, was the season when the congregations, the common people, and the children sang least and most drowsily."

"The Church," continues this able writer, "now presented a most deplorable aspect. Philosophy had come, with its high-sounding terminology, and invaded the hallowed precincts of scriptural truth. The professor's chair was but little better than a heathen tripod. The pulpit became the rostrum where the shepherdless masses were entertained with vague essays.

The peasantry received frequent and labored instructions on the raising of cattle, bees, and fruit. The poets of the day were publicly recited in the temples where the Reformers had preached. Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe became more familiar to the popular congregations than Moses, David, Paul, or even Christ.

"We shall see that the scene of spiritual desolation was repulsive enough to make every servant of Christ wish, with Wordsworth,—

" 'I'd rather be

A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn !'"

The period of Germany's deepest darkness and depression was cheered with foregleams of the dawn. The conquering armies of Napoleon had trampled under foot her ancient liberties, but the fall of the despot of Europe awakened new life. The cold negations of rationalism failed to meet the needs of the human soul. Only the vital truths of evangelical religion could appease its immortal hunger and thirst. The Moses of this new exodus from the bondage of a spiritual Egypt was Frederick Schleiermacher. Trained under Moravian influence, he strove against a natural scepticism, which he describes as the thorn in his flesh, and reached the rest of faith. A devout life led the way to evangelical preaching. He was one of the founders and first professors of the new University of Berlin, 1810, and gathered around him the most intellectual classes in the community. "As a theologian," says Dr. Schaff, "he ranks among the greatest of all ages."

One of the most distinguished disciples of Schleiermacher was John Augustus Neander. He is one of the purest characters, one of the most

learned scholars and greatest historians of the Christian Church. His father was a Jewish peddler. Under the teaching of Schleiermacher young Neander became a Christian in his seventeenth year. As professor at Heidelberg and Berlin he soon attracted a more numerous audience than his father in the Gospel. His great work was his history of the Christian religion and Church. He maintains its supernatural origin, its divine strength, its spiritual power.

In the year 1835 appeared a book which produced an intense rationalistic reaction, the famous "Life of Jesus," by David Friedrich Strauss. It was a cold, passionless, and pungent piece of sceptical mechanism, published when its author was but twenty-eight years old. "It was," says Hurst, "to the moral sentiment of Christendom, the earthquake shock of the nineteenth century. Having been multiplied in cheap editions, it was read by students in every university and gymnasium, by passengers on the Rhine boats and in the mountain stages. Even schoolchildren, imitating the example of their seniors, spent their leisure hours in its perusal. The most obscure provincial papers contained copious extracts from it, and vied with each other in defending or opposing its positions. Crossing the German frontier, it was published in complete and abridged forms in all the principal languages of Europe. Even staid Scotland, unable to escape the contagion, issued a popular edition of the exciting work.

Strauss' attack on the very heart of Christianity led to profounder studies of the foundations of the faith, and called forth a whole library of replies. Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Neander, Ullmann, Dorner, and many other writers, defended with great learning, cogency, and power this fortress of the Christian faith. Twen-

ty-nine years after his first attack upon the bulwarks of Christianity, Strauss wrote a second "Life of Jesus" to reassert and defend his mythical theory. This book, however, met with a cold reception. The tide had turned, and was flowing strongly in the direction of the evangelical doctrines of Christianity.

Another attack on the authenticity of the New Testament Scripture was that of Ferdinand Christian Baur and the Tübingen School. The school assailed particularly the Epistles of St. Paul, and sought to maintain that "Judaism was the cradle of Christianity, and the latter was only an earnest, restless, and reformatory branch of the former." The struggle for supremacy between the Pauline and Petrine party is imagined to be followed by a truce and final union under one banner. This theory was as effectually answered as that of Strauss, by such great writers as Dorner, Lange, Schaff, and Bunsen. "Their united labors," says Hurst, "constitute a compendium of arguments which will not cease for centuries to be of inestimable value in the controversies of the Church concerning Christ and the divine origin of Christianity. No sceptic," he adds, "should forget that the real philosophy of history is the march of Providence through the ages. But the infidel is the worst reader of history. The light shines, but he turns away from it. Or, as Coleridge expresses it:

"The owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on obscure wings across the noon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids and shuts them  
close;  
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,  
Cries out, "Where is it?""

On the ruins of this sceptical school has risen in Germany the goodly structure of evangelical orthodoxy. Among the master-builders of this temple of truth are the great names



of Ullmann, Dorner, Tholuck, Lange, Rothe, Nitzsch, Hengstenberg, and many other valiant defenders of the faith. The saintly lives, the moral earnestness, the wide learning of these great writers have created a noble exegetic and apologetic literature of both the Old Testament and the New of the greatest value to the Christian Church.

One of the most important and significant results of the evangelical revival in Germany is the many noble philanthropies of the Outer and Inner Missions which adorn and glorify the history of that country. Conspicuous as organizers of these forms of practical Christianity are the ever memorable names of John Falk, Immanuel Wichern, John Gosner, Louis Harms, Theodore Fliedner, and many others. The wars of Napoleon were sweeping the continent as with a besom of destruction. Upon the Grand Duchy of Weimar, with its population of only one hundred thousand, were quartered for five months nine hundred thousand of the enemy's soldiers and five hundred thousand horses. "The air was rent with the cries of orphans and poverty-stricken widows."

Goethe and the literati at the summit of Parnassus were indifferent to these cries of distress. But the sympathetic soul of Falk was deeply touched. He remembered the words of the burgomasters of Dantzic, which had sent him to the university at the expense of the town: "One thing only, if a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old, gray-headed burgomasters and councillors of Dantzic, and do not turn us away."

At last the poor child was at his door. Falk's father heart, which had been sore bereft, said to the orphans, "Come in. God has taken my four angels, and spared me that I might be your father." His rule was one of

love. These outcast and often wicked lads he treated as his own children. He would have no locks on the doors nor harsh rules in his home. "We forge all our chains on the heart," he said, "and scorn those that are laid on the body; for it is written, 'If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.'" He taught more by example and parable than by precept. "When one of the boys, on a certain evening, had invoked this divine blessing on their supper, 'Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided,' another boy looked up and asked:

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes."

"Dear child," replied Father Falk, "only believe and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set Him a seat," said the boy; and, just then, a knock being heard at the door, a poor apprentice came in for admission. He was received, and invited to take the vacant chair at the table.

"Then," said the inquiring boy again, "Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor man in His place; is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Falk sent forth many hundreds of boys from his reformatory, saved from a life of poverty and vice to become useful members of society. He almost abolished beggary throughout the Grand Duchy. He wrote hundreds of hymns, which are still sung throughout the Fatherland.

After a life of singular devotion and a death of Christian triumph he was borne to the grave by the children to whom he had been such a loving, faithful father. The following epitaph, written by his own hand, describes better than a volume the Christly spirit of the man :

Underneath this linden tree  
Lies John Falk ; a sinner he,  
Saved by Christ's blood and merey.

Born upon the East Sea strand,  
Yet he left home, friends and land,  
Led to Weimar by God's hand.

When the little children round  
Stand beside this grassy mound,  
Asking, Who lies underground ?

Heavenly Father, let them say,  
Thou hast taken him away ;  
In the grave is only clay.

A man of similar spirit was Immanuel Wichern, founder of the Rough House, near Hamburg. The revolutions in almost all the countries of Europe of 1848 caused great social disaster and distress. The people were already exhausted by famine and fever. "Whole villages were depopulated, not enough inhabitants being left alive to bury the dead." Wichern had years before this opened his Rough House, an old detached cottage for abandoned boys.

From this small beginning, as from that of Falk and Fliedner, grew grand results. The Rough House became a great institution, with many buildings and hundreds of inmates. This was the beginning of the famous Inner Mission of Germany, whose purpose is thus described in the words of Wichern: "The propagator of pure evangelical faith and the relief of physical suffering. It aims at a relief of all kinds of spiritual and temporal misery by works of faith and charity. It comprises the care of the poor, the sick, the captive and prisoner, the laboring classes, the tra-

velling journeyman, the emigrants, the temperance movement, the efforts for the promotion of a better observance of the Lord's Day, and similar reforms so greatly needed in the churches of Europe."

As early as 1856 there were two hundred and sixty of the Rough House reformatories established, and new ones were coming into existence rapidly throughout Europe. They have had a most successful record in transforming the human waifs, the flotsam and jetsam of society, into useful members of the commonweal. Some of them have become clergymen, students of law or theology, teachers, officers in the army, merchants, gardeners, artisans, and artists, colorists in America and Australia.

The political revolution of 1848 seriously menaced the religious as well as social condition of the German people. The forces of socialism and revolt menaced the very pillars of the commonweal. The evangelical pastors of Germany felt the need of organizing to promote "denominational unity, to be a mutual defence against rationalism and indifference, to advance social reforms, protect the rights of the Church against the encroachments of civil authority, and secure a more intimate fellowship with evangelical bodies outside of Germany."

The first assembly of the Evangelical Church Diet was held at Wittenberg, in the very edifice on whose door Luther, three hundred years before, had nailed his immortal ninety-five theses, the charter of the German Reformation. Five hundred of the leading evangelical pastors and laymen sang together Luther's battle hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Already revolutionary riots and bloodshed had taken place in Frankfurt and other German cities. "Bar-

ricades had been reared in the streets of the larger towns. The universities were pouring forth their hundreds of students and professors to take part in the conflict. The revolutionary crowds were choosing their leaders: the royalist forces were everywhere fortifying; princes were concealing their plate and strengthening their hiding-places. This was the social and political scene while the five hundred pastors were praying, singing, counselling, and comforting each other over the sleeping dust of Luther and Melancthon. That assembly contributed more than all other human agencies to save the German states from utter political and social ruin, and the German Church from a longer night and a fiercer storm than any through which it had passed."

As we have already seen, the Outer or Foreign Mission work of the German churches received a great impulse under this evangelical revival.

A typical example of the great result from small beginnings is the work of John Gosner. In his fifty-sixth year he was a devout Roman Catholic priest, but his evangelical earnestness outgrew the swaddling bands of the Church in which he was trained. He was in intense sympathy with missions. Some young men, inspired by missionary zeal, who had been re-

jected by the seminary as unfit for service, came to him for counsel. Gosner began to instruct them, and soon their numbers grew till he was the centre of an aggressive missionary institute.

"Though he was then," says Bishop Hurst, "at that time of life when most men think of bringing their labors to a close, he laid his plans as if he were exempt from death for centuries. He founded his first mission when sixty-five years of age. In 1838 he sent out eleven missionaries to Australia. The following year some were despatched to India; since which time this zealous servant of God has established missions among the Germans in the American Western States; on the islands of the Southern Seas; in Central India; on Chatham Island near New Zealand; among the wild Khols at Chota Nagpore; on the Gold Coast; and in Java, Macassar and New Guinea. He employed no agencies; was his own corresponding secretary; superintended the instruction of all his missionaries; and died at the age of eighty-five, as full of youthful feeling and perseverance as when a student at Augsburg.

"The instructions he gave to his missionaries declare the sources of his own success. 'Believe,' said he, 'hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead; hold fast by prayer. Wrestle like Jacob; up, up, my brethren; the Lord is coming, and to every one he will say, "Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen? With the Devil?" Oh, swiftly seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord.' Gosner's beautiful motto, found in his diary, was, 'Perent Adam; vivat Jesus.'"

#### A LAY OF VERSAILLES.

##### A Warning to Russia.

Ah! life was life in the palace then, and the world was a gallant place,  
With the polished ways, and the pungent phrase, and the ruffles and swords and lace;  
And sin was hardly a thing to shun when it beckoned with such a grace.

Music and wit and laughter, and pleasure enthroned in state,  
And the gardens bright with a fairy light at many a summer fête;  
And ruin and famine and death and Hell not half-a-mile from the gate!

Hell, and they couldn't see it? Death, and they only played!  
For a serf—why a serf was born to serve, and a monarch to be obeyed;  
Till the tumbrils came, and the guillotine; but at least they were not afraid. . . .

And now the Tricolor triumphs where once the lilies reigned;  
Its red is red with a sea of blood, and the white—ah! the white is stained;  
But a giant lie has been swept away, and France and the world have gained.

—G. F. Bradley.

## SOPHIE THEODOROVNA, NIHILIST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



THE young moon, a clear-cut silver bow, hung in the frosty heavens above the golden spires of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. And across the frozen Neva floated the sweet high treble of the castle chimes—the music of Russia's national anthem, "God guard the Czar."

Over the city which the genius of Peter the Great had created the lofty music floated; over its broad streets and avenues, and its splendid squares of palaces, and over the colossal statue of its founder, mounted and set high on a pedestal of rough-hewn granite rock.

Through the corridors and chambers of the fortress the clear notes of the chimes passed. Their music even sank to the flat below flat of cells, those terrible prisons of that Bastille of St. Petersburg, the lowest tier being beneath the level of the Neva.

Down in one of the cells, a narrow, dark, cold place, whose only light came from the corridor, a girl was standing very still, with her forehead pressed against the wall. She shivered as the sound of the chimes reached her. "Oh, God, please let me out," she whispered. Then restlessly she moved round her cell, pushing her hands gently against each wall. "Oh, God, let me out, please let me out," she repeated, still under her breath.

She was very young, not eighteen, and perhaps once had been pretty, but now she was thin, so thin that the coarse prison clothes hung on her like sacks. Her short-cropped hair looked stiff and unkempt, and her skin was the dirty yellow which long absence from fresh air, sunlight and proper cleanliness brings.

Then she turned to the door, and through the slit in its upper part she saw two eyes glaring at her. It was the watchman, always stationed in the corridor outside, and there was never a moment, night or day, that she was safe from an ever-watching eye.

