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THE MESSAGE OF ASIA.*

BY WILLIAM WESTCOTT FINK.

THEY stand on the shores of Europe, kings, gazing across the sea,
('Tis the time of the "Times-and-half-times" prophetic of woe to be.)
They have drawn them close together, for danger waits without,
Each pledging true allegiance, each sharing a secret doubt.
A ship, with unknown design, brings one of the swarthy race;
No message lights his Orient eyes; thought-masked his patient face:

"I come to speak for Asia, for its millions yellow and brown,
For the golden rule your Christ set up and your arms have broken down.
You have taught us Christ is Mammon, that God is a god of greed;
You have preached the sweet-souled Nazarene while sowing destruction's seed.
You have rent our lands asunder and parcelled them out by lot,
The larger lot to the stronger with the dice of your cannon's shot."

Speaks one whose mien is kingly: "We have driven your night away;
We have loaned you the keys of science; brought civilization's day."

"Yea! Loaned us the keys of science through usurious laws of trade!
A thousand *yen* for a hundred *yen* we have paid, and the debt is paid!
We bought the white man's wisdom, the skill of the white man's hand;
The fateful force of your demon arts we have studied,—we understand!
You speak of our night: Aye, long we slept while the smoke of our incense curled
And a century marked but one degree in a journey around the world.
We wake: and kinship's bonds are brazed in our race's quenchless fire,
And the bounding blood of our scattered stock is burning with one desire.
Our blood has felt that kinship, from Hon-do's sea-washed shore
To Asia's farthest fringe that sleeps beneath the evening star,
Since the awful curse at Babel, through cycles of untold years,
To the time of the 'Times-and-half-time' in the books of our ancient seers.
I came to speak for Asia, but come with palms of peace;
Your lease has run its limit; I but ask our lands' release—
Nay! 'Time to weigh the question in your various halls of state?'
The time of the 'Times-and-half-time' has struck on the clock of Fate!"

They stand on the shores of Europe while his ship sweeps out to sea.
They have drawn the closer together, save only one, and he
Stands brooding on dreams of conquest. Half-brother to brown and white,
He feels the fires of Tartar blood in the veins of the Muscovite.
In dreams he has waved his sceptre from Nebuchadnezzar's throne
Round the vasty sweep of the Orient to the Neva he calls his own.
He dreams, though cringing distance gleams bright with a million swords
And Asia quakes beneath the tramp of myriad tawny hordes.
They have changed their junks to battleships, their arrows to steel-tipped hail,
And the threshing-floors of Europe ring to the blows of Asia's flail.

The Hindu and the Buddhist, the bearer of Islam's blade,
Have crouched like hungry tigers o'er the mangled corpse of trade.
Join! sons of the mighty Aryan sire, Goth, Saxon and Gaul and Greek!
What matter your chance dividing lines? what matter the tongues you speak?
A common pall is over you all—from Scandia's wintry seas,
Round the ragged coasts of Christendom to the pillars of Hercules,
The ocean boils with navies as if lashed by a whirlwind's breath,
For the Occident and the Orient lock brows in the clutch of death.
A cloud obscures the ocean, a chill comes out of the cloud,
But the great guns peal till the awed coasts reel, and Ruin laughs aloud.

They stand on the shores of Europe, they who loosened the bands of hell,
While thunders roll through the darkness, but the issue—who can tell?

—Harper's Weekly.

*In the apprehension expressed in this striking poem we do not share, but it shows how the momentous events taking place in the Orient impress minds in the Occident.—ED.



NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

ROUND ABOUT NAPLES.

BY THE EDITOR.



NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE ROYAL PALACE.



SEE Naples and then die."

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori," says the proverb. I cannot say that my first view of this much belauded scene was so satisfying that I had no further zest in life. It was with keen interest that I first caught sight of the distant cone of Mount

Vesuvius, with its lofty column of smoke and steam—a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. My first

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impressions of Naples were not favourable. After escaping from the hands of importunate "commissionaires," I was driven through miles of narrow streets, flanked by lofty and monotonous houses, and filled with bustling crowds, overladen donkeys, clamorous vendors of fruit, vegetables, ice-water, etc., and tinkers, cobblers, and artizans of every class, working out of doors—the population is over half a million.

The magnificent prospect from the balcony of my hotel, far up the

slope of the amphitheatre on which the city lies, however, more than fulfilled my highest anticipations. There, in the soft sunset light, glanced and shimmered the blue waters of the lovely bay—its shore sweeping like a huge sickle in majestic curve to the base of far-off

still earlier date. Yet here, on the site of one of the oldest civilizations in the world, from my hotel windows I saw a man watering the streets by means of two barrels with the bungs out, on a rude cart drawn by an ox and a horse.

The city itself contains little of

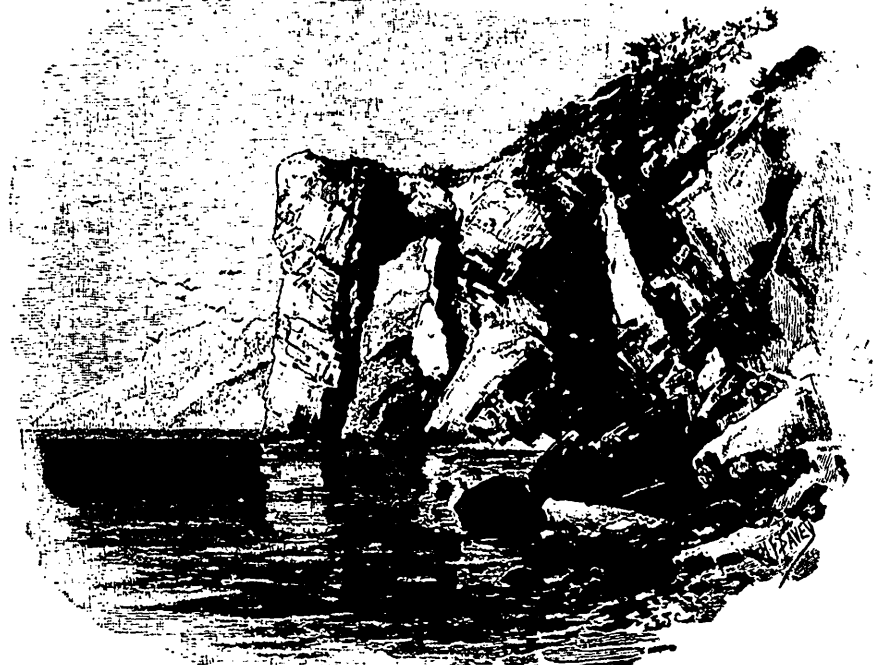


AMALFI.

Vesuvius, the white-walled houses gleaming fair, in a continuous street, beyond the rippling sea.

Naples received its name—Neapolis, “the new city”—nearly three thousand years ago—what a strange misnomer it seems!—to distinguish it from Palæopolis, “the old city,” founded by Greek colonists at a

special interest. Its history, like its volcanic soil, has been disturbed by many social convulsions, which have left little of antiquarian value or architectural beauty to reward the attention. Its five forts are vast, some of them strikingly picturesque structures. It has two curious mediæval gates, and num-



NATURAL ARCH, ISLAND OF CAPRI.

erous churches, most of them in a debased Renaissance style of architecture. The church of St. Januarius is the largest and most sumptuous. Here takes place, thrice a year, the alleged miracle of liquefaction of the martyr's blood. Nowhere did I witness such abject Mariolatry as here. I observed one tawdry image of the Virgin, decked out in a figured silk dress, a silver crown on her clustering curls, rings on her fingers, and a bouquet in her hand, like a fine lady dressed for a ball.

I had been told that, in Naples, I should see the lazzaroni lying around like lizards in the sun, basking in luxurious idleness. But I did not. On the contrary, everybody seemed as busy as could be. Indeed, so poor is the community that they have to work or starve. The squalor of the lanes

and alleys, in which the poor swarm like flies, is painful to witness. One street is called the Street of Seven Sorrows—an allusion to the woes of the Virgin. I thought it significant of the sevenfold sorrows—the poverty, ignorance, and superstition and other miseries—of her devotees.

If Naples itself has few attractions, its immediate surroundings present many objects of surpassing interest. One of the most delightful excursions in the neighbourhood is that to Pozzuoli—the Puteoli where St. Paul “tarried seven days” on his Rome—and Baja, the ancient Baie of Horace's epistle. The road leads first through the Grotta di Posilipo—a tunnel through a sandstone rock nearly half a mile long, and in places a hundred feet high. It dates from the time of Augustus, and is

ascribed by the peasants to the arts of the great magician, Virgil. Emerging from the gas-lit grotto into the glorious Italian sunlight, one enters a region once crowded with stately Roman palaces and villas, long since reduced to ruins by the tremendous volcanic convulsions of which it has been the theatre. But nature clothes with perennial beauty this lovely strand; and the golden sunshine falls, and the sapphire sea expands, and the summer foliage mantles every peak and cape and crag.

from the rocks, are evidences of volcanic action. In places the soil was so hot that I could not hold my hand near it.

Pozzuoli, once the most important commercial city in Italy, is now a mere shadow of its former greatness. In St. Paul's day it was the chief depot for the corn ships and trade in spices, silks, ivory, and Oriental luxuries from Egypt and the remoter East. Here he "found brethren," probably Jewish converts from Alexandria or Jerusalem. Here was early established a



LANDING AT CAPRI.

I visited the celebrated Grotta del Cane, in which carbonic acid gas accumulates so as instantly to extinguish a lighted torch thrust into it. It is said that a pistol cannot be fired beneath its surface, as the powder will not ignite. I waded in some distance and stooped for a moment beneath the surface of the gas, but experienced a strange suffocating sensation. The guide thrust into the gas one of the numerous dogs who earns his living by dying daily; but the poor animal looked up so wistfully that I ordered his release, and he bounded eagerly away. The Solfatara—an extinct crater—and sulphurous exhalations

Christian church, and in the third century, Januarius, its bishop, was, by the orders of Diocletian, exposed to wild beasts in its vast amphitheatre. This is one of the most perfect in Italy. The dens of the lions and leopards, the cells of the gladiators, and the subterranean passages and conduits can be distinctly seen. Even more interesting is the ruined temple of Serapis. The oscillations of level are shown by the watermarks and borings of marine worms on the surface of the ancient columns of the temple.

"Nothing in the world," says Horace, "can be compared with the lovely bay of Baiæ." Even in its ruinous estate this once gay Roman pleasure scene deserves all the praise which can be given it. The whole region abounds with the ruins of temples, and of the palaces and villas of the ancient masters of the world. Here Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberias, Nero, Lucullus, and many a wealthy Roman had their pleasure-palaces and gardens. In one of these Nero planned, and in the Lucrine Lake near by was attempted, the murder of his mother, Agrippina.

The most remarkable ruin is the *Piscina Mirabilis*, a vaulted cistern with lofty arches supported by forty-eight huge columns. It is a vast reservoir, fed by the Julian Aqueduct from far-distant springs, and designed for watering the Roman fleet in the harbour of Misenum far below. Of this fleet the elder Pliny, who perished in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, was commander. I chipped off thick plates of the lime deposit from the walls, which showed that it had been in use for a very long period.

The ride back to Naples in the golden afternoon light was glorious. The blue waves broke in snowy spray upon the silver strand; bronzed fishermen, with eager gestures and much shouting, were hauling their nets, rich with finny spoil, ashore; and muleteers were urging their slow convoys along the dusty highway. The road climbs the broad shoulder of a hill, gaining ever wider views, till all at once the glorious Bay of Naples, with its painted villas, its gardens of richest foliage, its rocky cliffs and sheltered coves, and the magical sunset sheen on its blue waves, bursts upon the sight. It is a memory of delight that no words can reproduce. I stopped the carriage over and over

again to gaze and gaze upon the charming scene, and could scarcely tear myself away.

One feels, with Rogers,—

This region, surely, was not of the earth.
Was it not dropped from Heaven? Not a
grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding
vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but
flings
On the clear wave some image of delight.

Among the evil memories of this lovely coast is that of the *Villa of Vedius Pollio*, with the fish-ponds where he used to feed his lampreys with the flesh of his slaves. The Grotto of Sejanus, Tomb of Virgil, and, more remote, the *Villa of Cicero*, recall classic memories.

Another delightful excursion is that to Sorrento and the island of Capri. As one embarks on the steamer, half-naked boys disporting in the water cry out, "*Monnaie, signor, monnaie.*" When coins are thrown them, they dive like dolphins and bring them up in their teeth. Sorrento, the birthplace of Tasso, sits like a queen on a throne of rock, embowered amid groves of orange, olive, mulberry, pomegranate, fig, and aloe—a very garden of delight.

A Canadian writer thus describes her bicycle ride to Amalfi:

The mountains rose up precipitously from the sea in great lowering headlands to enormous heights, folding back into deep black gorges which hardly ever felt the kiss of the sun, and only the weary moan of the sea for ever.

Half-way up the dizzy height we stood filled with the desolation and grandeur of nature—silent, lonely, till we shivered, and the sharp click of a distant horse's hoofs was a welcome relief. Brilliant shafts of sunlight shot out from clefts in masses of thunder-cloud that hung about the crests, throwing a glory

of colour into the dark places, making the deep shadows take a denser gloom. Slowly, reluctantly, we descended the steep road, smooth and perfect throughout, like the roads of a private park, rounding out on the edge of the sharp promontories, looking back for miles along the bold coast line to Capri and the



STEPS AT ANACAPRI.

Faraglioni rocks behind, while Amalfi and Salerno lay before us in the clear distance, with the snows of the Apennines in the background. Plunging far into the chill depths, where seemed no outlet for the road, then a sudden turn out again on the other side, with the remains of ancient castles embedded in the

wall of the gorge, we passed tiny isolated fishing villages packed into the confined space below.

Suddenly the sun went out. Faster we pedalled, flying through dark tunnels and beneath fearsome cliffs, every fleeting shadow a gnome, every jutting rock a bandit—it was creepy-crawly work.

The twinkling lights of Amalfi at last, and then we collapsed with real nervous fatigue, which had been completely forgotten in the excitement and anxiety of our belated situation.

A morning spent in that most fair amongst the fairest of God's world places, and then we started once more on the road to Vietri and Salerno, with the same lovely scenes, each one seemingly more beautiful than the last, and a ride of two hours and a half brought us to the end of our journey over one of the four celebrated roads in the world.

Longfellow thus refers to his pilgrim recollections of these storied scenes :

Sweet the memory is to me
Of the land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where, amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer sea.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear ;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil ?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above, the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof ;

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west ?

Where the knights in ironarks
 Journeying to the Holy Land,
 Glove of steel upon the hand,
 Cross of crimson on the breast?
 Where the pomp of camp and court?
 Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
 Where the merchants with their wares,
 And their gallant brigantines
 Sailing safely into port
 Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
 Like a passing trumpet-blast,
 Are those splendours of the past,
 And the commerce and the crowd!
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
 Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
 Silent streets and vacant halls,
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
 Hidden from all mortal eyes
 Deep the sunken city lies:
 Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
 Round the headlands far away
 Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
 With its sickle of white sand:
 Further still and furthestmost
 On the dim discovered coast
 Paestum with its ruins lies,
 And its roses all in bloom
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies
 Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
 Nothing doth the good monk care
 For such worldly themes as these.
 From the garden just below,
 Little puffs of perfume blow,
 And a sound is in his ears
 Of the murmur of the bees
 In the shining chestnut-trees;
 Nothing else he hears or hears.
 All the landscape seem to swoon
 In the happy afternoon;
 Slowly o'er his senses creep
 The encroaching waves of sleep,
 And he sinks as sank the town,
 Unresisting, fathoms down,
 Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
 Seeing all the landscape white,
 And the river cased in ice,
 Comes this memory of delight,
 Comes this vision unto me
 Of a long-lost Paradise
 In the land beyond the sea.

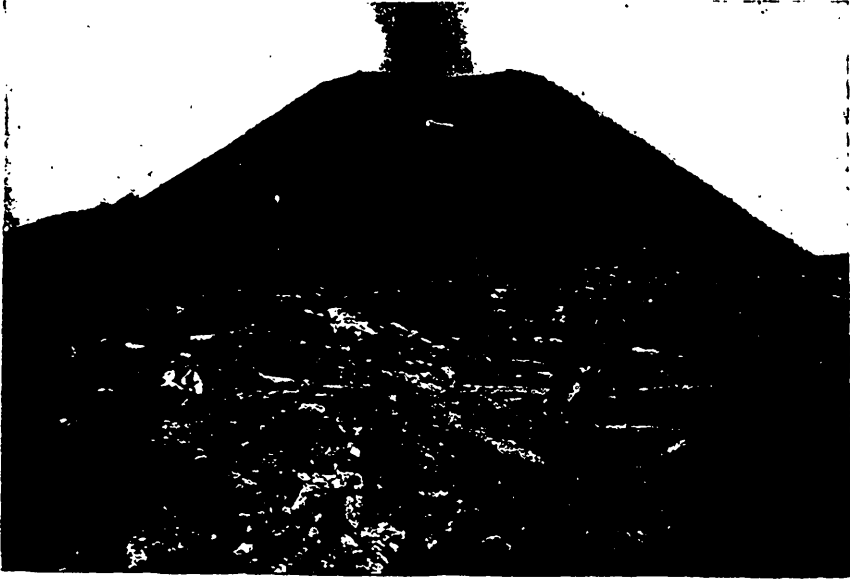
A few miles out in the Gulf of Naples lies the beautiful island of Capri. If I had not seen it, I could not have believed it possible that water could be so intensely blue as that of this lovely bay. In the

sunshine it was a light, and in the shadow a deep, ultramarine; but as clear as crystal. I could see the starfish on the bottom in from five to ten fathoms of water, and the dolphins, disporting in the waves, were visible at a much greater distance. These favourites of Apollo can outstrip the fastest steamer, so rapidly do they swim.

Capri consists of two craggy peaks, so precipitous that at only two points can a landing be effected. Covered with foliage, it gleams like an emerald set in sapphire. Here the Emperor Tiberius, when sated and sickened with ruling the world, retired to indulge in the most infamous vices and truculent cruelty. The ruins of his villa crown the summit of the island—a part of it is now used as a cow-byre. The gem of the island, however, is the celebrated Blue Grotto. It is entered from the sea by a low arch scarce three feet high. The visitor must lie down in the bottom of the boat. Within, it expands to a large vaulted chamber. The effect of the blue refraction of the light is dazzling, and the body of the boatman, who swims about in the water, gleams like silver. We penetrated also the White Grotto, where the waves looked like curdled milk, the Green Grotto, and the Stalactite Grotto; and sailed beneath a magnificent natural arch, and under volcanic cliffs rising precipitously a thousand feet in air.

The grandest excursion from Naples, however, is that to Mount Vesuvius. In order to avoid the heat, I left Naples with a friend, by carriage, shortly after midnight, and rode through the silent streets of the beautiful city—the tall, white houses gleaming like marble in the glorious moonlight. At many of the corners lamps were burning before a shrine of the Virgin.

Like the red eye of Cyclops



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

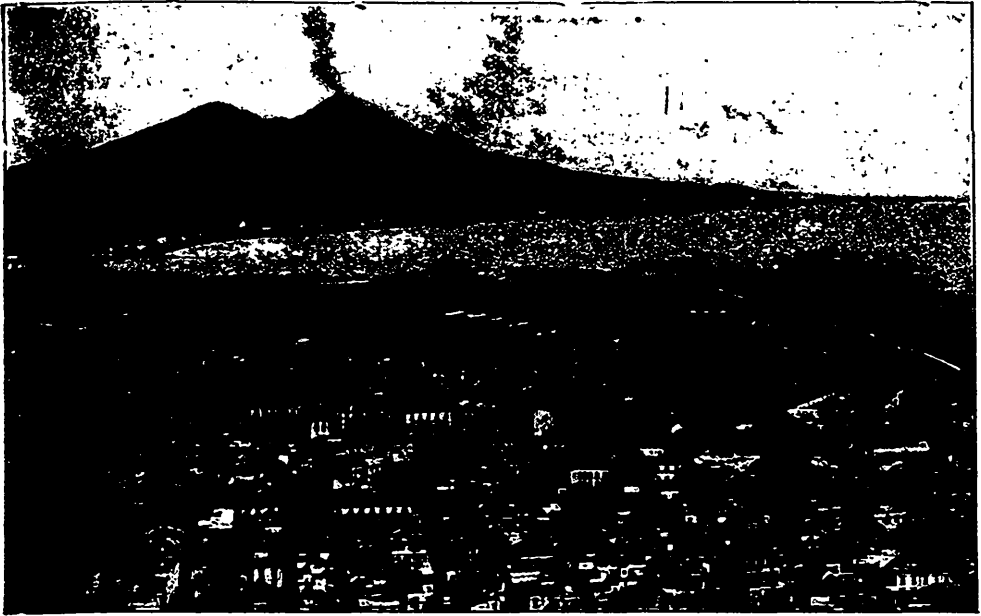
burned the dull fire of the mountain. But all day long the mysterious column of white smoke ascends—"solemn and slow as erst from Ararat" the smoke of the patriarch's sacrifice.

After an hour's drive we reached Resina, a village at the foot of the mountain. Our venturino knocked loudly at a door, and we were almost instantly surrounded by a swarm of guides, all anxious to prey upon their victims. I suppose they sleep in their clothes and turn out at a moment's notice. Making a bargain with the chief, we were soon mounted, with the aid of much officious assistance, on good horses. Through the stone-paved streets of the little town we clattered, and soon began to climb the mountain, between luxurious vineyards and fig and almond orchards growing upon the fertile volcanic soil. Our train was soon increased by four hangers-on, besides the guide. They well deserved this name, in its most literal sense, for they would catch hold of

our horses' tails, and so for part of the way we helped them instead of their helping us. At length the road became so steep that horses could no longer climb and we were forced to dismount.

Now the use of the guides whom our horses had dragged up became apparent. It was their turn to drag us up. One stout fellow tied a leather strap to a stick and gave me the stick, which I held with both hands while he took the other end of the strap over his shoulder, and another guide pushed me from behind. Between the two, by scrambling in zig-zags up the mountain's side—the most fatiguing climb I ever had in my life,—I at last reached the top and stood on the edge of the crater. The weird grandeur of the sight well repaid the toil of the ascent.

A crumbling ledge of rock ran round the summit, sloping suddenly down to a large irregular depression which was covered, and floored as it were, with black lava,



BAY OF NAPLES, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

which had cooled and hardened, retaining the form in which it had boiled up and flowed forth. This floor was studded with a number of smaller cones from which gas and steam were escaping with a violent hissing noise. Among them was one very much larger than the others—the active crater—from which issued the most frightful bellowings. About every two minutes came a violent explosion, and a large quantity of stones and scoria were thrown high in the air, and fell back into the fiery throat of this tremendous furnace. The general appearance of the scene is shown in the engraving on the opposite page.

“Do you wish to go down into the crater?” asked our guides.

“Of course we do, that is what we came for,” was the answer. Then they haggled for an extra three francs apiece. At length we scrambled down the steep and

crumbling wall amid almost suffocating sulphurous fumes, and clambered over the tortured and uneven lava floor. Through numerous cracks and crevices steam and gas were escaping; the rocks were stained yellow, red, and purple with the sulphur incrustations, and I could feel the heat through the thick soles of my boots. In many of the crevices the rock was seen to be red hot, and when I thrust in my staff it suddenly caught fire.

Soon one of the guides gave a loud cry, and called us to see the molten lava, which we found boiling up through the black floor, and flowing along in a thick, viscid stream, like tar, only of a fiery colour. The heat was great, but I could approach so near as to take some of it on the end of my staff, and press into it some copper coins which I had in my pocket, having first been shown how by the guides. When the lava cooled these were

firmly imbedded, and I brought them away as souvenirs of the occasion.

My guide climbed a small cone and broke off the top with his staff, instantly, with a violent noise, a jet of steam escaped, throwing fragments of rock into the air. As may be imagined, I hurried down as fast as possible. I should have liked very much to have looked down into the active crater; but it was quite unsafe, so frequent were the showers of falling stones; yet the guides offered to take us up for three hundred francs. I suspect, however, it was mere bravado on their part.

From the summit of Vesuvius we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. After luncheon on the mountain top, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace, we de-

scended much more rapidly than we went up. All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders, and down we went with tremendous strides.

By means of the inclined railway up the cone tourists may now ascend in a few minutes what cost us weary hours.

We remounted our horses and rode down through vast slopes covered with the black lava of recent eruptions, which in places had flowed far over the plain, destroying numerous houses and vineyards in its progress. In the eruptions of 1872 many lives were lost; in that of 1794, four hundred perished; and by one earlier still, three thousand. In the recent great eruption, ashes and scoria were hurled eight thousand feet in the air, and carried by the wind a distance of one hundred and forty miles.

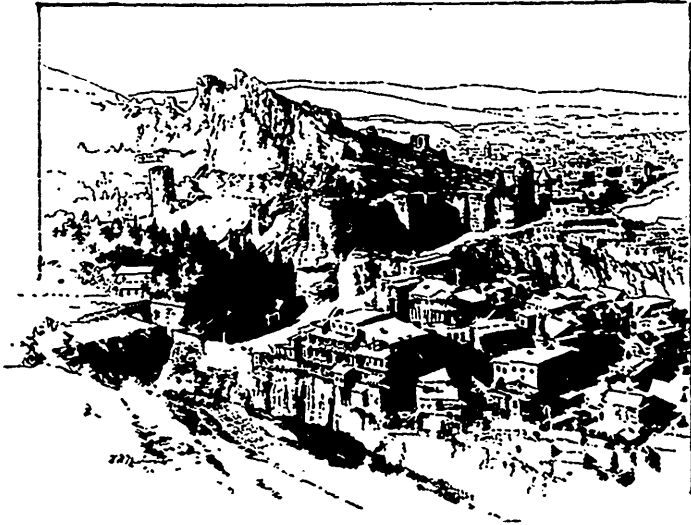


LA HAUTE POLITIQUE.

I sailed in fancy by a beach of gold,
Toward a golden city like a star,
That quivered on the morning from afar—
Turrets and domes and airy spires untold.
But when I neared the marble quays, behold,
Offal and ordure; lurking Shames, that mar
The hue of sunlight; Plagues that dead-
liest are:
And ancient Tribulations manifold.

So fair, so foul, I said, the craft of State!
Such is the glory, such the light that
clings
About the footsteps and the deeds of kings;
And in the shadow Terror sits, and Hate:
The lazars crouch, the bravo lies in wait;
And heaven is mocked with all unheaven-
ly things.
—William Watson, in *The Independent*.

THE COSSACKS.



THE OLD CITADEL AT TIFLIS.—A COSSACK STRONGHOLD.



IT is interesting to note how within a few months the world has turned to the study of Japanese and Russian affairs. The boom of a cannon, the bursting of a shell in the far-off Eastern seas, and immediately the short-story writer has a tale of Russian life or one from the Sunrise Land. The journalist, the historian, the poet, each is ransacking his brains and his bookshelves for the wherewithal to satisfy a public eager to learn.

Not the least interesting of the peoples of Russia are those known as Cossacks.

Says a writer in *The Christian Herald*: What the Rough Riders are to the American army the Cossack is to Russia, but in a much larger degree. The personal escort of the Czar is supplied from a Cos-

sack regiment. The world has never seen a finer body of light cavalry, and the Russian military authorities have allowed the hardy horsemen of the Steppes to retain something of their own method of warfare, and to grant them a set of regulations distinct from those of the rest of the army.

The services the Cossacks have done to the Russian Empire are historic. It was they who conquered Siberia under the leadership of the valiant Yermak. It was they who defied the Turk, and, without artillery, captured the fortress of Asov. To them is entrusted the most difficult of all tasks, that of guarding the ever-growing frontiers against resentful neighbours. Recent travellers have described the Cossack outposts on the borders of Manchuria perched in almost inaccessible wilds, showing that the old duty has been assigned to this race of frontiersmen.

At the age of three the Cossack learns to sit astride a horse in the courtyard of his father's house. Two years later he shows himself on horseback in the village street, and exercises with his young comrades. No wonder that at the age of twenty he seems almost to be one flesh with the sturdy beast that carries him. A common exploit is

These nomad hordes grew in power and number till they became a formidable force, and as the Cossacks, or "free men," were more friendly to their Russian kinsfolk than to the Tartars, they gradually formed as a convenient buffer state. They elected their own atamans (hetmans) or chiefs till the beginning of the present century; they owned



COSSACK HORSEMANSHIP.

to charge at full speed standing on their horses, firing their long guns and stooping suddenly to pick up articles on the ground, as shown in our cut.

The Cossacks are said by some authorities to have originated from emigrants who could not stand the slavery of the Russian system, and preferred so far back as the tenth century to lead a nomadic robber life in the Steppes of the Tartars.

large herds of cattle, and many of them attained considerable wealth.

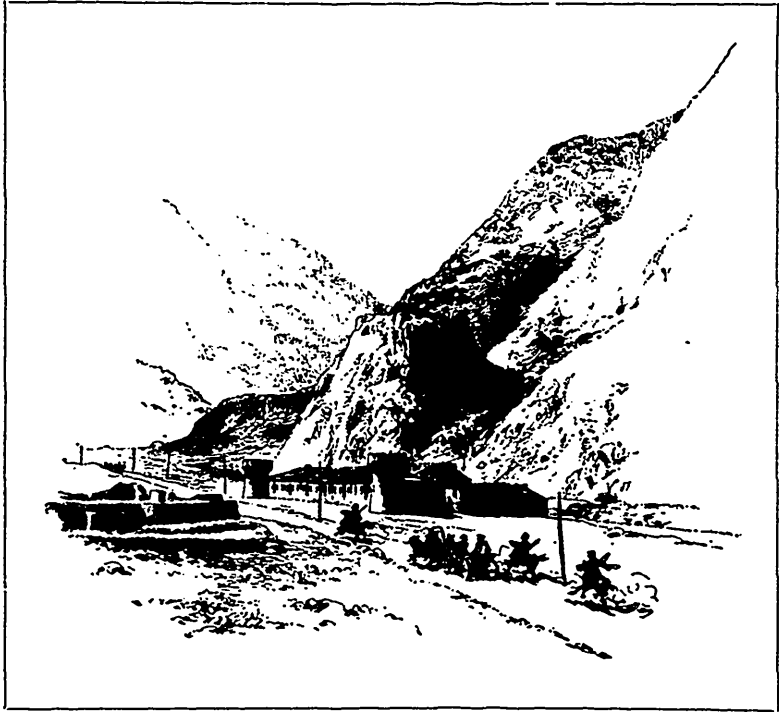
Under the present regime, there are no less than fifty-one regiments of Cossacks, under the eleven main tribal divisions. Chief of these are the Cossacks of the Don.

