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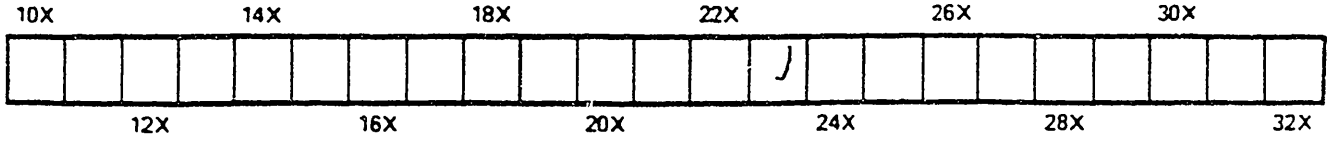


ON THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE HARBOR, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1905.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY.

BY THE EDITOR.

HARBOR AND CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, FROM SIGNAL HILL.

I.

NEWFOUNDLAND is Britain's oldest colony, yet to the average Canadian it is one of the least known. This results largely from its isolation. Till the construction of the Reid Railway from Port-aux-Basques to St. John's it was a three or four days' voyage over often stormy seas to the ancient capital. Now it is brought into easy access by seven hours' sail from Sydney, Cape Breton, and a twenty-eight hours' ride by rail. This great island is becoming more and more a favorite summer resort, especially to health seekers and sportsmen of the United States. These have discovered a new Norway of diversified scenery, of majestic fiords, of towering mountains, of streams teaming with fish and forests abounding in game. The enterprise of the Reid Company has made the once dreaded Cabot Straits but a ferry to be crossed in a short summer's night.

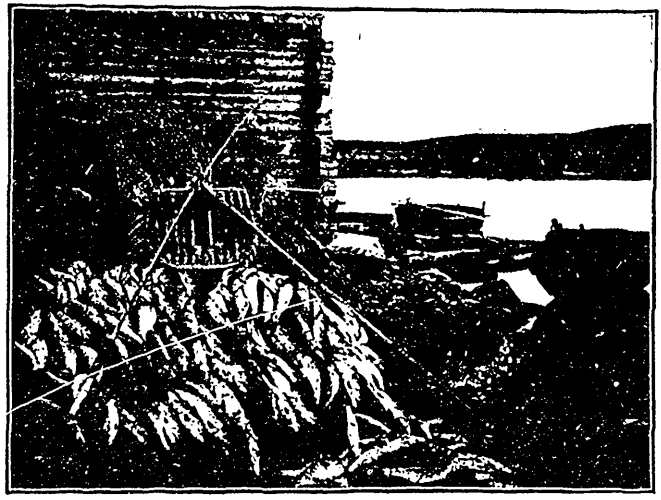
LOG CABIN INN.
A FAMOUS FISHING RESORT ON THE REID NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAY.

No sooner does one reach the Port-aux-Basques than he feels himself in a new world. The vivid verdure of the foliage and grass nourished by the frequent fogs, the bold and rocky scenery, the universal presence of fishing boats and fishing gear, make one realize that he is on new ground. Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world. It is one-sixth larger than Ireland, and is a vast triangle with a base of 316 miles and an altitude of 317. It has a coast line of 2,000 miles. That line is gashed with great bays, "broader than Lake Ontario and half as long, nearly cutting the island in twain and embraced in huge protruding arms of the rocky range that themselves with all the shore are riven and ploughed into a thousand lesser bays and rough and rocky coves around which the fishermen have built their little homes, and into the largest of which the merchants and traders have followed them, and built up the villages and little towns."