Now she stopped short and screamed, "Don't." But the sound of her voice in the death-like silence of that prison

frightened her, and she went on in a faint, piteous whisper, "Don't look at me, please don't. Oh, God, let me out."

Trembling all over, she leant against the wall again, pressing her forehead very hard on the cold stone.

Then she heard a very faint tapping on the wall. At first she did not heed it, but suddenly a flash of recollection came into her eyes, and with the ghost of a smile she sat down on the floor to receive and answer her fellow-prisoner's message.

This system of communication by taps through the prison was perfect in its way. The new-comer was first spoken to and taught in the slow method of using one tap for the first letter of the alphabet, two for the second, and so on. But much practice brought the knowledge of many shortenings, and the ability to read off a tapped message with almost unbelievable rapidity. The authorities had found it impossible to stop it, the only sure way, to leave every other cell empty, could not be tried, because there were too many prisoners. And the spies put among the prisoners to gather information never got any of value, as the prisoners, who were all political, never spoke of politics except in terms impossible for an outsider to understand.

So the girl listened to her message. "Sofie Theodorovna," she spelt off, then answered rapidly, "Yes, what is it?"

"Why did you not answer before?" said the quick taps on the wall. "I called you three times. We were beginning to be afraid something had happened. What was the matter?"

"I was afraid," answered Sofie. "I don't know of what, but I forgot what your taps meant. And can't we get out? Isn't there any way to escape?"

"Yes, the traitor's way," said the taps. "You can betray your friends, answering fully all the questions put to you."

"I wouldn't do that," said Sofie, "even if I knew anything; but I don't. I never did anything that I know of to be imprisoned for, yet I was arrested six months ago, they have never told me what for. I have never been tried, nor even asked any questions. Do you think they could have arrested me by mistake, and now have forgotten that I am here?"

"It is quite possible—in Russia," said

the taps. Then, after a pause, they went on, "Poor little girl, solitary confinement is very hard, when one is perfectly innocent, like you, and so young."

"I should think it was hard for any one," said Sofie.

"No," answered the taps. "When one is first arrested, and is innocent—in Russia they always arrest the innocent the first time, which is how they make nihilists, for half of these suspects go mad, or die of consumption in the cold, dark cells. The others, if released, join the terrorists. Now, little girl, a bit of advice for you. Russia, our poor, tortured Russia, needs your life and reason. You must guard them both for her. To one who does not know how to think, or to the criminal who is afraid to let his thoughts go back, solitary confinement is the worst of tortures. But you are an educated, innocent woman, and also, you told me, a Christian. Now you must remember your own Christ's words, 'He whom the truth makes free, is free indeed.' Set yourself to think quietly, until you realize that you really are free, that this imprisonment is only for the body, and that the body is only a cloak which the soul must keep in order and wear, as long as it is for the good of humanity that it does so."

The taps ended with a note of warning, which told Sofie her friend was being watched by his sentry, so she sat down on her hard plank bed, with her knees drawn up against her body, and her thin blanket round her. It was too cold to sleep, and she sat as she had often sat before, when too tired to stand, and tried to think quietly, as her friend of the taps advised.

She saw herself as a little motherless child, with her peasant foster-mother and her governesses, English, French and German; now in one European capital and now in another, for her father was in the diplomatic service, a carelessly kind man to her, but far too busy with his pleasures and duties to take any real interest in the shy, quiet little girl who lived with her books and kept out of everybody's way. Then there were young men with swords and epaulets, her elder brothers, who brought her toys and bonbons, and laughed at her, because they could not understand her ways.

At fourteen she was back in Russia, with her precociously matured mentality, quick to feel the vibrations of the unrest which was fermenting under the surface of her world. To her family and friends the freedom of the people was a thing

not to be allowed, and the people themselves enemies to be guarded against. At least so it seemed to that quiet, keen-minded girl, who was throwing her whole soul into the study of her beloved mathematics and political economy.

Then she was sixteen, and it was on a railroad journey. A shabbily-dressed young man had entered their compartment and stood up, till she pointed to the vacant seat beside her. Then, she did not exactly remember how it began, but they started to talk, and for hours they talked, of the problems that faced Russia and the ways that some were trying to meet them. For he was a student, Anton Paulovitch Harina, and he had formed a little circle to try and educate the workpeople of St. Petersburg.

Three months later, acting on Anton's advice, she left her home, and to prevent interference from her family, went through the ceremony of marriage with Andrei Ivonovitch Palma, a fellow-worker with Anton. Then there came a year of hard labor and enthusiastic happiness. Eleven hours a day she worked in an umbrella factory, getting three roubles (a dollar and a half) a week. Each evening she taught in the classes Anton had formed and then went home with her friend, Mira. They ate very little, worked very hard, and thought a great deal, and were very happy, trying to live down to the people they believed they were going to raise and so fit for self-government.

Then there was a riot, and a certain Count Bykoff was killed. All Sofie knew of it was that she and Mira had kept carefully in their room that day, yet a week later they were arrested, and without knowing in the least why they were suspected, they had been brought to the fortress.

Sofie shuddered as she thought of the unreal horror of it all. It did not seem possible that she, Sofie Theodorovna, Count Galitzen's daughter, had become a numbered thing in a Russian prison, and without even the least pretence of a trial. She remembered how she had asked what she was accused of, and received no reply. Then they had brought her to the prison, and she had been completely undressed by a female warder, and had numbered prison clothes put on her. Then men had led her down long corridors, to a vault, and opening the door, pushed her in, and there she found herself in that cell, nine feet long, five wide, and seven high, with its window into the corridor, where the sentinel walked up

and down with his loaded gun. It struck her that the government must be very weak-nerved to go to such unnecessary trouble and expense to protect themselves against a very young and very meek girl.

Sofie had dreamed herself at last into a troubled sleep, to wake in wild alarm as her cell door opened and she was sharply ordered out. In the confusion of the moment, and with nerves weakened by the strain of six months' solitary confinement, Sofie believed they had come to take her to execution, and as she went down the corridor between two soldiers she kept turning her head from side to side. Throttled at the end of a rope! It was horrible to think of, and it had come so suddenly. She was afraid her limbs would fail under her before they reached the place, wherever it was.

Then they stopped in a bare ante-room, and one of the soldiers, a dull-looking peasant boy, badly marked with small-pox, pushed something into her hand, a cigarette, and his comrade offered her a light.

Like most Russian women, Sofie had smoked until she joined Anton's circle, where it was prohibited as a sinful luxury, only to be indulged in in cases of great mental or bodily suffering, and she did not hesitate to take the cigarette now, with a very earnest, "Thanks, brothers." But the men frowned at her, for conversation with the prisoners was strictly forbidden.

So their poor little prisoner smoked her cigarette now, feeling her jangled nerves calmed and steadied, not so much by the mild drug, perhaps, as by the kindness that had given it. These terrible guards and warders were really human beings like herself. They only seemed cruel because they were the blind slaves of a brutal, stupid system, which, like them, "knew not what it did." Sofie felt the glow of returning strength and courage, as she thought it would be good indeed to die if her death could bring these men one step nearer salvation.

Then she was taken into the next room, where a council of officers had met to examine her. A very helpless little figure she seemed, standing between her armed guards, with her downcast face, and her thin yellow neck showing above her dirty, rumpled blouse. But to her soul had come that intense strength which ever waits on the man or woman who lives purely, controlling themselves, for love of others and of God—that strength—call it fanaticism, if you will—which

made the maiden martyrs of the early Church the despair of their enemies and the objects of reverent adoration to all Christendom.

Never quicker to think than then, after her months of lonely imprisonment, Sofie answered the questions put to her meekly and readily, telling of the work her circle had tried to do, but no skilful cross-questioning could entrap her into giving the name of any one, and at last, when she was ordered to reply direct, she refused to speak at all.

They kept her standing there hour after hour, questioning and threatening, and she listened, silently, her body trembling all over at the thought of physical suffering, but her soul serenely confident, for she believed that she stood hand-fast with God, and He would never let her betray her friends.

Then she was taken back to her prison. It was a dark cell this time, and on either side the dungeons were empty, but she only lay down on the floor and slept, dreaming that she walked in the flower-filled fields of paradise, and that Christ was smiling at them.

Then came day after day of cross-examination, threats, and even rough handling by the men who never failed to give her cigarettes when no one was there to see. One day she was taken from the council to a big, bare room where there were soldiers and an officer and a young man—Sofie never knew who he was nor what he had done—whom they flogged.

For a little while she looked on, with big eyes like a frightened child, then very quietly fainted. She was lying on something that felt very soft, after the hard bed-sheff of the prison, when she came back again, and the hard-faced prison doctor was holding her wrist between his fingers.

"You have gone about as far as you can go with this little girl, Captain Petrof," he was saying to the prison inspector.

Sofie sat up resolutely. "Pardon me, Monsieur Doctor," she said, "but I am very strong. You do not know how strong I am. And if it is a law of the present Russian system that Monsieur the Inspector flog me, I insist that you do not prevent him. You do not make different prison rules for men and women, and I would not wish you to, for I am a Christian, and 'in Christ there is neither male nor female, bond nor free.' Deal with me as you would with my brothers, for I am strong enough."

She slipped off the bed and stood up,

looking at the men round her with grave, untroubled eyes. But they all went out and left her, left her in a cell, indeed, but one that had real sunshine coming through its narrow window. For the first time since her arrest Sofie's self-control gave way, and kissing the patch of glory on the floor, she cried for joy.

Afterwards a man came in with her dinner, and as he set the dishes on the table, Petrof, big and gross, with his white hands and clanking sword, entered the cell.

"Ah," he said, glancing at the tray, "white bread, meat even, and sweets. Palma, I hope you are satisfied at the way I keep my promise to you."

Sofie was trembling again as she stood before him. "Pardon me, monsieur," she said, "but I remember no promise of yours to me."

Petrof laughed. "Obstinate again," he said. "Well, we won't trouble you for the present, for, thanks to the information which you gave at last, this morning, Anton Harina was arrested an hour ago."

"But I said nothing; I know I said nothing," said Sofie, wildly. Then she went to the wall, where it seemed hours before her taps were responded to. And then no one seemed able to tell her anything. It was not till the next day that she heard that Anton was really in prison, though not theirs, but when he had been arrested, no one knew.

Half believing that she had betrayed her friend, Sofie looked round the room with something very near to madness in her eyes. It was night, but the cell was still light, for they had left a little tin lamp with her. It had no glass, for in that Russian Bastille men and women had taken glass eagerly, in order to kill themselves, breaking and swallowing tiny pieces, crazed by the thought that they might be forced to betray their friends.

Sofie looked at the little flame greedily. Could she breathe in enough of it to fatally injure herself? If she had not betrayed Anton, that would prevent her ever doing so, and if she had, all unconsciously, such a death was a fit one for a traitor.

But as she went towards the lamp, the sentry, who had been watching her through the slit, came in and took it away. For the next few days Sofie was very quiet. She would neither eat nor speak, and when the taps came on the wall she put her fingers in her ears, lest she should hear them curse her as a traitress.

Then Petrof came to see her again, and

told her he had received the order for her release. She only smiled vaguely, not understanding him, but when they brought her her own clothes again, the sight and feel of the old familiar things partly roused her. So she went out of the prison, to an office, where a tall young man with deep-set, kindly eyes and long, rough, fair hair was waiting for her.

"Little Sofie, do you know me?" he said, very gently.

"Andrei," said Sofie, suddenly remembering Anton's artist friend, whose nominal wife she was. And like one in a dream she went with him, out of the fortress and through the broad streets, where the warmth and light of the summer sunshine was very pleasant to her.

So they came to the little flat where Andrei lived and worked, he explaining to her how his work had at last obtained recognition. "I am really a well-to-do man now," he concluded, laughing.

Sofie, still bewildered by the weakness which was clouding her brain, hardly heard him. She looked round the room into which he had shown her, with its wild flowers in vases, its cheap but pretty feminine fixings. There was even a new white dress, with soft bright ribbons, laid out on the bed, and she turned to him with a faint color showing in her pale cheeks.

"But I cannot stay here with you," she said. "Where are the others of our circle?"

"Dead, in prison, or exiles," said Andrei solemnly, "and when you joined the cause your family counted you as one dead, so you have no one to turn to but me, my poor little girl, and until you are strong enough to work you must let me keep you, for the sake of our Russia, which needs your strength. You know you are my—my sister."

Sister was not the word Andrei wanted to say, for while his nominal wife lay in the dungeons of Peter and Paul he had fallen violently in love with her, and he meant to woo her for himself, but it must be done very carefully and gently.

Sofie had not repeated her refusal to stay with him. Passively she sat down in his studio, while he set the table and made tea, rejoicing in his heart.

"Such a poor, pale little shadow-woman as she is," he said to himself. "But we will take care of her. We will feed her, and take her out for all day long into God's country. Ah, the joy to see the pretty pink and white come back to that pinched face, and that dear body grow softly

rounded again. And please God, I will win her to be kind to me, my little star-eyed dove."

"Andrei!" cried Sofie, starting suddenly, "I remember now. Tell me quick where our Anton is."

"In prison, my poor little girl," said Andrei, taking hold of her hands gently.

"And I—oh, God help me. Tell me who betrayed him."

"No one, you poor child, no one," said Andrei. "He was arrested the same day as you. He was too well known to be overlooked, and he would not save himself by flight."

"Oh, Andrei," sobbed Sofie, not heeding in her relief that she was weeping in her nominal husband's arms, "I knew I never said anything, but Petrof said I had, and betrayed Anton."

"Petrof is an officer and a gentleman, my angel," said Andrei, "and in Russia to say a man is that is the same as calling him a coward and a liar. But now don't think of him any more. See the big strawberries I bought for you this morning."

"You are very kind," said Sofie, smiling faintly as she sat down beside him. "And how was it that they set me free?"