At Russian military reviews the Cossack always plays a notable part. Every member of the squadron is a rider who could put the cleverest circus acrobat to shame; and the

firing exercises introduce features which only clever riders with clever animals could perform. On the first day of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, a Cossack regiment covered seventy miles in twenty-four hours to secure an important bridge. The latest reports from Korea show that Cossack scouts have made daring dashes to the south, in spite of the immense superiority of the Japanese

of the soldiers in a redoubt at Sebastopol, who were about to partake of the usual soup from the usual pail. A shell fell in their midst, but a cool-headed Russ ran, and dropping it into the pail, cried, "Welcome, Maria Ivanovna ; taste our soup."

But let us not imagine that the fierce rider and his steed represent the whole of Cossack life. There



RUINS OF CASTLE OF TAMARA.

forces in the triangle of Seoul, Pyeng-Yang, and Wensan.

A remarkable feature of the Russian and Cossack soldier is his insensibility to pain. In the Balkan struggle men suffering from incredible wounds used to march stolidly to the ambulance, so that soldiers left in the fighting line should not have to be detached to carry them away. A good story, though not strictly Cossack, is told

are several tribes of these Cossacks, as the Don Cossacks, the Cossacks of the Ural, of Siberia, and various other districts. The Don Cossacks have given their name to a whole province with a population of over a million people.

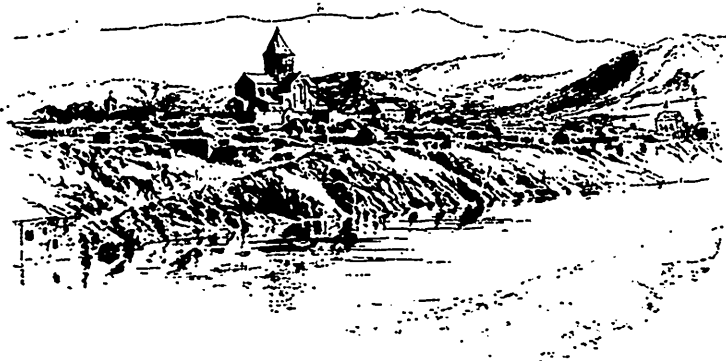
Generally speaking, the Cossacks have been represented to the Western world as being little better than savages, but those who have dwelt among them entertain much more

favourable ideas concerning them. Indeed, many travellers assert them to be, in intelligence, cleanliness, refinement, and enterprise, greatly the superiors of the average Russian.

An interesting glimpse of Cossack life in times of peace is afforded by the railway journey from Rostov, at the mouth of the Don, south-easterly toward the Caspian Sea, through the flat steppes where their shepherds are pasturing their flocks. Tourists through this district tell us of miles of flower-mottled grass, level as a carpet, till at last the dim white specks of the outermost Caucasian

and anon he blows a startling blast to warn carriages coming the other way, heavy carts, herds of horses, or perchance wild-looking Tcherkess horsemen.

At the little sleepy town of Mtzchet you rest for a while from the mad ride that has almost made your hair stand on end. Here you find the ruins of the castle of the far-famed Queen Tamara, as shown in our engraving. This Tamara lived in the twelfth century, gathered all the Caucasus under her sway, gave it just laws and covered the land with monasteries and cathedrals. The age of Tamara is looked upon as a sort of golden age



MITZCHET, A COSSACK TOWN.

peaks appear. Coming to the little mountain towns, one sees burly, broad-shouldered Cossacks handling the bales of merchandise. They are clad in tunics, bearing guns across their shoulders, cartridge-bands across their breasts, and poniards in their belts.

You leave the railway on which you have been travelling and settle yourself in a carriage to climb to the mountain fastnesses. A Cossack in a mantle of goat's hair acts as your driver. He is armed with a bugle, and as the spirited steeds whirl the vehicle around the bends of the narrow mountain road in the whiteness of fog and mist, ever

by these mountaineers. No doubt, however, many of Tamara's virtues are accounted for by the fact that the famous poet Rustaveli flourished during her reign and used his pen to immortalize his protectress.

But you press on from sleepy Mtzchet. For more interesting things await you at the old town of Tiflis. Here the antiquarian, at least, should be happy. Tiflis can show churches that, it is claimed, date back to the first century. A city with a population of a little over a hundred thousand, a city made and re-made, and destroyed and re-made again by its list of conquering invaders—it is to-day a

hybrid town, half Russian, half Oriental.

Its palace, museums, barracks, and boulevards vie with those of Moscow. But you go down into narrow streets and you find yourself in the Orient. Each trade has its streets. Streets of jewellers, setting precious stones in dainty filigree; streets of gunsmiths; streets of silk dealers; streets of carpet dealers, squatting in their open-air shops, smilingly inviting passers-by to become purchasers. Speaking of carpets, one is surprised to find in this old Caucasian town the principal market for Oriental carpets. You can buy here better carpets at lower prices than in the bazaars of Constantinople.

"The population of Tiflis," says

one writer, "helps one to understand that the Caucasus is the meeting-point of all the races of the Old World, if it is not even the starting-point of many of them."

Looking down from the hills that surround Tiflis, as shown in our engraving, one sees the Greek cross, the octagonal spire of the Byzantine church, the square belfry of the Armenian cathedral, the Roman cross, and the humble minaret of the Tartar. To the student of the world and of races, there is much that is interesting in the lives of these Caucasian mountaineers, and not the least interesting of them are her wandering tribes of Cossacks, to whom Russia is looking just now to defend her frontiers.



JAPAN.

BY ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

Roused from the slumber of an age-long night,
 She dropped the lacquered armour she had borne,
 Nor thought herself a recreant, forsworn,
 Fronting with steadfast eyes the growing light,
 Her nightmare dreams all put to instant flight.
 Hers not the part unfruitful years to mourn,
 Hers not to cling to what she saw outworn.
 She planned anew, based on her ancient right,
 A fabric, strong Time's wasting to defy,
 Then turned her thought to choose from out the West
 Whate'er her wisdom taught would serve her best;
 And now she stands queen of the rising East,
 To lead its peoples higher paths to try,
 Till nations clash no more and wars have ceased.

—Harper's Weekly.

OUR CIVILIZATION AND OUR UNIVERSITIES*

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

I.



STANDING on the slope of the mountain and looking down the busy valley, the observer may trace its course and extent in the darkness by the hum of its industries on the air, and the halo of its radiance on the sky. The blazing furnaces, the signal towers, and the electric diamonds throw on the firmament guiding lines of light, revelations of activities far out of sight. So the reflected splendours of the bygone civilizations mark the pathway of nations, and indicate the connections and prominent positions of human history. Civilizations have gathered around mighty, central ideas, and have been quickened into life and invigorated to fruitfulness by the strongest impulses of our common humanity. And according to the prevailing idea, the predominating impulse is the character of the civilization.

Every civilization has, so to speak, a soul; and, as in man, the soul has to do with shaping the body. We have had civilizations of wealth, civilizations of power, civilizations of art, science and philosophy, civilizations of commerce, civilizations of chivalry and adventure, civilizations of law and jurisprudence, civilizations of ethics and religion. And as one or the

other energy flamed upward, or as one with the others combined in the transient brilliancy, colour strength and form were imparted to national life, deed, and destiny. Over Babylon and Assyria hover the fiery glow of absolutism and military conquest; over Egypt the luminous haze of ancestral tradition and priestly mysteries; over Greece flash the splendours of freedom and of art; over Rome shines the crimson orb of martial glory and the steadier brightness of legislation and jurisprudence; over Tyre and Sidon the radiance of commercial enterprise, and over Judæa the crowning effulgence and supernatural guidance of a divine revelation. Spain has her concave of golden hue darkened by cruelty and blood; Arabia spread the silvery light of the crescent, and the mediæval republics threw on high the sheen of literature, architecture, painting, sculpture, and the scarlet and purple of luxury and pride. They all had their opportunity. They fell by their own accumulation of corruption and wrong. They all lived long enough and flourished grandly enough to prove that national life might have been perpetuated and national glory maintained to these times. They demonstrate that the eternal God, the Universal Father, hath put within our reach numberless redemptive and recuperative energies that, used aright, will uphold and bear us onward; that, neglected and misdirected, will insure and precipitate our overthrow.

Recall that majestic and re-

* An address as in substance delivered by the Rev. Dr. Carman in the Auditorium, Chicago, on the occasion of the Annual Commencement of the North-Western University.

splendent civilization of the Republics of ancient Greece. Why should all that magnificence have darkened down into hideous night? Think of Sparta with its discipline and valour! Think of Athens with its liberty, its philosophy, and its art! Think of the names that flung their splendour on that region of the sky; a Homer, a Thales, a Pythagoras, a Herodotus, a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Pericles, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Demosthenes, a Leonidas, a Themistocles, a Phidias, a Praxiteles; where, indeed, an electric diamond glittered on every corner, and a coronet of brilliants flashed on every hill. There were the Areopagus, and the Parthenon, the Agora, and the Pnyx, the Statuary and the Temple, the Academy and the Grove. There were philosophers and their investigations and controversies, and orators with an immortal eloquence. There were statesmen with their polities and lawgivers with their codes. There were architects with their imperishable temples, the models of the ages; and heroes and commanders with their armies and navies, the inspiration of courage in every conflict on land and sea. There were poets of deepest, richest tone, and artists of purest, divinest touch. There were citizens of generous freedom and lofty aspirations, and rulers with a noble patriotism and an unswerving fidelity. There was a civilization that shone like the imperial sun in the dome of the sky. How could so great a glory be won by so small a nation, and burst forth so early in the morn of the cras? Why should it suffer eclipse, and now shed only the lustre of an eye glazed in death?

"The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung:
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
And all except their sun has set."

Equally potent in our language, life and law is the civilization of ancient Rome, a constellation of government, power, and wealth which blazed for centuries in mid-heaven. To it are we indebted for the very word Civilization, the word Capital, the word Republic, the word State. Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Seneca, Cato, Tacitus would light up any hemisphere with an inextinguishable splendour. A Justinian, a Tribonian would have honoured the courts at Westminster or Washington. The Scipios and Caesars, the Antonines and Constantines would immortalize any nation and dignify any race. Military genius, imperial unity, colonial policy, and provincial administration here registered the loftiest achievements of the olden time. Municipal government, state rights, national authority, republican equality and liberty are the example and instruction of our own age.

Poetry, eloquence, and architecture flourished in an abounding felicity, and won the unfading chaplet of renown. All incursions of barbarians, all devastations of Goth and Frank and Hun, all sack and pillage, in waves of slaughter and flame rolling over the imperial city, have not buried in oblivion the ancient monuments of its power and glory. Rome's name was a terror to foes, and a tower of strength to friends to the ends of the earth. "I am a Roman citizen," was the shield and boast of the prince of the apostles. Why should not such a civilization still endure and shine as brightly to-day as ever? Why should not the seven-hilled city yet be mistress of the world? The patriot and poet explains the catastrophe in the agony of his cry, "O tempora! O mores!" as he beheld the rising flood of vice and violence hurling their torrents on the foundations of the state.

And what has become of the favoured land and people and the royal city where Moses was legislator, where David was king; where Joshua and Joab were the captains of the hosts; where Samuel and Daniel were judges; where Elijah and Jeremiah were prophets; where the golden temple flung its radiance from Mount Zion far over the hills and valleys, rich in peaceful habitations and crowded with the flocks of the shepherd, and the fields and stores of the husbandman? Must they perforce have gone down in anarchy, carnage, and conflagration? Were the awful scenes of the captivities a national necessity? "Christ rejected" is the one full and sufficient explanation of that calamity, that fathomless ruin. Let the traveller over the tombs of buried cities, and over the valleys and hills, blistered and blackened by the scourge of ceaseless war, bear witness.

And where are the republics of mediæval Europe—a Genoa, a Florence, a Venice, a Pisa, that gave the world a Dante, a Petrarch, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Christopher Columbus, all stars of the first magnitude? With the Hanseatic League encircling the northern seas, and the Italian commonwealths ruling the Adriatic and Mediterranean with their merchantman and navies, dissolving the bands of the feudal system, and settling the bounds of states, there was as bright and brisk and brave a citizenship as the world had seen. Tradesmen, guilds, and merchant princes built capacious marts, sumptuous palaces, and established galleries of luxury, refinement, and art. It was the birth age of the university. But all went down, and humanity's hope seemed again buried in the crash and doom of the Eastern Empire, as a thousand years before sackcloth and blackness had covered the heaven, and

rocked and rent the earth in the catastrophe and fall of Rome. But the providences of God are deeper and broader and higher than even man's waywardness, misdirection, and suicidal iniquity. Humanity may not destroy itself till the last possibility is exhausted. The reserve forces, the redemptive and restorative agencies have more than once saved the day. The discovery of the American continents, the Copernican, and Newtonian revelations in the heavens, the invention of printing, the Protestant Reformation, the British revolution in the establishment of constitutional monarchy, the enthronement of commerce and practical science in the place of empty scholasticism and pompous chivalry, the substitution of primitive Christianity for a haughty and narrow ecclesiasticism, these, and similar movements and events lifted the race of man to a higher plane of action, and started Western Europe and the Americas on new highways of life, and in untried paths of progress and power.

What shall it be now? Shall the United States and Britain be driven over the precipice, and down the gulf, with Babylon and Rome, to ruin and disgrace? Or shall there be an enduring and ever-broadening and brightening civilization, according to the purpose of God for all the coming ages of time? If history is worth anything, this surely depends on our readiness for the offers of divine Providence, our use of the precious, unprecedented opportunities.

What is this invisible wonder,

this creative and transforming efficacy which we call civilization? Is it merely a harmonious sound? Or is it a mighty voice, a word so flush of import and energy, so complete in itself that no word but the heaven energized word "Chris-

tian" can add anything to its significance? We speak of French civilization, German civilization, American civilization, European or Asiatic civilization, ancient or modern civilization, but they are all smaller and narrower than civilization itself. But speak of Christian civilization and we widen our horizon, we make a distinct advance, a positive and effectual increment. Whatever civilization is, ethical or ethnical, national or continental, Christianity comes to it with a new and indispensable ingredient and power. Christianity plants new life, brings new thought, new spirit, new material, new aims, new energies. Christianity puts into civilization what without Christianity it can never have. For social and national regeneration and effectual uplift, ethics, science, and philosophy after the human sort are powerless and ineffective till quickened and purged from on high. Christianity resists decay, and out of its great heart pours forth for man in every relationship the rich, pure blood of an everlasting life.

Civilization is a truly marvelous unit; yet it is a compound product, subtler than the air and keener than electric fire. It is a composite from centuries of human history, changing with times and climes, and nations and races; today uttering the infantile cry, tomorrow holding empires in its grasp. Civilization is the condition of the things about us in the upward march of man. It is the moral and social atmosphere into which progressive generations are born, and in which they live and move and have their being. It is a tidal wave that lifts humanity like a fleet, rich and glorious, above the shoals and rocks, and bears it outward on the bosom of the deep. It is at once a cause and an effect, the cause of onward movement, and the effect of impelling, uplifting force

and progress. It makes the man, the society, the nation, and, in turn, tinged, formed, and energized by them. It receives its contributions from every worthy man, and every worthy community, and restores to them their expenditure a hundredfold. It is the resultant of a thousand physical, moral, social, spiritual, intellectual, and political forces that spring at all points and fly in all directions, filling the sphere with a steady, effective influence as the luminæ of the atmosphere under the orbs of heaven fill the dome of the earth and sky with light. It is the sum total of the noblest human qualities and activities exerted for the common benefit of the individual, the nation, and the race.

It is the action and reaction of awakened souls on environments, and of improved environment on awaking souls. It is the influence of the strenuous, progressive personality on society, and the reflex influence of advancing society on the genius and productive power of personality. It is the uplift of the moral on the social, that the social and the moral may perfect universal humanity and ennoble the man. It is the play and interaction of institution on institution, custom on custom, impulse on impulse, and spirit on spirit, that the nations of earth and the world of mankind may realize all there is in humanity for humanity, and if it be faithful and true, all there is in the eternal God for a struggling race.

The ever varying product depends upon the innumerable constituents that enter into it in the immense range of their proportions and permutations. Literature, art, science and philosophy, commerce, invention and industrial activity, government, politics and law, social conditions, morality and religion, pour in their ceaseless and inexhaustible contributions, coun-

ter-working waste and decay and building for the race of mankind a temple spacious and secure, whose foundations are in the earth, and whose dome is in the heavens.

Cosmopolitan civilization, as we have it, is the diverse fabric of a gigantic loom with flying shuttle and varying thread, pillared on all the continents, and, Colossus like, astride the ages. Some figures are bright and firm, glittering with gems and gold; others are dull and lax and perishable, of very common stuff. But the weaker ply and webs give place to the fresh and strong; and the great wheels roll, and the small wheels hum steadily on. As Lowell hath it:

“For mankind is of one spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round earth’s electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, humanity’s vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the shock of joy or shame,
In the gain or loss of one race the rest have equal claim.”

Civilization is a life force given and governed of the great God, an organizing energy, within; without, it is a living organism; an organic product, moral, social, and spiritual, under the operation of organic law. We may measure its movements and calculate its results.

I sometimes stand in Queen’s Park, Toronto, contemplating the play and predicting the issue of these organizing energies. The elements, the affinities, the tendencies, and the combinations are all about me. Here in plain sight are the three great institutions planted by the divine God for the welfare of man, the Church, the family, and the State. Let every man fill up to the full the spirit, intent and possibilities of these institutions, and there is not left much need for the thousand and one accretions, impositions, and devices that perplex and impoverish our excellent earthly

estate. Here is the home with its pure affections, its sacred obligations, its holy relationship, and its glorious opportunities. Truly, if a government has any duty under the sky, or any reason to exist, it is to protect the home in its legitimate sphere; the home, which is the earthly basis of government, and Church, and State. The government should remove the social and public vices, and the destructive traffic and usages that endanger and corrupt the home. It should guard holy matrimony, the conjugal relationships, and the conditions of a pure and honourable progeny. It should rear a generation in intelligence and virtue. How else can the State have a reputable citizenship, or save itself from nation and race suicide?

“What constitutes the State?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound
Thick wall or moated gate; not cities proud
With spires and turrets crowned
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers above dull brutes endued
As these excel cold rocks and brambles rude!
Men who their duties know; but know their rights,
And knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,
These constitute the State.
And sovereign law, the State’s collected will
O’er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, dispensing good, repressing ill.”

Then here are the Parliament Buildings, the halls of the legislature, where freedom and justice and equal rights should be vigilantly watched and fearlessly maintained. What a civilizing and organizing energy is righteous law! What an iniquity to frame wrong and oppression in statute! And

here are the law courts, where after the ancient order the judges administer the statutes enacted by the Parliament of the realm. And here is the provincial university, with its affiliated colleges and schools, opening equally to all the youth of the land the highest privileges and rewards. Here is the gymnasium where youthful vigour hardens into robust manhood, and muscle holds its own against the exacting mind. Beyond are the bank, the factory, the store, where finance marshals its forces, and acute and powerful minds reach out to the ends of the

earth. And all around us is the machinery of their operations flashing their commands, and pushing their enterprises in all directions around the globe. Here are energies and agencies working on to a glorious unity, and we call it civilization. Ever onward are its movements.

" We weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward :
We build like coral, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray
And still fresh strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

"QUO VADIS, DOMINE?"

(Whither goest Thou, Lord?)

BY A. FREWEN ATYLWARD.

Lord, whither goest Thou? I see
As the years pass Thou still art leading me,
The rustle of Thy robe falls on my ear,
Thy Voice in hours of gloom speaks words of cheer;
And yet I long to know the way by which we go;
Perplexed, I ask Thee, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? I feel,
As on my soul Thy tender accents steal,
That the rough path Thou lead'st me must be best,
The toilsome journey makes the sweeter rest;
Yet tell me, Lord, I pray, to cheer me on my way—
The goal I fain would see, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? How long
Before I hear the welcome welcoming song
Of those who say, "Thy travelling days are o'er,
The pilgrim's staff is needed now no more,"
When, past all doubt and pain, I ne'er shall ask again,
In sore perplexity, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

—Good Words.

"Never mind, ye people weary,
God is up above;
But He knows down here is dreary,
And His name is love."

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.*

BY MRS. M. A. JEFFERS.



EVER in the history of our Society has the growth and enlargement of every department of our work shown greater progress than the past year. We can report a substantial increase, both in finances and in annual membership. Truly "the Lord giveth the word, and the women that publish the tidings are a mighty host."

Briefly summarized, this is our record: The total membership of Auxiliaries, Circles, Bands, 31,526; increase, 4,103. The total income from Auxiliaries, Circles, Bands, and Epworth Leagues, \$51,855.87; increase, \$6,352.57, which does not include the Rest Fund of \$1,186. Since organization our Society has raised \$662,287.93. In addition to this, for several years large supplies of goods, amounting last year to \$8,000 worth, were distributed among the distressed and needy ones. Responses for these bales and boxes of blessing were not only gratifying, but in many instances pathetic. Our work in foreign lands is educational, industrial, evangelistic, medical.

We are accustomed to naming the General Missionary Society our parent society, and are following in its footsteps, as a child would imitate a parent.

In both China and Japan our work is prospering. We have opened up work in six centres in

Japan, and two in China. There are day-schools, night-schools, industrial schools, kindergarten, hospital work, medical, Sunday-school work. Evangelistic effort accompanies all these, and wherever an opportunity offers our lady missionaries are ready to give a helping hand. New avenues of usefulness are opening up to the workers, and the cry is for more labourers.

In Canada God has graciously owned our ministry among the Indian women and girls. Our work in British Columbia is mainly carried on in homes for Indian children, where they receive a thorough English education, and a good industrial training. With the exception of three homes, which are taken over to the entire control of our Woman's Missionary Society, we co-operate with the General Missionary Society in nearly all our work in British Columbia. "In union there is strength." It seems as though God Himself had pronounced the banns of eternal union between us, and what God hath joined together let nothing put asunder.

In the Province of Quebec we are also working hand-in-hand. We co-operate here with the General Missionary Society in the French Methodist Institute. There are two day-schools, one in the east end, the other in the west end of Montreal; also a home for children under the control of our W. M. S. We also give two grants to the work of the General Missionary Society at St. Jovite and St. Theodore. The work in this Province is rather uphill, but we know it is of God, therefore it is bound to succeed.

* An address given by Mrs. (Dr.) Jeffers, Lindsay, at the Bay of Quinte Conference, Peterborough, June 6th, 1904. For lack of space the opening paragraphs are omitted.

Twenty-two years ago we owned nothing as a Society, not a foot of land, nor a building, whereas now we own property to the value of nearly \$57,000. Looking back over our past record, we feel that success has been the keynote, and we do rejoice that so much has been accomplished through us, but we must not not forget that it is of God.

Still stands thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart ;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget !

Naturally there is a disposition to look at the work done, and sometimes we talk as though the kingdoms of this world are about to become the kingdoms of our Lord, and that little remains to be accomplished. But the truth of the matter is the work is only beginning. The natural increase of population in the heathen world is outstripping at this very moment all our efforts, and so, instead of congratulating ourselves on the work done, though we are thankful for what God has enabled us to do, we may bow our heads in shame that we have done so little and served so little.

Let us turn our faces towards the wilderness, in which a thousand millions of our race are wandering in darkness and the shadow of death, without God, being without hope in the world. These statistics are dry and uninteresting, but they are full of meaning, and we must face them. It is said thirty-five millions pass annually into Christless graves. In China alone fourteen hundred die every hour, and in one day thirty-three thousand Chinese pass beyond our reach. If this Conference were to agree to send a missionary to China to-morrow, before he could reach China's shores over half a million souls would have passed into eternity.

Of the eight hundred millions

who have never heard of a Saviour to save, five hundred and ten millions are women and girls, on whom the heaviest burdens fall, and this is the task before us, and the work especially given to women to bring these millions to a knowledge of a Saviour.

Owing to the social customs the women of the East will never be raised unless by women.

The woman's cause is man's, they sink or
^{rise}
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free.

We shall never see noble men in heathen lands until there are enlightened women. It is said by one : "Men are and ever will be what their wives, and, above all, their mothers make them, by influence, which begins at the cradle and ends with the grave," and we can go further and say that influence never ends.

Let me quote Isabella Bird Bishop, as to how false faiths degrade women :

"They degrade women with an infinite degradation. The intellect is dwarfed so that a woman of twenty or thirty is intellectually more like a woman of eight. There are no sanctities of home, nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come ; nothing but a fearful looking forward to something dreadful, they know not what.

"Then, what is sickness to our heathen sister ! Sickness to us is tenderness all about us. The hushed footfall in the room, kind friends, kind neighbours, everything sacrificed for the sake of the sick one ; no worry or evil allowed to enter the sick-room. There are skilled doctors, professional nurses, beautifully equipped hospitals for even the poorest amongst us ; and the best of all is, He who is able to save to the uttermost stands by the sick-bed. In the case of the Christian the crossing of the river is a time of triumph and of hope, for

'O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?'
sounds over his dying bed. But sickness to them is beyond telling. I will mention one point, however. It is in the hour of our greatest peril that our heathen sister is exposed to the most barbarous treatment."

As Christian women we dare not close our ears to the crying needs of our heathen sisterhood. Between us and them is a great gulf fixed, their feet are entangled that they cannot pass over. Will you do all in your power to help us undo their heavy burdens? These millions of women, steeped in ignorance, vice, and superstition, wield an enormous influence, and that against Christianity.

I dare not close this list of opposing forces without citing one more, a comparatively indifferent Church at home. The thousands of women in our churches, who do not belong to the Woman's Missionary Society, weigh upon our hearts almost like the heathen themselves. It represents loss all around, buried talents, lost opportunities, wasted money, heathen women lost in darkness, lost souls, and a loss to generations yet unborn.

There are thousands of professedly Christian women who appropriate all God's priceless gifts as though they were theirs by right, and give very little in return. They occupy magnificent churches, well-cushioned, and equipped in every respect; they are apparently resting secure in the hope that sometime, somehow, when earthly toils are o'er, they will gain an "abundant entrance" into that better land. They sing hopeful and triumphant hymns:

All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood;

Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be;

Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

And sometimes one almost feels as though they might sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss, and yet they are scarcely lifting a finger to help ease the burdens of their heathen sisters.

The question has come up for discussion time and again at our annual Branch meeting: How are we to reach those women who do not come under the influence of our regular monthly meetings? Is it not in the power of the ministers to reach those women, who are "at ease in Zion." Will you help us? As an organization we do thank them for all they have done for us, but from their peculiar vantage-ground we venture a little further.

You have kindly given due notice of all our meetings, but could you not emphasize them occasionally by commending our work to the disinterested ones of our congregations? Then there is our "Missionary Sunday," accorded us by Conference. Will you not, in planning your year's work, reserve one Sunday, and use your influence to secure one collection, as sacred to the Woman's Missionary Society, just as you would the Educational Society?

Will you not preach a sermon on the needs of our work, and the obligations resting on the womanhood of our churches concerning it?

We are a regularly authorized, lawfully constituted, fully endorsed institution of the Methodist Church, and we are recognized as a powerful factor in her working strength, therefore we feel that we should have just as much claim on your sympathy, your loyal support, and co-operation, as any department of the Church work. We are second in importance only to the General Missionary Society, and they have two Sundays, two collections, besides subscriptions.

Our sources of income are small. The little from the many rather than the large donations from the rich. Our work is important, the needs are appalling. We cannot afford our work to be made a side issue. The Church has placed this work on our shoulders, and we must carry it forward. Our staff of forty-five missionaries, who are bravely holding the fort in foreign lands, are looking to us, on whom they are depending to hold the ~~works~~ at home, to send reinforcements. Our workers are in the field; they must be supported, or we must call them home.

To those ministers who have charges where no Auxiliaries are formed, just a word: Will you do all you can to interest the women of your congregations in this work, for women and children in heathen lands? And having done all you can, will you give the missionary organizer a chance to do all she can?

As mothers of Methodism, we rejoice in the success of the Forward Movement, to which God has so signally affixed His seal. Notwithstanding the fact that our Society has suffered financially and numerically from the amalgamation of Mission Circles with Forward Movement, and the withdrawal of Epworth League givings from our treasury, yet we rejoice for we believe the Forward Movement is the life of the League, and thereby inspiring our young people with higher ideals and helping them to nobler living.

This brings me to another important phase of our work, the most vital part, our children, the subject that touches all hearts. There are over one hundred and eighty-four thousand children in our Methodist Sunday-schools. The membership of Junior and Intermediate Leagues and Mission Bands reaches twenty-four thou-

sand, which leaves one hundred and sixty thousand in our schools, who are receiving little or no training along missionary lines. We cannot look into the intelligent faces of our children without thinking what an influence they must yield in the future, either for good or evil. Everything grows in springtime, noxious weeds as well as beautiful plants. How can we expect our Church to grow and prosper unless we tenderly nurture our children? How can we expect to reach the masses unless we save our children?

These thousands of children, trained and ready for service, together with the thousands of women who are not members of our Woman's Missionary Society, would greatly enrich the Church, and enable her to fulfil the purpose for which she exists, that of obeying our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

While the Senior League and Forward Movement are well sustained, the Junior Leagues are not. True, there is missionary teaching in the Sunday-schools, but what can be done on this line is very little, owing to lack of time. What we ask is, that some definite, systematic plan may be arrived at, whereby we may know our limit without seemingly encroaching on other departments of the work.

Why not grade our work, as in our educational institutions? giving the primary work to the control of the Woman's Missionary Society.

The Missionary Board, we understand, has already recognized the right of the Woman's Missionary Society to undertake the organization of the children of the Church under sixteen years of age, for instruction on missionary lines. It may only be necessary to bring this matter to the remembrance of the

official authorities of our Church to insure a hearty co-operation.

We, as mothers, have no charge to keep half as sacred as the character-building of our children. God has said, "Take this child and nurse it, and I will give thee wages."

We have cared for our children through the most troublesome period of their lives. We have burned the midnight oil on their behalf; cooled the parched lips and the fevered brow; we have taught them to lisp their first prayer, and as Christian mothers banded them together to do God's work who are more efficient to train our children than we.

Our work in heathen lands is largely for children, and why not begin with our own children at home? Then there is so much in our work that appeals to their missionary susceptibility.

What child would not be interested in the story of foot-binding in China, and the story of child-widows in India?