The following is a vigorous description by the Rev. Dr. Carman, whose duties as General Superintendent have made him familiar with much of this great country:

"Let us stand on ship-deck and look at the shore, and what we see in one place we see in nearly all: rock, towering rock, from fifty to one hundred feet above the restless sea, bare and barren; mighty bulwarks against the northern main, battered and broken with iceberg; ploughed and ground with tempest and wave. What less than such ramparts and citadels, whose massive masonry was laid deep in subterranean chambers, and whose walls were lifted and piled by the twin giants, earthquake and volcano, could ever have withstood the rush of the tremendous phalanxes of iceberg and avalanche poured upon these rugged shores by the ice king of the Arctic domain, and the dash of the fierce tempests upon the storm-scarred towers? And these grand harbors, of which the island has its scores, how utterly indispensable they are, and how wonderfully they are formed!

"Take a port like that of St. John's,



NINE-MILE POST TROUT.

where you enter as in an instant from the open sea betwixt two walls of precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high, by a passage scarcely wide enough for two vessels to pass, and come in a minute into a long and broad basin completely surrounded by equally lofty ranges of rock, where a navy may ride in calm, deep sea in perfect security.

"Take another, like that at Trinity, where we enter by a channel not much wider, and come at once into a large, open bay, surrounded by towering rocks as at St. John's, and then may press up into the land betwixt the precipitous hills on either of two extensive arms of the sea, giving not only a safe retreat, but actually a hiding-place for the navies of nations. These wonders abound, but there is not one too many or one too safe when the storms of the Atlantic and the fogs and currents and ice come into the account."

The railway ride across the island is a novel experience. The road is a narrow gauge, and the railway coaches and sleeping cars strike one at first as much resembling dolls' houses. But they are surprisingly comfortable, and after one gets accustomed to the narrow passages are, in fact, quite commodious. In traversing the rough and rocky wilderness of the central island in the dining and sleeping cars one can eat and rest as comfortably as in his own home.

Many persons expect in Newfoundland only bog and fog and cod. It is a genuine surprise to find such fertile valleys as the Codroy and St. George's and such romantic scenery as the Bay of Islands, with its winding fiords bordered by lofty hills, the noble Humber River, with its vast forests of the best pine. Around St. John's, too, is some admirable farming land, where the great fields of grain, of oats and barley ripple like a mimic sea beneath the breeze.

There is, of course, much sterile and austere in the scenery. In long curves the railway climbs to the height of land, where a group of strange hills bear the respective names of Gaff Topsail, Mizzen Topsail, Main Topsail,

GROUSE.

and Fore Topsail. Few things are more impressive than in the gathering twilight to climb these long curves and then sweep down their eastern slopes. Even the most desolate and fire-swept regions were all ablaze with the brilliant colored fire weed, hundreds and thousands of acres of it spreading its mantle of beauty over the sterility of the landscape.

As one approaches the east coast the scenery becomes still bolder and more sublime. The road sweeps past the immense curves of Conception Bay, whose many indentations and bold and rocky shore call for much engineering skill in construction. It is a perennial delight to traverse the beautiful Fresh Water Bridge Valley, its long slopes golden with ripening grain or green with verdant meadow.

For persons fond of the angler's gentle art there are numberless attractions along this route. Salmon streams and trout pools abound, where the thrill of the gamey fish at the end of the line gives such keen satisfaction to those who are fond of that sort of thing. For bolder spirits there are caribou and other deer by the thousand, and partridge and other game in limitless numbers.

The Rev. George J. Bond, B.A., Editor of the Guardian, himself a native of the oldest colony, writes:

"The country is picturesque in the extreme, and the scenery varies all the way from the romantic grandeur of coast and mountain landscape to the sylvan loveliness of lake side and river valley. The lakes and brooks abound

HAY-TIME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

PETRIE'S, BAY OF ISLANDS.

with trout, and many of the rivers with the lively sea trout and the lordly salmon. So plentiful are the latter that one English sportsman is said last year to have caught no less than three hundred in a single week. Snipe, curlew, and ptarmigan are to be found in plenty, while the noble caribou in large herds roam through the glades and over the barrens of the interior. Indeed, the Newfoundland Railway runs through hundreds of miles of country which is, as has been said, a veritable paradise for the sportsman with rod or rifle, and for the artist with brush or camera."