"It was Mariette," said Andrei, speaking very quickly. "You don't know her, and I don't want you to. Take some more cream, my love. But she can make any kind of fool she likes of the most mighty Prince Fedor. I painted her portrait, flattered her well, talked of you, and got your pardon—for doing nothing—as my pay."

"You are very kind," repeated Sofie. "And now please tell me all you know about Anton."

"He was arrested as implicated in the assassination of Bykoff," said Andrei, "and as there was not a particle of evidence against him, the government knew they could not bring his case before even a packed Russian jury. So he was brought before a military court where Fedor was president. Anton believed him to be the author of that attack on the Jews when poor Rivkoly died, and he refused to salute him."

"And what did Fedor do?" said Sofie, in a strained voice as Andrei paused.

"Fedor is very soldierly in all his ideas, Sofie. He ordered him to be flogged."

Sofie caught her breath; but Andrei did not look at her—her face might have startled him if he had—but he had taken out a letter and was looking at it as he said :

"This is what he wrote to me, when he was in the hospital, afterwards :

"Dear Brother,—After my preaching so much on submission and non-resistance, and against the fanaticism which seeks suffering, you may be surprised at my refusal to salute Fedor, knowing as I did what the probable consequences would be. But in the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene I watched a little Jewish girl, only twelve years, old, die, die as the Levite's concubine died, after that night at Gibeah. And I knew that not only did Fedor incite that Jewish massacre, but when he knew the hooligans and plain-clothes police had carried off those twenty girls, most of them mere children, to the cemetery—he who could have saved them with a word laughed and would not say it. And I felt I could not keep my self-respect, nor the respect of any man whose respect was worth having, if I saluted him. I think you will understand me?"

Andrei nodded his head approvingly as he finished reading. "There is a fine character," he said. "Our Anton is so truly altruistic, never thinking of himself, but always for others."

He looked up at Sofie then, and sat still, suddenly silent.

"Go on," she said, in her low, unnatural voice. "What did they do to him next?"

And Andrei answered in the same strained tones. "They felt they could do nothing with him, so he was sentenced to death. But you need not look so, Sofie. He is not dead yet. His sentence was changed to imprisonment for life at Sakhalin; he is on his way there now."

Andrei paused a moment, then said slowly, "You love this man, Sofie."

"Yes, for there is no one like him. But he never knew it. I did not know it myself till now."

She laid her head on the table in tired despair, and Andrei stood up, looking round on all his careful preparations for a woman who loved another man. Yet he still loved her, loved her so truly that he was ready to help and serve her, though he could not hope that she would give him any return for his service. So he spoke to her very gently, and she was too wrapped in her own sorrow to note that the gladness had gone out of his voice.

"You poor, small child, go and rest," he said. "I have to go out; Mariette sent for me this morning." He tossed a little note on to the table, adding, "And I believe you shall work for your living



even now, little Sofie. You shall be my model. I will draw Petrof with his hand on his sword, and his cross 'For Valor,' on his breast. Then there shall be two soldiers with their rifles ready. And amid them you, poor pale little child, with your wistful, patient eyes. I shall call my picture 'An Enemy to the State,' and I shall send it to America—a man there is taking some of my work. It may help to show them what we are, and make them better able to understand us in that great day when we rise."

He left her then, and she opened Mariette's letter. It was just an undated scribble.

"Chère.—I must see you to-day. My maid who brings this will explain why.—Mariette."

Sofie's eyes grew suddenly hard and bright as she read this, and she sprang up alertly. First she looked at herself carefully in the glass, then with Andrei's paints touched up her face in red and white. The dress he had bought for her was next put on, and then the pretty hat with its dotted veil. Then feverishly she hunted through his drawers until she found his pistol, and then she went out into the sunlit streets.

Prince Fedor's servant took the note she gave him, and in a few minutes came back to say the prince would see her. So Sofie, carrying a pistol for the first time in her life, was shown into the study where Anton's enemy sat.

He looked up at her smiling, then half rose, but she was too quick for him.

"Take this for Anton Paulovitch," she cried, snatching out the pistol and firing point blank at his breast.

The government did not follow their usual plan of secret trial in the case of Fedor's would-be assassin—for the old prince's wound though serious was not mortal. The evidence was so clear against Sofie that after three months in the detention prison she found herself in the dock to answer for her reckless crime before judge and jury.

A very quiet-looking prisoner she sat in the dock guarded by two gendarmes with drawn swords. Yet she was changed from the girl-captive of the Petropavlovsk; there was no defiance in her eyes, but a certain immovable hardness. The child-souled girl they had driven half mad in their dungeons, had become a woman, who had learnt to love, and also to hate.

She rose now as the president of the

court addressed her. "What is your name?"

"Sophia Theodorovna Palma."

"Your age?"

"Nearly nineteen, monsieur."

"What class do you belong to?"

"The so-called nobility."

"You are married?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And what is your religion?"

"Not the orthodox one, monsieur."

"Ah, atheist. Have you received a copy of the indictment against you?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Sofie was allowed to sit down again as the indictment was read. It was a long, wordy document, setting out in great detail the story of her crime. Then she was called on again.

"Do you plead guilty?" said the judge.

"I certainly shot, or tried to shoot, Prince Fedor," said Sofie, with a slight smile; "but I do not see there was any guilt in so doing."

Then in accordance with the custom of Russian law, which makes a prisoner one of his own witnesses, Sofie was called upon to tell her own story of what she had done.

There was intense silence in the court as very simply she told of Anton's treatment by Fedor, and repeated, word for word, the letter he had written in prison. "And then I, too, felt it was a disgrace to live, while Fedor lived also, so I went out and tried to shoot him," she concluded, naively.

"Is that all you have to say?" said the judge formally, as she sat down. Then the trial went on. Witnesses for the prosecution told the story of the shooting, which no one had denied. Witnesses for the defence came forward, the principal being the doctor from the Petropavlovsk, whom Sofie's lawyer had called and now tried to make admit that the girl was insane when she left the fortress prison.

The trial was drawing near to its close now. The public prosecutor was making his speech, and Sofie was watching the jury. What their verdict would be did not excite her, for she was prepared to receive the heaviest sentence the law allowed, but it amused her to note how carefully the jury had been chosen. Seven of them were officials, men holding government positions, and sworn foes of nihilism in all its phases. The others were tradesmen, the last class in the world to condone anything that looked like anarchy. It was to them that

the prosecutor was speaking, drawing lurid pictures of what the end would be if such anarchists as the prisoner were not kept down with the utmost severity.

Then Sofie's advocate spoke, pleading that she was insane when released from the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, and therefore not accountable for her actions on the very day of her release.

The prosecutor answered by saying she was not insane now, and apparently very proud of her act while supposedly insane.

The judge then summed up the case, and charged the jury, very much against the prisoner. Then they retired to consider their verdict, and she was taken out by the gendarmes. But it was only a few minutes before they were called to bring her back.

"I did not suppose it could take them long to make up their verdict," said Sofie to herself, as smiling she re-entered the court. "Now which will it be, the mines or the gallows?"

The jury were in their places, and their foreman handed the judges the verdict on a slip of paper. The judges—there were three, the president of the court and his two colleagues—took the paper and seemed to be disputing over it.

Sofie remembered that Russian law allows the judges to set aside a jury's verdict if they consider it illegal, but she could not imagine what the verdict could be that so evidently annoyed the president. But one of his colleagues was evidently indifferent, and the other strongly opposed him. So the paper was handed back to the foreman to be read aloud. And this was what the astonished court and prisoner heard him say:

"We find the prisoner, Sophia Palma, not guilty of any crime in shooting, with intent to kill, his Excellency Prince Fedor."

"I am glad she has got off," said an Englishman at the back of the court room, to the young Russian with him; "but what an astonishing verdict."

"You think too meanly of us, Blake," said Kyril Petrovitch, his friend. "Yet I cannot blame you, for our so-called ruling class are so crazed with fear of the people, whom they think of as wild beasts waiting a chance to fly at them, that they support a man like Fedor, shutting their eyes to his enormities. But the heart of the nation is not altogether corrupted yet; when men of even the middle class have a chance to say what they think, the result is what you have seen."

"I don't wonder that the government

object to try political publicly as a rule," said Blake.

"Oh, they will re-arrest Madame Palma at once," said Kyril. "She will be in the Petropavlovsk to-night, unless something happens."

And something did happen. As Sofie reached the street she was instantly surrounded by a crowd of students, armed with swords and sticks and revolvers. Andrei was with them, and they cheered wildly as he wrapped a red robe round his bewildered nominal wife. Then a scarlet liberty cap was put on her head, and she was lifted on to a big white horse, while from the mob, every minute growing larger, came the wild war-cry of the "Marseillaise," "To arms, to arms."

Red flags were waving now, and tumultuously they marched down the street, with the battle chant of the "Marseillaise" thrilling from a thousand throats.

"Aux armes!" Girls' sweet, shrill voices raised the cry, the high-school pupils were running beside Sofie's horse, and she looked down at their adoring faces with sudden dread. They were so young, girls and boys of twelve and thirteen, some of them, who had never known harsher guardianship than that of their mothers, and they might be in the hands of the police that night.

Yet they were doing no harm. Except Sofie's student body guard, no one was armed, and they were doing nothing but march in a very noisy procession. But what might not their weak-nerved government think they meant to do?

"To arms!" They were passing a factory now, and from the doors and lower windows big bearded workmen were running and leaping. Breaking through to Sofie, they kissed her feet and the edge of her garments, weeping and shouting. All big, thoughtless children together, beside themselves because the verdict of Sofie's jury had made them think that the whole land was on their side.

"Little Andrei," said Sofie imploringly to the man who was leading her horse, "do make these people go away. I don't care what happens to me, but we are not ready—we have no guns—and they will surely send the soldiers on us soon."

Andrei did not hear her, he was far too excited. "La vierge rouge" (the red virgin), he shouted, "la vierge rouge, our new Joan of Arc, who has come to lead us on to victory."

And the crowd took up his words, shouting them as they cheered, while

poor Sofie moaned, "We have no guns, not one. Oh, my God! my God!"

The Cossacks had turned into the road before them, riding in fours. The crowd scattered in terror, some running this way and others that. But Andrei showed that even in his maddest moments he was sane when it came to fighting, and Sofie found herself with her student guards, behind a derailed street car and two upturned carts, while before the hasty barricade quick axes had been at work, and the tall poles at the street side had come crashing down with their tangle of wires, some of them still live, and the Cossacks did not care to charge.

Sofie watched her friends answer the rifle fire of the soldiers who had come up with their revolvers. She saw a woman and two young men die. Beside herself in the excitement of the hour she took the pistol from a dead man's hand, and crouching by the cart, fired again and again at their enemy.

"They are coming to attack you behind," cried a breathless street boy, running up.

"All right, we are ready now," said Andrei. And when the enemy came they found only the dead behind the barricade and a bewildered white horse standing by a heap of red trappings on the ground.

That night the whole city was being searched for Sofie, and she was drinking her coffee in a restaurant, undisguised, except that she wore a black evening dress. Andrei was with her, his dress suiting hers. The other two at their table were Kyril Petrovitch, once also a member of Anton's circle, and Blake, the Englishman, his friend.

Andrei was speaking. "Sofie," he said, "everything is arranged for me to leave this city with M. Blake to-night. Then I am going to America. I have been offered work there. Will you come with me—as my wife, Sofie?"

The girl looked at Kyril, and he said gently, "Better go with Andrei, Sofie Theodorovna. You can hardly stay here in Russia now."

"Yet you are back," said the girl, instantly, "and still working for our cause. And what you do I can as well."

"It is terrible work," said Kyril, gravely. "Listen, Sofie Theodorovna, we who are trying to save our poor Russia may be divided into two classes—organizers and disorganizers. The first are working under a thousand different names, leagues and unions, clubs and circles, the soul—not head—of them all

our Tolstoi. And all alike in their teaching of non-resistance, and their aim to uplift in some way the people. You have worked with one such organization, and you know how it has been put an end to.

"Then there are what I have called the disorganizers. Even in the freest countries of this world men have not found any substitute for force and fear in dealing with their criminals, those who will injure others and will not work. We have a terrible criminal class here, and there seems no way to touch it but by fear. We feel we must keep these thieves and murderers living in fear every day and hour, and sometimes even we must strike, and take the life which God alone can give. It is terrible work, and its end is probably shame, and perhaps torture and death on the scaffold. Better choose the love which a good man offers you, and live in ease and honor with him."

Sofie's eyes were glorious. "I choose, like Christ, the cross," she said.

Andrei bent over and kissed her hand. "I honor your choice," he said, "but if ever you want me, send, and I will come to you. And if ever you are tired and want rest, Sofie, you will find my door open to receive you."

Then he went out with her, and Kyril said, approvingly, "A fine character, our Andrei; he was Anton's particular friend, and Anton was Olympian in his disregard of material things."

"I call him a fine fool," said Blake, irritably. "If Madame is his wife he has no right to allow her to mix up with your hell-fire plots. How dare he leave her here?"

But Kyril only smiled, and going to the station, they met Andrei again, and Blake did not recognize the slim self-possessed young man with him as Sofie, till Kyril spoke to her.

"You are Yourie Nikolayevitch Kartzow now," he said smiling. "Here are your passports and ticket. You are now going to your guardian's home in Moscow, to learn your part thoroughly, and wait for orders."

Too intensely in earnest to feel any embarrassment at her disguise, Sofie shook hands with her friends and sprang on the train, with quick adaptability to her position, raising her hat to them before she went inside.

And so Sofie Theodorovna became a nihilist—Yourie Nikolayevitch Kartzow, the sub-chief of Section D.

Toronto.

## THE PASTOR'S REVENGE.

BY "IER ROSE."



ONE sultry afternoon in June ten or a dozen villagers were loitering in the little post-office of S—, in Western Ontario, awaiting the arrival of the daily mail, which was a few moments later than usual. At length the mail-man—or boy, for he was little more—hurried in with the familiar government bags.