Our prayer is that the foundation may be as broad as the purpose of God and the atonement of Christ. Time will not permit to speak of the reflex influences of missionary study and giving upon the individual, the home and the Church. The educative influences flowing from the work of the Woman's Missionary Society cannot be overestimated. Our united study of missions, in which hundreds and thousands of women of the different Protestant Churches are studying the same theme, thinking the same thoughts, occurs to one as the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which gives promise of abundance of rain.



SISTERS, THINK!

"Lay her down in love and honour,"
Pansies, purple pall, upon her;
For this heart was pure—yea, holy—
Wrought out works of peace right nobly.
Heartsease golden all around her,
Fragrance followed where you found her.

"Lay her down in love"—and pity;
Blame the contact of the city,
Falling soot that soon besmirches,
Fog and dust-clouds no light searches.
Soft let snow-drifts wreath above her,
Since she ne'er knew one to love her.

Had these met! one moment only,
One heart less had lingered lonely,
Taken false love, sick with waiting,
Found she held, not love, but hating.
Was it you who passed, unthinking,
Never saw the sad heart shrinking?

El. Sie, in All the World.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.*



DANA was an eminent scientist, whose intellect assented to the doctrines of Christianity and his heart to its precepts, while his life was pervaded from beginning to end with a sincere and unobtrusive religious faith. Among the letters in this volume are included

parts of his correspondence with Asa Gray, Guyot, Darwin, Agassiz, Sir Archibald Geikie, Professor Judd, and other co-labourers in the field of science. Considerable space is given to the interesting but perilous cruise made by Dana as one of the scientific staff in the United States exploring expedition of three ships which spent four years, from 1838 to 1842, in investigating the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean. Dana was mineralogist to a corps which included also botanists, taxidermists, philologists, ethnographers, artists, and various naturalists.

On the coast of Tierra del Fuego they were long in deadly peril of shipwreck, and Dana wrote: "To avoid all disquietude when death comes so near is scarcely possible: but, thanks to the saving grace of our dear Redeemer, I looked with little dread on its approach. I committed myself to the care of our heavenly Father and retired to rest." There are many signs that his four years at sea were marked by the deepening and confirming

of his religious life. No scientific investigation interested him so much as did his examination into the work of the Christian missions he visited in various parts of the world—in the Society Islands, the New Hebrides, the Samoan, and others. He was filled with reverent admiration for the heroically self-denying lives and holy characters of the missionaries in their lonely posts, and with hallowed and joyous wonder at the mighty transformations wrought in savage heathen populations by the mysterious dynamic influence of the Gospel.

This great scientist's appreciation of his own favoured lot is expressed in a letter written long afterward to a life-long friend: "I have never failed, as each year has passed, to recognize with gratitude the divine goodness which gave us Christian homes on the same street in the same pleasant Christian city, where Sunday-schools were a delight, and other Christian influences pointed heavenward. I still labour on, doubting if this year may not be my last on earth, yet rejoicing in my work and my home, and in that upper home toward which life converges."

President Gilman says: "It is doubtful whether among Christian biographies of this century the like of Dana can be found. Here is a man exclusively devoted to science. To explore the regions of the unknown, to record new facts, to discover better principles of classification, and to reveal, if possible, laws of nature hitherto hidden, is the dominant occupation of his life. But simultaneously the transcendent purpose of his soul is the service of his Master—a fact which is apparent in his letters as a traveller and explorer, constantly manifested in

* "The Life of James Dwight Dana," Scientific Explorer, Mineralogist, Geologist, Zoologist, Professor in Yale University. By Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University. Crown 8vo, pp. 409. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, \$2.00.

his letters to his mother, often revealed in his scientific writings, and perpetually shown in his daily walk and conversation. 'Lord, I thank thee that I think thy thoughts after thee,' might have been Dana's own utterance. The astronomers and mathematicians for centuries were men of strong religious convictions—Kepler, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Leibnitz. So was Linnaeus. So in recent days was Clerk Maxwell. So were many of Dana's most distinguished co-workers—Agassiz, Henry. Gray, Pierce, Torrey, Hitchcock.

A selection might be made from his letters which would seem to indicate that he was wholly absorbed in his religious duties, like one of the brotherhood in a consecrated order—a Benedictine or Franciscan; and yet one might live near him without ever being annoyed by words not fitly spoken, indeed, without ever hearing any but the most simple and natural allusions to his Christian faith."

In 1851 Dana writes to Professor Guyot: "I have recently endeavoured to explain your views upon the harmony of Science and the Mosaic account of the Creation before a few gentlemen, but wished much that you were here to do the subject justice. Professor Mitchell has also been lecturing on this point, and takes the same basis for his explanations—the nebular theory. But he is only an astronomer—no geologist, chemist, or zoologist—and his views are, therefore, imper-

fect in detail and wanting in philosophical spirit. There is something exceedingly sublime in the command, 'Sit lux,' when we consider that light is the first index of chemical combination and molecular change, and, therefore, the command is equivalent to 'Let force act.' The vivifying impulse thus given to particles before inert would send a flash of light through the universe."

Twenty-five years later he wrote to Guyot: "With regard to species, I am a little off from my old ground and yours. But the more I have thought of late over the first chapter of Genesis, the more ready I have been to believe that the fiats were the commencement of a series of productions, through force imparted at the time to nature. Is not this the true interpretation of the language? This is essentially the view taken by Professor Taylor Lewis, of Schenectady, whom I once criticized on account of it." In one of his last years Dana wrote: "I have all my life found great satisfaction in being virtually an Englishman, rejoicing in and wondering over the grandeur and power of the British nation." This is the story of a life consecrated to the pursuit of exact truth and the service of "the God of things as they are," a life in which is no trace of selfishness, no neglect of opportunities, no unworthy motive. Its motto might have been: "The works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."—*Methodist Review*.

The winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of His hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waters upright stood,
And He whose power controlled that raging flood,
Still succours helpless men.

OUR OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA.

BY REV. JAMES SIMESTER,

Methodist Episcopal Mission, Foochow, China.



CHINA is the centre of the world's thought to-day. Capitalists, merchants, statesmen, and warriors are all looking to that land as being of vital importance to their various interests. Railroads and mining, buying and selling, diplomacy and wars,

ships, seem to have the right of way just now.

What interest has the Christian Church in China, and what should be our attitude at this crucial moment? In addition to the command to go into all the world, the Church has obligations in this land which must be met. True progress results only when Christ leads. China may be covered with railroads, honeycombed with mines, the greatest commercial country in the world, with a government as good as any, yet without Christ these blessings would prove a curse. Twentieth-century civilization is the result of Christianity. To give the results without the cause would be unnatural, and therefore, unprofitable. In advance of Western learning, improvements, and inventions, must go the Gospel.

The achievements of Christian missions in the past make the obligation still more binding. Experience has shown that the Chinese can be saved. One hundred and twenty-five thousand baptized Protestant Christians, with as many more probationers or inquirers, attest the success of past efforts. The loyalty of the native Christians during the Boxer uprising of 1900 attests the thoroughness of the work

done. Schools of every grade have been established, and have everywhere surpassed the expectations of the most optimistic. Printing-presses are paying their own way, and hospitals are everywhere a welcomed blessing in a land where disease is common and the art of healing practically unknown.

But every converted Chinese means half a dozen awakened, and every church built means several new fields opened. The schools have awakened a more general and more intense desire for learning, and the presses have created a desire for literature impossible to estimate.

1. Four hundred and six millions of people open to the Gospel. Ten years ago there were nine hundred walled cities of China the missionary was forbidden to enter, and in five whole provinces missionary work was practically unknown. Now the missionaries have entered every province, and the gates of every walled city swing open to the messengers of God.

This vast population is practically a unit. There is no North and South in China, no race problem or intermingling of different nationalities. The Chinese, whether found in Pekin or Canton, in Kiangsu or Sz-Chuan, are fundamentally homogeneous. Intellectually and morally the Chinese are the best people in the heathen world. The missionary of the Cross may go anywhere among this people, great in numbers, in attainments, and in possibilities, and deliver his message unopposed.

2. Two hundred and fifty thousand people who might be reached

within a year if we had the men to reach them; that is, in every land where missions have been established there are those who have given up their faith in heathenism and are open to conviction, but are not yet sufficiently enlightened to accept Christianity. A conservative estimate of this class of men in China is two hundred and fifty thousand.

3. Schools. The desire for Western education is becoming well-nigh universal. The government does not want any but Confucian schools, but the people evidently want Christian schools, for the government schools are poorly attended, even though the students are paid for coming, while the Christian schools are crowded to their utmost capacity, even though students have to pay all or part of their expenses. During the past five years more students have been turned away from the Christian colleges in China than have been admitted, and this because of the lack of buildings and teachers. Intermediate schools are many and crowded, but the demand for more is far greater than the possibility of supply with our present force of workers. Ten thousand day-schools could be opened within a month if we had enough teachers and the money to support them. The Church of Christ has the opportunity of educating the next generation

of Chinese. If neglected now the opportunity may never occur again, and the evangelization of China will be incomparably harder.

4. Medical Work. China's millions, covered with diseases loathsome to the eye and painful to the sense, have begun to realize the efficacy of foreign medicine, and welcome the medical missionary to shop and home.

5. Literature. The desire for literature has grown to such an extent that every Christian press has more work than it can well do, and twice the number is needed, or the present plants should be strengthened and enlarged.

6. Work among women. While all that precedes refers as well to the work among women as among men, the degraded position of women in Eastern lands makes the opportunity for her elevation all the more important. Fathers are sending their girls to our Christian schools in large numbers, and the women who go into the homes with the Gospel for women were never so welcome as now.

The greatest field in the world is white to the harvest. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." Perhaps he will send you, or will ask you to help Him send.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

THE HIGHEST.

BY R. BOAL.

Far above earthly creeds, and wordy strife,
 Above all thoughts of men upborne by prayer,
 Is the great source of Love, and Light, and Life;
 No solace elsewhere.
 Vainly we seek to solve the mystery
 Of life and death, by finite power;
 Chaos of doubt and fear is human history,
 Until that tranquil hour
 When Faith dispels all pessimistic gloom,
 And lights man's pathway to the silent tomb.

A DOUBLE TRAIL OF GLORY.

THE LIFE OF ISABELLA THOBURN.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



THE SARAH TUCKER TRAINING INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS AT PALMACOTTAH.



TO be the first appointee of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church—to be the chief founder of higher education for women of India—to be the principal of two schools at the same time—to found the Deaconess work, the Home, Training School, and Hospital, in Cincinnati, besides helping to launch it in Chicago and Boston—to so bear the banner of leadership in both the United States and in Asia—and all with one woman's strength, and one woman's life! Is not this a marvellous record? When we remember, too, the unhurried calm, the beauty, and the peace of Isabella Thoburn's character, we pray for clean hands and a pure heart with

which to pen the outline of her story.

She was born in the year 1840 in the old farmhouse among the beautiful hills about St. Clairsville, Ohio. It was doubtless her childhood's surroundings that begot in her that love of nature which afterward made her so observant of the beauties of her far-off Indian home. She was the ninth in a family of ten children. They were not rich. Neither were they poor.

Bishop Thoburn relates an incident which reveals much of the character of both parents. The farm had not been wholly paid for, and it was a matter of rejoicing to the whole family when the last payment was made. The father brought home the cancelled note, and two gold eagles, one of which he tossed into the mother's lap, saying: "That is for a new winter cloak for you; let us give



MISS THOBURN IN DEACONESS COSTUME.

the other as a thank-offering at the missionary collection."

The mother quietly handed back the coin and said, "Let us give both, as a thank-offering; I will turn my old cloak."

Little Isabella, standing by, never forgot the incident. Such a home was a fit cradle for two missionaries.

The father was a man of much local influence—a man much given to prayer. Awakened one night, Mrs. Thoburn discovered that he had left the room. She found him in another part of the house, deep in prayer. He begged her to leave him to continue his supplication. Returning to his rest at a later hour he remarked with grateful

heart that he had received the assurance for which he had been pleading, namely, that all his children would be brought into the fold of Christ. His assurance has been gloriously fulfilled.

Says Bishop Thoburn: "All the children, nearly all the grandchildren, and all those of the fourth generation, who are old enough, are now within the Church on earth or the heavenly fold, and nearly all the living are active Christian workers."

In her childhood Isabella showed no especial cleverness, a good, nice little girl, from whom no one expected anything wonderful in the future. The district school happened to be one of the very best of its day, and as she matured she showed a great liking and aptitude for teaching. In her early girlhood she became a student in Wheeling Seminary, an institution affording what was then termed the "higher education" of women.

Succeeding years were spent in teaching, and the conviction seemed impressed upon her throughout life that her special work was that of a teacher. From a rural school she had climbed in a few years to the position of preceptress in the Western Reserve Seminary, and later to more advanced work in West Farmington. Wherever she taught she seems to have left, for long years, the impress of her strong personality.

It was quite early, however—in fact, when she was only nineteen—that the event had place which was to pave the way for her life-work. It was the departure of her brother, now Bishop Thoburn, for India. The missionary of those early days, with his long five months' journey before him, looked forward very doubtfully to ever seeing his native land again. Upon Isabella Thoburn the family parting made a deep impression, but

even for years to follow she seems to have had no thought of a call to mission work.

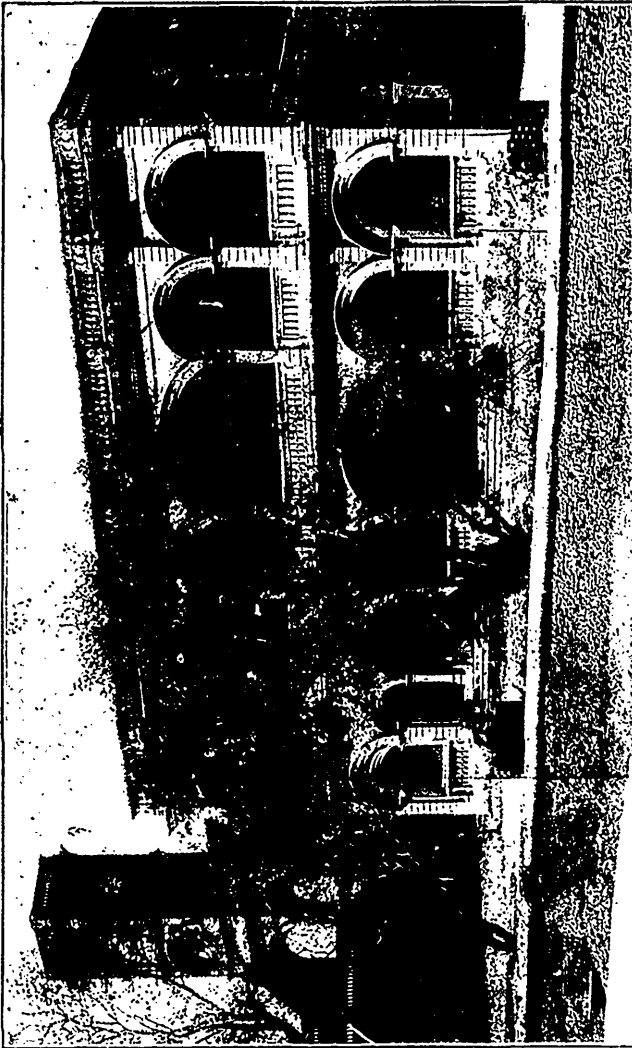
But this is not remarkable when we turn back the hands on the dial of time and place ourselves in the age in which she lived. Forty years ago the great missionary movement that has aroused the women of Christendom was scarcely felt. There was no Woman's Missionary Society, no women missionaries in the foreign field, with the exception of the missionaries' wives, who were trying here and there to help their husbands. The Church had sent forth no call for young women. It had even disapproved of the suggestion.

There is a touch of romance in the incident that led to the awakening of American womanhood to missions, and of the Church to woman's place in missionary effort. The missionaries of India had for some time realized the obstacle against which they had to contend in the ignorance of the women of the land. But a large proportion of the women could be reached only by women. Still the call was not sounded.

One day Bishop Thoburn was walking alone in a mango orchard where he was tenting. He had but recently returned from his first furlough to America, during which his sister had been greatly interested in India and his work. He was thinking of the benighted state of the wives and mothers of that land, and of the need of a well-equipped Christian boarding-school for girls. Passing under a tree he picked up a quill from the wing of a vulture, nestling in the branches above. He amused himself by whittling it into a big pen, then decided to go into the tent and see if he could write with it. The pen worked so well that he wrote a letter to his sister describing their work among the vil-

lages, and the need of a school for girls. Thoughtlessly, merely by way of experimenting with his pen, he closed with the question, "How would you like to come and

had made the proposal lightly. It was disconcerting to the missionaries, who were by no means sure they wanted the assistance of young women in the field. It was dis-



ISABELLA THOBURN WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

take charge of such a school, if we decide to make the attempt?"

By the first returning steamer came the reply that she was ready to go as soon as they could open a way. The answer was a little disconcerting to the brother, who

concerting to the Church, unprepared as it was to send out a lady volunteer. But the die was cast. The question of a place for young women in the foreign field had been raised once and for all.

Like the gentle stirring of a

breeze the awakening began to be felt everywhere. A Woman's Union Missionary Society had already been organized in the east. Miss Thoburn was spending this year quietly in St. Clairsville, Ohio. Bishop Parker and his good wife were home on furlough. It was Mrs. Parker who began to make it known in Boston that there was a young woman away in Ohio, well qualified for missionary work, ready to go, if only she could be sent. It was from this little quiet talking that the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church originated.

A little merry-making in the columns of some of the great dailies followed: "It will be next in order to organize a little boys' missionary society," commented one editor.

Thus the work began. A mistake in the appointment of a missionary at this stage would, no doubt, have been fatal. But such a mistake was not made. The first appointment was that of Isabella Thoburn.

She organized a local branch of the Society in her home before leaving, the first ever organized west of the Alleghanies.

Another wise choice on the part of the Society was the appointment of Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., of Castile, New York, to accompany Miss Thoburn.

No time was lost. The two ladies immediately began to prepare for their departure. Something of the tenor of Miss Thoburn's mind may be gleaned from her description of London, where they tarried a few days:

"Nothing it [London] contains is more worth seeing than the great city itself—so full of life and work, of records of great efforts and successes, of wealth and security, and yet bearing many sad witness to the fact that it has the poor always with it,—the wretched and suffer-

ing poor. The streets and squares scarcely seem new to us, bearing as they do names made familiar by English literature. The stones still rattle on Cheapside as when John Gilpin rode so famously, and 'that part of Holborn christened High' looks like a street we have walked before, while Dickens' odd places and odd people meet us at every turn. We recognize the country no less quickly as that of Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow. The lanes and hedgerows, the green fields which the spring will cover with buttercups and daisies, the ivy which creeps lovingly over every waste and ruined spot, and the 'happy homes of England,' all impress us as pictures that have been faithfully described by eloquent witnesses."

A few weeks later they arrived in India, where Dr. Swain became the pioneer of medical work among women, and Miss Thoburn was destined to lay the foundation of the first Christian college for women ever established on Asiatic soil, and to become the chief founder of higher education for the Christian women of India.

Thus in the year 1870, at about thirty years of age, Miss Thoburn entered the city of Lucknow, henceforth to be her home. And strange to say, her arrival in India seemed almost like a going home. India was her country. She spoke always of its delights, its glories, never of its discomforts. Nothing grated on her heart more than to hear the life of a missionary portrayed as one of self-sacrifice. Of the seasons of excessive heat and blinding dust, or of long rain, she seldom wrote, but she spoke almost always of India in her fairest seasons. Under the heading, "A Night Hour in Lucknow," she writes:

"The moon here does not seem, as in colder countries, a flat disk against a surface of sky; but a perfect sphere floating in the high, far dome, and shedding down a mellow, golden light like the reflected shining of an Indian summer sun. Its image floats below in the placid Goomtee, before it a shining path, and beyond, winding hither and thither between its green banks, the river wanders away into



LUCKNOW CHRISTIAN SCHOOL GIRLS.

the misty distance. The trees are in their spring bloom, and the soft air is full of odours from mango orchards and gardens, where the white orange and flaming red pomegranate flowers look together over the wall.

"Meeting and passing each other along the river road are stately men in long robes and turbaned heads, and men with bare, hewn limbs, whose salutations have a courtly grace. There are plodding donkeys and prancing Arab horses. There is a long line of patient camels, with tink-

ling bells keeping time to the slow, swinging walk; and, farther on, a huge elephant mounted by a gorgeous party, and covered with trappings of scarlet and gold.

"Stretching away to the right of the river lies the city. The moonlight reveals only its beauty: here a palace wall surmounted by its emblem of royalty, a golden umbrella; there a high-arched gateway, and many a white dome and pencilled minaret rising above the line of terraced roofs.

"To outward seeming, the scene is

worthy of the Oriental romances. This is the land of magic and enchantment, of fairy tales and story-books. This is the East that sent Solomon his glory, and whose jewels still go to deck the brows of Western princes.

“But the sounds that issue from the

‘Pity me for Allah’s sake.’ And from an upper room comes the weird, monotonous singing of a band of dancing girls. These three sounds can best tell the story of the sin and misery that darken this fair Eastern city. They can be heard every night, but other sounds are ac-

MASKS WORN IN RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN INDIA.



narrow, crowded streets dispel the illusion. It is no dreamland, but a very human dwelling-place, a dark home for many a sin-darkened soul. Above the mangled voices from the bazaar, the rumbling of wheels and the barking of dogs, is heard the jargon made by a bell and horn in an idol temple. A beggar cries,

cidents of the hour. From some low rooms in a narrow lane comes first a tempest of angry voices; then a scream followed by other in quick succession, and words in high altercation shrieked out, and so torn with rage that no ear could tell their meaning. They continue until the loudest, most violent voice has

spent all its strength and hoarsely given up the contest. There has been no bloodshed—murders are done more quietly; no blows, except, perhaps, a tap from a shoe. Only some poor women have had a quarrel, and settled it according to the promptings of their untutored instincts.

"There is an interval of ordinary sounds, and then there comes from out the city a band of music, followed by two lines of flaming torches, between which walk stately elephants carrying a bridal party, and followed by a long, torch-lit procession of men and women bearing on their heads trays of wedding presents. 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him,' was spoken to those accustomed to a scene like this. And soon, from another street, comes out a small group, repeating in a monotonous chorus, the words, 'Ram, Ram is true.' They walk rapidly, and carry on their shoulders a burden wrapped in white, and bound to a bier. As they hurry their dead to the burning-ghat, the moonlight seems to grow cold, and a chill strikes through the soft air, and the flowers give forth only sickening odours. Heathenism is never so revolting as in death.

"But the night does not come on without one clear note of hope and promise rising above the discordant city sounds. From a small house near by, where lives a girl who has been taught in the orphanage, come the words of a hymn, a translation of—

"'Salvation, O the joyful sound!'

joyful sound, that shall yet echo through all these dark places, and shall be heard in the ear and in the heart of all souls in prison, whether bound by ignorance or sin.

"God, whose ear is open to every cry that goes up from this city to-night, will speed the glad day."

The path for carrying out ideals for the higher education of women was not made easy to her feet. Many of the missionaries even did not think the time ripe for such a step. Converts were few, and most of them poor. There were no buildings, nor funds, and always the problem of caste distinction.

Miss Thoburn began her work. In a little room in a bazaar, within the sight and dust of the street, she opened her school, the first morning with six pupils. Five were

Hindustani, and one Eurasian, *i.e.*, of mixed European and Asiatic parentage. Among these Eurasians henceforth lay part of her work.

It was in the contact and commingling of school life, too, that she saw and seized her opportunity to do much for the breaking down of the caste system. A few months after the opening of the school she had seventeen pupils. But we have not time to trace the school in its broadening growth. Suffice it to say the time came when the missionary Society felt equal to the purchase of a permanent home for the Woman's Mission in Lucknow.

The only place pointed out as suitable was the famous Lal Bagh, or Ruby Garden, the residence of the royal treasurer of the last king of Oudh. It was in this beautiful home that Miss Thoburn loved to exercise her hospitality till the fame of Lal Bagh—the "House Beautiful," some one has called it—reached across the sea. Of Miss Thoburn as a hostess, it is said: "In a country where servants abound, she always rose in the night hours to give a cup of tea to any guest who had to leave by a night train."

In two years the girls' school numbered forty pupils, and a boarding-school had to be erected on the grounds, for the girls from a distance. Shortly after the question began to be agitated of a boarding-school for the girls of English parentage, who had been swept into the Church in the great revival of 1870-1871. It was laid upon the hearts of the missionaries that if India was to be Christianized the Anglo-Saxon portion of the community must be nurtured in the Christian faith. An Englishman with a daughter to educate gave a thousand rupees to the founding of the new school, which was soon opened in Cawnpore.

One unexpected result of opening the



SHOPS IN LAHORE.

new school in Cawnpore was, that Miss Thoburn was compelled for a time to become its principal, but without severing her connection with the school in Lucknow. During the most trying part of the year, she flitted back and forth between the two cities by railway, always making the journey by night for the double purpose of saving time out of working hours, and escaping the excessive heat, which all Europeans are careful to avoid as far as possible. The funds of both schools were so low that she felt obliged to travel third-class, and the railway authorities could not be prevailed upon to make any concession in her case.

Yet it was of this over-busy woman that some one wrote :

“No one woman, perhaps, accomplished more than Miss Thoburn ; and yet, meeting her every day, you would think she was the one woman who had nothing to do. She never seemed to be in a hurry, and was always at leisure for those who needed her. It did not matter who it was, or at what time of the day, or even

night, one came to her, she always had time to see and listen to each one who came, and if she could not give what was wanted, yet no one could leave her presence without feeling comforted, helped, and encouraged by her wise and loving counsel. How often have I stood at her door, hesitating to ask permission to enter, knowing that she was always busy reading, writing, or doing something else, but the prompt, loving response to my call was always, ‘Come in,’ just as if I was her guest, and she awaiting and expecting to receive me ! As long as the caller chose to stay, she and her time were at the visitor’s service. Seeing her busy, I always asked on such occasions, ‘I see you are very busy ; shall I come again ?’ ‘No, come in,’ would be her reply. ‘What can I do for you ?’ and she would seat me comfortably, and talk with me until I was ready to go. This did not happen in my experience alone, but all who knew her will bear a like testimony.”

During the cholera plague that swept over Lucknow in 1873, she

showed herself to be, not only a teacher, but a nurse as well—a vocation for which she had decided in her youth she had no aptitude. A profound impression was made on the community by the heroism and skill with which she went in and out, caring for the plague-stricken victims.

Throughout the ten years of her first term in India she was averse to the idea of taking a furlough, or even holidays. But the strenuous life she lived did its work on her constitution. In 1880 it became evident that she must return to America for a year. On the journey she spent eighteen days in the Holy Land. Nothing surprised her more on her return than the change in the position of women in her own land. Women were everywhere, in the press, and on the platform.

At first she was a little disinclined to public speaking. Her breaking of the ice is amusing. It was in a Presbyterian church in Kansas. They had asked her to speak. She declined, but said she would answer questions. The questions poured in. The answers lengthened till her tongue was unloosed, and the story of India's needs was told. It was not till she ceased speaking that she realized what she had done.

"If there is anything wrong about this," she said, smiling, "you must bear me witness that the Presbyterians are responsible for it."

For she had never heard of a woman speaking in a Presbyterian church before. This was the beginning of a long campaign of meetings that sent her back to India in little better health than she had left it. She resumed her principalship of the Lal Bagh boarding-school. The school had steadily grown till it now numbered one hundred boarders. In the Annual

Educational Report of the Government we find this remarkable testimony :

"The Lal Bagh School takes the highest place among the native girls' schools of Upper India. One candidate was sent up for matriculation in the Calcutta University, and passed. Two others were sent up for first arts, and passed. If the school continues to pass such candidates, it will have to be classed as a college."

Ere long the proposal of a college for women as an outgrowth of the High School was before the Society. Miss Thoburn's hard-working year in America had failed to restore her strength, and after four years she was compelled to take another furlough, little dreaming that five years were to elapse before she should see India again. But in these five years she was to accomplish what would in itself be counted a distinguished life-work.

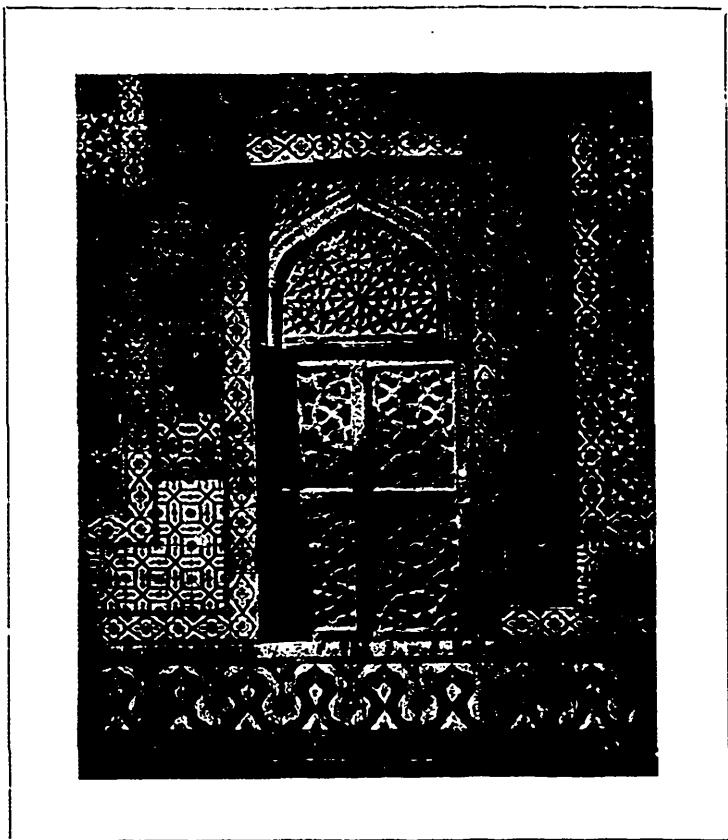
Passing through England she became a convert to the deaconess cause, and began to lay plans for such work in Calcutta. Reaching America, and having regained, in some measure, her health, she was invited by Dr. Lucy Rider Meyer to assist in the Deaconess work, which she was adding to her Training School in Chicago. Miss Thoburn gave herself to the work without reservation. She put on the simple uniform, relinquished one-half of her slender furlough salary, that she might lead in this noble movement, though herself a beginner in the work. Indeed, she delivered what was probably the first deaconess address ever given in America.

For two years she filled the place of "House Mother" in the Chicago Home, going out when emergencies required. Then she was pressed to go to Cincinnati, where she laid securely the foundations of the Deaconess Home, Training School, and Hospital.

After this inestimable service to the Church at home, she returned once more to India, to do, during the next eight years, the best work of her life. She resumed her position in Lucknow. She broadened her influence yearly by an extensive correspondence with the students of former years. She, who had be-

College had outgrown its shell. A new building must be erected. It was decided, to her surprise, to send her back to America to represent the claims of the institution, accompanied by Miss Lilavati Singh, a gifted young graduate.

"If I had given a million dollars to foreign missions," said one



INDIAN MARBLE TRACERY AND INLAID WORK.

gun by teaching Indian women to read, now undertook, and ably edited, a paper to supply them with reading matter. One stands amazed before the mountain of work she seemed to manage so quietly, to say nothing of the multitude of little things she did by the way.

During this time the Woman's

who heard Miss Singh, "and was assured that no result had come from it all except the evolution of one such woman as that, I should feel amply repaid for my expenditure."

During her brief campaign many young women were awakened to the call to missionary service. It was with a happy heart that Miss

Thoburn turned "homeward," as she called it, towards India. She was in excellent health, and Miss Singh describes her as having the spirits of a school-girl.

But not long after her return home the impression seemed to grow upon her that her earthly mission was nearly ended. Several times she spoke of this presentiment to those about her, though apparently in the best of health. She seemed gazing often into the unseen world, and those who were about her were struck at times by a radiance upon her face. She had often expressed the desire to be taken without a lingering illness. And one night, after an unusually full day of service, she was seized with an attack of cholera. The girls in the school gathered about her bed next day, and sang her favourite hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing."

Soon after she passed into the

presence of the Lord she loved, and had met her Pilot "face to face."

This woman, without home or children, was mourned by an unnumbered host. Nor was theirs mere Oriental affectation. She was lamented throughout the whole Empire. She had been a leader when leaders in the East were sorely needed.

Nothing could be more touching than the disposal of the few little things she left behind. "She left very little; only a few books, her deaconess uniform, and a few dresses for especial occasions. One who had been for a lifetime a 'succourer of many,' had nothing to leave behind her." Nothing—save the double trail of glory from the scenes of her labours in Asia and America.

Truly "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."



A MEETING ON THE YALU.

BY J. A.

"Thou shalt not kill," hear Buddha speak,
Protecting even vermin—
The Christ-Child's "Turn the other cheek"
Shines out like gold on ermine.

Yet cannon, brand, and bayonet,
Foreboding awful slaughter,
Are massed 'neath rival banners, set
Along the Yalu water.

The Buddhist, pitying a fly,
His murderous shell is firing;
The Christian's altruism high
Thinks never of retiring.

Forgotten now each message sweet,
Forgotten as the Giver;
Yet Buddha and the Christ-Child meet
Upon the Yalu River.

—From *The Eagle* (Brooklyn).

THE GOSPEL OF LABOUR.*



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON is showing himself to be a true Moses to his people. The decree of Lincoln broke their shackles, but three centuries of servile heredity left its fetters on their minds. The possession of the ballot does not confer soul freedom. "He is the free man whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside."

Never did graver problem confront a nation than that which lies before the American republic. When God led his people out of Egypt he fed them with bread from heaven for forty years, and their clothes and shoes waxed not old. He trained them in the wilderness for the occupation of the promised land.

In a period of similar length four millions of slaves have increased to nine millions of freedmen, and many of them are such in spirit as well as in name. Notwithstanding all the mistakes of the carpet-bagging period, of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and the horrors of the lynching era, great progress has been made. The schoolmaster is abroad throughout the length and breadth of the Southland. The Gospel of Christ is teaching true soul liberty, and the industrial schools are inculcating the dignity of labour and the moral efficacy of hand work.

The most conspicuous example of this is, of course, the Tuskegee

* "Working with the Hands." Being a sequel to "Up from Slavery." Covering the Author's Experiences in Industrial Training at Tuskegee. By Booker T. Washington. Illustrated. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. x-246. Price, \$1.50.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Institute, created so largely by the effort of Booker T. Washington. Himself the son of a slave mother, and of a father whom he never knew, he came up from the depths of slavery. The iron entered his soul. By the sweat of his brow and of his brain he won his way to the leadership of his race. We heard him recently in a great hall of New York eloquently plead the cause of his people before a great and cultured audience. The chairman of this meeting was Andrew Carnegie. Among the speakers were President Eliot, of Harvard University, and other men of light and leading. In this book he elaborates his argument on the moral value of hand labour, and amply illustrates his theme by cogent examples.

When a slave-boy, working for a meagre living, the dignity of labour lifted his soul. In the accomplishment of an arduous task he felt a self-respect and satisfaction he had never realized before. As with the individual, so with the

race. "Our pathway," he says, "must be through the soil, through the swamps, through forests, up through the streams and rocks ;

emphasis were placed upon the material and industrial side than upon the purely spiritual side of education." This is especially true in



ROAD-BUILDING BY TUSKEGEE STUDENTS

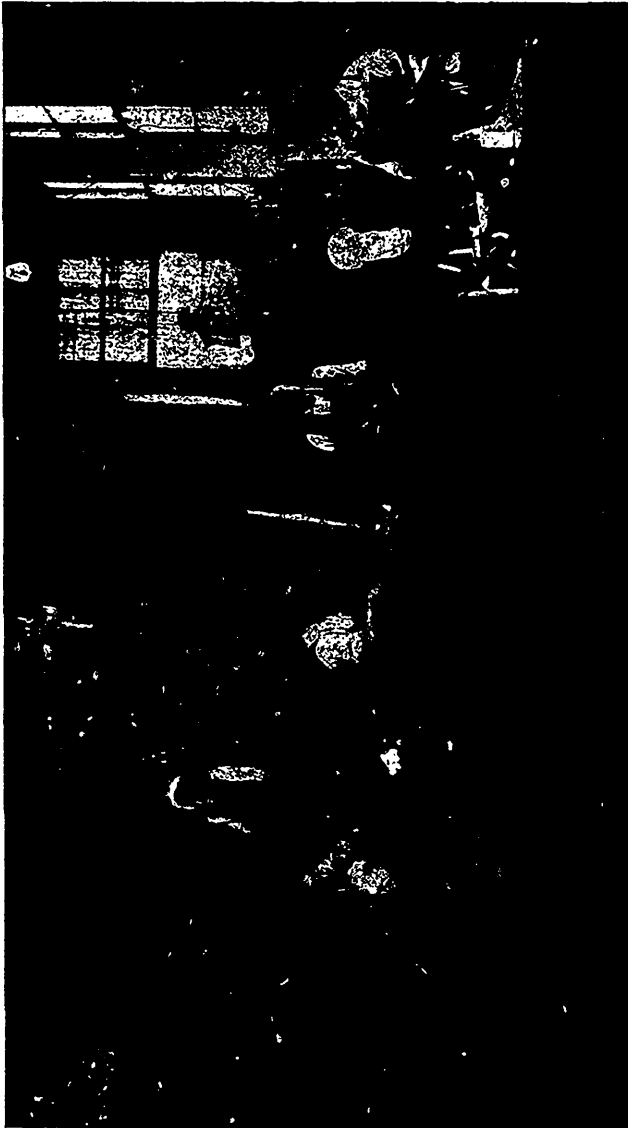
up through commerce, education and religion. I have often thought," he adds, "that missionaries and foreign countries would make greater progress if greater

Darkest Africa, and among peoples of similar grade.

The first recruits at Tuskegee were ashamed of work, and especially of being caught at it by the

girl students. They all wanted to learn Greek and Latin, and the bigger the text-book and harder the words the better they liked it.

creation of the students. Its principal building, 283 by 315 feet, was designed by a coloured man; its 800,000 bricks were made by



SHOE SHOP—MAKING AND REPAIRING

But this wise teacher changed all that. He made labour the cornerstone of character-building. This great institution, of seventy-two buildings, was almost entirely the

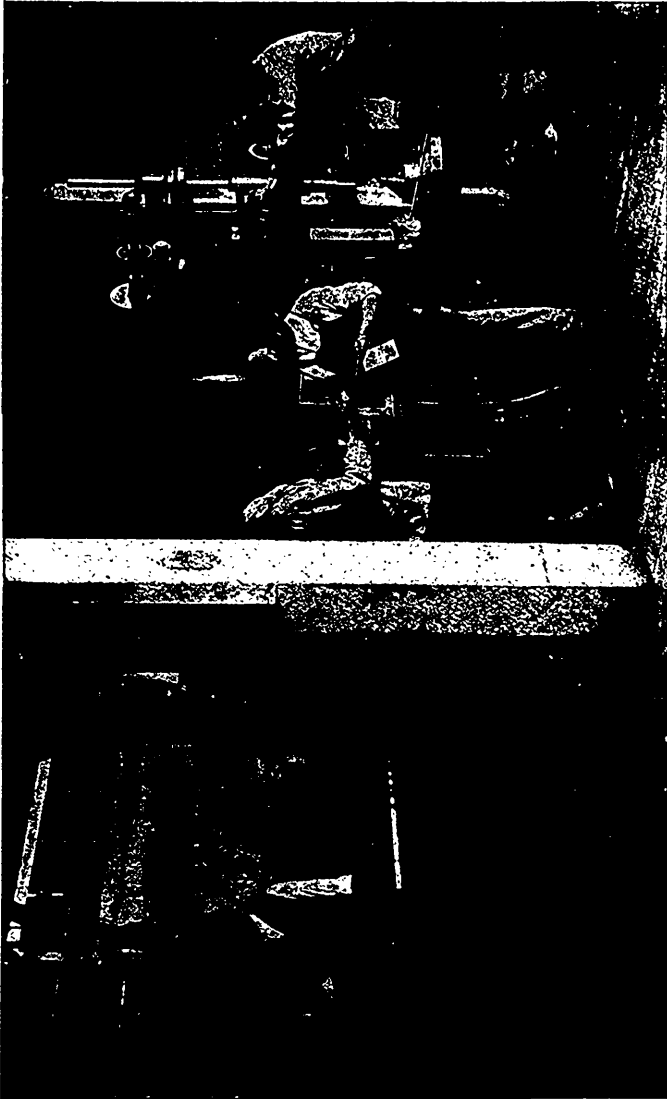
the coloured students. They also installed the electric fixtures and steam machinery.

Three million bricks were made in the last year, and over half a

million pieces laundered by the girls. This manual labour quickened the intellect. The student who worked ten hours during the

and alertness not equalled by the day classes.

Thirty-six different industries are carried on at Tuskegee ; fifty



IN THE MACHINE-SHOP
Three years are required to complete this course

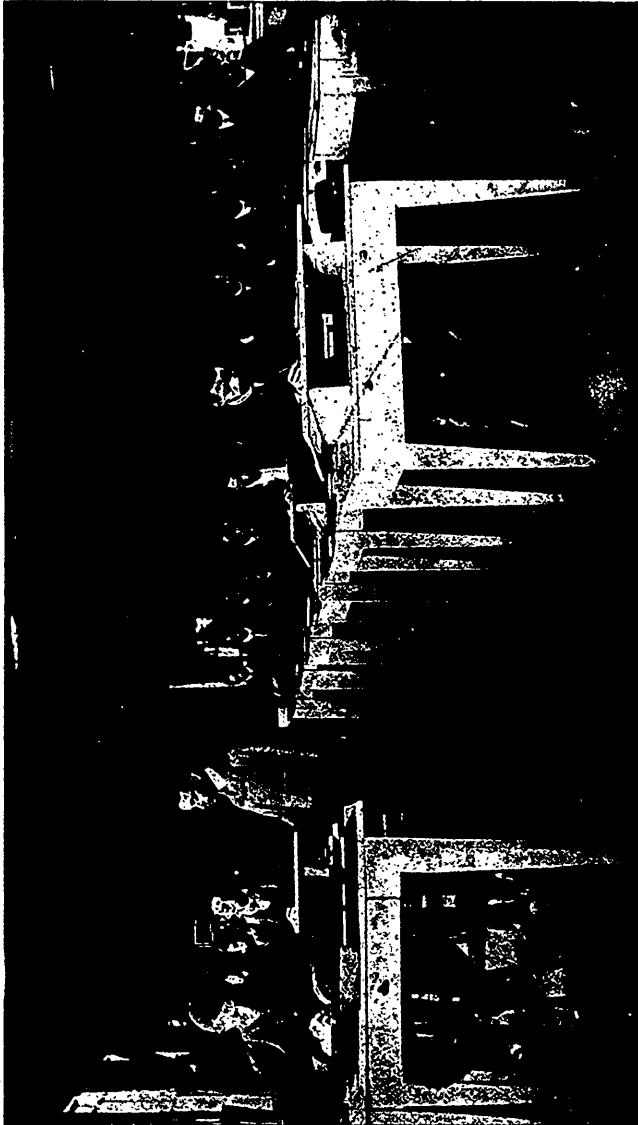
day and studied two hours at night, in the real making of manhood had an equal advantage with him who studied all day. The night-school students exhibited an enthusiasm

machines in a single department were installed, prepared, and run by the students. In the faculty are twenty-eight men and women of negro blood, with degrees from

Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, and other leading colleges.

The work is many-sided. One of the most attractive features is

the front in the Spanish-American War, the only coloured nurses employed by the Government. The girls were more averse than the



CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING

the practice cottage, where home-making is taught by example, as well as precept. In a well-equipped hospital, nurses receive scientific training, and five of them went to

men to field work ; but they received training in horticulture, market-gardening, dairying, and the like, till it became, with many, a passion. "Life in the sweet,

pure, bracing air," says Mr. Washington, "is better, physically and from a moral point of view, than days spent in the close atmosphere of the factory or store. Such trained workers will make the farm home the most attractive place on earth."

Mrs. Washington is a worthy helpmate to her husband. She visited Europe with him and studied the industrial institutions there. She gathered the coloured women, at first only six, soon three hundred, for counsel and training. Soon they ceased to go barefoot, or to loiter about the streets. The counsel given shows shrewd wisdom, as : "Keep no more than one dog. Stay away from court. Raise your own pork. Put away thirty cents for every dollar you spend. Keep poultry. Buy no more than you really need." Thus is thrift and energy taught a naturally thriftless and indolent people.

"O, Mis Washin'ton," said a young man, "I'se so 'shamed, I doan even know ma lettahs"; but soon he and many like him could study their Sunday-school lessons and write a presentable business note.

At the Institute is held an annual conference of negro workers. This shows most practical results. One man raised 266 bushels of sweet potatoes per acre, where 37 bushels had been the average. Another negro had \$6 when he married, and now owns 200 acres and 57 head of cattle, all paid for. Another had 25 buildings and 47 head of mules. A coloured preacher who received little from his people followed the Pauline precept of working with his hands. He now owns 1,015 acres, has 50 persons depending on him. Another began, in 1877, work at four o'clock in the morning, his wife grinding their corn in a small hand-mill. He now has \$30,000

worth of sugar land, with 27 white and 48 coloured people working for him. Another hitched himself to the plough, and his wife drove him, and he now owns 1,500 acres, all paid for. The average yield of cotton in the south is 190 pounds per acre. The Tuskegee farm is showing how it may be increased to 500 pounds, a possible increase to the South of \$15,000,000. Can any white community show a better record of progress than this?

The eagerness of the blacks for education is pathetic. Every year thousands of applicants, willing to make any sacrifice, or endure any burden of toil, are refused for lack of room.

The 1,600 students at Tuskegee are taught to be, not the slaves of their daily routine, but masters of their circumstances. Personal neatness and the use of comb and tooth-brush, great civiliziers, are insisted on. The work done last year amounted to \$90,000. To the students' credit in the savings bank is \$14,000 in deposits of quarters, dimes, even pennies. Perfect order and decorum in commons hall, in class, and chapel are the rule—far ahead of the white colleges of the north. The school has a better equipment than most churches. Thirty-six Sunday-school classes, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., W. C. T. U., and other helpful societies are doing their noble work. A deep religious feeling prevails. The pledge, and the following lines, express the spirit of consecration of many of the students :

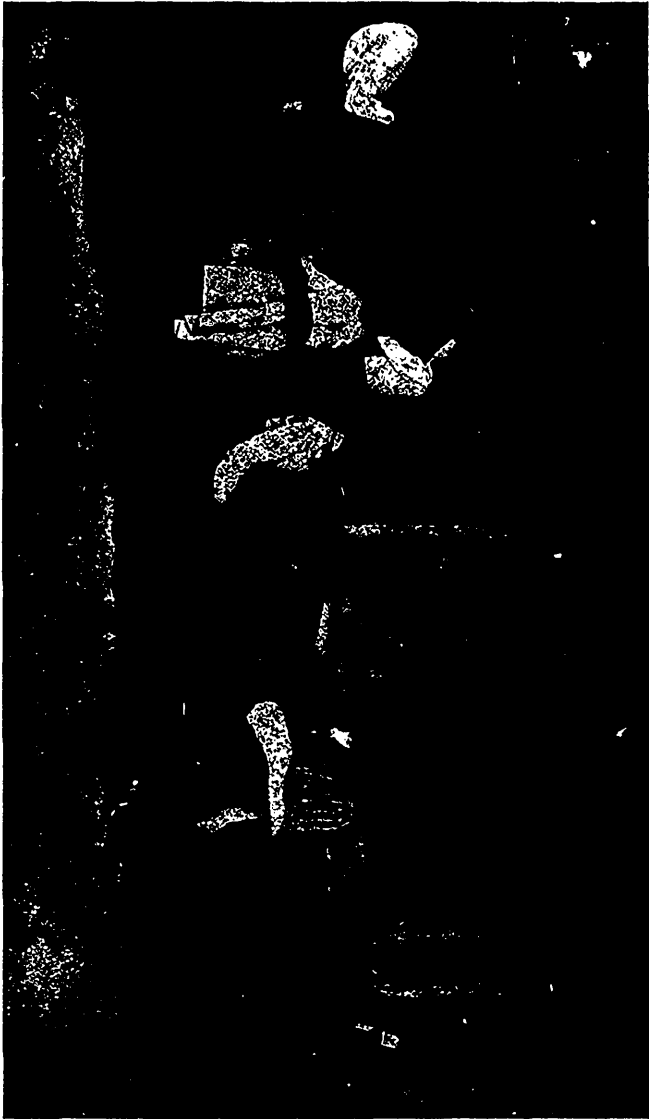
"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul ;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe ;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than
snow."

The Bible training-school prepares for religious work among the people, and a daily volunteer prayer-meeting maintains the re-

ligious life. Six thousand students have been enrolled, not a dozen of whom have lapsed into idleness. Many exhibit great self-sacrifice, a

lifting of their race. Through their influences the public-school term has, in many cases, been extended by several months.

LEARNING DRESSMAKING



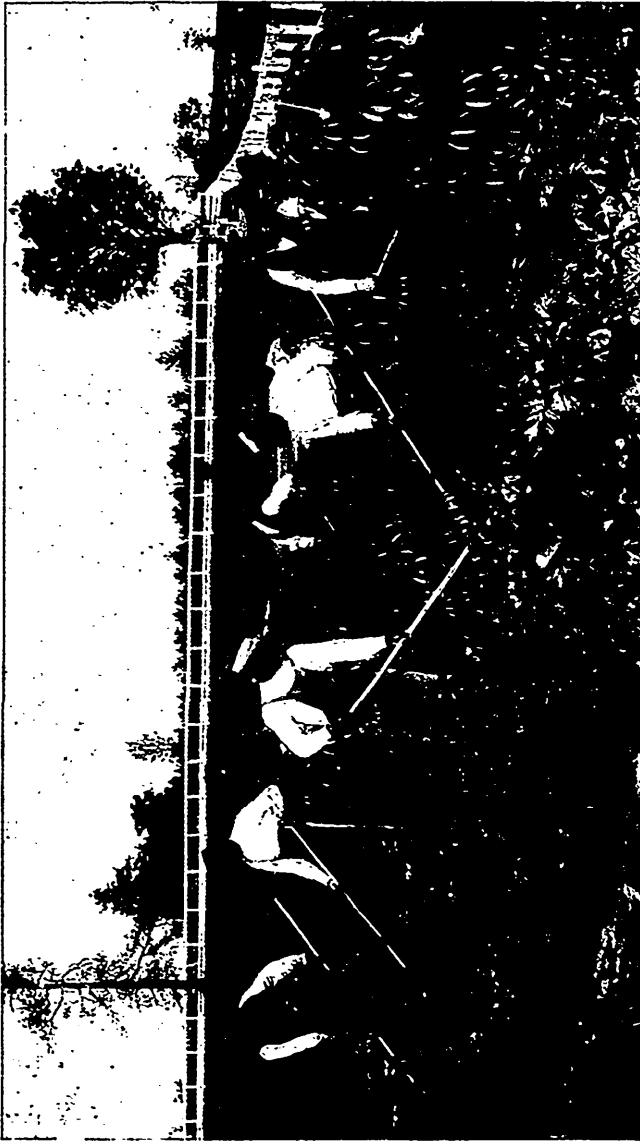
most praiseworthy spirit of self-sacrifice. They have worked for months in teaching without any fixed salary, or promise of a salary, and are ever devoted to the up-

Other institutes have grown out of that at Tuskegee. One at Snow Hill, Alabama, has four hundred students, others a less number. Three Tuskegee graduates went to

Africa for the German Government to teach cotton raising. English, Belgian, Porto Rican, and Haytian Governments have applied

waggon, and the women work at home.

Often hungry and in rags, says Mr. Washington, making great



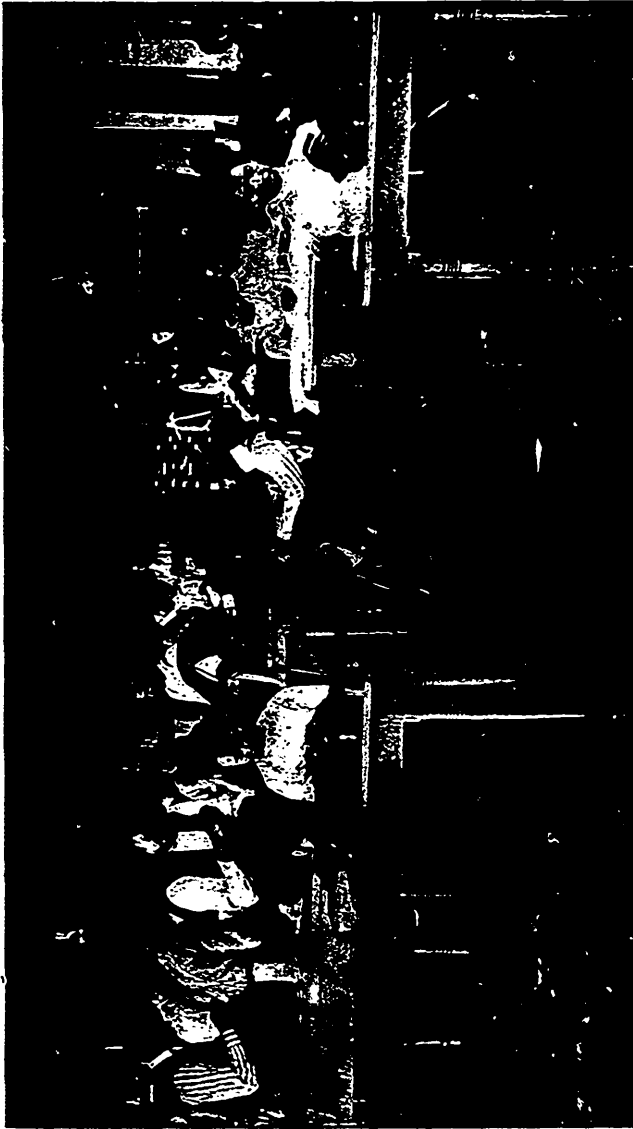
CULTIVATING A PATCH OF CASSAVA ON THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT PLOT

for their help. They greatly help the missionaries in Africa. Instead of men and women carrying all freight in sixty-pound loads on their heads, it is now carried in

sacrifices, the negro youth has been determined to annihilate his darkness. At emancipation 95 per cent. were illiterate, now 55 per cent. can read and write. whereas in

Italy only 38 per cent., and in South America 20 per cent. can read or write. Yet in 1900-1 only \$4.92 per head was spent for the

Mr. Washington' concludes his remarkable work as follows: "Reduced to its last analysis, there are but two questions that constitute



THE TAILOR SHOP

education of whites, and \$2.21 for that of the blacks in the South, whereas in Massachusetts, \$22.35 was so expended. Not a graduate of Hampton, or Tuskegee, can be found in any jail or penitentiary.

the problem of this country, so far as the black and white races are concerned. The answer to the one rests with my people, the other with the white race. For my race, one of its dangers is that it may

grow impatient and feel that it can get upon its feet by artificial and superficial efforts rather than by the slower, but surer, process, which means one step at a time through all the co-structive grades of industrial, mental, moral, and social development, which all races have had to follow that have become independent and strong. I would counsel: We must be sure that we shall make our greatest progress by keeping our feet on the earth, and by remembering that an inch of progress is worth a yard of complaint.

“For the white race, the danger is that in its prosperity and power it may forget the claims of a weaker

people; may forget that a strong race, like an individual, should put its hand upon its heart and ask, if it were placed in similar circumstances, how it would like the world to treat it; that the stronger race may forget that, in proportion as it lifts up the poorest and weakest, even by a hair's breath, it strengthens and ennobles itself.

“All the negro race asks is that the door which rewards industry, thrift, intelligence, and character be left as wide open for him as for the foreigner who constantly comes to our country. More than this he has no right to request. Less than this a republic has no right to vouchsafe.”



W A R .

BY ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

The world has listened long to cannon's roar,
 The clarion notes that loudly sing of fame,
 That with the herald's trumpet-blast proclaim
 Proud victor's triumph when the battle's o'er;
 Unmoved has seen tear-swollen rivers pour,
 And red with blood and with reflected flame,
 Unwonted tide of misery and shame;
 Seen centuries running to oblivion's shore,
 To loud Evangel from Thy presence sent,
 Or is Thy word no longer waited for?
 How long time in Thy temple must they take
 To con the lesson of Christ's Testament—
 The grace of Peace, the cursedness of War?

REFORMATION WITHOUT IMPRISONMENT.*

BY WARREN F. SPALDING,

Secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association.



HERE was a time when it was supposed that the only way to deal with criminals was to punish them with great cruelty, in order to deter them from the repetition of their offences, and to strike terror to the hearts of others who might be tempted to similar crimes. The death penalty was used indiscriminately; torture was a common thing, and the loathsome dungeon, with all its deprivations and horrors, was depended upon to prevent crime by deterrence. But the expected results did not follow. Criminals adjusted themselves to the severest conditions, and the volume of crime was not diminished.

Gradually the world has been feeling its way toward better measures and methods. The impulse imparted by Howard led to the construction of improved buildings, and to better care for the physical well-being of their inmates. But the improved prison was merely a place of more humane confinement. Then came the suggestion that criminals might be included among those who could regret the past, and the suggestion was embodied in the name "penitentiary"—a place of penitence.

It remained for the present generation to take a still more radical

step—to assume that criminals might not only be penitent for the past, but might redeem the future. The new doctrine is stated in two parts—that criminals may reform, and that they may be reformed. The first puts the main responsibility upon the wrong-doer; the second puts a part of it upon the State. The acceptance of this responsibility by the State has led to the establishment of reformatories, fitted with every device by which the State may fulfil its obligations to assist the prisoner to reform. The development of the reformatory has made rapid progress. Its principles are well understood. Within a very few years nearly every State will have its reformatory, and will be trying to reform a considerable percentage of its criminals.

More recently a new question has been pressing for an answer: Is it necessary to imprison a man in order to secure his reformation? The question cannot be answered with a simple "Yes" or "No." There can be no doubt that the imprisonment of recoverable men is necessary in many cases. The man to be reformed must be brought where reformatory treatment can be applied, and must be kept there. He needs to learn many things which cannot be taught him unless he can be in an institution. This class includes those deliberate criminals whose offences are due to criminal instincts and purposes; those who are defective, physically and mentally; those who are incapable of self-support because of lack of knowledge of trades; those who have never learned respect for or obedience to authority; those whose criminality

* This important paper was read before the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections, held in the city of Toronto. It throws much light upon the aims and objects of the Ontario Prison Reform Association, to which its indefatigable secretary, Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, and his colleagues have been devoting such faithful service.

is due in some measure to illiteracy; those who are homeless and friendless, and have a predisposition to vagrancy and to wandering about. These must of necessity be imprisoned when they are to be subjected to reformatory treatment, because it cannot be applied otherwise. They must be subjected to strict discipline, and many of their other needs can only be supplied when they have been taken by force from vicious surroundings, put under moral, ethical, and religious instruction, and compelled to fit themselves for self-support.

To these large classes must be added a still larger one, composed of persons who have committed offences so grave that the community reasonably demands that they be subjected to imprisonment for its own protection. This imprisonment is not to be considered as a determination that they are not recoverable, but only as a wise precaution, in view of their very serious offences, which are properly accepted as a proof that they have characteristics which for the time unfit them to be at liberty.

But when all these have been excluded there remains a very large number whose reformation without imprisonment may be reasonably expected. They include many minor offenders, whose offences do not indicate criminality, but who must be deterred in some way from their repetition. They also include a large number of persons whose offences are the result of sudden impulses, some who have fallen into crime on account of circumstances, and many of those whose crimes are due to drunkenness. Some persons who have committed serious offences may also be dealt with in this way.

Restraints of Custodial Supervision.

How shall the system be administered? It is essential that the

offender shall not be allowed to be at liberty, fully. In most cases he needs some restraint. He should also be made to understand that by his offence he has to a certain extent separated himself from those who are wholly free to do as they please; that he has shown tendencies and weaknesses which justify the State in assuming an oversight of his conduct. It may properly do more than this—it may direct the details of his life so far as it sees best. The court may wisely say that if he is to retain his liberty he shall keep away from the saloon and other haunts of vice; shall shun evil companions; shall do, in fine, whatever is thought necessary to prevent a relapse.

This course has always been taken in a few instances. It has been done by laying cases on file, or continuing them from term to term, the exemption from imprisonment being dependent upon the continuance of good behaviour. One defect of this method is that it produces a wrong impression upon the offender. It minimises his offence in his eyes. He feels that he has been "let off," because his wrong-doing was of little consequence. The community is very likely to receive the same impression, if this course is taken in any large number of cases, and disregard for law follows. True, the suspension is conditioned, nominally, upon continued good behaviour, and upon a compliance with conditions imposed, but it is well known that except in rare instances there is no way of knowing whether the conditions are kept or not, and usually the case remains on file permanently unless the person commits a new offence. There is little or no attempt to keep informed regarding his conduct, in detail. He understands the court to say to him, "You can go, but you mustn't do so again."