"Guess you were in no hurry to-day, Bill?" said some one, good-naturedly. "Perhaps you had another pretty little girl for a passenger, eh?"

"Oh, if some of you fellows had not quite so many girls writing to you the bags would not be so heavy, and I could make better time."

A burst of laughter greeted this remark, for it was easy to see that the thrust had gone home. The obliging postmaster lost no time in sorting and distributing the mail. Papers and letters were soon handed out to the various applicants. One or two began to move away, while others commenced reading at once.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed a prominent member of the Methodist Church, "here's the final draft of stations."

As nearly all present belonged to the same church, or were at least adherents, they gathered around to see if any change had been made affecting their circuit.

"Here it is," said one, as he reached over and pointed to that portion of the report relating to the district to which they belonged.

"Why, he's moved!" exclaimed John Smith, while Henry Jones read:

"S—, Samuel J. Wink. Who is he, I wonder?"

"I think it's a shame," but in the postmaster, William West, who was one of the class-leaders; John Smith being the other. "Our minister was getting along all right. We should have had him another year."

"So I say," said John Smith, as he drew himself up and thrust his hands into his trouser-pockets. "I think we ought to protest. Here's this man,

Wink; he's just been ordained two years. He thinks he can preach, but he simply can't; he's no good."

"I am sorry they made a change," came from Henry Jones, "but I suppose we had better make the best of it now."

"Best of nothing!" returned Leader Smith, warmly; "you folks can please yourselves. I can get more good to home than I can in listening to a fellow like that. That's what I'll do, too. Them's the kind of fellows as ruins our church."

"Oh, Brother Smith!" said Postmaster West, "that is hardly the right view to take of the matter. The more truth there is in what you say the greater is our obligation to stand by the church and the minister. If, as you say, he's no good, then, in the interest of God's work, we must exert ourselves to the very utmost."

"That's what I say," chimed in Mr. Jones, as he folded up his papers. "We mustn't think only of self, but of the work in the village, and on the circuit. Perhaps things will be better than we think."

The discontented leader did not wait to hear the conclusion of the discussion, but, perceiving that he received but scant support among the officials, withdrew with a muttered expression of his dissatisfaction. He neglected no opportunity to prejudice the people against the coming pastor. Here he met with more success than upon his first attempt. Nearly all had respected and loved the man who had been with them for the last two years, and they were naturally somewhat displeased at the action of the Stationing Committee. Hence, they were in just that frame of mind which was favorable to the leader's purpose. He had very little to say definitely about the Rev. Mr. Wink, except the bald statement that he could not preach. Yet suspicious questions were asked and vague hints thrown out to such an extent that by the time of the change of pastors there was quite a popular spirit of opposition to the unsuspecting Mr. Wink.

Apparently the whole countryside turned out to enjoy a farewell evening with the pastor who was leaving, and to unite in presenting him and his wife with several costly expressions of esteem and good-will. Upon this occasion all

heard when the new pastor expected to arrive. Yet, on Friday afternoon, when he and his wife drove up to the parsonage, they found the key in the lock, and the whole house at their disposal. The postmaster did manage to run in for a minute on his way home in the evening, and his expressions of good-will and encouragement were duly appreciated. With this solitary exception the new arrivals at the parsonage were left entirely to themselves until Sabbath morning. But Methodist ministers and their wives do not usually depend entirely upon receptions and words of welcome and encouragement. While such things are pleasant, yet they are not absolutely necessary. At least that is what Mr. and Mrs. Wink thought when they came to S—.

The Sabbath congregations were somewhat larger than usual, and the sermon was one of no mean order. A few true souls considered it one of the best sermons they had heard for some time, for they came in the spirit of prayer, and desiring a blessing, and they received what they came for. The great majority came in the spirit of criticism, and desiring nothing in particular. Naturally they were not disappointed. As the pastor was shaking hands with the people at the close of the service a prominent member of another communion said to him :

"That's all right. If you keep that up you will do."

As time rolled on, and Mr. Wink devoted himself faithfully to his work, the people's prejudice was gradually overcome. Leader Smith noticed this, and became more and more bitter in his opposition. He attended church very seldom, and when he did so he never remained to class. In this respect his bad example was followed by very many of the members. One result of the neglect of this time-honored means of grace was a great decline in the spiritual life of the church.

The minister was not blind to this state of affairs. He called upon the refractory leader to request his support in the work of the church. He met with a cool reception. Hardly had he introduced the subject when Mr. Smith said, "Mebbe the time's come when you'd orter appoint a new leader."

"But why take that step?"

"Oh, there's lots fitter for the work nor me," was the reply.

"Is that your only reason for taking this step, Brother Smith?"

"Yes, that's the great reason. I didn't

never think that God designed me for that work."

"Well, Brother Smith," said the minister, turning his eyes upon the man before him, "in that case I suppose something must be done. I am glad I asked you, for I was beginning to think that you had some personal reasons for the course you were pursuing, and if so I thought I would like to know what they were?"

The leader avoided the gaze of his minister, and very sheepishly looked out of the window, but made no answer. The interview closed without producing anything further towards an understanding, as the one was not man enough to deal honestly with the other.

A new leader was appointed, and as time still rolled on Mr. Smith's failure was evident to all. Even he became conscious of the fact. His conduct and his temper were in nowise improved by this knowledge. Several Sabbaths slipped by, and his place at the church was vacant. This was hardly noticed, however, as it was now nothing unusual for him to be absent. The pastor was out calling one day when some one asked :

"Have you heard how Brother Smith is this morning?"

"Why, no ; I have heard nothing. Is he sick?"

"Yes, I guess he is very low. The doctor has been out there nearly every day."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied the pastor, evidently very much concerned. "What appears to be the matter?"

"Hardly know. Some say pneumonia, but others say heart disease."

"Poor man ; I hope he gets along all right. I shall run down that way. I am very glad you told me. I wish our people would always make it a point to tell the pastor when any one is sick."

He soon brought his call to a close, and hurried off in the direction of the Smith home. On the way he offered up a prayer for divine guidance. On his arrival at the house, he was admitted by the youngest daughter, who was the only one in the home who had not joined in the opposition to him.

"Oh, Mr. Wink, I am so glad to see you. Come right in."

"Thank you, Fanny. I am glad to come. Sorry to hear of your affliction. I just heard of it this morning, or I should have called sooner."

"I thought you did not know," she continued, as she showed him in. "I knew you would come if you knew."

The fact was that his name had been mentioned several times in the family

during the father's illness. Fanny wanted to send him word, but the rest of the family said that he could call if he wanted to, which was not likely. If he did not see fit to look after his sick members they could get along without him, anyway. As he entered the living-room he took little notice of the coolness with which Mrs. Smith and the other daughter received him. They allowed Fanny to do the talking.

"How is your father this morning?" asked Mr. Wink, as he laid aside his coat and hat.

"We can see no improvement, Mr. Wink," replied the girl. "He seems to have such trouble with his heart. The doctor says that he does not fear the lung trouble so much now, if his heart were not so bad."

"There is yet ground for hope, then," said the minister, cheerfully; "it is not as bad as it might be. He may get along all right yet."

"Indeed we hope so. Still, he has such awful spells sometimes that we wonder how he can pull through. Some of them last over an hour. After one of them he is completely prostrated."

"Yes," replied the minister, "I think you have more to fear during the times of prostration than during the spells which precede."

"Perhaps so, and yet if we do not get him into an easy position, and hold him there during the spell he will smother or strangle. John always does that, for father is such a large, heavy man that we women cannot manage him. I do not know what we would do if a spell came on when John was out any time. He does not go away much, but this morning he had to go to meet the train. We are expecting father's brother."

"That will be better for you. He can help you in the nursing."

"Yes; they ought to be back soon," said the girl somewhat uneasily. "Father does not usually have a spell before noon, but the doctor said that if he should have one an hour or two earlier than usual it would likely be a bad one, and would possibly mean a change one way or the other."

There was no invitation for the minister to go in and see the sick man, but he thought he would make the suggestion before leaving. He was just considering the question when the elder daughter came hurriedly out of the sick-room. An expression of mingled fear and despair was upon her face as she asked in a hoarse whisper:

"Is John back, Fanny?"

"No; why?" said Fanny, starting up sudden excitement.

"There's another of those awful spells coming, and I don't know what to do."

The minister was on his feet in an instant, and as he stepped towards the sick man's room, he asked:

"Will you allow me to assist, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, please—please do!" was her reply, as tears sprang to her eyes.

He was met at the door by Mrs. Smith. Here she made her last opposition.

"Oh, Mr. Wink! We have no right to expect this from you."

"Right, nothing," was his response; "let us keep as cool as possible and it will be all right yet."

He found the ex-leader already moaning and gasping frightfully for breath. With the strong grasp and yet gentle touch of one who had handled sick persons before, he seized the heavy frame and raised it to the most easy and comfortable position possible. He threw himself on the bed in such a way that he might hold the sick man for a considerable length of time if necessary. His heart went out in the fullest sympathy, as he thought how perfectly helpless the once strong man had become. Fanny had followed him into the room, and occasionally wiped the sick man's brow. The other two wept at the thought of the return which Mr. Wink was making for the way they had treated him.

Patiently and attentively the minister stuck to his post for over an hour. It was a great relief to all when the struggle was over, and the sick one lay back exhausted. Once or twice he opened his eyes, but they filled with tears as he lapsed into an apparently unconscious, or semi-unconscious state.

Mr. Wink suggested that the three women go and try to snatch a little rest, for neither had slept for the greater part of a week. They consented upon his assurance that the patient would give them no trouble for some time, and that he would give all necessary attention. Thus left alone he devoted himself entirely to his charge. No woman's hand could have been more soothing to the restless head. Once the sick man's eyes looked at him, but only for a moment. Their expression was one which they had not worn for many a day. This time they closed in a quiet peaceful sleep. Hope revived in the preacher's heart.

John returned, but without the expected relative. Mr. Wink heard him coming and went out to meet him. He explained how everything was in the

house, told him that there must be no noise to arouse the sleeper; that this sleep might mean much. John said that he hated to trouble the preacher so much; that he would relieve him of his task.

"Trouble, man! What are you talking about?" said the man, who wanted to be a minister in the true sense of the word. "I am your brother. I count it a joy and a privilege to be able to do this. If you will permit me I shall stay at that bedside till I see all that this sleep means. You can come in, or, if you have any work outside, you can trust me."

John held out his hand; the minister grasped it. John could not speak; the other did not wish to, for a moment. At last the latter said:

"Let us be brothers."

"This is too much. Forgive me."

For answer John's hand received a tighter clasp, while he was drawn into the house. He watched the patient, careful nursing for a while, after which he retired with a prayer in his heart.

Hours passed. The ladies were up and about their household duties. The doctor had come and gone, perfectly satisfied. Still the sleeper slept, and the watcher watched. At length the sick one opened his eyes and looked into the face of his wife. In that look there was the promise of recovery. The minister saw it, and was satisfied. He tried to slip quietly out of the room. Perhaps his work was over. His movement was noticed.

"Hold on; come here," came from the bed.

The minister turned a radiant face, and held out his hand to the other.

"Brother Smith—"

"Oh, no! I'm no 'brother.' No, I can't shake hands with you. Go away. Go away!"

"Certainly, I shall go away, if you wish me to."

"Wish it? No; God forgive me. Come back."

Mr. Wink grasped the weak man's hand. Mr. Smith tried to raise himself, but only to fall over with his head resting upon the two clasped hands. His scalding tears flowed as if to cement the union of those hands. As he lay thus the minister's words of comfort were interrupted by such ejaculatory prayers as:

"O God forgive me! God help—  
God forgive me!"

Feebly that head was raised. Eye met eye. No flinching now.

"Can you forgive me, Brother Wink?"

"As I nope to be forgiven, my brother. Let us pray."

That prayer was a soul's expression of gratitude to the great Father of intercession for the penitent. It was an earnest plea for restoration of the joy of God's salvation with the restoration of physical health.

Several weeks afterwards the village congregation was somewhat surprised to see the long-absent ex-leader enter for the usual service. The surprise was much greater, however, when, at the close of the sermon, he rose in his place and asked the privilege of making a statement. The privilege was granted. He told the whole story of his opposition to the pastor. He had no other reason for his course but the pastor's youth. As Mr. Wink became popular and successful he himself became more bitter. So the struggle went on until he found himself drifting from God and even wishing for the overthrow of the church. He told of all the hard and unjust things he had said of the minister. Many eyes filled with tears as the big, strong man allowed his own to overflow while he told of his recent illness and the part that despised pastor had played at the critical time. He craved the forgiveness of the whole church before God.

The silence which followed was broken by sobs here and there throughout the church. The pastor's eyes were by no means dry as he stepped down to the altar rail. He opened the hymn-book and said:

"It appears to me that we ought to depart from the established order to-night. Let us sing hymn 217."

"Brother, hast thou wandered far

From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?

Turn thee, brother; homeward come."

"As we sing let those who desire to come homeward with us step out and come right up here to the front that we may pray together. All Christians and others who will go with us, come right along."

There and then the great revival started.

"Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother; God can save."

Lebanon, Ont.

## A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

BY A. PULPIT POUNDER.



IAS much worn, and exhibited the fact in symptoms well known to clergymen, and more especially to clergymen's wives. At home I was nervous and decidedly cross, particularly to the children. In my parish I maintained the conventional smile and inquired solicitously after people's health, but inwardly I cared little about any of them.

Then, too, after my most earnest efforts at preaching, some good sister would amble up, and when I had my hand extended to accept her congratulations with fitting humility, she would say, "My pastor looks tired," or some equally reassuring remark. One of my deacons casually asked me if it wouldn't be easier for me to write out my sermons in full. These and other intimations made me realize that I needed a rest. I had completely forgotten a funeral, and had incurred the lasting hostility of the family; and on another occasion, as I was baptizing a boy, and almost in the act of adorning him with the name of "Ella," I was barely saved (likewise the boy) by the quickness of my ever-alert wife, who whispered in stage distinctness, "Frederick," as the parents, too embarrassed and frightened to speak, seemed about to collapse.

The climax came when I forgot to make special mention in prayer of the bereavement of a prominent family at their first appearance at church after the death of a dissipated son, who had died at a sanitarium of "nervous prostration."

The chairman of the board of trustees said to us as I was leaving the church, "Well, I guess we have lost the Matthews all right; they gave up their pew this morning." I did not stop to tell the brother of the many visits I had made on the Matthews, and of two trips to the "sanitarium," but hurried to my home.

"Take a vacation," said my doctor. "You need an absolute change. You ministers don't know how to take a rest. What you need is not stagnation to

make you more nervous still, but a steady work of another kind. Why, man," said he, "get a job on a grip-car, or go on the farm and run a mowing machine. Do something, but make a pleasure of it." He laughed, and I tried to; but his joke became a fact, and that is how I became a conductor on a grip-car. I needed my home. A man with my kind of nervous prostration must not be too far away from his family. With my beard and moustache gone, my own children did not know me.

Then, through an influential friend who was in the secret, I was inducted into office. I had thought it did not require much study to know what was necessary, for I had watched the conductors and gripmen for years.

Yet it was mighty confusing at first. To collect a fare, give a transfer, remember a street and call it, pull the cash register, and the signal to stop and go ahead, and know when all were aboard while standing in the middle of the car, was more of an undertaking than I had ever dreamed. Talk about mental alertness in preparing a sermon, there is nothing to it compared to this. The man in the corner said, "Appleby Street," and when I was mentally figuring on where it was, an elderly woman waved her umbrella at me. I stopped the car, and three people got on. When I went in to collect their fare, only one responded, and for my life, I couldn't tell who the others were.

Meantime the man in the corner had risen, and was roaring, "Have we come to Appleby Street?" I was conscious that we had and something over, and rang the bell. "I told you to let me off at Appleby. What are you going to do about it?" demanded the individual, whom I now recognized as the teacher of our men's Bible-class. Fearing he might recognize my voice, I murmured something while he stood and glared alternately at me and the passengers, and the grip man clanged his gong for the signal to start. "I'll report you, sir," was the parting shaft. And I heard a murmur of approval from several, and one old lady said, "It's high time these sassy conductors were brought to their senses." Then she told the car



how a sister-in-law had made the company pay a lot of money for a fall she had. I was conscious of being flushed and confused, and took fare from a fat, red-nosed man on the platform. He gave me a quarter, and I handed him two dimes. He looked at them, and said, "Where's the rest?" "Rest of what?" I demanded, ringing up his fare. "I gave you fifty," said he, with a sneer; "you can knock down the company, but it won't wash with me."

When that incident was closed, I was out twenty-five cents. I preferred to give it than endure any more vilification; but I had learned a lesson. How I slept those nights! (My runs were at first in the day.) It was an anxious occupation, but so different from the conventionalism of the ministry. The boss did not know who I was, nor any of the men. Never had I been talked to so plainly and profanely. These men were not bad at heart, but they were workers, and hard ones at that. One deviation might cost a man his job.

Somehow my ideas began to change. I seemed to be losing my fear of mankind. It was nothing to me what the passengers said about the rules of the company. It occurred to me that a little of the independence I now felt might be worth while in a minister, as a servant of Almighty God.

One morning Deacon Spurt got on my car, and handed me a dime so worn I knew they wouldn't take it at the office. I handed it back to him, saying in a gruff voice, "I can't use that." "What's the matter with that?" sputtered the deacon, whom I had always feared. "Too much worn," I answered, laconically. "Too much worn —" "You'll have to give me proper money or get off the car," said I, with an inward exultation. "I can't wait any longer." Then, with much grumbling, the deacon fished up a nickel, and I rang the register. I felt the passengers were with me. I kept my temper, was quiet and dignified.

In the afternoon Mrs. Packard and Mrs. French boarded the car. They were very much dressed, and were going to the club. Mrs. Packard held out ten cents; at the same moment Mrs. French passed out a dollar bill—each demanding me to take fare for two. "No, no; let me pay. I have the change right here," said Mrs. Packard in her society voice, which I knew so well in her discussions with me of my Browning allusions. "Put that right up," laughingly demanded Mrs. French. "I want to get

this changed." Then Mrs. Packard dropped her dime in her eagerness to get it into my hand, and it rolled out of sight. "Well!" said Mrs. Packard. "I should say as much," remarked Mrs. French. "Conductor, you are very careless. Let us off at Beach Street."

"If you ladies will move," I said, "I think the dime is down here." "We will not move an inch," said Mrs. Packard. "You knocked it from my hand and you can take it for fare when we get out."

"The i-de-ah!" exclaimed Mrs. French, who was president of our Foreign Missionary Society. "Did you ever hear anything like that?"

Meantime other passengers were moving their feet or skirts, and the delinquent coin was found near the feet of a young lady, who, with real kindness, picked it up and handed it to me. "I should let him do his own picking up," said Mrs. French to the young lady, dropping her usual elegance of expression. I wondered if this could be the same woman who had uttered the exalted sentiments I had listened to, when, in those days which seemed so far away, I had sat clothed in faultless ministerial garb and lent my presence to an afternoon of good clothes, missions, and refreshments.

"What do they hear from poor Dr. Pounder?" asked Mrs. French at the close of the dime episode, when each of them had cast withering glances in my direction.

"Not much improvement, I understand," cooed Mrs. Packard, complacently. "Unless he is very much better on his return, I fear we shall lose him." "Indeed," said Mrs. French, in a tone which meant "tell me more." "O yes," said Mrs. Packard, gathering up her rustling skirts preparatory to rising as she lifted an aristocratic, patronizing hand to me to stop at the next street. "Didn't you know that the trustees had a very frank talk together last Wednesday night? They feel that all is not well."

"Beach Street," I called in a loud voice to relieve the tension of my feelings. I was aware that I used almost the identical tone I was accustomed to fall back upon in quotations and poetry in my sermons—a tone which Mrs. French often openly complimented as the "perfect utterance." But as she passed me she said to Mrs. Packard, "Did you ever hear such a horrid voice?"

These were really wonderful days and

nights—for I was later given a night run. It was not so difficult to keep out of sight as I had supposed it would be. The children and Mrs. Pulpit, when asked what was heard from me, simply replied that I was improving. Every one took it for granted that I was out of town, and the only one who knew to the contrary was a college classmate of mine, a leading attorney, having interests in many things, who had simply told the superintendent of the company he must give a friend of his a place. Of course I was saved some of the anxieties other conductors have, as I was not dependent on my wages; and when mistakes were made I could more readily remedy them out of my own pocket. But it was a rigorous life, and I was finally obliged to take a room nearer my starting point to allay any suspicions of the men who wondered where I lived.

O you ministers and theological students and ye professors of sociology, what fools we mortals be in our soft utterances about "life" and "sin"!

What revelations were mine on that night run when I made five trips beginning at ten o'clock! Now I understood why Jack Range was absent from church. He and his theatre crowd were often on my car. One night he struck at me and another night handed me a cigar. He was drunk the second time. I who had seen life from the standpoint of the afternoon and evening or the pulpit now saw it as it was. No wonder Mrs. Range looked careworn and told me how hard her husband was working. Yes, indeed, it must have been hard work to attend to business and keep up a semblance of respectability and come home night after night in his hilarious condition. Little had I dreamed that the dignified appearing man who came occasionally to church and almost invariably came forward to shake my hand and thank me for my sermon was this hilarious brother so full of good cheer and wine suppers.

Sunday was the most strenuous day of all. It was the heaviest day for conductors and company. It was expected that we would "knock down" fares on that day, and the man who handed in more than his fellows was regarded by them with suspicion. In fact, it was almost impossible on the packed cars to make the collections and register tally. And it was perfectly possible to ring less times than the number of nickels received because no one could tell whether the conductor was ringing for the money

just taken or that for which he extended his hand.

I now discovered who in my congregation were given to Sunday excursions and Sunday theatres. I learned more in a month of the characteristics and habits of certain young people than in all the seven years of my pastorate. Once or twice the old habit almost mastered me and I was on the point of greeting a member. O, the sermons I was ready to preach! I was fairly bursting with desire to "reprove, rebuke, exhort." Never had I realized the need of it. What could Mrs. — be thinking of to permit her daughter to go with that fellow, and particularly on Sunday, whom I knew to be profane and impure, and whose conversation on the platform of my car had been such on one occasion that I with difficulty refrained from knocking him down. Did my junior deacon, a splendid fellow, know that the apple of his eye was beginning to smoke cigarettes and had tried to cheat me of his fare? It seemed to me I must rush over to the father's office and warn him.

There was another side, too. Mr. Graham, who was not a member of our church, and who had been labored with by successive pastors to "come into the kingdom," was so kindly and thoughtful that I longed to see him board my car. He always said "good-morning," or "good-evening" to me with the utmost camaraderie. How quickly he rose to give a woman a seat while other men sat oblivious with their eyes glued to their papers. Once he held the child of a washerwoman—none too clean—in his lap, much to the detriment of his creased trousers, which were disfigured by dirty heels. It came over me that Mr. Graham was about as far in the kingdom as any member I had seen.

When he handed out his fare he made it an act of courtesy. Most people made me feel that I was on a par with the Publicans, and was the instrument of a grasping corporation. They would grudgingly extend their money and grunt "transfer," and scan their change with a searching gaze that made me have an uncertain and almost guilty feeling in spite of my careful counting. Mr. Graham gave a little inclination of the head as if to indicate a willing payment, and hastily put the change in his pocket.

I am now near the end of my three months' leave. I was walking home just before church time the other night with my uniform on and tin lunch-box in my hand. I saw the crowds on the

streets, and the few decorous folk wending their way to my church, which had been supplied by Professor Homily. I even caught sight of the professor approaching. He was immaculate in broadcloth, white vest and silk hat. He carried a Bible with notes in it. His hands were white, and he was plainly meditating. He was a good and genuine man, and yet, when I looked at him and then at myself; when I compared the whiteness of his hands and well-kept nails with my soiled hands, with hard, calloused fingers from handling coin, I wondered no longer that men of my kind never attend church. This professor, as well as the leading men of my church, would hardly know what to do with me if I went into "their church."

Out of curiosity and an irresistible attraction, I retraced my steps. There stood the church, stable and cold. A few were entering, and some of the young people were going awry. I even ascended the steps, pulling my cap, with its "1042" down over my eyes. In the vestibule were young men whom I knew, with flowers in their buttonholes, breaking off laughing conversation to show strangers to seats. On I went with a kind of recklessness, and without removing my cap, looked into the door and down the familiar aisle. Sweet strains came from the organ. The lights were

dim because of the warmth of the evening, and a few well-dressed people were scattered about the beautiful auditorium.

The ushers looked at me in a helpless sort of way. I did not blame them. There was nothing about my appearance to indicate a worshipper. Then Fred Newberry stepped up and said, politely, "Is there some one you wish to see?"

"No," I said, as with a queer lump in my throat I turned and made for the doors. What had I to do with all this refinement?

"You ought to have held on to him to ring up our collection," said James Herst, as I went down the steps. James was a good fellow, and had to have a joke; but somehow it hurt, just the same.

Do you wonder that I am asking the question seriously if I can ever settle down to the old life again? If I go on at the same church there will have to be a big shaking up, I can tell you. I have in mind several series of sermons on life, the church, sin, and the need of a Saviour. And I shall know just what I am talking about and to whom I am talking. And what is more, some of my present friends of the City Railway will have to be welcomed into my church. Meantime, my wife and I are talking it over, and sometime will let you know the result.—Congregationalist and Christian World.

#### THE EPISTLE OF CHRIST.

2 CORINTHIANS III. 3.

BY VERA REDING.

How good it would be, I fancied,  
For the glory of Him I love,  
To do such a work, that all seeing  
Might honor their Father above.

I would paint a wonderful picture  
Of my King, and His tender grace,  
That the hearts of all might be softened  
Who gazed on the perfect face.

I tried, and failed—ah, completely!  
Till at last I thought I would write  
A poem, of such great sweetness  
That would touch all hearts aright.

I would set it to noble music,  
And its haunting notes would bring  
An echo of songs from heaven,  
That the glad, bright angels sing.

And Heaven's sublimest message  
Through every verse would shine.  
Alas, for the poem and music!  
I could never make them divine.

At last, one day, quite disheartened,  
I brought all to *Jesus*, and then  
I asked Him what way was the truest,  
To better my fellow-men.

"You must be the wonderful picture,  
Full of Me and My tender grace;  
My love and My divine compassion  
Must ever shine through *your* face.

"You must be the lovely poem  
That will touch all hearts aright,  
My words be the words you utter,  
With Heaven's own message bright.

"You must be the noble music!  
*Your* voice as a prelude ring,  
To the beautiful songs of Heaven  
That you one day will sing."

That was the grand, sweet answer  
That came to my heart that day—  
But the music, and poem, and picture,  
I gently laid them away.

## MONISM REFUTED.\*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,  
Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

A few years ago we began to flatter ourselves that the battle with materialism was won, and that the enemy was practically dead. But apparently it is still very thoroughly alive, and the old battle has to be fought over again, as in the book before us. For very many years Haeckel, a distinguished German professor of biology, has been producing works in which he goes far beyond the sphere of natural science (in which he is an acknowledged authority) and enters those of philosophy and theology (in which he is not an authority). And what he lacks of philosophic and religious insight, he makes up by bold, unscrupulous, adroit assertion. His numerous writings are formidable mainly to the uneducated or half-educated reader. But for such they seem to have a great fascination. In both Germany and England they sell by the hundred thousand, and, apparently, do much to confirm great multitudes of people in their indifference or hostility to the Christian faith and life.