At this point the probation system differs vitally from that which has been described. The offender

is not released from custody and control. He is as truly in custody as is the man who is imprisoned. He is allowed to be "at large," but he is not free. His liberty is continued upon his compliance with certain conditions, and he is placed in the custody of the probation officer, whose duty it is to see that he complies strictly with the conditions. The standard for his conduct is higher than that of the citizen who has not been found guilty of breaking the laws, for the latter can go into the saloon, or with vicious companions; can work or be idle as he pleases, and nobody can interfere with any of his actions until he breaks a law. But the State requires the probationer to avoid all courses tending to lead to crime, appoints a man to see that he obeys, and compels the probationer and the probation officer to report to the court. Practically the court says to the probationer precisely what the superintendent of a reformatory says to one in his care, not, "You mustn't do so again," but, "You must reform"—change your whole manner of life, not only avoid overt criminal acts, but avoid everything which tends in the wrong direction.

Prevention of Prison Contamination.

The advantages of this plan are many. The most important is the segregation of law-breakers. In quite a percentage of cases the man who commits his first offence has no criminal acquaintances. Imprisonment throws him into contact with men who are criminals at heart. About one-half of all the inmates of county prisons have served previous sentences, and many of them had served in the same institutions from six to fifty times before. To force into such companionships the man who has heretofore kept him-

self among reputable associates cannot fail to injure him.

Probation also saves the offender from the prison brand. When one becomes known as a "jail-bird" he loses in self-respect, and many of his hopes vanish. Disgrace also attaches to the family of the prisoner, especially to his children. The loss of his wages by his family is a serious thing. Many offenders have families and support them. When they are imprisoned the families become dependent. The prisoner also loses his place in the world. Some one else takes his situation, and when he returns from the prison he may remain idle for a long time, involving himself and his family in conditions which lead to pauperism. He is very likely, under such conditions, to lose his courage and relapse into crime. It is a serious thing, also, to break the bond between a man and his family, and to relieve him of the feeling of responsibility for their support. When he finds (and they find) that their support does not depend upon his industry, great harm has been done.

All these evils can be avoided by custodial supervision, which prevents the contamination of prison life; saves from the prison brand; retains the offender in his place in the world as a wage-earner, and compels him to support his family. With this is the added advantage of the friendly counsel and support of the probation officer, whose duty is not so much to watch his charge as to watch *over* him and reinforce his resolutions and purposes.

Results of Experiment.

These are not abstract theories. Massachusetts has been practising them for twelve years and more, under the present law, and many years more in a tentative way under the previous statute. More than 5,000 cases are taken on probation every year. The results have been

so satisfactory that the Legislature has authorized important extensions of the system, and created machinery which will make it possible to greatly increase the number of probationers. It has been found that comparatively few persons relapse or disappear while on probation, and that probationers who had neglected their families now support them. (One probation officer collects wages of probationers amounting to more than \$4,000 a year, and disburses it for the support of their families in cases of "neglect of family" alone.) Embryo criminals are kept under close observation, and the weak are strengthened and upheld.

Besides the work of custodial supervision, the probation officers render a very important service in investigating criminal cases. Before the officer was created the courts knew little of those arraigned, except that they had committed certain offences. The probation officers are now able to inform the court as to previous offences, if any, and in regard to the family of the accused; whether he is employed or idle; whether he supports or neglects those dependent upon him, and in fact everything which will enable the court to dispose of the case wisely.

Probation.

In recent legislation probation has been extended to cases in which fines are imposed. Heretofore if the fine was not forthcoming at once, the person must be imprisoned. The unreasonableness of expecting to find three dollars in the pocket of a man who was just getting over a spree was so apparent that the new law authorized the suspension of the imprisonment, putting the man in control of the probation officer, to whom he may pay his fine. It is expected that the new law will prevent a large number of commitments, thereby saving a large ex-

pense for commitment fees, enabling the men to retain employment, and secure a much larger revenue from fines.

Nothing can be more unbusiness-like than the present system of dealing with persons upon whom fines are imposed for minor offences. To secure the payment of the fine it is necessary to provide for imprisonment as the alternative of non-payment. The result has been that in Massachusetts, in 1899, 16,173 were committed to prison for non-payment of fines, and 4,323 paid their fines in order to secure release from prison. In other words, the attempt to secure the fine by imprisoning the convict failed in about three-fourths of the cases. The attempt cost the taxpayer the expense of committing more than 16,000 persons, and of supporting more than 11,000 of them for a time. The 4,323 who paid their fines would have done the same if they had been placed on probation, with the condition that they pay their fines to the probation officer, and many of those who did not pay, because prevented by imprisonment from earning the money, would also have paid them if they had been placed on probation. The public treasury will receive more money from fines by making the probation officer, instead of the prison-keeper, the collector, and will make very great savings on the cost of commitment, and the cost of maintaining prisoners held for non-payment of fines.

Economy of the Probation System.

One of the principal objections made to the probation system has been that it was expensive. It was shown that while the cost was large, it was more than offset by the enormous savings. The expenditure in Massachusetts for salaries and expenses of probation officers is about \$59,000 a year. At the lowest possi-

ble estimate the saving to the taxpayer upon the bare cost of support of the probationers, had they been imprisoned, would have been more than \$70,000.

In this estimate no account has been taken of the great saving to the community, indirectly, from requiring the probationer to support his own family. It is a moderate estimate that the 5,626 persons taken on probation in Massachusetts in 1899, if they had been sent to prison, would have served three months each. If they earned during their probation an average of \$5 a week each, their aggregate earnings would have amounted to more than \$365,000. Such figures as these assist us in realizing to some extent the indirect costs and losses due to crime.

The most important single feature of the Massachusetts law is that which gives the power of appointment to the courts. This removes it from politics. The judge has every reason to make a wise selection, for the officer becomes the eyes and ears of the court, the one in

whose judgment and integrity he must confide, and upon whom he must impose large responsibilities. So important does the State believe it to be that the court shall have this assistance, that in 1891 it compelled every judge to appoint a probation officer. The results have justified this radical legislation.

From what has been said it will be seen that Massachusetts long ago ceased to think of probation as a thing separate from its judicial and penal system, but considers it as much a part of it as the prison and the reformatory. It believes that criminals may reform, and should be reformed, and that for a considerable portion of its offenders a supervisory custody will secure reformation as surely as institution custody, at less expense, with greater savings and with very great advantages to the State, and to the individual. It expects a very large extension of the use of this system in the years to come, and the other States will see, as it has seen, the advantage of supervision over imprisonment in a large percentage of criminal cases.

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

Launch out into the deep,
 The awful depths of a world's despair;
 Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
 Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
 And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
 Bears on its bosom—away,
 Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
 To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
 But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
 He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
 And sweet and royal is His command.
 His pleading call is to each—to all;
 And whenever the royal call is heard,
 There hang the nets of the royal Word.
 Trust to the nets and not to your skill
 Trust to the royal Master's will.
 Let down your net each day, each hour,
 For the word of a king is a word of power,
 And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught for me!"

WILBERFORCE—A STUDY OF FREEDOM.

BY PROF. A. B. HYDE, D.D.



VER Christendom at the opening of the nineteenth century hung the angry cloud of war, from which broke forth the flame and thunder of battle. Yet at that time began to dawn, though dim and misty as a Russian morning, the light of personal liberty. It was as when in the Apocalypse the beauty of the heavenly city beamed down from the sky over the agonies of Nero's gardens where martyrs were burning. Slavery had been prehistoric, its origin even back of tradition. Its early, if not primal, excuses had been that it made the weaker of our species industrious, orderly, and useful, while to the stronger it gave leisure for culture, government, and conquest. The philosophers and poets counted it, like deformity, illness, or poverty, a misfortune unmingled with any element of wrong.

Early in the eighteenth century men's moral ideas began to stir with a vernal energy. Their feelings grew softer as with the breath of spring, and from their mellowing sympathies sprang, as from seed long dormant, many a shoot of the heavenly Father's planting. The impulse to justice and humanity marched with even pace just behind the revival of personal religion under Whitefield and Wesley. There was a shedding forth of the fragrance of tender buds; the time of the singing of birds had come.

This article deals with the English anti-slavery movement only. A West Indian planter, sojourning at Liverpool, had with him a slave, Benjamin Somerset. Such sojourn

with slaves in England was not a new thing. Gilbert, of Antigua, had lately brought there two slaves, and these, converted like their master, had with him returned as slaves, though now "brethren beloved," the three afterward planting Methodism in their island. But Somerset's case was acute. He fell sick, and his master turned him out to die in the street. A good Samaritan, Granville Sharpe, picked the wretch up and had him nursed to health. Then the master reclaimed his slave, and Sharpe entered suit for the man's freedom. The court found the case perplexing. It was then two hundred years since under Elizabeth the condition of "unfree," the last trace of slavery, had vanished from England, though it yet lingered among the coal mines of Scotland, while there were presumptions and legal precedents, even the decision of a chief justice, for its recognition *in transitu*. After long study Lord Mansfield found slavery alien to the English Constitution and admissible by statute only. No enabling statute existed; therefore slavery did not exist, and Somerset was free.

March 25, 1772, is a day greatly to be remembered as the time when mankind's *Magna Charta* was promulgated, of wider meaning and of working more energetic than the torn and time-stained document in the British Museum bearing the rough, reluctant penmanship of King John. Then up rose Cowper as *vates*, and sang:

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if
their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles
fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,

that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Cowper's words came to the quick ear of a boy in his early teens, at school in Hull. He was no vulgar lad. The only son of a wealthy home, he, like Cromwell, disproves the notion that a boy reared among sisters lacks manliness. His frame, dwarfed and deformed, was glorified by a face on which was set every seal to give the world assurance of a man. Even at seven his teacher would stand him on a table to read to the school, so accurate was his taste, and his voice flexibly tuneful, fit to utter an angel's message. This lad, with fresh, generous ardour, at once took as his theme for a school exercise, "Is it Right to Hold Human Beings in Slavery?" The boy was father of the man, and uttered the keynote of his life's diapason. He went to Cambridge, where Milton and Cromwell had walked, and, in our own time, Gladstone. At twenty-one he was in control of an ample fortune, and the world was wide before him for the choosing of a career. He was humane and patriotic, though not yet a Christian. Determining upon public service, he became a candidate for Parliament.

Such candidacy was then a peculiar affair, and, indeed, so was Parliament itself. Noblemen owned two-thirds of the Commons, the Duke of Norfolk alone owning eleven members. Old Sarum, a borough without an inhabitant, sent two members. The County of Bute had but one voter. This important person with due dignity took the chair, called order, made and seconded his own nomination, recorded his own vote, and announced himself un-animously elected. In the unowned constituencies, during the six weeks given to the voting, the struggle was

often fierce, and the campaign revelry wild enough. Men with basins of guineas—this from an eye-witness—stood frankly bidding for votes; and in the "Mad Canvass" half a million was spent, while Georgiana, the beautiful duchess of Devonshire, won a butcher's vote for a kiss on her own proud cheek.

Six weeks of hustings called for great exertions and fifty thousands of money. Wilberforce's sister gave a new gown to the wife of every elector who voted for her brother. "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" they shouted, as she came upon the platform. "Thank you!" she answered; "but I am not sure that I wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever!" Her brother, thus elected, sat for Hull—and afterward for its County of York—nearly fifty years with merely nominal opposition. Going up to London, young, wealthy, and accomplished, he found society attractive and himself soon one of its attractions. He gained the regard of Burke, and Pitt, sad and heavy-laden, found comfort in his love. He won the confidence of England's best, but those days were perilous, though a tender conscience kept him from drifting. Thus, one evening at cards, of which he was passionately fond, he gained, from a man ill able to lose, a thousand pounds. Reflecting on this, he resolved never to play again, a resolution rarely made by a winner.

In 1785, while travelling on the Continent with Milner, the devout teacher of his boyhood, he formally gave heart and life to Christ. He was converted, and, from that day, Carlyle's saying of Cromwell—"Oliver will henceforth believe in God at all times and in all cases"—held true of William Wilberforce. Ready now with energies like those of some mythic hero, divinely reinforced for every good word and work, he the next year brought in the forerunner of emancipation, the

Bill for the Abolition of the African Slave Trade. His introducing speech, full, clear, and earnest with his charm of tone and countenance, put him among the masters of appeal, and gained the support of the best around him. The slave trade was a great vested interest, and its defenders were fierce and strong, yet its assailant never lost heart or hope.

Wesley strengthened himself upon his bed, and his heart, as with an engine's expiring throbs, impelled his staggering fingers to the last of his many thousand manuscripts, a heartening note to Wilberforce. Troublous times came on. France belched forth the Revolution, the Napoleonic wars. The stress of politics was long and stormy, and over this bill were twenty years of struggle. Wilberforce refreshed this long test of faith by side activities of patriotism and benevolence. In 1797 he launched the first formal society for foreign missions, and for its balance he framed the society for ameliorating the condition of the poor of London—fair harbinger of like kindly enterprises to follow. Thus, while his efforts for man's welfare were not shut up to England, his charity blessed the spot of its origin, and his voice, his presence, and his money responded to every cry of darkness and suffering.

Weariness were the toils, the delays, the advances, and recoils that occupied so much of his lifetime. His health became infirm. "At thirty," he says, "I have the constitution of sixty." His eyesight was failing, yet his moral energy was flush, and the light in his spirit undimmed. Gifted sons grew up around him. One "Soapy Sam, always in hot water and always coming out with clean hands," became a distinguished bishop. On with his central task he struggled, gathering at last his arguments into a book that might, like Moses' song, serve

others should entrance upon his heart's desire be denied to himself.

Just then came victory. On March 16, 1807, after twenty years of effort, the House decreed that "no vessel should clear for slaves from a British port after May 1, 1807, or slave be landed therein after March 1, 1808." The Lords changed "therein" to "in any country, territory, or place," and this the House at once accepted. The time was critical, for the king was about to change his ministers, and a new ministry meant delay, perhaps hindrance and baffling. Lord Grenville's last service was, by his Majesty's order, to affix to this act the king's seal, making it law. The clock was just striking twelve, and the full-orbed sun beamed upon this royal sanction of a *Magna Charta* for Africa. Reason and humanity had won in the long fight against cruelty and greed, and the victory came to stay. Grenville called it "the most glorious measure ever adopted by any legislative body in the world," and Bishop Watson said, "This great act of justice will be recorded in heaven."

It was high time. The African slave trade, as lawful European commerce, had begun in 1481. In three and a quarter centuries it had swept from four million square miles of equatorial Africa ten millions of human beings. In 1800, one hundred and ninety-two English vessels with remorseless energy were bringing to the West Indies forty thousand slaves a year, as many dying on the passage—and then the primal havoc in their African home! The "Mayflower" had in the same year landed freedom in New England and African slavery in Virginia—wheat and tares to grow together until the blazing harvest of the Rebellion, with misery to glean thereafter. The next year after Wilberforce's tri-

umph saw America declare the slave trade piracy and slavers enemies of the human race.

As surely as sunrise follows dawn, the abolition of slavery was to follow the abolition of the slave trade. Wilberforce had intimated as much by announcing in 1792 a bill with that intention; and when George III. had stamped as law the former, the latter moved to the fore. Storms in England and on the Continent grew loud and angry, but with angelic courage Wilberforce used the forces of the storm. He loyally and earnestly solicited every ministry, every Parliament, every great general. He made personal appeal to the Czar, to the King of Prussia, to the sovereigns who met in 1814. For twenty years he toiled unceasingly, unceasingly for what he saw afar, the to him divine event of his life. Then his health gave way, and he resigned from Parliament, Sir Fowell Buxton, "the member for abolition," became the corypheus of the drama, while Brougham, who had once written a defence of slavery, and many others, rose responsive.

Wilberforce—while, like Priam's venerable counsellors, he looked out upon the strife—gave to quiet benevolence the remnant of his strength, making many a widow's heart to sing, and warming to a smile many a face of sickness and sorrow. Like a stream of his level Yorkshire, with calm, soft flow he kept the margins of his life green. At length he lay down on the bed from which he was not to rise, when, as with a sudden sunset glow, came his bright, consummate hour. Forty-one years after his introducing it the Bill for Emancipation passed. On that day, Friday, July 26, 1833, his tongue could but feebly utter the thoughts that arose in his heart. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that I have lived to see the day!"

On Monday he ascended to the

home of the loving, the pure, the brave, to give answer of a life of "Practical Religion" on which he had once written a book, and which he had early and late, publicly and privately, illustrated. One who had long known him said, "He deserved to be reckoned as one of the twelve." "Unaided," says Sir James Stephens, "by place, by party, or by the sword, he had by paths till then untrodden reached a social and political eminence never before attained by any man."

No funeral like his had ever been seen in England. Two royal coaches attested the formal and comely grief of the palace over one who had served so loyally in the kingdom's fiercest trials and who had shed on the State so wide and tender a light of personal and public benevolence. The most illustrious of peers and commoners walked in the mourning train, while the poor of Hull and London wept, and later, as the tidings came, the eyes of many a slave glistened with his share of the far-away sorrow. Westminster Abbey, the noblest of earthly burial-places, swung wide its historic doors and opened for him its marbles covering royal dust.

While through the long drawn aisles and
fretted vault
The swelling anthem pealed its notes of
praise.

The bill ordered final and absolute freedom for August 1, 1840. At St. John's, Antigua, in the largest church of the island, the negroes on the night of July 31 kept watch with prayer and praise and joyous agony of expectation. At midnight all knelt in silence to receive as from heaven the boon of freedom. At the stroke of twelve a sudden tropic cloud gave from the sky a startling flash and peal, as if heaven with the fire and trumpet of Sinai were announcing the first emancipation of the century and the world. Then,

like a volcano's burst, came out the African temper in shouts and songs, in leaping and wildest tossing, in a frenzy of gratitude and gladness. This spent itself, and the waning night was given to Scripture, counsel and meditation. The morning came, and in the fresh, early light—as on the Red Sea strand of old—stood a people free, eight hundred thousand strong.

Such a life as was that of Wilberforce! Shedding such colour and fragrance on a world sorely needing it all! Fit to be taken to

The everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,
Where every flower that passes death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

THROUGH LIBERTY TO LIGHT.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,
The Poet Laureate of Great Britain.

"Fixed is my Faith, the lingering dawn despite,
That still we move through Liberty to Light."

—*The Human Tragedy.*

When God out of chaos primeval divided the day from the night,
And moved on the face of the waters, ordaining, "Let there be Light!"
And commanded the creatures that perish to people wave, wood, and wind,
Then fashioned Man after His image, and gave him the godlike mind,
He said, "I, the Lord, now make you lord of the earth, and the air, and sea,
And I lend you My will to work My will, and now behold you are free!

"Free to be strong or feeble, free to be false or true,
To withhold you from evil doing, or, what I shall ban, to do;
Free to be crooked and craven, or fearless and frank and brave,
To love as yourself your brother, or make him your bond and slave;
To hallow the world with freedom, or fetter your fellow-men;
But, as you shall do, at the Judgment Day My Justice will judge you then."

Then the sons of men multiplied gladly, and, proud of the boon of birth,
They teemed over main and mountain to the uttermost bounds of earth;
They built up cities and empires, commonwealth, throne, and state,
And some are pillared on force and fraud, and some upon fear and hate.
For the strong care but to enjoy their strength, the mighty to use their might,
And the vanquished were lashed to the victor's car, wherever his sword could smite.

But out of the mist of the Northern Sea a blended race arose,
Whose blood was warmed by the wind and the wave, and braced by the winter snows;
A race with the wisdom of long-linked years, yet the hopeful heart of youth,
Who hated the lie and the liar, and dared both to speak and hear the truth;
Who loved the Light for the Light's own sake, and as none but who love it can,
Kept the Torch of Liberty still aflame, and passed it from man to man.

And they circled the sea, and they girdled the earth, and they spread round the rounded world,
And the sound of their clarions never ceased, and never their flag was furled,
And, wherever those shrilled, or this was seen, men sprang to their feet, and cried,
"Now the Tyrant shall quake on his throne for fear, and the lash no more be plied;

For the winds of Justice propel their sails, and Liberty steers their keel,
And none but the lawless shall tremble now, and none but the haughty kneel.

“ At home in their white-cliffed, green-grassed Isle, where the woods and the waters
meet,

The king is honoured upon his throne, and the judge revered in his seat,
And each man's own is his own to keep, and safe from the robber's clutch,
And the lowliest hearth hath sacred rights nor sceptre nor sword dare touch ;
And, as it doth on the Northern strand, so it doth in the Southern sea,
And it says, as God said to Man at birth, ‘ And now behold ! you are free ! ’

But apart in the Southern sea there dwelt a race, though of Northern strain,
With narrow foreheads and narrower hearts, who cherished the thong and chain,
So long as these left their own limbs free to do as their brute wills list,
To fetter and flog the sons of Cain, and to tether the stranger's wrist,
Boasting, “ Rather than not be free to make these hew for us, delve, and drudge,
Let the hellhounds of war be all unleashed, and the battle-bolts be judge ! ”

Then the Land of the Northern Mist waxed wroth, and said, “ Now their hour has come,
Too long to their deeds have mine ears been deaf, too long my voice been dumb.
I will wrench the rod from their boorish grasp, their lash will I snatch and seize,
Till low on their knees they grovel down, and for mercy clasp my knees.
They have called on the sword, they shall bide by the sword, and mine will I never
sheathe,

Till to dwellers in darkness it bring the Light, and Freedom to all who breathe.”

Then manly to tender kissed farewell, but never a tear was shed,
And over the wave, and along with the wind, to the Southern zone they sped,
And roughly-nurtured, the gently-bred, all bound on the self-same track,
To storm the steeps and defiles of death, but never to turn them back ;
And their sons that on Austral or Western shores exult in their sire's renown,
Shouted, “ Barrel and blade we'll come to you, and gallop the despots down.”

Shame, shame on you, Gaul and Teuton ! that, seeing this noble deed,
You have hardened your hearts for envy, and been false to vaunted creed ;
Should juggle with truth, should welcome the lie, should garble and gird for spite,
Pray Heaven to favour the tyrants' cause, pray Heaven to hinder the Light.
Hark, hark to the greeting of free-born men from the Land of the Setting Sun,
“ God prosper you, dear old England ! It is rightly and nobly done.”

Wherever our sails have quivered, wherever our keels have ploughed,
We have carried the Flag of Freedom, unfurled it from mast and shroud.
It hath weathered the storm of battle, it guardeth the paths of peace,
And will watch over Right both day and night, till the day and the night shall cease ;
And, while there's a chain to shatter, and while there's a wrong to right,
Its watchword shall be God's gift to man, “ Through Liberty, on to Light.”

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end ;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Shy frost shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched, reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

CHAPTER XXV.



HE Professor threw himself into the situation with a fatherly tenderness which went to Bayard's heart.

"As man to man, Bayard," he said, "you must tell me the exact amount of truth in those womanly alarms which agitate my daughter's heart, and to which I allowed myself to yield, without, perhaps, sufficient

reflection. I find it difficult to believe that any harm can actually befall you in a New England town. That Windover would really injure you? It seems to me, in cool blood, incredible."

"Windover would not," replied Bayard, smiling. "They don't love me, but they don't mob a man for that. Windover won't harm me. Did you ever hear a phrase, common along the coast, here, Professor—'Rum done it'?"

The Cesarea Professor shook his head. "I am not familiar with the phrase," he urged; "it lacks in grammar"—

"What it gains in pith," interrupted Bayard; "but it sums up the situation. A business that thrives on the ruin of men is not likely to be sensitive in the direction of inflicting unnecessary suffering. I have successfully offended the liquor interests of the whole vicinity. The new chapel represents to them the growth of the only power in this town which they have found reason to fear. That's the amount of it."

"But the—churches, Bayard—the Christian classes? The ecclesiastical methods of restraining vice?"

"The ecclesiastical methods do not shut up the saloons," said Bayard gently. "Angel Alley is not afraid of the churches."

"I am not familiar with the literature of the temperance movement," observed the Professor, helplessly. "It is a foreign subject to me. I am not prepared to argue with you."

"You will find some of it on my library shelves," said Bayard; "it

might interest you some time to glance at it."

"The point now is, just what, and how much, do you fear from the state of things to which you refer? Helen is a level-headed girl. I take it for granted that she has not wrought herself into a hysterical fright without basis. I have acted on my knowledge of my daughter's nature. I understand that, if I am uninstructed in the temperance agitation."

"Helen has not been misinformed, nor has she overestimated anything," returned Bayard quietly.

"Is it a mob you fear?"

"Possibly; but probably nothing of the kind. My chief danger is one from which it is impossible to escape."

"And that is?"—

"Something underhanded. There is a personal element in it."

Bayard rose, as if he would bring the conversation to a check.

"There is nothing to be done," he said, "nothing whatever. Everything shall go on, precisely as it is arranged. I shall not run from them."

"You do not think wise to defer the dedication—for a time?"

"Not an hour! The dedication will take place a week from Sunday."

The Professor was silent. He found it a little difficult to follow the working of this young man's mind.

"And yet," he suggested, anxiously, "after the marriage—to-morrow—you will take the temporary absence, the little vacation which your friends advise? You will not think better of that, I hope, for Helen's sake?"

"I shall leave Windover for a week, for Helen's sake," replied Bayard gravely.

In his heart he thought that it would make but little difference; but she should have it to remember that everything had been done. He would not be foolhardy or obstinate. The sacred rights of the wife over the man had set in upon his life. She should be gratified and comforted in every way, left to the power of that love and tenderness which God has set in the soul abreast of duty and honour. He would give the agitation in Angel Alley time to cool, if cool it could.

He would give himself—oh, he would give himself—

Helen, in the next room, sat waiting for him. She ran her fingers over the keys of the piano; her foot was on the soft pedal; she sang beneath her breath,—

“Komm beglücke mich!
... Beglücke mich!”

Bayard sought her in a great silence. He lifted her tender face, and looked down upon it with that quiver on the lower part of his own which she knew so well; which always meant emotion that he did not share with her. She did not trouble him to try to have it otherwise. She clung to him, and they clasped more solemnly than passionately.

Around the bridegroom's look in Bayard's face, the magic circle of the seer's loneliness was faintly drawn.

If God and love had collided—but, thank God! He and love were one.

“Lord, I have groped after Thee, and to know Thy will, and to do it if I could. I never expected to be happy. Dost Thou mean this draught of human joy for me?”

So prayed Bayard, while her bright head lay upon his breast with the delicate and gentle surrender of the girl who will be wife before another sun goes down.

Out upon the piazza of the “Flying Jib” the Professor was entertaining visitors, by whose call the lovers were not disturbed. The Reverend George Fenton had unexpectedly and vaguely appeared upon the scene. He was accompanied by a lean, thoughtful man, with clerical elbows and long, rustic legs; being no other than Tompkinson of Cesarea and the army cape. Professor Carruth had taken his two old students into the confidence of the family crisis. The Reverend Mr. Fenton looked troubled.

“I had a feeling that something was wrong. I have been impressed for days with a sense that I ought to see Bayard—to help him, you know—to offer him any assistance in my power. He is in such a singular position! He leads such a singular life, Professor! It is hard for a man situated as I am, to know precisely what to do.”

“The only thing that can be done for him, just now, that I see,” suggested the Professor, dryly, “is to find him a supply for Sunday. His marriage to my daughter will, of necessity, involve a short absence from his missionary duties.”

“I wish I could preach for him!”

cried Fenton, eagerly. “I should like nothing better. I should love to do so much for him. He never has any supplies or vacations, like the rest of us. Now I think of it, nobody has been near his pulpit for three years, to help him out—I mean nobody whom we should recognize. I've half a mind to consult my committee. The First Church”—

“I will preach for Bayard,” interrupted Tompkinson, with his old, slow manner. “My church is so small—we are not important across the Cape, there—it is not necessary for me to consult my committee. I will preach for him with all my heart; in the evening at all events—all day, if the Professor here will find me a supply of some sort.”

“Thank you, gentlemen,” observed the Professor, quietly; “I will accept the offer, Tompkinson, for the evening. I shall myself occupy Mr. Bayard's pulpit in Windover town hall on Sunday morning.”

“You, Professor?”

Fenton turned pale. Tompkinson gave that little lurch to his shoulders with which, for so many years, he had jerked on the army cape in cold weather. Tompkinson was well dressed, now, well settled, well-to-do, but the same simple, manly fellow. There was the gentleman in this grandson of the soil, this educated farmer's boy; and an instinct as true as the spirit of the faith which he preached in the old, unnoticed ways, and with the old, unobserved results. Tompkinson spent his life in conducting weekly prayer-meetings, in comforting old people in trouble, and in preaching what he had been taught, as he had been taught it.

“If I had had a little time to think of this,” protested Fenton. “My committee are, to a man, opposed to this temperance movement, and our relation to Bayard is, of course,—you must see, Professor,—peculiar! But perhaps”—

“Oh, Tompkinson and I can manage,” replied the Professor, not without a twinkle in his deep eyes. “I don't suppose the First Church has ever heard of us, but we will do our humble best.”

Now, as the event fell out, the Professor and Tompkinson changed their programme a little; and when the time came to do Bayard this fraternal service,—the first of its kind ever offered to him by the clergymen of the denomination in which he was reared,—the Professor drove across

the Cape in the hot sun, ten miles, to fill the Reverend Mr. Tompkinton's little country pulpit, and Tompkinton took the morning service for his classmate.

In the evening the Professor of Theology from Cesarea Seminary occupied the desk of the home missionary in the Windover town hall. The hall was thronged. George Fenton preached to yawning pews; for the First Church, out of sheer, unsanctified curiosity, lurched over, and sixty of them went to hear the distinguished Professor. Bayard's own people were present in the usual summer evening force and character.

The Professor of Theology looked uncomfortably at the massed and growing audience. He was sixty-eight years old, and in all his scholarly and Christian life he had never stood before an audience like this. He opened his manuscript sermon,—he had selected a doctrinal sermon and began to read it with his own distinguished manner.

The audience, restrained at first by the mere effect of good elocution and a cultivated voice, were respectful for awhile; they listened hopefully; then perplexedly; then dully. Sentence after sentence, polished, and sound as the foundation of Galilee or Damascus Hall, fell softly from the lips of the Cesarea Professor upon the ears of the Windover fishermen.