A notable reply to Haeckel has been recently published by the eminent English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. And now we have this popular statement and refutation by the bright and scholarly young Wesleyan minister, Rev. Frank Ballard.

Mr. Ballard is no novice at this kind of controversy, and his book, entitled "The Miracles of Unbelief," has had a remarkable circulation. The Expository Times declares that "there is no man living who can handle the outrageous unbeliever so satisfactorily as Mr. Frank Ballard."

In this volume he traverses the whole ground of Haeckel's monism, especially as stated in his "Riddle of the Universe," with such detail as to be almost wearisome to one who is not specially interested in the controversy or who is not seeking for weapons against materialism. To readers of Haeckel, who have been entangled in his sophistries or misled

by his dogmatic assertions, this book ought to be very helpful; and to the Christian worker who finds himself confronted with materialistic skepticism in those whom he would benefit, it is a perfect treasure house of facts, principles, and arguments.

Haeckel's monism is the theory that there is but one substance in the universe, what he calls the "matter-force-reality," that this one substance has two sides or aspects, that all things which exist are so many manifestations evolved by necessity from this one substance—"All substance has two fundamental attributes; as matter it occupies space, and as force, or energy, it is endowed with sensation." The doctrine is a materialistic pantheism, whose assumptions, implications, and results Ballard proceeds to examine in great detail. He lets Haeckel speak for himself, quoting continually from his various works, points out the fallacies and confusions and errors, and puts over against the confident assertions of Haeckel and his English translator, the ex-priest McCabe, innumerable and most valuable quotations from the most eminent names in philosophy, and especially natural science.

At first this method is rather deterrent to the reader. It is too much that of an interminable debate. But for the special purposes of this book the method is probably the best possible. The more positive and constructive method, the statement of the true Christian, the true philosophical position, will be pursued in a sequel, which Mr. Ballard promises, and which will be awaited with interest. In the meantime, the valuable quotations from the best authorities on almost all phases of our modern conflict with infidelity, will be of the greatest service to all who need material for their own thought or for public addresses on such subjects.

Perhaps in no better way can a fair idea of the method of the work be given than by transcribing a few of the extracts to be found in the chapter on Immortality. Haeckel rejoices in the thought that by his monism he has once for all banished God, freedom, and im-

\* "Haeckel's Monism False." By Frank Ballard, B.D., B.Sc. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

mortality from the universe. Ballard quotes as follows: "Modern science has not taught us a single fact that points to the existence of an immaterial world. On the contrary, it has shown more and more clearly that the supposed world beyond is a pure fiction, and only merits to be treated as a subject for poetry. Comparative anatomy and physiology have shown that the mind of man is a function of the brain and his will not free, and that his soul, absolutely bound up with its material organ, passes away at death like the souls of other mammals. All that comes within the range of our knowledge is a part of the material world."

Now, against these wild assumptions and confident assertions, Ballard puts hosts of statements from such authorities as James, Fiske, Tyndall, Howison, the authors of "The Unseen Universe," Rice, Le Conte, Sidgwick, Goethe, Royce, Momerie, Caird. For instance, he quotes Professor Tyndall's words: "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is inconceivable as the result of mechanics. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reason-

ing, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble, in its modern form, as it was in the pre-scientific ages." One other quotation let us add, one from John Fiske: "Are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? In such a view the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting permanence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning."

So through this large and handsome volume our author tracks out all aspects of monism, without misrepresenting, but also without sparing, his antagonist, and furnishes at once an acute exposure of materialism and a vast store of suggestions for the preacher.

The conclusion of the whole matter is in Mr. Ballard's own pregnant words: "The disproof of monism is of no more avail for the benediction of humanity than its proof. What is wanted above all else, for church and world alike, is the conversion of 'Christians' in general to Christianity."

## MRS. FITZHERBERT AND GEORGE IV.\*

### A STUDY.

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

No fiction could be so interesting, dramatic and pathetic as the story told by Mr. Wilkins in his classic and beautiful English. (I regret to state that this accomplished writer passed away in London on the 21st of December, 1905.)

It is a human document of an unusual kind, and throws a brilliant "searchlight" upon the Georgian age. I might write pages on this striking book, and make voluminous extracts of thrilling interest, but must permit myself only a short notice. We know Thackeray's

"Four Georges," and his estimate of George IV. Such a king as he was (with a few good features in his character) would not now be tolerated on the throne of England. His feeble moral fibre, his fickleness, his cowardice, his falseness in speech and deed, brought the monarchy into great dishonor and disfavor, but we must not forget that his bad training and the injustice of his parents had, in part, produced their disastrous fruit.

At the time the history opens the Prince of Wales was just come of age, and was very handsome, graceful and attractive. Mrs. Fitzherbert was by no means a daring adventuress or an intriguing widow. In fact, she fled to the continent for over a year, in order to escape the Prince's attentions. The

\* "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F. S. A. In two vols., with illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, New York and Bombay, 1905.

doubts thrown upon the genuineness of her marriage have been for ever dispelled by these two volumes. She made a solemn promise to her husband not to reveal the marriage during his lifetime, and faithfully she kept faith with him. It was her intention, however, that her true biography should be written, and to this end she lodged the "Fitzherbert Papers," in 1833, in Coutts' Bank, despite the opposition of the Duke of Wellington, who was the representative of George IV., then dead. These papers were removed to the private archives at Windsor in 1905. The two most important documents are the marriage certificate, written by the Prince of Wales, and his will. This will was written by the Prince during an illness which he feared would be fatal, and bears the date of January the 10th, 1796. It is one of the most remarkable of documents. In it he employs many terms of endearment. In it he says, "My Maria Fitzherbert, my real and true wife, who is dearer to me, even a million times dearer to me, than the life I am now going to resign." Again: "She, my Maria Fitzherbert, has been most infamously traduced. Her person, her heart and her mind are and ever have been, from the first moment I knew her, down to the present moment, as spotless, as unblemished, and as pure as anything can be that is human and mortal."

He recovered from this illness, and with his own hands gave the original draft of the will to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and a copy of it, under his own seal, to his father, George III. William IV. and Queen Adelaide received Mrs. Fitzherbert on terms of friendly intimacy, as did also the Duke of Kent and his sister, the Princess Augusta, and even the most unhappy and unfortunate Queen Caroline,

his acknowledged wife before the nation, believed that Mrs. Fitzherbert was the canonical wife of George IV.

I will only add, that when Mr. Wilkins appealed to His Majesty for permission to see the "Fitzherbert Papers," without which he felt that no biography would be of value on the point at issue, King Edward generously gave him access to them, and also permitted him to make any extracts he deemed necessary for publication. By this kindness the King has won the gratitude of all his Roman Catholic subjects. It was at the request of Mrs. Fitzherbert's numerous Catholic relatives and friends, many of them of the nobility, that Mr. Wilkins undertook the preparation of this intensely interesting work, and it is dedicated to the daughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter, Miss Seymour.

The marriage of the prince with Mrs. Fitzherbert was illegal, as being without the consent of the king; and Mrs. Fitzherbert, being a Roman Catholic, the marriage, if valid, would have excluded the prince from the succession. In 1795 the prince espoused his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick, in order to get his debts paid, but after a year of inharmonious cohabitation they separated by mutual consent. Twenty years later King George IV. began a scoundrelly persecution of his wife which agitated the whole country. Public opinion was so pronounced against the prosecution that the government withdrew it. Nominally victorious, the queen was really beaten, and died of chagrin in less than a year. The evidence of Mr. Wilkins' book, while it exculpates the unhappy Mrs. Fitzherbert, but adds to the infamy of the profligate prince.

---

#### SING OUT THY SONG.

"Sad fetter'd souls long held in self's dim prison,  
Bound fast by error, ignorance or pride,  
Do ye not hear? The Conquerer is risen;  
In His brave death, thy foes and His have died.  
Bury thy dead! Live, live the wondrous story  
That lifts the world from deeps of woe and wrong.  
Wouldst flood the shadows with the Easter glory?  
Sing out, the whole year round, thine Easter song."

## Current Topics and Events.



NAPLES, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

### VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

Mount Vesuvius is a perpetual menace to the fair and fertile country which lies upon its slopes and at its feet. It may be quiescent for years, when it will suddenly burst forth with a fury akin to that which buried the guilty cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum over eighteen hundred years ago. It was a wonderfully impressive sight as we beheld it last August, a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. But inexpressibly sublime it is when its throbs shake the very earth and its mighty convulsions hurl its molten rocks into the sky. The thunders and lightnings which accompany these explosions are awe-inspiring in their majesty.

The first time we visited Vesuvius it was in a quiescent mood. We could not only climb the very lip of the crater but we climbed down into its interior. Fifty

feet below this rim was a broad platform of solidified lava floating on a lake of fire. This was studded with a number of pinnacles from which smoke and steam escaped. From one which rose two or three hundred feet high violent ejections of scoria were hurled every few minutes with a crash as if all the crockery in creation were smashed at once.

As we walked over the lava we could feel its heat through our thick boots. A staff thrust into the crevices soon caught fire and through another opening the molten lava slowly boiled up in a consistency like tar. In this we pressed coins round which the lava closed, and brought them as souvenirs. We cooked our eggs for lunch in this natural heat.

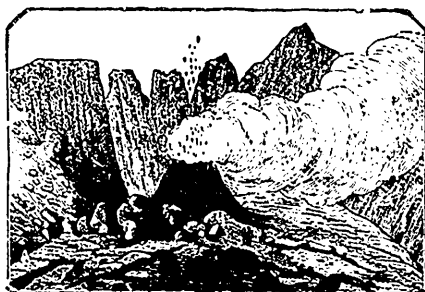
But this quiescence was unusual, and not long after the volcano was in eruption again. But so fertile is the disintegrated soil warmed by subterranean



VESUVIUS, AFTER ERUPTION—STREAMS OF LAVA IN THE FOREGROUND.

fires that it brings forth what is said to be the finest wine in Italy, which bears the blasphemous title, *Lacrymæ Christi*—Tears of Christ.

The sickle-like sweep of shore of the lovely Bay of Naples is almost one continuous city to the very foot of Vesuvius, over a million people living in Naples and its outlying villages. These are in perpetual peril, which not even their special devotions to the Virgin and Santa Lucia can avert. Of exceeding pathos were their appeals to the patriotic king to stop the devastating lava current. The whole region is volcanic. Thirty miles away we have felt the clefts of the rock in places too hot to touch with the hand.



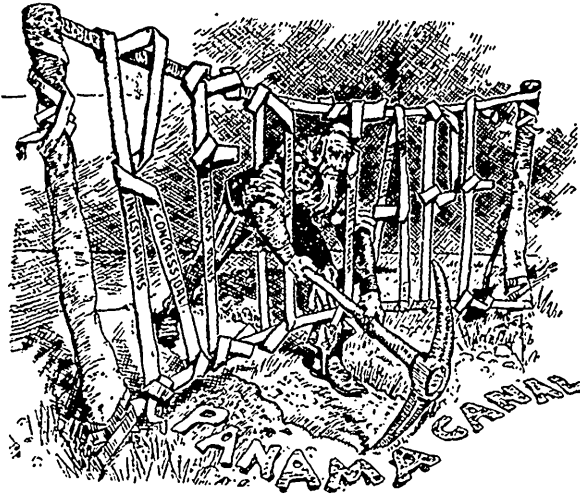
THE CRATER AS THE EDITOR SAW IT.

#### A STIFF PROBLEM.

In the construction of the Panama Canal the United States is confronted with a problem of exceeding difficulty. Two plans are before them, either a sea-level canal which will cost many millions more in money and several years more in time, or a lock canal which will take probably ten years to complete. The balance of advantage seems to us to lie with the latter. Instead of a narrow ditch across the isthmus it will furnish, by means of the lakes which will be created, a wide waterway in which the largest ships may move with such speed and safety that they will traverse the isthmus in shorter time than by the sea-level canal. It gets rid also of the danger of the annual floods of the Chagres River by impounding its waters in a great lake. The pros and cons of the latter are thus described:

The plan for a lock canal at an elevation of 85 feet above sea level presents some novel and attractive, but questionable features. By placing a large dam at Gatun and another at Pedro Miguel they would convert the greater part of the canal into one immense lake, which ships can navigate freely. The total length of the canal is 49.7 miles. Of this 25 miles will be over 500 feet wide,





NO WONDER IT'S A HARD JOB.

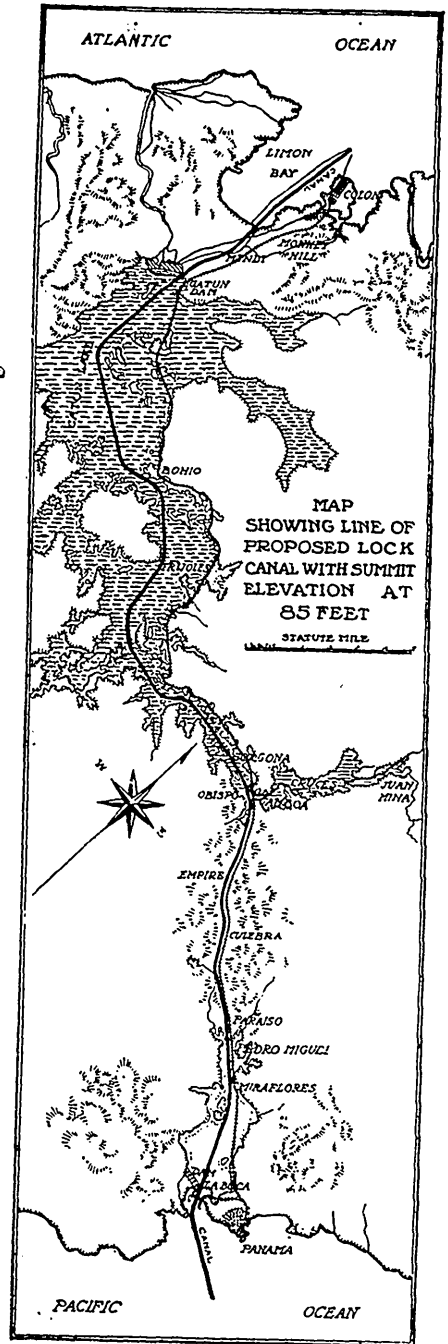
—Philadelphia North American.

while the depth will be 75 feet near the Gatun dam and nearly as much for many miles. Only in the Culebra Cut will the width be reduced to 200 feet at the bottom and the depth to 45 feet. This would solve the Chagres difficulty, for the waters of this and other torrential streams can pour into the great Gatun lake without materially increasing its depth. On the Pacific side three shorter dams will turn the Rio Grande into a smaller lake.

The weak points in this project are the Gatun dam and flight of locks, both of which are of unprecedented size and, in the opinion of a majority of the consulting engineers, of questionable stability. The dam is to be a mile and a half long and 135 feet high, withstanding a head of water of 85 feet.

It is impossible to excavate to the rock at Gatun and to build a masonry dam, so it is proposed to make it of earth, on an earth foundation, but of such slope and material as to practically be one of the hills. It is to be 374 feet broad at the water level and one half mile at the base. By using the clay and silt from the dredging below Gatun and the indurated clay from the Culebra Cut it is expected that the dam can be made practically impervious to seepage.

To raise and lower the ships through the 85 feet between the level of the sea and that of Lake Gatun a duplicate flight of three locks is planned. These



MAP  
SHOWING LINE OF  
PROPOSED LOCK  
CANAL WITH SUMMIT  
ELEVATION AT  
85 FEET

STATUTE MILE



THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore King Arthur, like a modern gentleman Of stately port; and all the people cried, 'Arthur is come again, he cannot die.'"

—Sambourne in London Punch.

will require a greater mass of masonry than has been constructed in modern times, 3,500,000 cubic yards of concrete. This will open a new and very extensive market for the manufacturers of Portland cement. Each lock is to have 40 feet depth, 95 feet width and a usable length of 900 feet, or only 790 feet if the double gates are added as proposed for protection against accidents. The advocates of the lock canal quote the success of the Soo, which handles through its locks annually three times as much traffic as the sea-level Suez, and with fewer delays and accidents.

Unquestionably the canal will be built. There have been mistakes made in its initiation chiefly through the system of red tape by which the efforts of the operators are hampered. What is needed is responsible contractors and a free hand. The sanitation of the canal zone has been undertaken with vigor, the yellow fever

is practically stamped out, and the health of the workmen will be carefully conserved.

ISOLATED.

Germany comes out of the Algeiras Conference with a distinct loss of prestige. She has not isolated France but has herself been isolated. She has forced the strong combination of the powers for the maintenance of the *status quo* which she sought to disturb. Instead of driving a wedge into the *entente cordiale* between Britain and France, she has cemented that friendship, as also that between France and Russia. Almost the only support she received was from Austria and Morocco, neither of which count for much now-a-days. This should be a lesson to William the Meddlesome not to be for ever putting in his oar and stirring up strife. Thank God that around the green table at Algeiras the tremendous issues which might have set Europe ablaze have been settled—better there than on the blood-red fields of war. It is an omen and an augury of the good day coming when an international tribunal shall be the court of final appeal in the arbitration of the nations.



THE TWO CHAMBERLAINS.—THROUGH.

—Punch, London.



THE DOUMA MOUSE-TRAP.

Czar—"It is time to set the mouse-trap for our beloved people."

Witte—"It is no use, your Majesty; the bait smells to Heaven, and the Social-Democrats have fine noses."

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

## NOT A STEPCHILD.

The report of the Government commission suggests a bright future for our Provincial University. That institution is the child of the state and should not be left to starve upon its doorstep, as it too long has done. The time was when no Government could give it adequate support for lack of a voting power behind it in the Legislature. But a more just appreciation of both scientific and cultural education has developed. The once much decried Ontario Agricultural College has more than repaid all its cost in the creation of improved seed, larger crops and other material advantages. Still more will higher education benefit not merely its direct recipients but the whole body politic. Germany understands this well. Her technical instruction has forced

her to the front as a great manufacturing nation and her scholastic training has commanded respect for her higher learning in every civilized land.

## A LAST CHANCE.

The response of the partially enfranchised electors of Russia, notwithstanding all the obstructions and intimidations placed in the way of their voting, has been overwhelmingly in favor of the Liberal programme. The Little Father has another chance to win the everlasting gratitude of his people. If he will but frankly and fully grant them a constitutional and responsible government, his vacillation and treachery will be forgiven and forgotten, and he will go down to history haloed with a crown of glory more brilliant even than that of the great emancipator of the serfs. But if his evil genius prevail, as it has so often and so long, if he represses the aspirations of the great unvoiced millions of Russia, if when they ask for bread he gives them a stone, if at the instance of the discounted and discredited bureaucracy and ignoble nobles the promise of a free constitutional assembly shall be eviscerated and devitalized, then he may prepare for the deluge, for a revolution which is coming sure as fate, which will sweep himself and dynasty in disgrace



A RULE THAT WORKS ONLY ONE WAY.

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.



BUT YOUR UNCLE CAN'T HEAR THEM.

The Powers suggest that Uncle Sam police Morocco.—News item.  
—Rehse in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

and disaster from their throne, for a political and social eruption worse than the physical explosion of Vesuvius which is shaking the Italian peninsula.

A PRICKLY THISTLE.

The new Ontario License Bill is a keen disappointment to the friends of moral reform. The liquor question is a

prickly thistle that both political parties handle as gingerly as possible. The truer and wiser policy were to grasp it firmly, when its power to sting would be largely destroyed. It is utterly un-British, un-fair, and unreasonable to demand a three-fifths majority of the friends of moral reform against a two-fifths majority only of the selfish and sinister partisans of the trade which causes three-fourths of all the crime, pauperism and vice in the land. How long will the people of Canada tolerate such injustice. One Government has been hurled from power for its truckling, real or supposed, to the liquor traffic: another may incur a similar fate.

UNCLE SAM IN NEW RÔLE.

Uncle Sam is very severely criticized both for what he does and for what he does not do. He is, for instance, attacked for meddling by thrusting his finger in the pie in the Morocco dispute and so risking a violation by the European powers of the Monroe doctrine. On the other hand he is represented as the sage Ulysses who in the olden myth closes his ears against the solicitations of the sirens, charm they never so wisely. On the whole the President's interven-



TEDDY: "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT BREED OF CALF."

—Minneapolis Journal.



WHY THERE SHOULD BE NO COAL STRIKE.

—New York Evening Mail.

tions in behalf of peace, both at the Portsmouth conference and at Algiciras have been eminently sane and successful.

The cartoonists show a very striking contrast between the free and independent action of the United States Congress towards its chief executive and that of the poor, muzzled, fettered, hampered national assembly of Russia. Nevertheless, far better have all the revolt and opposition effervesce in violent speeches in Congress than have slumbering discontent, alternating with revolutionary explosion, as in Russia.

An American paper anticipates that the British West Indies will gravitate towards the United States by a sort of natural law. From our personal knowledge of the islands and their people we very much doubt this. The United States have not been so successful in their colonial government, especially in Porto Rico and the Philippines, as to encourage a desire for inclusion in the republic. A greater



IF THAT THING EXPLODES, SOMEBODY IS GOING TO GET HURT.

—Handy in Duluth News-Tribune.

contrast in the condition of the colored people than that between those in the West Indies and those in the Southern States of the American Union can scarcely be conceived. In the one case they enjoy all the rights and liberties and privileges of British subjects, the fair administration of law and order, the possession of liberty, and the square deal for every man, black or white. In the other—well, the reverse is the case. The West Indies are loyal to the core to the old flag and to all that it means.



NEWS ITEM—PRESIDENT CASTRO IS SAID TO BE BOASTING THAT HE WILL TEST THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

CASTRO HAS FOUND IT PRUDENT TO RESIGN.

—Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## Religious Intelligence.

### THE MAKING OF TO-MORROW.

"Education in the New West." Mr. Charles Herbert Huestis, Lecturer in Philosophy and Logic, Alberta College, contributes to *The World To-day* an article on this subject, which we abridge as follows :

No question is of greater interest to the thoughtful people of the new west than that of education. At present there is only one institution in the two new provinces giving instruction in university work, Alberta College, in the city of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. The story of its founding and subsequent career is illustrative of the spirit of the west.

About two and one-half years ago a number of men sat together in council. They aspired to be the founders of a new institution of learning to be located in the most northerly city of America, except Dawson City in the Yukon. The initial stages of the movement had been passed, the consent of the church-governing body (for the new college was to be a Methodist venture, had been given, and a sum of money pledged by the citizens sufficient to meet the needs of the first three years. Only one important requirement remained to be met, namely, the appointment of the principal ; and the man they wanted was down with typhoid in the city hospital. The moment was indeed un-auspicious to offer the position with hope of acceptance. What if the man of their desire turned the proposition down ? Where should they look for another ? Perhaps it would be wiser to wait a year. That was the counsel of the Wise Man from the East who had been deputed by the Church to aid the young western enthusiasts. "Better wait," he said. The group of men sat for a few moments in silence. Then one of them rose to his feet. "I move," he said, "that we begin at once." To the man in hospital, burning with fever, was offered the position of principal, and the offer was accepted.

On October 5th of that year the principal elect sat in one of a suite of rooms engaged as temporary quarters and waited all day for a pupil. None came. He was there again the next morning prompt-

ly at nine o'clock. At 10.30 a.m. three men entered the room. Two of them were "sky pilots"; they were steering into the harbor the first student, and the work of Alberta College had begun. The second year closed with 130 students registered in all departments, and a staff of eleven professors and lecturers actively employed. A college building, costing with equipment over \$20,000, was finished and in use during the year ; all the bills were paid and there was a balance on the right side. The college has commended itself to the people of Alberta. Last summer the college building was more than doubled in size, and at the time of writing, is filled to its utmost capacity.

Here, then, is the nucleus of the higher education of the Canadian greater west, and it is probable that along these lines farther movement will be made. Hon. Mr. Rutherford, Premier of Alberta, has stated his intention of bringing in a University Bill at the first meeting of the Legislature in March. Beyond this nothing definite is settled. How to build up a system of higher education upon these prairies that shall be free from the dominance of political and religious institutions, and which shall at the same time be deeply religious and broadly educative, is the problem at present before the people of these provinces.

### AN INDIAN EVANGELIST.

In the latter eighties, Edward Marsden, a Tsimpshian, was brought to the Sitka school, where he forged ahead of all his companions in all his studies. From Sitka he went to Carlisle, Pa., where he tarried only a short time, passing thence to Marietta College, Ohio, then under the presidency of the Hon. John Eaton, former United States Commissioner of Education. Passing through the college, he went to the theological seminary at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, and while taking a theological course, in order that he might be more useful to his own country, he studied law. In the same season he was both ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry and, I believe, admitted to the bar. Returning to his

own people under a commission from the board of home missions of the Presbyterian Church, he secured, through the contributions of friends, a small steam-launch, of which he is captain, pilot, and engineer, and with which he is visiting eighteen villages along the coast of Alaska, teaching and preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

#### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The communion of saints is a very real thing, and the realization of it will help us concerning our friends who have passed "into the unseen," so that we may not sorrow even as others which have no hope. They are with Christ, living in closest communion with Him. We too are branches of the True Vine. How can we be separated from them, when Christ our Lord is the living link between us? If we can speak to Him and He to them, is it not almost the same as speaking directly to them? I remember once reading a story of a devout Scotchwoman, whose sons were living some distance from her. Instead of writing to them, she said she sent her messages by the "overhead route." Why don't we all use this overhead route constantly? I don't mean that our letter-writing should be given up; but how often we want to send a message that can't be written down—a message which will go right to the heart of our friend. Why not trust it to God to deliver?

After all, you know, we touch each other spiritually more than bodily, even in this world. A very plain face is often far more dear to us than a very beautiful one. We love the soul of our friend, and the soul is certainly not laid in the grave. People sometimes nurse a very morbid feeling about the place where a tired body has been laid to rest.

"We left her in the silent room,  
But when we shut her door again,  
'We cannot leave her in the dark!'  
We cried aloud with sudden pain.  
'The dark?' said One. 'Have you forgot?  
Where she is now the cold and dark are not.

"But when the cold rain swept the leaves,  
We heard with our hearts the sound,  
And thought of her we loved and lost  
Beneath the bleak November ground.  
'She is not there!' said One. 'Why mind  
The fading garment that she left behind?'"

Longfellow says "There is no death!" and perhaps we may think that daring statement is only poetic license, and

imagine that he doesn't mean what he says. Certainly there is no death to one who is joined to Christ, the Life, for He has declared: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Don't fancy that I am a Christian Scientist, for I don't deny that the body dies, but I do deny that the body is the man. When the question was once asked, "Have you a soul?" the very sensible answer was given, "I am a soul, I have a body." We recognize this fact when we speak of a body from which the soul has fled as "it." Yesterday he was a man, now it—the part we can see—is a corpse; but the man himself is not dead. As our Lord left the clothes which were wrapped round Him, in the tomb, so the body, which clothes the soul here, is left behind in the grave. But still, when one we love has fallen asleep, we cannot help feeling very lonely sometimes; and our Lord showed by His sympathy with the sisters of Lazarus that grief at such times is natural and right, although He knows how to comfort the mourner who really trusts in Him.