The Professor saw the faces of his audience lengthen and fall; across the rude, red brows of the foreign sailors wonder flitted; then confusion; then dismay. Drunkards and reformed men and wretched girls, and the homeless, wretched people of a seaport town, stood packed in rows before the Professor of Theology, and gaped upon him. Restlessness struck them, and began to run from man to man.

"Shut up there!" whispered Job Slip, punching a big Swede. "Be quiet, can't ye, for common manners! You'll disgrace Mr. Bayard!"

"Be civil to the old cove, for the parson's sake!" commanded Captain Hap, hitting a Finn, and stepping on the toes of a Windover seiner, who had presumed to snicker.

"Why don't he talk English then?" protested the fisherman.

A dozen men turned and left the hall. Half a dozen followed. Some girls giggled audibly. A group of Norwegians significantly shuffled their feet on the bare floor.

The Professor of Theology laid

down his manuscript. It occurred to him, at last, that his audience did not understand what he was saying. It was a dreadful moment. For the first time in his honoured life he had encountered the disrespect of a congregation which he could not command. He laid down his sermon and looked the house over.

"I am afraid," he said, distinctly, "that I am not retaining the interest of this congregation. I am not accustomed to your needs, or to the manner in which your pastor presents the Truth to you. But for his sake, you will listen to me, I am sure."

"O, yes," said the seiner, in an audible whisper; "we'd listen to Bunker Hill Monymment for him."

This irreverence did not, happily, reach the ears of the Professor of Theology, who, with his famous ease of manner, proceeded to say:

"I have been thinking, since I stood at this desk, about the name which you give to the beautiful new chapel which your pastor will dedicate for you, God willing, next Sunday"—

From a remote corner of the hall a sound like that of a serpent arose, and fell. The Professor did not or would not hear it (no man could say which), and went firmly on.

"Christlove you call your chapel, I am told. You may be surprised to know it, but the fact is that the sermon which I have been preaching to you, and the thing which the tender and solemn name of your chapel signifies, are one and the same."

"I don't see how he figgers that," muttered the seiner.

"I will try to show you how," continued the Professor, as if he had heard the fisherman.

He abandoned his manuscript and plunged headlong—not in the least knowing how he was to get out again—into a short extempore talk upon the life of Christ. The fishermen listened, for the old preacher held to it till they did; and as soon as he had commanded their respect and attention, he wisely stopped. The service came to a sudden but successful end; and the exhausted Professor thoughtfully retired from the pulpit. The most depressing part of the occasion was that his wife told him it was the best sermon she had heard him preach in thirty years.

But Bayard and Helen knew these things not, nor thought of them. They had been married, as it was de-

cided, upon that Saturday, the day before. Helen's father married them. There was no wedding party, no preparation. Helen had a white gown, never worn before; Jane Granite sent some of her mother's roses, and Mrs. Carruth, who distinguished herself by abnormal self-possession, fastened one of the roses at Helen's throat. It was thought best that Windover should know nothing of the marriage until the preacher and his bride had left the town; so it was the quietest little wedding that love and the law allow. And Bayard and Helen went to her old home in the glory and the blossom of the Cesarea June. And the great cross came out upon the Seminary green, for the moon was up that week.

"It used to divide us," she whispered; "it never can again."

She wondered a little that he did not answer; but that he only held her solemnly, in the window where they stood to see the cross.

Helen's happy nature was easily queen of her. She had begun to feel that her anxiety for Bayard's sake was overstrained. Tragic Windover slipped from her consciousness, almost from her memory. She felt the sacred right of human joy to conquer fate, and trusted it as royally as she had trusted him. In spite of himself, he absorbed something of her warm and brilliant hopefulness. When she gave herself, she gave her ease of heart. And so the worn and worried man came to his Eden.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Helen's happy heart proved prophetic; so they said, and smiled. For there was no mob. Sunday dawned like a dream. The sun rose up without cloud or fire. The sea carried its cool June colours. The harbour wore her sweetest face. The summer people, like figures on a gay Japanese fan, moved brightly across the rocks and piers; Bayard and Helen looked out of the windows of the "Flying Jib," and watched them with that kindness of the heart for the interests of strangers which belongs to joy alone. A motionless fleet lay in the harbour, opening its silvery wings to dry them in the Sunday sun.

The fishermen had hurried home by scores to witness the dedication.

Every one had a smile for the preacher's bride,—the boarder on the rocks, the fisherman from the docks.

Every child or woman to whom she had ever done a kindness in her inexperienced, warm-hearted fashion, remembered it and her that day. She wore the unornamented cream-white silk dress in which she had been married; for Bayard asked it.

"The people will like to see you so," he said. "It will give them a vision."

All the town was alive and alert. The argument of success, always the cogent one to the average mind, was peculiarly effective in Windover. People who had never given the mission a thought before, and people who had given it many, but never a kindly one, looked at the doors of the new chapel, smothered in wild Cape roses for the solemn gala, and said: "That affair in Angel Alley seems to prosper, spite of everything. There may be something in it, after all."

It was expected that the churches themselves, though reserved on the subject, would be better represented at Christlove that evening, than they cared to be; for the young people were determined to see the dedication, and would pair off in scores to Angel Alley, leaving their elders behind.

The attendance of other audiences was not encouraged, however, by the pastor in Angel Alley; his own would more than fill the chapel. All the little preparations of the people went on quietly, and he brought them, as it was his will to do, without weariness or worry, to the evening. He wished the dedication of his chapel to be free from the fret and care which turn so many of our religious festivals into scrambles,—I had almost said, shambles, for the harm they do to exhausted women, and to careworn men.

The day passed easily. Bayard himself, though moving under deep excitement, gave no evidence of it. He was as quiet as the Saint Michael in the picture, whose foot was on the dragon, and whose head was in the skies.

The day passed uneventfully. The evening was one of Windover's fairest and most famous. The sky gave the ethereal colours of transparent rose-clouds, and the harbour returned them delicately. There was a slight, watery line on the north-west, but the oldest sailors scarcely noticed it.

Nothing had happened in any way to hinder the movement of the ceremonial, or to mar its success. There was no mob, nor threat of any. There was no mass, no riot, no alarm. Angel Alley was decorous—if one might say so, obtrusively decorous. Captain Hap, and Job Slip, the special police, and the officers of the mission looked out of narrow lids at Angel Alley, and watched guardedly.

Not a misdemeanour disturbed the calm of this, to all appearance, now law-abiding—nay, law-adorning street. Saloon after saloon that Bayard had closed presented locked front doors to the thirstiest sailor who swaggered from the wharves in search of what he might swallow. Nameless dens that used to flourish the prosperity of their sickening trade were shut.

Old Trawl's door was barred. The Trawls themselves were, invisible. There would be no mob. So said the treasurer of the chapel. So said the Windover police. So thought the anxious Professor and his tearful wife. So said Helen, sparkling with the pretty triumph of love and joy.

"Dear! You see we were mistaken. They do love you here, in rough old Windover—bless it, after all! We were too anxious—I was worried; I own it, now. I was afraid because you were so precious to me. And I could not be with you . . . if anything . . . went wrong. But now!"

"Now," he said, "nothing can go wrong. For you are mine, and I am yours, and this is for ever."

"I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully," she said, catching at the lighter note in the chord of his words.

He did not answer her; and when she looked up, she was surprised at the solemn expression of his face.

"Love," he said, "it is time to go. Kiss me, Helen, before we start."

They stood at the window in her own little room in the summer cottage.

The tide was rising, and it gained quietly upon the beaches and the pier. Bayard looked out upon the sea, for a moment, out to the uttermost horizon's purple curve. Then he took his wife to his heart, and held her there; within a clasp like that, no woman speaks, and Helen did not.

The Professor and his wife passed down Angel Alley. The Reverend Mr. Tompkinson and that dear old moderator, the very Orthodox but

most Christian minister who had always done a brother's deed, when he could, followed the great Professor. These officers of the evening's ceremony entered the chapel, and—not staying to leave Mrs. Carruth in a front pew, but leading her with them—passed on to the platform.

Whispers buzzed about.

"The minister! Where's the minister? Has anything happened to Mr. Bayard?"

For the chapel was already full. Captain Hap trotted impatiently down the aisle. Job Slip looked at the policeman in the vestibule in a worried way. But the officer stolidly signaled that all was well; and Captain Hap and Job Slip and scores of watchers breathed again.

The congregation increased quietly. Angel Alley was unprecedentedly still. The audience was serious and civil. All of Bayard's own people were there—many citizens of Windover—and the young folks from the churches, as expected.

Then came the throng from the wharves. Then came the crowd from the streets. Then came the rough, red faces from foreign ports, and from the high seas, and from the Grand Banks, and Georges'. There came all the homeless, neglected, tossed, and tempted people whom Bayard loved, and who loved him. There came the outcast, and the forgotten, and the unclean of heart and body. There came the wretches whom no one else thought of, or cared for. There came the common people, who heard him gladly; for to them he spoke, and for them he lived.

The preacher walked down Angel Alley with his wife, in her white dress, upon his arm. The Alley was thronged with spectators, who did not or who could not enter the chapel. Two policemen stepped forward to escort the minister, but he waved them back. He and Helen walked quietly to the chapel steps, and were about to enter, when a slight disturbance in the crowd, at their immediate side, caused Bayard to look around. A girl was struggling with an officer, to get near enough to speak to the minister.

"Get back there!" commanded the policeman. "Keep back, I say! This is no place nor time for the likes of you to pester the minister!"

"Let her come!" ordered Bayard, authoritatively. For it was Lena. The girl was pale, and her handsome eyes had a ferocious look.

"I've got something to tell him," announced Lena, with a calm determination. "It's important, or I wouldn't bother him, is it likely? I ain't no such a fool nor flat."

She approached, at Bayard's beck, and said a few words in a tone so low that even the wife upon his arm did not understand them.

"Lena still feels a little anxious," said Bayard aloud, distinctly. "Have you any wishes to express, Helen?"

But Helen, smiling, shook her head. She felt exalted and not afraid. She would have gone with him to death; but she did not think about death. She did not believe that his angels would suffer a pebble of Windover to dash against him; nor that a curl of his gold-brown head would come to harm. His mood ruled her utterly. His own exaltation, his beauty, his calm, his spiritual power, made clouds before her eyes, on which he moved as a god.

So they entered the chapel, together. As they did so, Bayard turned, and looked back. Before all the people there, the preacher lifted his hat to Lena, and passed on.

The girl's dark face dropped upon her breast, as if she made obeisance before him; then she lifted it with the touching pride of lost self-respect regained. Her lips moved. "He thinks I'm fit, at last," said Lena.

The preacher and his young wife passed through the rose-wreathed door, and into the chapel. Roses were there, too; their pale pink lamps burned all over the chapel, wherever hand could reach, or foot could climb. This was the decoration chosen to welcome the June bride to Windover—the people's flower, the blossom of the rocks and downs.

It was a pleasant chapel. The library, the gymnasium, the bowling-alley, opened from the prayer-room. Pictures and books and games and resting-places for tired fellows were part of Bayard's Christianity. Many a fisherman, smoking in the room below, where an oath turned a man out, and a coarse phrase was never heard, would listen to the singing of old hymns, above him, and lay his pipe down, and wonder what the music meant, and catch a line he used to hear his mother sing, and so steal up to hear the rest; and sing the loudest of them all, perhaps, before the hymn was done.

Bayard moved up among his silent

people, to his place. His wife went with him, and he led her to her mother's side, at his right hand.

"In any event," he thought, "I could reach her in a moment."

His eyes sought hers for that instant. She neither blushed nor paled, but had her sweet composure. In her bridal white, she looked like the lily of his life's work, the angel of his worried heart. It seemed to him as if peace and hope came with her, as purity and honour dwelt in her presence. He felt happier and stronger for knowing that she was so near him, now, and, with a brightening brow he gave the signal for opening the evening's service.

It was a short and pleasant service. The great Professor, cordially recognized by the rough audience that he had not allowed to conquer him last Sunday, contributed his most distinguished manners, his best good sense to the dedicating hour. The old moderator and the pastor's classmate from across the Cape added their heartiest help. Most of the congregation omitted to notice that the clergymen from the city were not present. They were not missed.

But all the little trouble of the past had melted from his mind and heart; both were clear and happy when he rose, at last, to address his people. His delicate lips had but parted to speak to them, when there started such a storm of welcome from the fishermen as well-nigh swept his self-possession from him. He was not prepared for it, and he seemed almost disturbed. From aisle to aisle, from wall to wall, the wind of sound rose and rolled upon him. At last it became articulate, and here and there words defined themselves.

"God bless him!"

"Bless our dear young parson!"

"Windover fishermen stand by him every time!"

"Blessin's on him, anyhow!"

"Christlove's good enough for us!"

But when he smiled upon them, they grew quiet, as they had done once before—that evening after the wreck and rescue off Ragged Rock; for these two were the only occasions when the applause of his people had got the better of their pastor.

When he began to speak, it was not without emotion, but in a voice so low that the house had to hold its breath to hear him.

He began by thanking the fishermen of Windover for their trust and their friendship. Both, he said, he

valued, and more than they would ever know. Of his own struggles and troubles, of the bitter years that he had toiled among them, he said no word. He spoke of the kindness of Windover, not of its neglect. He spoke of the strength and the goodness of the city, rather than of its weakness and its error. He spoke of the warm heart of the people, of their readiness to help any need which they understood, and in whose claim they believed. He told how generous they were in emergencies. "You give money," he said, "more lavishly than any town I have ever known. When the gales have struck, and the fleets gone down, and when, with widows and orphans starving on my heart and hands, I have asked for bread, Windover has never given them a stone. Your poor have spent themselves utterly upon your poorest, and your rich have not refused. Windover gives gloriously," said Bayard, "and I am glad and proud to say so."

Their faults, he told them, they had, and he was not there to condone what he had never overlooked. One, above the rest, they had to answer for; and what that was—did he need to name?

"It is not your sin alone," he said firmly. "It is the sin of seaport towns; it is the sin of cities; it is the sin of New England; it is the sin of the Nation;—but it is the sin of Windover, and my business is with Windover sins. I have fought it since I came among you, without an hour's wavering of purpose, and without an hour's fear of the result; and at all costs, at any cost, I shall fight it till I go from you."

Bayard paused here, and regarded his people with a long look. Their faces blurred before him for a moment, for his heart was full. He saw them all, in the distinctness with which the public speaker perceives familiar sights; every trifle upon the map of his audience started out.

He saw Captain Hap, anxious and wrinkled, doing usher's duty by the door—Captain Hap, ready to live for the parson or to die for him, and caring little which; the good fellow, true with the allegiance of age and a loyal nature—dear Captain Hap!

Bayard saw Job Slip, pale with the chronic pallor of the reformed drunkard—poor Job, who drank not now, neither did he taste; but bore the thirst of his terrible desert, trusting

in the minister and God Almighty,—in the succession of the phrase.

Mari was there, incapable and patient, her face and figure stamped with the indefinable something that marks the drunkard's wife. And Joey, serious and old—little Joey! Bob was there, and Jean, and Tony, and all the familiar faces from the wharves. Mrs. Granite, in her rusty black, sat tearfully in a front settee, with Jane beside her. Jane looked at the minister, before all the people, as she never ventured to look at home. But nobody noticed Jane. Bayard did not glance at her pinched adoring face; he dared not dwell upon it.

Ben Trawl was not to be seen in the audience. But Lena was. She stood the service through, for she had come in too late to find a seat; she stood behind Johnny's mother, who wore Helen's crape bonnet and veil, poor old lady, with a brown bombazine dress. Lena had a worried look. She did not remove her eyes from the preacher. Lena sang that day, when the people started "the minister's hymn,"—

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by.

Her fine voice rose like a solo; it had a certain solitariness about it which was touching to hear.

Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

The melody of the hymn died away into the hush in which Bayard rose again, for it came to his heart to bless his people and his chapel in one of his rare prayers.

"Lord," he said, "Thou art the God of the sea and its perils; of the land and its sorrow. Draw near to these sea-people who tread upon the shore of Thy mercy. I dedicate them to Thee. Father, take them from my hands! Lift them up! Hold them, that they fall not. Comfort their troubles. Forgive their sins. Take them! Take my people from my heart! . . . Lord, I consecrate this house of worship, for their sakes, and in Christ's name, and for Christ's love, to Thee, and to Thy service. . . . Father! Thou knowest how I have loved this people." . . .

Bayard's voice broke. It was the only time—in all those years. His prayer remained unfinished. The sobs of his people answered him;

and his silence was his benediction upon them.

The audience moved out quietly. It was now dark. The lights in the chapel had been noiselessly lighted. The jets of the illuminated words above the door were blazing.

The Professor and the clergymen and Helen's mother stepped apart and out into the street; none of them spoke to Bayard, for his look forbade them. The Professor of Theology was greatly moved. Signs of tears were on his aged face. Bayard, lingering but a moment, came down the aisle with his wife upon his arm.

"Love," she whispered, "it is over, and all is well."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "it is over, and it is well."

They came down and out upon the steps. Bayard stood uncovered beneath the white and scarlet lights, which spelled the words—

"The Love of Christ."

He gave one glance down Angel Alley. It was packed; his people were massed to protect him. Beyond them, marshalled into the darkness and scarcely distinguishable from it, hovered certain sullen groups of frowning men. Not a hand was raised. Not a cry was heard. No. There was to be no mob. He had to meet, not violence, but mute and serried Hate.

She clung to his arm with a start. She looked up into his face. Its more than earthly radiance hushed the cry upon her lips. He was transfigured before her. For that moment, all the people—they who loved and they who loved him not—saw him glorified, there, beneath the sacred words whose pure and blazing fires seemed to them the symbol of his soul.

Then, from the darkest dark of Angel Alley a terrible oath split the air. Something struck him; and he fell.

(To be continued.)

THE WORKERS.

BY ANNA T. LAW.

I stood all day in the market-place,
But no one said to me, "Come!"
I lifted to God an anguished face,
As I thought of the work to be done.
I heard the glad song of the reapers,
As they passed with their garnered
sheaves;
I saw the walls where the masons worked,
And I cried as one who grieves.

To some came the call in the dawning,
Ere the shadows went away;
To some came the call in the morning,
To some in the heat of day;
Some were not called till the evening,
Almost at set of sun,
But the Master gave a penny
To each when his work was done.

I stood all day, and I waited;
The sky above me was white,
The market was crowded and dusty,
I longed for the shadows of night.
But just as the light was failing,
A messenger came, and said:
"The workers are worn and weary,
The day is almost sped.

The Master is calling for workers,
To finish his temple fair,
But no one has strength for the lift-
ing,
Or to set the keystone there."
So I came were the stones were lying,
And lifted them one by one,
And the Master gave a whole penny,
To me when the work was done.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.

"SIMON'S SON."

BY THE REV. W. T. GUNN, EMBRO, CANADA.



IT was the Sabbath and a fair morn and "the man frae Drumshalloch" was to preach at Kirkhill. When Drumshalloch announced that his text would be from words from the Gospel of John, thirteen and two, "Judas Iscariot, 'Simon's Son,'" it was received with distinct satisfaction as being likely to prove strong meat. When he added, "The heart o' the message is in the last twa, 'Simon's Son,'" there was bewilderment on the part of the elders who liked to classify the sermon beforehand, and a general satisfaction that at least "they did'na ken what was tae come."

"Ye mind," said Drumshalloch, "what sort o' man Judas was. There's nane o' ye here the morn but kens hoo he was ca'd tae be ane of the twelve, an' hoo he went up and doon wi' them a' the days, an' him siccan a gude appearing man that they did'na ken till a' was dune what a deevil he was. Ye maun'na think o' him as a dour wicked-lookin' carle, no, nor as a sly sneakit fox o' a man, but as a man o' some abeility, for he was made treasurer an' had tae bear the pouch. Mair nor that; ye will mind that when the twelve were sent out an' came back rejoicin' there was'na a bit deference made between him an' the ithers, but just as if he had dune as gude wark an' as mighty as any. Ye ken too that he was aye savin' an' economical, as appeared when Mary anointit the Lord, for John did'na ken his motive till long aifter.

"Then I need'na ca' tae yir mind hoo in that week o' the passion when a' hopes o' an airthly kingdom for Jesus were passed away, that he hurried tae the Sanhedrim an' covenanted tae sell his Maister for thirty pieces o' siller. Weel do ye remember this day that awfu' nicht when through the gloamin' an' the black mirk o' the thick trees he led 'the band' tae Jesus an' 'kissed him much.' It will never be for mortal man tae ken what awfu' thochts ran wild through the heart o' Judas when he

saw that Jesus was condemned. 'But I honour the man for ae thing that nicht; for he took the money back an' confessed his sin, an' that's mair than mony a man since, that thinks scorn o' Judas.

"Aye an' that wild rush through the blackness wi' the fires o' hell raging in his heart, tae the lanely place, the rope, the awfu' end.

"That was an awesome nicht for a' concerned. Ye have thoct some o' what it maun hae meant tae Him wha died for us next day. Ye may have thoct some o' what it meant tae Judas, but aye ye ever think what it meant tae his faither? For he was 'Judas Iscariot, Simon's son.' An' mair—tae his mither?

"What had it mean tae ye, fathers and mithers gin yir ainly son had betrayed his Lord unto the death? An' tae hear aifterwards o' his ain awfu' death an' o' what lay beyond! Tae ken that the maist loving Lord Jesus had tae ca' him 'the son o' perdition,' an' Peter tae say that he had 'gone tae his ain place,' an' tae think that never mair in time nor in eternity wad ye see yir ain son! There's nae sorrow tae be compared tae that.

"Noo back o' a' this history that lies upo' the face o' things we maun try tae see behind the a'thegether wicked bogy that we ha' made o' Judas, the hame that was somewheres in Kerioth an' the faither an' mither whase hearts maun ha' been sair for the son o' their love that wad never come ben again."

Down in Donald McKenzie's pew there were two that were listening with their hearts, and the man's face worked strangely, while Elspeth sat with head bowed and the tears running down and her hand reached out to meet the strong man's hand that down between them was tremblingly feeling for hers. The neighbour women knew that back in the Old Land was one wee grave of a wee girlie that had been the sunshine of their eyes, and they thought that this was the father's loss and the mother's great sorrow, but they did not know. No, they did not know, for they two had come out to the new land in middle life and there was one name that was not named even between them save in prayer and in the words that heart speaks to heart far

too deep for the tongue. So how could the neighbours know of that only son whose brightness and bonniness had gone down in sin till he came under the law and had to flee. Nor did any know if he were alive or dead save that his mother felt in her heart that he was still alive. But how she knew, the God who made and cares for mother hearts alone knows.

But back to Drumshalloch. "You will be noticing, my friends, that there's nae mention o' Judas' faither, Simon, outside o' four times in the Gospel o' John. Noo why think ye does John mention him in writing this Gospel for the early Christians o' Asia? I'm thinking it will be just as if I was writing tae you and I wad say, 'I met John Kennedy's son.' Noo I wad'na write that forbye that I had kenned John Kennedy mysel' an' that you had kenned something o' him yourselves. Frae that I gather that Simon was in aifter years a Christian and kenned baith by John an' tae the churches o' Asia. I can juist shut ma een an' see the auld man wi' snawy hair an' beard, an' the proud auld Jewish face an' dignified bearing, his countenance marked wi' a joy in Christ nae man could take awa' frae him, aye an' wi' a sair sorrow he could'na take away frae himsel'.

"It may be that some time when they were at Jerusalem Judas had taen John owre the hills south thirty mile tae Kerieth, or it may be that aifter the betrayal an' death that Simon in his great sorrow learned frae John the wonderful love o' Jesus. But some time they met and they talked o' Judas.

"And the auld man wad tell tae John the story o' the childhood o' Judas. He wad speak o' ae far gone day when intil the new hame at Kerieth came the cry o' the first-born, and Miriam the mither—it might ha' been Miriam, it was a common name—had lookit from the wee babe up till him an' said, 'Simon, do ye see the glint o' his wee een and the firm grasp o' his wee hands?' Ah me! 'An' do ye no' think we might ca' him Judah aifter the faither o' oor tribe?' Or it might be when he was tauld mither and bairn were baith doein' weel that Simon had said, 'God be praised,' and Miriam had said, 'Aye, let that be his name.' For ye ken Judah was his name, an' it dis'na mean 'scoundrel' as the Greek form 'Judas' seems tae you tae mean. But 'Judah' means juist 'praised.' Sae 'praised' they

ca'd him. And sae he wad tell tae John a' the bonny things o' the bairn's childhood, his ploys an' his wark and hoo gude he was at the schule, and especially at figures, aye an' whatna' great future they expekit for him. An' hoo ta'en up they were wi' his being ane o' the disciples o' the new Rabbi Jesus, though Simon wad be against that at the last."

"An' what an' awfu' blow was the ill news that tauld o' the shameful betrayal an' the awfu' death, an' hoo Judah's mither could'na thole it, but wasted awa' wi' a broken heart. Aifter that hoo he could'na bear tae stay in the hame wi' its awfu' loneliness an' at long last had tae leave it an' gae awa'.

"Ye mind Peter said it, 'Let his habitation be desolate and let no man dwell therein.' Aye, it was fulfilled, and ye can weel think that as lang as the crummlin' walls stood aye stane upo' the ither the neighbours wad point it out: 'The house o' Simon! Faither o' Judas, ye ken, that betrayed his Lord.'

"Like enough he wad come first tae Jerusalem, but he could'na bide there, for wherever he wad gang sorrow wad be there before him. On this street the upper room frae which his boy went out into the dark that night; this one the way he walked wi' the soldiers; out o' this gate Gethsemane, an' out o' that Calvary, an' out o' that the Potter's Field. Na, na, he could'na bear it, an' sae he wad wander far awa' up by Ephesus an' somewhere he wad find the love o' Jesus for his soul. An' in the wee churches o' the early days they wad see coming in the auld man wi' the snawy hair an' the marks o' the Lord's purifyin' fires o' sorrow an' joy in his face.

"They wad see he was a man wi' a message, an' when they wad ask him for a bit word he wad rise up an' tak the Book an' turn tae aye o' the passages maybe in Luke. 'But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' And then he wad say wi' a breaking voice, 'That was my son.'

"O my brethren, think o' that. There wad be a maist awfu' stillness, an' soreness in their hearts as they listened till him saying, 'O fathers, are yir boys saved? There's no ae thing tae come afore that. Are ye prayin' for them? Are ye prayin' wi' them? O, woe is me, are ye settin' them a richt example? I was hard

in heart an' far set up wi' pride, an' I taught my boy tae luve the things o' the warld—an' ye see—an' I did'na teach him tae seek the Lord his God. I did'na ask, "Is the young man safe?" till it was too late. An' I wad give—what wad I no give? O my son Judah! my son, my son Judah! Would God I had died for thee! O Judah, my son, my son!"

Down in the pew in Kirkhill Elspeth's both hands were round her man's hand and the strong man's head was bowed, for the hand of the Lord was heavy upon him.

Up in the pulpit Drumshalloch turned back still over the years. "Aye, an' whiles I see Simon turnin' maist loving eyes tae the back o' the kirk where the young men wad be, an' say tae them, 'O lads! If ye will'na come tae the Lord Jesus for yir ain sakes, will ye no' come for the sake o' them that love ye?' Then he wad tell them of the boy Judah an' how he learned 'The Lord's my Shepherd' at his mither's knee, an' hoo the mither's heart broke that day the news came o' Judah's sin an' death. 'O lads,' he wad say, 'there's nae sorrow but has comfort save this sorrow. If ye've wronged ae body will ye no pay the money back? I'm aye glad my boy did that, an' sometimes I think—But, lads, if it's no' for yir Lord's sake nor for the sake o' yir ain selves, will ye no come tae the Lord Jesus for yir faither's an' yir mither's sake?'"

Then Drumshalloch came to his "application": "Ye that are parents here this day, if ye wad'na hae the sorrow o' Simon, ye maun seek the Lord wi' all yir heart an' in strong prayer cry unto God till yir children are saved. There are mony things ye wad like tae give tae yir children o' the things o' the warld, but I warn ye, I warn ye seek this first, seek it first. There's nae sorrow like the sorrow that has no end. I will give you the Lord's ain promise, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall

ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Then to the young men in the back and the gallery Drumshalloch turned. He put before them how loving and patient Jesus had been "wi' Judas an' wi' them, an' hoo lang they had kept Him waitin'. He died for you an' you have despised an' rejectit Him, yet He was bruised for your iniquities. You have gone astray, you have turned every one to his own way and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. His heart is sore waitin' for you while you bide in the far country o' sin. An' ye ken this day the joy it wad be tae Him an' tae the angels o' His presence, aye, an' ye can hear in yir ain heart the cry o' yir faither an' yir mither's prayers. Ye'll no break their hearts!

"Wi' you lost for ever, what wad life be tae them? O laddies! will ye no say this day, 'I will arise and go unto my Faither'? Will ye?"

And at that Black Georgie McCrae rose up in his place in the pew and said, "I will," and so did Big Murdoch McLeod and two boys from the Back Road, and three of the lads whose homes were in the Old Land. And the hearts of the people overflowed.

When they got home that day Donald said, "Elspeth, I'm no fit, but can'na ye claim that promise for oor Georgie?" And Elspeth answered, "Ye're as fit as me, my man. The Lord He kens oor hearts are wholly set tae abide in Him. Let us claim it baith together." When they rose up from that prayer both faces shone through tears, and Elspeth said, "I'm thinking He's heard us."

And He had. They do not know yet, but that very hour in the far land Georgie's heart was changed, and he's gone to make things right, and then he's coming. They do not know yet—but oh!—when he comes!—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the waves' receding shocks,
Nor doubts for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Low weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,
By Love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

—J. R. Lowell.

A POT OF MYRTLE.*

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN IN THE COUNTRY.



HE had lived down in the the country. In the country — that phrase which is so pathetic on the lips of the London poor. To those who have been lifelong dwellers in the slums, the country is a place vague and far-off like heaven, where all is rest and beauty. Some happy glimpse of it has left to memory the vision of an infinite stretch of sky and infinite leisure. "There's room to breew," as one of them put it one day. With some the holy quiet is associated with strange bits of knowledge that they bring out occasionally, with the air of one who knows everything if he were minded to tell it all.

"Down in the country some of the sparrers has red breasts," says one. "Garn!" is the sceptical shout of the company.

The barley ripening is a mystery until one girl sees it and exclaims, "I reckon they'll soon be arter pickin' these 'ere shrimps."

To one the cuckoo's call prompts the inquiry, "Wherever is that clock a-strikin'?"