Fleming has pointed out that it is comparatively easy to say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," while the sword still lies sleeping in the scabbard. But "to say this when the glittering sword is bare, and its point is quivering at our heart—here is the patience and faith of saints."—Selected.

#### A FALLEN IDOL.

Three years ago Dowie, the charlatan Elijah, had devoted followers by the thousand—men and women who believed him to be a prophet of God and who entrusted him with their earthly all. Now, discredited and disgraced, forsaken and denounced by those who know him best, even by his wife and son—none are so poor as to do him reverence. His vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself, and he is fallen, like Dagon, to rise no more. Public Opinion says:

"It seems that Dowie's loss of authority began with his gigantic failure in New York City in 1903, which was too great to be covered up, and was further increased by a stroke of paralysis in the fall of 1904, a serious blow to a leader whose teaching was that sickness is sin. As the Chicago Record-Herald points out: "All the elements of revolution were present, the long-continued bad government, the temporary weakness and absence of the holder of the

throne, the disaffected lieutenants, the bold and clever plotters, the injured people."

Victoria College is to be congratulated on the appointment of the Rev. George Blewett, B.A., Ph.D., of Wesley College, Winnipeg, to the chair of Ethics and Apologetics, made vacant by the lamented death of Dr. Badgley. Dr. Blewett won distinction during his arts course at Victoria and Toronto University, where he carried off the Governor-General's gold medal. He did post-graduate work at both Harvard and Oxford, and in one of the German universities. Dr. Blewett has achieved distinction at Wesley College, Winnipeg, whose regret at his removal is tempered by an appreciation of his promotion, for such it is, to a professoriate in his Alma Mater.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY.

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." A chariot of fire and horses thereof waited for the prophet Elijah. And in the death of our beloved brother, the Rev. Dr. Willoughby, one is strongly reminded of the departure of those servants of God in other days. To preach one last strong sermon, to give one last call to personal work, and then, with a congregation singing, "Give me the wings of faith to rise"—to depart thus—to lay down one's armor and be called suddenly from the eyes of a worshipping people to the feet of a worshipped Lord, it is a call that does not often come to a servant of God.

The Rev. Nicholas Willoughby, M.A., D.D., was ordained in 1860, and throughout his long and useful ministry his name has left its impress in many places in the history of our Church. His death came as a shock to the many who loved him. Dr. Willoughby was a chairman of district for many years, and a delegate to every General Conference since union up to the year 1898. In 1901, owing to an almost complete loss of eyesight, he superannuated. But even in the shadows that shortened life's afternoon, he still

was enabled to do much earnest and fruit-rewarded work.

DEATH OF THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT.

In the death, some weeks ago, of the Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, M.A., Ph.D., the Methodist Episcopal Church loses a spirit of unusual sweetness, as well as one of her ablest men. Dr. Gilbert has a number of times contributed to this magazine, and we have many times enjoyed sweet fellowship and pleasant correspondence with him. Dr. Gilbert was well known, not only as a strong evangelical preacher, but as a popular and versatile lecturer, both in the field of the temperance reform and of intellectual and social life; he was also a prolific writer. His shortness of stature and boyish physique were responsible for his bearing throughout his ministry the title of the "Boy Preacher," serving under it some of the most important charges of the Conference. The last year of his life he was a Conference evangelist and an indefatigable worker in spite of his delicate health and the remonstrances of his friends. In spite of a nervous trouble that afflicted his closing years, his joyous temperament made life sunny to those around him. It was fitting that at the close of the Sabbath day such a spirit should pass out from the quiet of eventide to a place in the gloryland.

An appropriate tribute at the funeral service was the presence of about thirty ministers of different denominations.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie removes a Christian scholar who ranked with the late Dean Farrar as the successful author of a popular Life of Christ and of books illustrating the Word of God. He had reached the venerable age of eighty-one and has interest with us in Canada as having lived in this country from 1848 to 1860. Most of this time he lived in Toronto. He received his D.D. in Queen's University, Kingston, and was a brother of Dr. Walter Geikie, Dean of the Medical Faculty, Trinity College, Toronto.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;

I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.  
—*Longfellow.*



## Book Notices.

"The Florence of Landor." By Lillian Whiting. Author of "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 330. Price, \$2.50 net.

Next to Rome itself the city of Florence has the most fascinating, classical, artistic and social associations. "Who can tread," says our author, "the streets of the Florence of to-day and not feel the throb and the thrill of all these past centuries when the men and women whose tombs and monuments and palaces the tourist visits were abroad in these same streets and made the life of their day? One becomes so enthralled in the magnetic spell of this impassioned past that he is half oblivious to the panorama of the hour."

For forty-three years Walter Savage Landor reigned supreme as the literary king of the English-speaking colony in Florence. He occupied a grand old palace built by Michael Angelo and held a stately court receiving its homage. Hither Leigh Hunt, Lady Blessington, Francis and Julius Hare, the Trollopes, the Brownings, Lady Bulwer, Mrs. Jameson, once a resident of Toronto, Emerson, the Hawthornes, Willis, Mrs. Stowe, Countess d'Ossoli, Sir Frederick Leighton, the Thackerays, George Eliot, Hiram Powers, Harriet Hosmer, the Storeys, Swinburne and others came and paid their homage to the famous poet. The book is dedicated to the beloved memory of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose friendship unfolded and sustained the last lonely years of Walter Savage Landor. They were his good angels ministering to his needs, brightening the lonely close of his life, and gladdening "the good grey head that all men knew."

The tender domestic affections and beautiful art and literary life of William Wetmore Story, poet, painter, sculptor, essayist, and of his accomplished wife, is lovingly depicted. Fifty years they spent in Rome and Florence, and side by side they lie in the beautiful Protestant cemetery of Rome, not far from Shelley and Keats, Augustus Hare and others of the noble craft of letters.

The descriptions of Florence, "the flower of cities and the city of flowers," with its storied palaces, its streets and squares haunted with ghosts of Dante, the monk of San Marco, Galileo, the great painters and poets of the olden time, and its exquisite environment of garden and villa, are all lovingly conceived. A chapter, entitled "The Dream of Rose Aylmer," recalls the poetic romance of Landor's youth, which colored and pervaded his whole long life. The many associations of Florence and the English poets, especially the Brownings, are recalled with literary devotion. The book is illustrated with numerous half-tones of garden and villa, statue and palace, from photos taken expressly for this volume, with a seer-like portrait of the poet in his old age, for which Miss Whiting rejoiced his permission.

"The Life of John Wesley." By C. T. Winchester. Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. xiii-301. Price, \$1.50 net.

Most lives of Wesley have been written by Methodists for Methodists. Professor Winchester, though on the staff of a Methodist university, writes not only for the Methodist people, but for the larger constituency lying outside of even that large church. He draws very largely on the incomparable Journal and Letters, which will always remain the best and almost the only needful authority on the life of the great evangelist. He discusses with vigor and vivacity Wesley as the man, the scholar, the preacher, the conversationalist, the fervid evangelist. He thus sums up his estimate of his character:

"He was not a perfect man, and his followers then and since then have perhaps often idealized him. Yet among religious reformers where is there a nobler figure, a purer example of a life hospitable to truth, fostering culture, yet subordinating all aspiration, directing all culture, to the unselfish service of humanity? It were idle to ask whether he were the greatest man of his century. That century was rich in names the world calls great—great generals like

Marlborough, great monarchs like Frederick, great statesmen like Chatham and Burke, poets and critics like Pope and Johnson and Lessing, writers who helped revolutionize society like Voltaire and Rousseau; but run over the whole brilliant list, and where among them all is the man whose motives were so pure, whose life was so unselfish, whose character was so spotless? And where among them all is the man whose influence—social, moral, religious—was productive of such vast good and of so little evil, as that exerted by this plain man, who exemplified himself, and taught thousands of his fellow men to know, what the religion of Jesus Christ really means?"

"Old Testament Introduction. General and Special. By John Howard Raven, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 362. Price, \$2.00 net.

This is a much larger and more adequate treatment of the higher criticism than the next named book. It is written from the positive and constructive instead of the negative standpoint from which are written most of the books discussing the Higher Criticism. The writer avoids "the over-conciseness which leaves the student in the dark, and the over-fulness which leaves him in the fog." It is thoroughly conservative, yet scholarly and devout. "The insidious nature," says the author, "of the current views of the Old Testament are not realized by many sincere Christians who espouse them. There is no middle ground between a thoroughly naturalistic conception of the origin of the Hebrew Scriptures and that view of them which is found in the Scriptures themselves." The latter view the author proceeds to maintain. He takes up the books of the Bible in succession, discusses the arguments as to their date, authorship, frankly meets the radical criticism and maintains a conservative orthodoxy.

"Faith and The Faith." By T. T. Eaton, D.D., LL.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 78. Price, 50 cents net.

This is a brief—almost too brief—statement of Christian doctrine. It is designed as an antidote to current scepticism and the so-called new theology. We could wish that the closing paragraphs were written in more temperate phrase.

"The Old and the New Magic." By Henry Ridgely Evans. Illustrated. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. xxxii-348.

These papers, reprinted from the pages of The Open Court Magazine, give a fascinating account of the practice of thaumaturgy in ancient and modern times. From the days of the Egyptians down to those of "Mr. Sludge the medium," there has been a strange fascination in the strange results of wonder-working magicians. The author records the history of many of the most successful of these conjurers and sleight-of-hand performers—Pinetti, Cagliostro, Houdin, and many others. He shows that most of their mysticisms are the results of fraud or guile, and the use of scientific principles or of ingenious mechanical apparatus. Diagrams and illustrations of many of these contrivances are presented, and the principles of the seemingly impossible wonders are explained. "Pepper's Ghost," the so-called "levitation" that seems to defy the force of gravity, the trick tables, chairs, and other apparatus are scientifically explained. The Open Court is rendering very valuable service by the exposure of the lying tricks of many of the so-called spiritualistic mediums who prey upon the most tender and sacred feelings of their deluded victims for their own vulgar enrichment. In the numbers of The Open Court for the current year this series of expositions is continued, showing how some of the most occult tricks of the mediums can be exposed and explained.

"A Grammar of New Testament Greek." Based on W. F. Moulton's Edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar. By James Hope Moulton. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Svo. Pp. xx-274.

Wesleyan scholarship is being more and more fully recognized in the republic of letters. The name of Moulton is one that, as borne by the famous father and his distinguished sons, is held in honor on both sides of the Atlantic. The elder Moulton was the youngest member of the Bible Revision Committee, and one of the most laborious and scholarly. Thirty-five years ago his edition of the great German scholar Winer's famous Greek Grammar made its appearance and has

been superseded till now. His son, James Hope Moulton, who is tutor in Wesleyan College, Didsbury, begins in this book an entirely new work, though based upon his father's edition of Winer. This volume is an instalment only of this larger work containing a prolegomena. In it he gives a general sketch of the Hellenistic language and of the position of the New Testament writers in its development. He gives, first, general characteristics of the language, then a history of the common Greek and its development, then follow learned notes on the syntax of the language. The whole is a work of wide and profound study. Advanced Greek scholars will find it a very helpful work.

"The Philosophy of the Upanishads." By Paul Deussen. Authorized English Translation by Rev. A. S. Geden, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xiv-429.

Another illustration of Wesleyan scholarship is found in the translation of this learned book by a tutor of the Wesleyan College, Richmond. The Upanishads, says the author, are to every Indian Brahmin of to-day what the New Testament is to the Christian. It is not by denouncing the native religion and literature as a doctrine of the devils that the oriental mind is to be won, but by its careful study by experts and a recognition of what it contains of the good and true. This study of comparative religions is one that offers great results to patient Christian scholarship. The author gives the summary of the literature of the Veda and of the history of the Upanishads, the presentation of its philosophy, cosmology, psychology and eschatology, with the strange doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It is a book of thorough-going and accurate German scholarship in a little cultivated field.

"Sunshine and Shadow." A Bundle of Verses. By William E. Sellers. Author of "From Aldershot to Pretoria." London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 163.

Mr. Sellers is well known to the readers of the Methodist press as a poet of marked power. His sheaf of verse is classified as "Songs of Love and Sorrow," written

under the ministry of pain; "By Sunlit Ways," songs of deliverance; "Songs of the Kingdom" and of the wider world, ending with a collection of stirring patriotic verse. As a good Methodist our poet is an apostle of peace, protests against the lust of empire and the estrangement between the mother and the daughter land. But he is not a peace-at-any-price man. He utters a ringing call to England to make bare her mighty arm as the sword of God for the deliverance of Armenia and the Greeks. The following is a type of his manly verse:

Thou who hast made our Empire one,  
And sent our flag around the world:  
Thou who for us the fight hast won,  
And still doth keep our flag unfurled—  
Beneath *Thy* banner we would fight:  
Be mighty only in *Thy* might.

Forgive our sins, wash out our stain,  
Make us stand firm 'gainst every wrong;  
From foes within, from greed of gain,  
O Lord, now make our Empire strong!  
Low at Thy feet we humbly fall—  
God save the King! God save us all!

"Swedish Life in Town and Country." By O. G. von Heidenstam. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-286. Price, \$1.20.

The books of the Town and Country Series meet a strongly-felt want. They are not mere tourist sketch books, but give well digested account of the social life of the people, their education and literature, art and culture, industries and trades, sports and games—material which only a long residence in the countries described can secure. This book on Sweden derives fresh interest from the prominence given the Scandinavian peninsula by recent events. The people realize that this peninsula is, next to Russia, the largest division of Europe, but, unlike Russia, it enjoys a vast seaboard of two thousand miles. Much of this is splendid agricultural land, scientifically cultivated. Education very widely prevails. Many of the people read three or four languages. English books are very popular. In Sloyd and manual training for both sexes the Swedes were pioneers. Even the Lapps of the northern wastes are being brought under religious influences.