Such accounts of the country we have heard from the girls. The boys were most impressed by the discovery that "butterflies is stupid things," and by the fact that "there mostly ain't no pleecemen."

But she of whom I tell was not London born, and to her "down in the country" meant something very different—the memory of all that was holiest, a vision of all that was sweetest, a treasure of the heart.

* In the story of the work of West London Mission for 1901 the following sketch by one of the leading workers of the mission is printed. Mr. Pearse says: "The story of my own work in St. James' Hall presents few features that distinguish it from an ordinary morning service. One cannot but feel how poor a thing it is compared with the hidden service of those who work in the grime and the slime of the slum, with so much of discouragement and distress. I have, therefore, given a story of work in Chalton Street, which I had from Sister Agatha, as my contribution to the report."

It was in one of the Midland counties, in a little country village amid the silent hills and smiling meadows, that she had lived with a widowed mother. The cottage was set in a garden, the pride and joy of both. The happy toil of tending it was their recreation and delight. Behind the wooden palings the flowers were everywhere—up to the door, and clustering about it with a wealth of roses that reached the overhanging thatch. The memory of the mother was inseparable from the garden. To the daughter's thought they were one in quiet beauty and a kind of fragrant loveliness. Then, the window of the little kitchen and parlour were filled with flowers. The big, old brown leather Bible, from which the mother read a chapter night and morning, stood in the deep ledge beside a pot of myrtle and a spreading fern. It may well be that the holy book had more to do with the quiet calm and sunshine of that fact than even the garden had; but to the little daughter it seemed as if the flowers wrought a spell and charm that warded off all that was ill, and breathed a sweetness and purity and peace in the place. At any rate, brought unconsciously the message that the Master sent by them, "Your heavenly Father careth for you"—a message that was not a word merely, but the strength and music of the mother's life.

And so the mother lived, and so she died. Then the daughter married a labourer. From the beginning it was a rough struggle against poverty, and it took all their time to keep the wolf from the door. Life had no room for the flowers then. There were days and weeks when work failed, but the rent had to be paid and the babes provided for. Drifting hither and thither, each drift left them at a lower level. At last they drifted into London, where so much human wreckage is stranded. Life came to be a thing from which all beauty had died and all hope had been lost. One room in a slum, where all was grimy and hideous, where faces were made brutal by drink and wretchedness, where voices were hoarse with cursing, and where the public-house was the only refuge and drink was the only excitement—a "liver" they called it. With all the conditions of life so dreary

and depressing, the public-house was the readiest relief. It was the gossip club of the neighbourhood; it was a chance for a bit of rest and for the "glass o' something" that brought a sense of new energy into the jaded body, and a new glow into the soul, that lessened the sense of life's dreariness, and lightened the sense of its burden. Drink is the counterpart of slum life. Give men and women the conditions that make life worth living, and you take away more than half the inducement to drink.

So the public-house became to her more and more the refuge from her miseries, and the drink became more and more a necessity, until the shame of drunkenness had to be drowned in drink. So she drank and sank, and sank and drank. The home, wretched enough at the best of times, became now unutterably miserable; the children were not only neglected, but the mother became their terror in her drunken rage and fury, and was then more than a match even for her husband. The poor fellow was almost driven to madness. The week's wages was taken for drink, and the children's clothes were pawned for it. He had himself to wash and dress the little ones, to scrub the floor—when it was scrubbed—and to get their scanty food ready, while the wife lay in a drunken stupor, or fiercely nagged and fought.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE SLUMS.

It is difficult to say which is the worst part of London, for its deeps go down into a gloom of horror that it is impossible to gauge. Certainly one of the worst it that in which this man and his wife had found their home. The great railway stations in that district have driven the people into a condition of overcrowding that is terrible, and there, where all is bad enough, is one court which the people themselves have named "the little hell." Here in one room the man and his wife and little ones had settled. A long way that from the country—a long way from the cottage with its flowers and purity and love.

The sisters of the West London Mission, who have a little settlement in the district, had been holding an open-air service, when one night the man came and asked, in a tone of almost savage despair, "What can you do for a fellow like me?"

"What's the matter?" said the sister.

"Matter! I'm mad! I've got a woman that's always drunk. She drinks the week's wages and pawns the children's clothes for drink."

"Come in here," said the sister, taking him into the Mission Hall and sitting down by his side.

"Do you know what God says?"

"No," said the man sullenly.

"He says that if you and I pray for her she shall be saved."

It was a bold rendering of the promise that "whatsoever two or three shall agree to ask as touching his kingdom, it shall be done unto them;" and it takes a woman to have such courage and faith.

"Now," the sister went on, "what we have to do is this—and we must shake hands over it—as I go about my work I shall lift my heart in prayer, and say, 'God bless that woman;' and as you go about your work you must say, 'God bless my wife.'"

The poor fellow went home, resolved to be patient and even hopeful. The wife lay on the floor in a drunken stupor. He got out the pail and filled it with water, and began to scrub the kitchen floor. Presently there came a knock at the door.

"Missis home?" asked the one who had called.

"Yes," said he; "she's on the booze again."

The woman woke up and heard him, and as the man turned round she staggered to her feet, seized the pail of water, and flung it over him, and then snatched up the poker and hit him a blow that almost cut his head open.

The man was taken to the hospital, and had his head bound up, and then he came back to the sister.

"I shall go mad!" said he, as he flung himself down on a bench.

It was a difficult case to comfort, but the sister's courage didn't fail her. "It's all right," said she; you must not give up like this. You know when the Lord Jesus Christ was here on earth He cast the devil out of a child, and we are told that the devil rent and tore the child. This is the devil leaving your wife."

If a man had spoken the words there might perhaps have been the ready retort that the devil had torn the wrong one, but it's wonderful what comforts a man when a woman says it.

A month had passed, and the harvest thanksgiving was held on the Sunday. The next night was the "People's Drawing-Room"—that happy endeavour to fulfil the command of the Lord Jesus that when we make a feast

we should not ask our rich friends, who can ask us back again, but the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. The people from the slums are invited to come and spend a happy evening with games such as our children find at home, and such as we ourselves turn to for recreation. The sister called upon this woman, and asked that they might have the pleasure of her company at the People's Drawing-Room that night. The woman was pleased to be so politely invited, and gladly accepted. When the evening closed, the sister stepped up to her and said, "Now, Mrs. —, I want you to let me give you a plant," and, putting her arm in the woman's, she led her along in front of the harvest decorations on the platform.

"For my own? Why, sister, I haven't had a bit of a plant since I came up from the country. I believe it would make another woman of me if I could have a bit of a plant for my own."

"Well, choose any you like," said the sister. "Look at them all, and see which you would rather have."

Suddenly the woman stopped. "Sister," she said, with trembling voice, "I know what that is," and she pointed to a plant; "that's myrtle. My mother had a pot of myrtle in the window at home. Oh, may I have this?" Then she sat down, and drawing the sister to her side, she said, as her voice shook with deep feeling, "My mother had a pot of myrtle!" There came a pause; the lip was bitten, the tears crept down her cheeks. "Sister, my mother was a good woman. She had the loveliest little garden, and the flowers grew all the year round, and the birds were always singing about the place from early morning till late at night." There came another pause, during which the sister silently rose, took the pot of myrtle, put it in the woman's arms, and left it there. That did it. For a quarter of an hour the

woman sat in silence, looking at the myrtle. Back came the memory of those old and happy days. She dwelt again in the midst of the sunshine and the beauty and peace. Then came a hurried contrast of herself and all the wretchedness of her surroundings now.

Again the sister sat by her side, and whispered, "Don't you think it would be a good thing for you to sign the pledge?"

"I want to, sister," came the reply. "I had been praying God that you would ask me. Will you tell my husband to come here?" And then and there they both signed the pledge.

I had heard the story, and grew anxiously interested in the couple. During the winter a friend had sent me a postal order for ten shillings to buy flowers for the sick poor. I hesitated, when they wanted food and fire, to spend it on flowers, and I wrote asking that I might use it for what seemed more necessary. The good friend sent me a cheque for one pound to buy bread and coals, but this ten shillings, he insisted, must be spent in the buying of flowers. And the flowers did even more than the food and fire. The sister told me that the myrtle died. The close, foul air of that wretched room choked and killed it. "But," said she, "with the money you gave me I was able, among other things, to buy some daffodils, and I took them to the woman. The husband followed me as I left the court, and whispered, 'Sister, it's them flowers what does it. They keep us straight. She cares more for a bit of a flower than she cares for the drink now.'"

To-day they are away from the slum. They have gone down into the suburbs, where the workman's train enables the man to get daily to his work, and there they have a bit of garden ground, where the roses grow, and where once more the woman has found sunshine and the peace and blessedness of those earlier days.

FLOW AND EBB.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Flow tide and glow tide,
And glad sky above,
And youth to sing the joys of spring,
With heart full of love.

Strong hands and sturdy faith,
All the world to meet,
And here and there, for love and care,
Patter of small feet.

Twilight and afterglow,
Hours to dream away,
And days to glide on ebbing tide
Under skies of gray.

Until the autumn breeze
Sways the goldenrod,
And the light fades in the night,
Leaving us with God

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.*

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

Chancellor Victoria University.



HIS volume of three hundred and sixty pages is a work of unusual ability and interest. One opens it expecting another treatise on the History of the Canon of the New Testament, possibly written for the use of lay readers. But instead of that we find a work written in the most modern, scientific spirit, and with unusual wealth of learning, and yet free from all technicality of treatment, not overloaded with details, and presenting the subject in so masterly, lucid, and comprehensive a manner as to hold the attention of the reader to the very end.

It is not properly a history in the sense of an orderly record of facts. It is rather a presentation of the process of development by which the Church came to possess the materials of the New Testament, then to conceive of them as a New Testament, and finally to discriminate them from all other writings of the same age. This process is put before us in a setting of a wider view, which includes three other co-ordinate and related processes of development, all falling within the same period and brought about by the same general forces. The entire movement covers the first three centuries of the Church's history, and its study leads to some remarkable generalizations and startling conclusions.

But we cannot better present the author's view of his field than in his own words :

"It will easily be seen that these three things, the Canon as the only authoritative source of information concerning Jesus, the triumph of the episcopal organization, and the finding of the bond of union among Christians in a creed, these three things definitely close the period of Christian origins. They mark, or shall we not rather say they constitute, the rise of the catholic Church. They end an era which had continued with characteristics more or less unchanged, since Jesus'

time. They begin a new era, with traits and issues of its own, and which, in some sense, may be said to continue to our day."

"With this epoch begins the literature which is, properly speaking, ecclesiastical. Of this literature the Church Fathers, rightly so called, are the authors—Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Cyprian, and the rest. On the soil of the Roman state and in the spirit of Greek education, there springs up a new world-literature, with its controlling impulse in the religion of the despised Galilean. That religion from this epoch begins its march toward the possession of a universal empire. Its outward victory is still nearly a century and a half in advance of it. But without its Canon, its bishop, and its creed, it could hardly have won that victory."

To this enumeration our author later suggests the addition of "ritual," but this element he does not enlarge.

Upon his method of treatment of the several parts of this field we cannot enlarge. To do so effectively would require that we follow him minutely in a review of all his facts and ask whether his interpretation of the facts is sustained by the record.

But before turning to his conclusions, which are embodied in the last chapter, we may notice a single point of his theory of the formation of the New Testament Canon. We cannot admit that the Apostles wrote, or that our Lord taught, with the simple unconsciousness of the future which our author's theory implies. Surely when the author of the first gospel wrote these words, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," he must have intended that his record of the teaching of Christ should be a standard of teaching for all time.

There are touches in the writings of Paul which also seem to imply that he was consciously writing for more than the immediate occasion. He had a strange consciousness of the "church" "throughout all ages, world without end;" and for some things at least he gave the same command to "all the churches."

We think it might be shown that the New Testament books were from

* "The New Testament in the Christian Church." Eight Lectures. By Edward Caldwell Moore, Professor of Theology in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Price, \$1.50.

the very first more than "a simple literature" which events evolved "into an authoritative canon."

It is in the last chapter, on "The Idea of Authority in the Christian Church," that the author presents his most startling conclusions. Lest we should unwittingly fail to represent him fairly, we shall give his own words :

"If there is one thing which our study in these lectures has brought out with clearness, it is this, that the authority of the things which we have named, that of Christian doctrine, that of institutions and of writings is but a mediate one. These all have indeed inspiration, but that inspiration is the Christ. Their authority is that of the Christ whom they enshrine. Or, to go still one step farther, it is the authority of the God whom Christ himself incarnated. These things have authority precisely in so far as they embody and perpetuate the personal revelation. The authority is Christ's alone. Or if Jesus' own mode of speech rings in our ears, and his selflessness rebukes us, we must say again what Jesus said, that the authority of the thing which he spoke lay in its truth; the authority of the goodness he demanded was the eternal authoritativeness of what is good; and his own authority, as he sought to show forth God, was that of the God whom he showed forth."

The significance of this will be more apparent when we listen to our author's words in reference to the proper attitude towards authority. "It requires poise for men to see that while this" (humility) "is the true attitude of men towards God, yet that surrender of which we have spoken is too great a surrender for a man to make to any institution, to any dogma, or in this eternal sense, to any book. It is too great a surrender for a man to make to any of his fellows. It is too great a surrender to be made to any save to God alone."

"This recurrence from the religion of Scripture apprehended as an outward authority, which is being now shaken, to the religion of the outward authority of the Church, which was shaken four hundred years ago, shows, it would seem, how minds once really imbued with the religion of authority shrink from the great change which is passing over us. This recurrence shows, at any rate, how much closer is the affinity between those two forms of the religion of outward authority than has been commonly supposed.

Despite the long contest between these two forms of the religion of outward authority, despite the fact that they have long been assumed to be the antithesis the one of the other, nevertheless this must be evident, how much closer is their relation the one to the other than is the affinity of either with that religion of the spirit and of inwardness which in humble trust of right reason and enlightened conscience dares to apprehend its authority as primarily that of the God working within men, and deems all outward authorities as subordinate."

Now in all this there is important truth. Submission to external authority can never take the place of the inward apprehension and conviction of the truth by the enlightened spirit. But while this is true, is it not a fundamental mistake and a confusion of thought to place these in opposition the one to the other? They are certainly entirely distinct and it does not conduce to clearness of thought to express them both by the same term.

Authority is of a person and depends on his qualifications. The convincing power of truth is of the very essence of truth; that which makes it to be truth gives it the power to produce conviction. Personal authority comes from a man's known knowledge of truth. I may reasonably act under the direction of authority. I take a medicine on the authority of my physician. If I were possessed of his knowledge I should act upon my own conviction and should not need authority. So long as we "know in part," we shall need authority. We may easily abuse it; those who exercise it may easily abuse it. But it has its office, and that a very necessary one. It is not only a guide to immediate duty, but in its true function it leads us directly to that personal apprehension of the truth which is our spiritual perfection. It is the helper to conviction, not opposed to it. Hence Anselm says, "I believe that I may know." And authority, in this strict and, as we think, proper sense, is as varied as are the qualifications of those who exercise it. Here lies the distinction between the authority of the Church and of creeds, and the authority of Christ, his Apostles, and the New Testament. The whole question is this: Do these last possess supernatural, or, if it please you better, special qualifications, not enjoyed by the Church of any age or place, or by the Council which may have prepared any of our creeds?

NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS

Seven years ago, says The Literary Digest, the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund on the site of Oxyrhynchus brought to light an ancient papyrus inscribed with certain alleged "sayings of Jesus." The Fund's later explorations on the same site have unearthed another fragment of a collection of sayings of Jesus, which are now published by the Oxford University Press, with translation and commentary. These "new sayings" are in a mutilated condition, many words and even whole phrases having been obliterated. In the following translation, the editors state, "supplements which are not practically certain are enclosed in round brackets."

"These are the (wonderful ?) words which Jesus the livin' (Lord) spake to . . . and Thomas, and he said unto (them), Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste death."

"Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest."

"Jesus saith, (Ye ask ? who are those) that draw us (to the kingdom, if) the kingdom is in Heaven ? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. (Strive, therefore ?) to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the (almighty ?) Father; (and ?) ye shall know that ye are in (the city of God ?), and ye are (the city ?)"

"Jesus saith, A man shall not hesitate . . . to ask . . . concerning his place (in the kingdom. Ye shall know) that many that are first shall be last and the last first and (they shall have eternal life ?)."

"Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed to thee. For there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised."

"His disciples question him and say, How shall we fast and how shall we (pray ?) . . . and what (commandment) shall we keep . . ."

Jesus saith, . . . do not . . . of truth . . . blessed is he . . ."

The editors believe that the text of these new sayings is "nearly contemporary with the 'Logia' papyrus discovered in 1897"—that is to say, it dates back to the third century. They further call attention to certain points of comparison between the two collections:

"Here, as in the earlier 'Logia,' the individual sayings are introduced by the formula 'Jesus saith,' and there is the same mingling of new and familiar elements; but the second series of sayings is remarkable for the presence of the introduction to the whole collection, and another novelty in the fact that one of the sayings is an answer to a question, the substance of which is reported. It is also noticeable that while in the first series the sayings had little if any connection of thought with each other, in the second series the first four, at any rate, are all concerned with the Kingdom of Heaven. That the present text represents the beginning of a collection which later on included the original 'Logia' is very probable. . . Both fragments contain sayings which to a greater or less degree have parallel passages in the Synoptic gospels side by side with sayings which are new."

It is pointed out that the introduction to these sayings seems to suggest that they derive their authority not from the traditional sources of any of the four Canonical gospels, but from St. Thomas and perhaps another disciple.

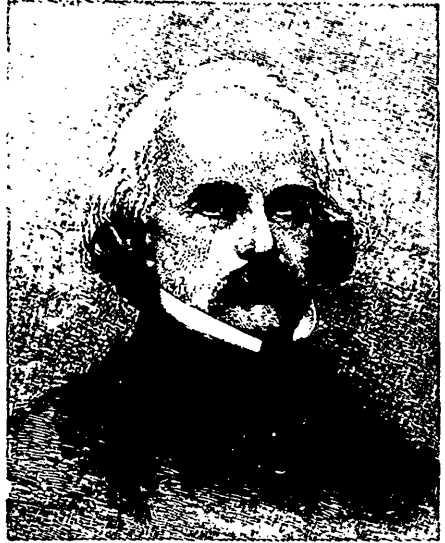
The New York Sun, referring to the "Logia" papyrus of 1897, these new sayings, and a fragment of a lost gospel, unearthed on the same site, says: "These papyri discovered by Grenfell and Hunt are of remarkable interest from an historical point of view. Viewed in connection with the internal and external evidences of date, among which may be mentioned the type of uncial handwriting, they confirm what we had reason indeed to believe on other grounds—that during the third century of our era there were current non-canonical versions of the gospel narratives, in which not only heretics, but those orthodox Christians who carried asceticism or sabbatarianism to extremes found authority for their peculiar views in words attributed to Jesus."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The centenary of Hawthorne's birth was celebrated on the 4th of July throughout the United States, at Salem, Bowdoin, Concord, and elsewhere in New England, and in many periodicals with appropriate comment and eulogy. The best appreciation of this great writer that we have noticed is that by Mary A. Livermore, in *Zion's Herald*, which we quote :

No American author has surpassed Hawthorne as a writer of English prose. By nature he was a shy and silent man, who held himself aloof from his fellows, and rarely conversed with his intimate friends any more than with strangers. His publisher, James T. Fields, said of him, that he "had a physical affinity with solitude." When his first books were published in the city of his birth, where his ancestors had resided for two hundred years, and his family had always been prominent, he was so little known, because of his isolation, that his name as the author of "Twice-Told Tales" was declared to be a "myth." His college friend, Longfellow, tried to rescue the book from oblivion by a generous review, in which he extolled it as a work of genius, but the reading public ignored it altogether.

His works are remarkable for originality, and reveal a singular acquaintance with abnormal developments of character, great power of analysis, and exquisite perfection of literary grace and language. Joined to his intellectual gifts was a sensitive and loving nature, and an intense hunger for recognition and affection. He was most fortunate in his marriage with Sophia Peabody, who was, in her way, as great a genius as her handsome husband. And although poverty attended them through life, and he continued to write books which the reading world rejected, so that he confessed himself "the obscurest man of letters in America," with his wife and children he was



HAWTHORNE AT SIXTY.

always supremely blessed. "His honeymoon never waned."

He devoted himself diligently to literature, but its pecuniary rewards were so small that he was glad to eke out his income by clerical work and official appointments obtained for him by his friends. He dealt so largely with "the night-side of life" in his writings, that he never attained the popularity to which he was entitled by his genius. They were too serious for the masses, and too metaphysical, abounding in mystery that, at times, was weird. The recognition of the eminent few in the literary world always awaited him, who cheered him with sympathy and honest praise. He has a wider appreciation to-day than at any time during his life, is more largely read and admired, and his books rank with the classics wherever literature is taught or studied.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

Some day my little life
Must end below ;
And last good-nights be said,
Before I homeward go.

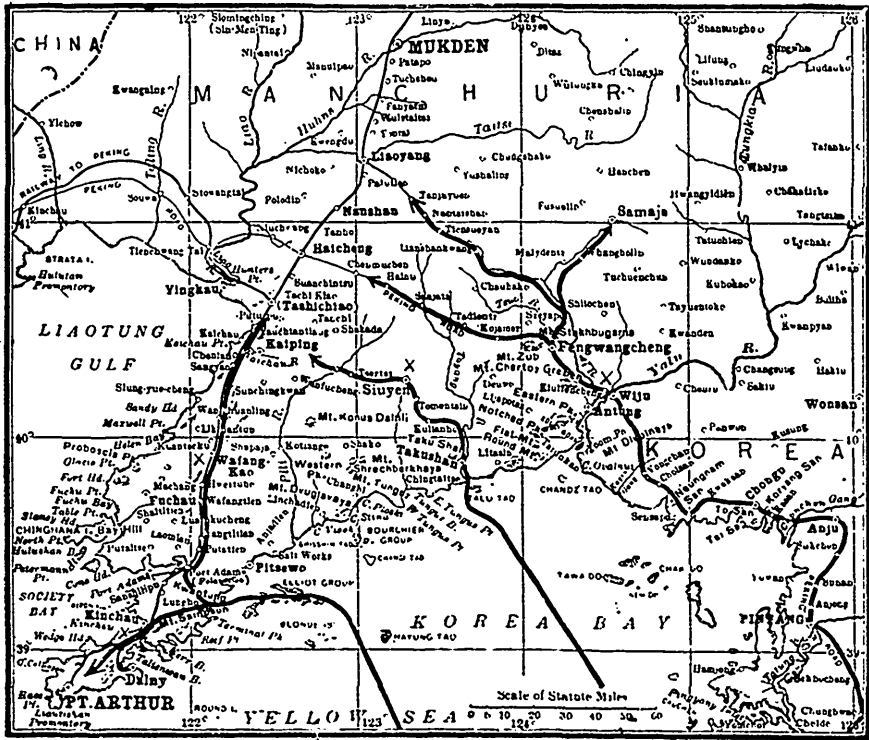
In heaven no night can come,
Nor sin, nor tears ;

But Christ, the Lamb, is light,
Through all the endless years.

Shine now within my heart,
Thou blessed Light,
That, when death's angel comes,
I may not fear "Good-night."

—M. K. R. Stone.

Current Topics and Events.



MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF MARCH OF THE JAPANESE ARMIES IN THE EAST.

The accompanying map, from the Independent, is designed to show in a general way the movements of the three Japanese armies invading Manchuria. The main line of march is indicated by broad lines terminating in arrow points at the furthest points reached. If a line were drawn joining these points it would outline the present Japanese front and mark the boundary of the territory now held by them. Of course, the minor movements cannot be represented. Crossed swords mark the places where the most important battles have taken place. Viewed in its larger aspects the plan of campaign as carried out by the Japanese is simple and easily grasped by the most unmilitary layman. The first Japanese army, under General Kuroki, landed at various points on the western coast of Korea, defeated the Russians at the Yalu

River, which forms the boundary between Korea and Manchuria, and advanced to Feng-Wang-Cheng; from that point detachments were sent out in various directions along the road leading to the stations on the railroad. The second Japanese army, under General Oku, landed at various points above Port Arthur on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, and moved south to attack that point. The Russians, who had fortified the narrowest point of the peninsula near Kin-Chau, were defeated in the battle of Nan Shan Hill. Leaving a force to besiege Port Arthur, General Oku's army then turned north and drove the Russians out of the Liao-Tung Peninsula; the principal engagement being at Wang-Kao. The third Japanese army, under General Nodzu, landed at Takushan, and, defeating the Russians at Siu-Yen, moved north-east



THE GIANT OF BRASS WITH THE FEET OF CLAY.

Not so terrible as it looked.

—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

and fitted in between the other two armies like the keystone of an arch, The backbone of the Russian position is of course, the railroad from Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, to Port Arthur, which from its central position between China, Manchuria, Korea, and Japan is the most important naval port in the Far East. —The Independent.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS.

Since the publication of the above paragraphs in The Independent, the eyes of the world have been upon the rapid actions and rumours of action, of the two great hosts confronting each other in the East. The ingenuity and intrepidity of the Japs, and the long series of victories behind them, incline the world of onlookers to predict for them ultimate success. But whatever be the outcome, Japan is certain of one great conquest. She has won the admiration of the whole world by her skill and her courage.

It is significant of Russian folly that at a time when the German Emperor had gone out of his way to wish "Godspeed" to a Russian regiment, Russia should be so ungrateful as to seize the German ship, "Scandia," on the charge of carrying contraband goods. The offence was the more marked inasmuch as French ships were allowed to pass unchallenged.

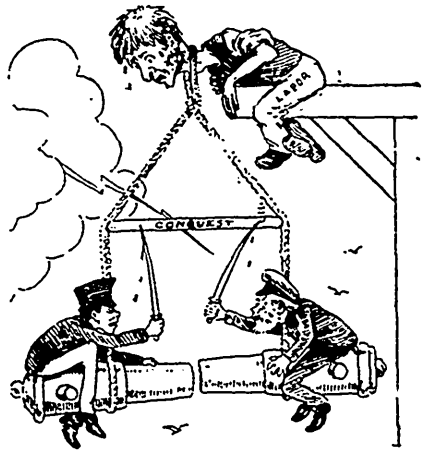
It is said German feeling on the subject was only less bitter than that of England over the "Malacca." Russia seems bent on alienating the few powers who sympathized with her at the beginning of the war; while the degree of sympathy the Russian soldiers themselves feel may be guessed from the fact that many of them are said to be committing suicide when ordered to the front.

It is said that on the seizure of the "Malacca" France gave Russia a strong hint that in the event of a conflict with England she need expect no assistance from her. Evidently the recent friendship that has sprung up between France and England is not mere talk.

WAR'S SEAMY SIDE.

The awful harvest of death upon the Manchurian plains presents assuredly the seamy side of war. One of the papers presents a grim skeleton with his gory scythe as exulting over his fiendish work. No tongue can describe its horrors. Said the Duke of Wellington, "Only one thing is worse than a battle won—a battle lost." The tale of war is like the scroll in the Scripture, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. The agonies of pain, the shattering of homes, the widow's wail, the orphan's cries—these are the sad accompaniments of an even successful war.

Even in a financial point of view the carnival of destruction entails



WAR'S SEAMY SIDE—THE REAL VICTIM.

—The Milwaukee Social-Democrat Herald.



A SHELL THAT WILL MAKE BOTH WINCE.
—Biggers in the Nashville Banner.

lasting penalties. Upon the wage-worker, the toiler with his hands, comes the heaviest burden. The British tax-payer to this day is mulcted in large proportions of his hard won earnings to pay the cost of the war; when Britain saved Europe from the arch-despot Napoleon. On the Continent every peasant is groaning beneath the burdens of long centuries of war. In Russia the toiling mujik is already suffering starvation and impoverishment from the present conflict.

The cartoonist well shows how the weight of all these armaments of both Jap and Russ hang from the



A STRATEGIST.
Russian Bear (silly)—“Running away? Not a bit of it! I’m luring em on!”
—Punch (London).

neck of the son of toil. The wanton destruction of property and lives, in costly forts and fleets and armaments reduced to ruins will long be an incubus upon his earnings. As another of our cartoons shows, the enormous cost of this war will be indeed a shell that will make both sides wince.

One of the evils of the war is the cold-blooded way in which the humorous cartoonist makes its havoc and slaughter a means of raising a laugh, of pointing a joke. The American papers are specially flagrant in this respect. London Punch is always more dignified, and sometimes expresses the pith of a campaign in a few strokes of the pencil. An example of this we append.

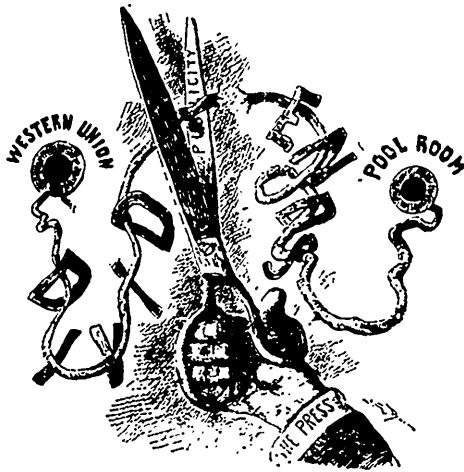


FEUDAL JAPAN AND MODERNIZED JAPAN.
“He was handsomer in his old-time clothes, and we were far happier.”
—Intransigent (Paris.)

The Japanese soldier was certainly much more picturesque in his Samurai costume than in his modern equipment, but he was much less effective. Both by land and sea the little Japs are astonishing the world.

GET-RICH-QUICK.

The newspapers are largely responsible for a great deal of the popular interest in gambling, betting on horse races, boat races, and games of all sorts. It is significant to see the crowds of men and boys—we never see a woman—crowding round the newspaper bulletin boards, filling the

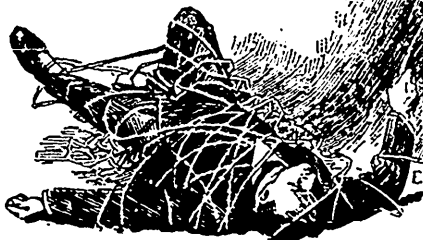


CUT.—New York World.

sidewalk and half the street, eagerly scanning the baseball or race score. Many of them are keenly interested in a financial sense in these games. The telegraph companies have added largely to their dividends by making direct connection between the pool rooms or the race-courses and their patrons. A much needed reform was effected when this disreputable connection was severed. If the press would furthermore quit the publication of betting intelligence it would do much more to nip this evil in the bud.

Another get-rich-quick method is the stock speculation so vividly described in a recent story of Chicago entitled "The Pit," that is, the wheat pit. Many persons find it a pleasant little excitement to dabble in stocks, perhaps win, perhaps lose. But soon they may find themselves bound hand and foot in a tangled skein from which they cannot escape.

The limed soul that struggles to get free
Is but the more engaged.

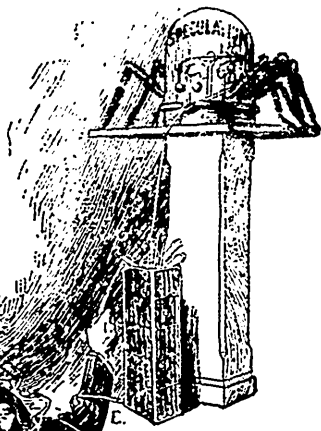


THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Great Britain enjoys a great advantage in that, no matter how high political feeling may run in the country, both parties are equally loyal to the King. Hence has passed into a proverb the phrase, "The King can do no wrong." A great weakness of the American Republic is that the President necessarily represents a party. Hence he is made the target for all manner of partisan attacks, jeers and misrepresentations. A cartoon before us shows President Roosevelt, one of the best Presidents that country ever had, caricatured as an odious ogre, with great goggle eyes and bull-dog teeth, riding to destruction, amid the jeers of his opponents, on a rickety bicycle which is labelled "Conceit," "Egoism," "Self Praise," "Stubbornness." It was just this kind of reckless attack that nerved the assassin's arm to slay three Presidents within our own recollection. It is playing with gunpowder to seek thus to arouse the passions of ill-balanced fanatics.

DEATH OF PAUL KRUGER.

As one of the later echoes of the great Boer War came the announcement of the death of Paul Kruger, some weeks ago, in Switzerland. Oom Paul (Uncle Paul) was born in Cape Colony some seventy-nine years ago, the descendant of a German from Berlin. When he was eight years old his family joined a migration to the northland. This migration was the grand trek which founded the Transvaal. The little Paulus grew up on



the veldt, picking up his education as he could, and showing a fierce bravery in fighting the lions and the Kafirs.

To the last his Bible remained almost his sole text-book, and if his interpretation of it was somewhat earthy, we believe he at least thought he was basing his life on its highest principles. A man but for whom the South African War might have been averted—yet mistaken and obstinate as he was in his policy we cannot but pity him. There was something very pathetic in the flight of the aged man to Europe during the war, to seek vainly the intervention of European powers. The British Government granted permission to bury him in the Transvaal.

Speaking of the late war, the New York Advocate says: "Out of that war England got the glory of persistence, though it took long, and money was freely spent, and at the close of the war no nation on the globe would have wished to attack England, whatever criticisms it might have ventured to make. England is neither dead, dying, nor decadent. It is believed that the British Government is trying to do the best it can for what is left of the Boers."

THE OVERWISE GLOBE-TROTTER.

A much-travelled gentleman, whose ideas on matters in various parts of the world frequently find their way into print, has lately been giving Boston University his opinion of consuls and missionaries in foreign lands. He says the consuls are unfit and incapable, and "the missionaries are more or less in the same boat," "do more harm than good," and more to the same effect. The New York Outlook replies by quoting the opinions of several foreigners of distinction on the subject:

Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, has said publicly: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my country and people than any other foreign influence." Marquis Ito, Prime Minister of Japan, has stated that "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries, exerted in right directions when Japan was first studying the outer world." Sir Augustus Rivers-Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, says: "In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other

agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country and the saviours of the empire."

Testimonies of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely. The cocksure globe-trotter who condemns missions in passing would do well to remember that no two persons ever see the same Mont Blanc. No two persons have the capacity for seeing the same thing. So with missions. We cannot expect unsympathetic eyes to see into the heart of missionary effort. Travel is certainly educative. But a man's judgment is valuable, not according to the number of countries he has viewed, but according to the penetration of mind and sympathy with which he has been endowed to view them.

NEGRO POPULATION DECREASING.

Zion's Herald, speaking of the negro population of the United States and the census returns for 1900, repudiates the idea that there is any danger of the negro race outgrowing the white. Although the negro birth-rate is higher, the negro death-rate far outruns the white death-rate. During the whole of the past century the negro has lost ground in numbers, as compared with the white man. One sign of their lower vitality is in that more than half the negroes of the United States are under nineteen years of age, while the median line for the white race is twenty-three. Says our exchange: "There is, in short, nothing in the negro growth during the last decade which encourages the idea that that race is assuming a more important place as an element in American population than it has taken before, or that it can ever by mere numbers alone demand for itself a fuller recognition as a formative social element."

"ELIJAH" DOWIE AND THE MORMONS.

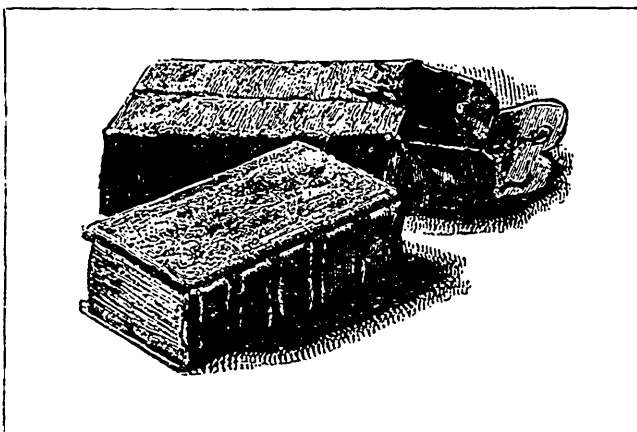
Credible rumour hath it that from his Zion on the shores of Lake Michigan, Alexander Dowie is in due season to launch and to lead a crusade against the follies and iniquities which centre in Salt Lake, with the co-operation of not less than 4,000 of his followers gathered from the north and the south, the east and the west. Surely, if this project is carried out, the world will behold a spectacle, for Greek will meet Greek.

Religious Intelligence.

Methodists are not much of relic-mongers, but there are a few things which to them possess a great interest. Autograph letters of the makers of Methodism, especially of the Wesleys, or aught of their personal belongings, are highly treasured. So also is anything that brings us into closer touch with great writers. Hence the great interest with which people in the British Museum lean over the cases in which are the manuscripts and personal souvenirs of the masters and makers of English literature. Of peculiar interest is the souvenir shown in our cut, the well-worn Bible

is made to develop the mental and physical, as well as the spiritual, life of the young people growing up in this neighbourhood, and thus fit them to be not only better citizens, but better Christians.

This church began its work long before institutional churches were known or talked about. It has had its own story of struggle and of triumph. A number of deaconesses are now resident in the settlement. The institutional work is under the direction of Miss Horton. Those who had the privilege of hearing this gifted woman during her recent visit to Toronto



JOHN WESLEY'S BIBLE AND CASE.

which John Wesley carried for many thousands of miles, and from whose pages he preached many thousands of sermons. It was carefully preserved in a leathern case, and is still in good condition.

will understand something of the inspiration her life must be to those among whom she labours. We are trying to work on similar lines at the Fred Victor Mission and King Street East Church, Toronto.

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

From The Halsted Street Bulletin, edited by Miss Isabelle Horton, one gets a fair idea of the work done by an institutional church down town in Chicago. There is a kindergarten, open every morning but Saturday. There are sewing classes, classes in elocution, physical culture, singing, manual training, Bible study, besides the Penny Savings Society, the clubs and social gatherings. Every effort

THE MINISTRY OF WEALTH.

Certainly some noble-minded possessors of wealth are doing much to bridge over "the divide" between the rich and the poor. One hardly realizes how much till one reads of the enthusiasm with which Miss Helen Gould was received in the Bowery Mission, New York, a few weeks ago. Her introduction was greeted by bursts of applause. As is well known, Miss Gould opened, and is maintaining, the

Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. at Brooklyn. Many of the sailors were in the Bowery Mission the night of her visit, and it was pleasing to see this sweet-faced woman, the possessor of millions, talking simply from the New Testament to an audience that knows too well the seamy side of life. The "Jackies" are said to adore her. It is even said that the soldier-boys in the camp at Montauk Point used to sing:

You're the angel of the camp,
Helen Gould!
In the sun-rays, in the damp,
On the weary, weary tramp,
To our darkness you're a lamp.
Helen Gould!

A RARE VICEROY.

A missionary writes from Chentu, Sz-Chuan: "Our Viceroy here is pushing ahead on the path of progress. He has had the names of all the streets in the city prominently re-painted, the houses all numbered, and lamps placed at more or less regular intervals along the streets. He has also devoted much attention to the sanitary arrangements throughout the city, with the result that these are vastly improved. He forbids bribery, so far as his own retinue is concerned, and discourages it all round. He is also giving decided preference to officials who do not smoke opium. Also, he has established a very efficient police force, the members of which are everywhere in evidence. He is encouraging the growth of schools, and gives much money to various charities, native and missionary. He is, without doubt, a very enlightened man, and one of the coming rulers of China."

THE COMMITTEE ON CHURCH UNION.

At the meeting of the General Conference Special Committee, the important proceedings reported were as follows: The division of the Manitoba and the North-West Conference into three Conferences—the Manitoba, the Assiniboia, Alberta; the establishment of Alberta College, under the principalship of the Rev. John H. Riddell, B.D.; the division of the estate of the late Thomas Lyley, of London Conference, equally between the Missionary, Educational, and Superannuation Funds. The chief object of the meeting was to enlarge the Committee

on Church Union, which originally numbered but fourteen. The following names were added: Ministers, Dr. Carman, Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Griffin, Dr. Crews, Dr. Burwash, Dr. Chown, Dr. Woodsworth, Dr. Hucstis, Dr. Evans, Dr. Griffith, Dr. Levi Curtis, Dr. Ryckman, W. H. Langille, D. W. Johnson, Geo. Steele, Dr. Paisley, J. E. Mavety, J. T. Pitcher, Dr. Antliff, Dr. Crothers, Dr. W. C. Henderson, Dr. Ross, Dr. Williamson, Dr. Gundy, Dr. Langford, Stephen Bond, Dr. A. Stewart, F. B. Stacey, J. H. White; and, as reserves, Dr. W. R. Young, G. J. Bishop, W. H. Hincks, Wm. Harrison; and, as lay members, Hon. R. K. Bishop, Judge Chesley, Charles Bell, Dr. Allison, Dr. Inch, J. D. Chipman, H. H. Fudger, Hon. Justice Britton, Hon. Senator Cox, Hon. Justice Maclaren, Chester D. Massey, R. J. McLaughlin, N. W. Rowell, C. A. Birge, Edward Gurney, H. P. Moore, Jonathan Ellis, W. J. Ferguson, John Mann, J. A. M. Aikins, J. H. Ashdown, R. W. Harris; and, as reserves, Richard Brown, J. N. Lake, Wm. Johnston, John George.

This shows the growing place the subject is taking. It is not likely that the Committees on Union will meet before the latter part of October or early November.

Members of the committee residing in Toronto were constituted a local sub-committee for various purposes and the obtaining of certain information for the committee as a whole.

CHRISTIAN UNITY IN JAPAN.

Not the least part of the debt, says The Missionary Review, which the home Churches owe to foreign missions is the lead which these are continually giving in the direction of unity. Two beautiful illustrations of this are found in the most recent tidings from Japan. The Church of England missionaries have for some time been working among the Ainus, the aboriginal tribe living in the northern part of the Japan archipelago. The Presbyterian Church felt that more should be done for that tribe, and sent workers of their own into that region. But they desired to avoid confusing the minds of the people by setting up a native Presbyterian Church alongside of the Episcopal Church, and so they have adopted the policy of sending all their converts to the latter Church for membership. The other fact is the pub-

lication of a Japanese hymn-book, containing 450 hymns, in the production of which all Japanese missionaries have united, including Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and Disciples.

METHODISTS IN HAWAII.

There is an interesting condition of things in Hawaii. The Chinese are excluded, and the fear of overcrowding has practically shut out the Japanese. The result is a great scarcity of labourers, particularly farm-hands. Farmers have therefore invited emigration from Korea. Not long ago eighty Koreans shipped on one vessel for Hawaii, of whom it was found that thirty-one were Methodists. A Methodist church was organized on ship-board, which had fifty members when they landed. After reaching Hawaii they sent back to Korea for a pastor. There are now six hundred Koreans in Hawaii, of whom three hundred are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The American Board has decided not to enter it, and the members of their churches who take letters to Hawaii are advised to unite with the Methodist Church.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

MISSIONS IN ALASKA.

About half a score of missionary societies are at work in this most remote north-west, but so vast are the spaces that there is room enough for all and to spare, and by friendly allotment the field is divided among them. As to the results after about twenty years, Rev. Sheldon Jackson has recently written in *The Sunday-school Times* :

From 5,000 to 10,000 of the native population through these various organizations have been brought more or less under Gospel influences. Three or four thousand can be classed among those that we call communicants, and many thousands of the children are in school.

THE FUTURE OF THE BIBLE.

The article on this subject by Canon Henson, in a contemporary review, has attracted much attention. The cable despatches, as usual, in garbled and partial reports, gave a sensational character to the article, as if it were a bold attack on what Mr. Gladstone

called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." The full text by no means justifies that conclusion. It denies, of course, the literal inerrancy of the Bible, and gives a new interpretation of some of its revelations, but it is reverent and loyal to the essential truth of Holy Scripture, and predicts for this book of the age, and of all the ages, an ever-widening sway. It concludes as follows: "The twentieth century will add yet another solemn historic affirmation of the evangelic oracle to the long series which the Christian centuries contain, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away.'"

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN SYRIA.

Dr. A. J. Brown, in the course of a tour through Asia, was deeply impressed with the value of medical missions. He says :

Healing the sick is an important phase of mission work in Syria. The antipathy of Moslem and Catholic to the Protestant preacher does not blind them to the fact that the medical missionary can cleanse their ulcers and set their broken legs. Thus as the educational work opens up wide avenues of influence among the children, so medical work opens up equally wide avenues of influence among the sick and injured.

He visited Tripoli, and there saw Dr. Harris, one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, who had charge of a large hospital, in which good work was being done, as well as outside its walls. He continues :

"In the ancient city of Hums I saw the sick flock to Dr. Harris as of old they flocked to Christ. He had with him only a pocket case of medicine and a few instruments. The receiving-room was our little church, the operating-table a board laid across a couple of benches. But amid those primitive conditions, the missionary gave such relief to scores of sufferers that their gratitude knew no bounds, and men who would have stoned a preacher reverently listened to the doctor while he talked to them of Christ. The work of Dr. Mary Eddy among women and children is also representative. Though hitherto nominally a member of the Beirut station she has itinerated throughout the entire mission field, and even beyond it. With her Bible-women and her camping outfit, she journeys on horseback to some outlying village and pitches her tent. A surprising number of the sick and in-

jured speedily appear. It is pathetic to see the trustful confidence of that diseased and crippled throng, some of whom are plainly beyond all help that man can give."

DESPISE NOT THE LITTLE ONES.

There is a very pretty story told of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who one day, when out walking in one of the busiest streets of London with a friend, was accosted by two little street-arabs. They had been standing on the edge of the pavement, gazing half bewildered at the great sea of traffic rolling ever on and on. As the earl approached them, maybe they saw by the kindly light in his eyes that their request would not be denied them, for fearlessly one little lad held out his dirty hand, saying, "Mister, will ye help us across to the other side, for we are afraid, and want some one to lead us."

The earl readily consented, and taking one little grimy hand of each child, led them until they safely landed on the other side. When he returned, his friend questioned him in a half contemptuous manner: "What ever made you do that, to take their dirty hands into your own? I should have been afraid to touch them."

His lordship smiled, replying: "One day when my work here is ended, and I get over yonder, I want to meet those lads, but no longer poor and dirty; and to hear my Master's welcome, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.'"

PRESIDENT ELIOT AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Something of the mind and character of President Eliot, of Harvard University, is seen in the eloquence and courage with which he addressed the Central Labour Union of Boston some weeks ago. An out-and-out individualist, he nevertheless won the admiration of his hearers by his candour and courtesy, and his utter freedom from airs of superiority or condescension. Says a writer in an exchange:

"One who was privileged to study the audience of 2,000 trade unionists, and to hear the arguments and the replies to questions of President Eliot, which lasted two hours, will ever count it a red-letter day. For it all reflected so much credit on the innate chivalry, sense of fair play, and intelligence of the American working-man, as well as demonstrating un-

answerably the wealth of intellectual resource and moral character which a life and career like President Eliot's give to one who would teach his fellowmen."

He frankly expressed his admiration for the "scab" as a hero. He condemned the unfairness and un-Americanism of the trades-union policy, as seen in the limitation of apprenticeship, the demand of uniform payment for ununiform labour. He believes the mobility of passage from stratum to stratum of society has hitherto been the essence of democracy. His speech has given the socialist something to think about. It is pleasing to note the courteous interchange of thought on both the part of the speaker and his hearers.

A success beyond the successes of other years was the session of our Summer-school, held at Victoria University this year. A stimulus that should be national was given to our Sunday-school work by the presence and lectures of Dr. and Mrs. Hamill. Prof. Riddell, of Edmonton, brought before us our great western country, and reminded us of the youngest of our colleges. The topic of missions was, of course, the absorbing theme. The presence of Bishop Hartzell from Africa, and Dr. Ewan, of China gave a never-to-be-forgotten inspiration to those present. A fuller account was given in Onward of August 20th.

Miss Hu King Eng, the young Chinese girl whom Li Hung Chang appointed a delegate from China to the Woman's Convention in London in 1898, is said to be very successful as a doctor in Foochow. She studied for seven years in the University of Michigan, and received the degree of M.D. there. She is now in charge of a hospital, and the story is told of a coolie who wheeled his old blind mother 1,000 miles on a wheelbarrow to take her to the woman doctor. An operation for double cataract was performed, and the woman can see as well as ever.

A Hindu father recently brought his little motherless girl to a mission school, and asked that she might be received, saying: "For years I have watched the two hundred Christian girls of your school go back and forth, and I never have seen an unhappy face among them; I want my daughter to be like them."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. JOHN PHILP.

To the many who have been privileged by the ministry of the Rev. Dr. John Philp, of Sydenham Street Church, Kingston, the news of his death in Grimsby Park this summer came as a shock. Dr. Philp was spending the summer at his cottage in the Park. He had gone over to Lakeview House one afternoon to visit some friends when he was suddenly seized with paralysis. Medical aid was summoned, but he passed away in a few hours. Like Enoch, "He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

Dr. Philp was about sixty-six years of age. He graduated from Victoria University in the year 1861, and has since been one of the lights of our ministry. His memory will be cherished in Broadway and Carlton, St. James', Montreal, Brampton, and other churches that enjoyed his pastoral care.

On every charge will be many whose lives have received an uplift from the spirit of this faithful pastor. For his preaching was with power. He gave ever the strong meat of the Word. Cultured, consecrated, a gentleman and a scholar, a true friend.

THE LATE SENATOR AIKINS.

A man honoured by and an honour to his country was the late James Cox Aikins, P.C., LL.D., Senator and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Of him, if of any one, it may be said he wore "the white flower of a blameless life." Senator Aikins received his education in Victoria College, Cobourg. In 1862 he became a member of the Legislative Council, afterward a Senator, then Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. It was he who framed and carried through Parliament the Public Lands Act, and later organized the Dominion Lands Bureau, now the Department of the Interior. He was well-known in connection with the temperance movement, and was for many years Lay Treasurer of our Missionary Society. At the ripe age of eighty-two he passed to the reward of one who had wearied not in well-doing.

DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS E. HARRISON.

His many friends on the fields in which he has laboured learned with regret of the death of Rev. Thomas E. Harrison, of Dresden, London Conference. Mr. Harrison died very sud-

denly, though he had been suffering from nervous prostration for some time, and had been unable to take up his work in Dresden since going there in July. He laboured with much zeal and effectiveness on the following circuits: Enniskillen, Florence, Niles-town, London (Elizabeth Street), Adelaide, Melbourne, Granton and London (Empress Avenue). The seal of God's favour was upon him in all his work. Our tenderest sympathies are extended to Mrs. Harrison in her bereavement.

DEATH OF THE REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

In the death of the Rev. Professor John Campbell, Presbyterianism loses one of its prominent divines. Professor Campbell died unexpectedly at his summer home, "Yoho Island," Muskoka.

Professor Campbell was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was born in the year 1840. He served as senator, and also examiner in the University of Toronto, and in 1893 was appointed Professor of Church History and Apologetics in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, a post which he recently resigned. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and in 1895 was one of the commission appointed by the Ontario Government to inquire into the state of the University of Toronto. He was recognized as a writer of much ability, along such lines as history, ethnology and philology.

A CANADIAN IN CLEVELAND.

The late Henry A. Griffin, who died recently in Cleveland, is a brother of our Rev. Dr. Griffin, Secretary of the Superannuation Fund. Says The Western Christian Advocate of the deceased:

"Cleveland Methodism has lost, by death, one of its most prominent and influential members. Mr. Henry A. Griffin, the secretary and treasurer of the Indemnity Savings and Loan Company, died at his home on Sunday, July 17, after an illness of six weeks' duration."

Mr. Griffin was for many years engaged in the newspaper profession, first in Detroit and afterward in Cleveland. In this line he ever upheld the highest ideals as opposed to the sensationalism of the day. He took an active part in public affairs, and was known to and beloved by a host of friends. He will be missed in both Church and State.

Book Notices.

"The Philippines and the Far East."
By Homer C. Stuntz. Cincinnati:
Jennings & Pye. Toronto:
William Briggs. Pp. 514. Price,
\$1.75 net.

Much has been written on the political problems resulting from that marvelous day's work when Admiral Dewey entered Manila harbour, and in an hour changed the destiny of the Philippines. But we know no book in which the religious problems have been so fully and wisely treated as in this one. Dr. Stuntz has special qualifications for his task. He has had eight years' experience among similar social conditions in British India, and two years' residence in the Philippines. "Here are eight millions of people," he says, "emerging from the twilight of a belated civilization into the high noon of modern life. If the purposes of God for them in the Philippines, and through them among the seven hundred million Asiatics by whom they are surrounded are accomplished there must be not only evangelization, but legislation. Bad laws must be repealed, and good ones enacted. Education and just administration are as certainly," he adds, "a part of the programme of Jesus Christ for the Filipino people, as the establishment of a Christian Church."

Dr. Stuntz, in five hundred lucid and luminous pages, discusses this whole question—the social order and general characteristics of the archipelago, its history, the Friars, the American occupation, constructive legislation, educating a nation, religious conditions, difficulties, and problems. He has hearty sympathy with the Filipinos, points out their many admirable qualities, despite the bad training and misgovernment which they have suffered.

The great work of educating a nation is one of the noblest we can conceive. The photo groups of bright students at school and at work are an augury full of hope. The ship-load of teachers sent to the Philippines, full of moral and intellectual enthusiasm, was the best gift of the nation to these conquered peoples. Before the smoke of battle had drifted away the teachers were gathering the children into school.

With the teacher came the preacher. It is gratifying to know that the

first Protestant service was held by a Methodist chaplain. The first Protestant missionary was Bishop Thoburn, followed by that stalwart Canadian, Bishop Warren, who, on his way to the General Conference, chose to remain at work in the Philippines. In two years Bishop Warren reported a native church of 200 members, with 609 adherents. On Christmas Day, 1901, 300 native converts were admitted from probation, and over 400 partook of the Holy Supper. The owner of a cockpit gave it up as a church, and became a Methodist preacher. On January 1st, 1902, the Philippine Christian Advocate was issued, and that year the Methodist press turned out 4,000,000 pages of literature. In October, 1903, 1,800 adults attended a typical Methodist class-meeting in Manila. The marriage fees from 2,475 weddings were given to the work, and the missionary report of 1903-4 records 6,842 members, with 4,180 adherents.

The white man's civilization has brought its bane as well as its blessing. The worst of these is the drink curse. Saloons sprang up on every hand. "Soldiers lay sodden drunk in the highway, the national honour was dragged in the very dirt of the street." Saloon licenses were fixed at the ridiculous figure of \$4. A change has since been made; saloons pay \$800 for a license. The number of native wine-shops in Manila has been reduced from 4,000 to 1,168, and 157 spirit shops. This will compare favourably with 513 in Washington, 3,007 in San Francisco, 6,460 in Chicago, and 10,832 in New York. The book is a record of marvellous progress, and an inspiration to further effort.

Dr. Stuntz is an ardent pro-Japanese. "If Russia should win," he says, "the missionary and philanthropic progress in the East would be indefinitely postponed. Her intolerance and bigotry would freeze the very fountains of Christian civilization. No calamity now impending in any quarter of the world can be compared in its baleful significance for the Kingdom of Righteousness with the Russian menace." These are weighty words from a man who knows the East so well.

This is a book of such importance that we shall devote to it a special article.

"By the Fireside." By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-300.

The charming books by the author of "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way" have won him a wide constituency of fascinated readers. French writers have a perfection of form, a gracefulness of thought and expression that makes a well translated French book of earnest moral purpose a model of higher literature. The author regards the family as the unit of civilization and the hearth as the Golden Milestone from which all distances are measured. The reflex influence of parents and children, brothers and sisters, of golden hair and grey, are beautifully set forth, as well as our relations to servants and even to our animal friends. The position of woman and her work, the duty of hospitality and our obligation to "our friends, the poor," the need of cheerfulness, of sympathy, are all admirably inculcated. The duty of preparing in fair weather for evil days, the specially French practice of thrift and economy, is urged. The pathos of the hearth bereft when the birds leave the nest, the religion of the home and its heirlooms and family traditions, are treated with the spirit of poetry and power that touch the imagination and the heart.

"The Genius of Methodism; A Sociological Interpretation." By William Pitt MacVey. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

This book is one of the signs of promise in the Methodist world. The time has fully come for the Methodist Church to understand her high calling as pre-eminent leader in the advance of the human race. Not simply as an engine-room to generate the dynamics of revivals or to show the way in evangelistic methods, but as entrusted with an undeveloped "depositum," wrapped up in a napkin, to be sure, but only waiting for development in order to enrich the thought and impulses of men for an intellectual, spiritual and ethical forward movement, so that Christianity shall lead the world to the higher civilization now in its dawn.

The author points out clearly wherein Methodism has evolved with the years—on its ecclesiastical side; wherein it is an arrested develop-

ment—in the intellectual statement of its spiritual inheritance and ethical meaning. Then he points out some of the lines along which Methodism should develop and lead the world up to its ultimate civilization, the kingdom of God upon earth as in heaven, or "universal holiness of life in conformity to the divine will." But of all this, alas, Methodism is shown to be on the whole utterly unconscious! The author deals especially with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the study is fascinating to any one who wishes to read the lessons of history. His references to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are peculiarly illuminating.

But the general philosophy of this study is just as much needed and just as appropriate for Canada as anywhere in the Methodist world; in fact, it is the very lesson now most needed in our present stage of evolution. The book states the problem but does not lead to the solution. It is, however, a needed preparation for the coming of men who, as desiderated by Dr. Dale twenty years ago, shall have "the genius and the courage" to state the immense practical suggestions involved in the Wesleyan doctrine of perfect love, the effective statement of which, according to Dr. Dale, would result in an ethical revival in Christendom before which the Reformation of the sixteenth century would pale. Every thoughtful Methodist preacher should read this book. C. S. E.

"A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain." Here and There in the Homeland. By Canniff Haight. Author of "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago." Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 616. Price, \$2.25.

This is a new edition of a work which has already had a very large sale in Canada. It is one of the most handsomely printed and illustrated books ever issued from our Book Room. There are two hundred and sixty illustrations, all from original photos. The author is a patriotic Canadian, and saw everything in the Old Land through honest Canadian eyes. His book shows broad sympathy with British institutions and history, and especially with our wonderful English literature which has cast over so many storied scenes of the Old Land

The light that never was on sea or shore
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Mr. Haight is the master of a picturesque and interesting literary style, and leads us on his pleasant meanderings in the United Kingdom and the sister island in a very delightful manner.

"Studies in Browning." By Josiah Flew. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-238.

This book will introduce the somewhat enigmatic poetry of Browning to many readers to whom he has been an unknown force. It will also be welcomed by lovers of the great poet as classifying his philosophy on most important themes. The author groups the teachings of Browning under the important heads of those concerning God and Jesus Christ, concerning man, the soul, faith, hope, love, truth, life, death and immortality. Browning is especially the preacher's poet. We commend to our teachers and preachers this concise volume.

"Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada." Second Series—Vol. IX. Meeting of May, 1903. London: Bernard Quaritch. Ottawa: Jas. Hope & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

This annual volume becomes more valuable as the years pass on. Many important papers in both English and French are here preserved. They find their way into all the great libraries of the world, and are exchanged with many learned societies. Our own Dr. Burwash contributes to this volume an important paper on "The Evolution and Degeneration of Party, a Study in Political History." Our French friends are specially happy in their papers on the romantic early history of Canada. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Education, has contributed a valuable paper on "The

Early Legislature of Upper Canada." The scientific papers are of special value.

"Clerical System." By Willis V. Dick. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 131. Price, 60 cents net.

Much time is lost by not being able to index our reading, thought and study. Mr. Dick presents a very simple arrangement for such mental bookkeeping, and furnishes admirable hints for its practice. His title-page admirably describes his purpose: "Economics of Library, Periodicals, Sermonology, Correspondence, Administration, and Business. A cabinet classification of literary wealth, homiletic material, special studies, and office work. Inscribed to young ministers of all denominations, students, and all professional people."

"The Mothers' Manual." A Month by Month Guide for Young Mothers. By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 263. Price, \$1.00 net.

This is a very sensible book of counsel to mothers on the physical training of children in their early years. A child is the best asset of the family and the nation. The book will be worth many times its cost in promoting health and averting illness and curing infant maladies.

Vol. V. of the Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society is of especial interest. Mr. James H. Coyne, B.A., deserves many thanks for his very readable article on the "Discovery and Exploration of the Bay of Quinte." Champlain, the first to discover and navigate in these parts, is the subject of some interesting anecdotes, which Mr. Coyne has reproduced. "The Origin of our Maple Leaf Emblem," at the time of the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is also of much interest.

"I love Thee, O my God, yet not
For what I hope thereby;
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

"I love Thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast loved me.

"Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of earning Heaven
Or of escaping Hell.

"Not for the sake of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But fully, freely, as Thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!"

—Francis Xavier's Hymn.