The harbor of St. John's is one of the most remarkable in the world. As you approach by sea you behold nothing but a bold and rugged line of coast rising five and six hundred feet. Presently a narrow cleft is seen, and through the channel, only fourteen hundred feet in width, the steamer glides into a land-locked bay. In the narrowest part the channel is not more than six hundred feet wide. On the steep surrounding hills, chiefly on the north side, lies the town in successive terraces of streets and sweeping around this land-locked bay.

The city has been frequently devastated by fire. In 1816 three conflagrations in succession swept away the greater part. In 1846, another destroyed two-thirds of the city. In 1892, more than half, the best half at that, went up in flames. Eleven thousand persons were left homeless and $15,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. But after each disaster the town rose like the phœnix from its ashes and was more substantially and handsomely built than ever.

Few cities can compare for picturesque scenery with this ancient capital. Guarding like mighty warders the entrance to the bay are Signal Hill, crowned with the handsome new Cabot Tower, and that bearing at its base the Fort Amherst light. From the summit of either the majestic view of the sweeping watery plain of the Atlantic stretches to the far horizon, often studded with groups of snowy and glittering icebergs, and the lonely look-out signals with his flags to the merchants in the town the arrival of their expected argosies from the great ports of the world.

This spot a hundred and forty years ago was the scene of a brief but

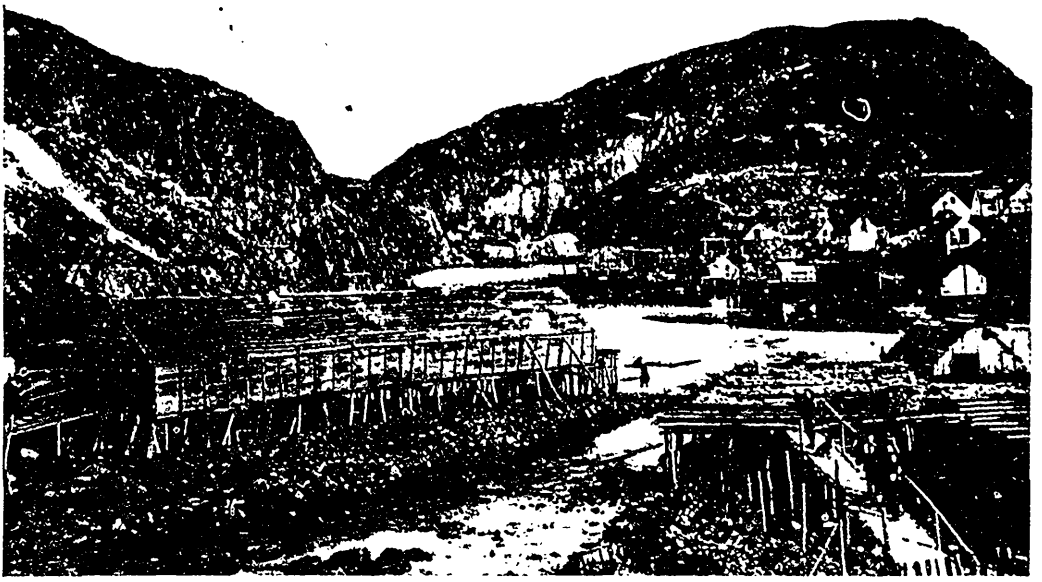
VILLAGE OF QUIDI VIDI.

bloody struggle. For the third time the French had obtained possession of the city. Colonel Amherst, with a British force, charged up the rugged heights, despite obstinate resistance. The French saw that all was lost. Their fleet crept out of the harbor in a fog and escaped, and the red cross flag has ever since waved upon these rocky heights.

Close to the city lies the charming Quidi Vidi Lake, on which the annual regatta is held. It lies amid an amphitheatre of hills which furnish vantage ground for thousands of spectators to watch the busy scene. Anything more quaint and curious than the adjacent little fishing village it would be hard to conceive. A deep gash in the red and rugged Huronian rocks makes a tiny harbor for the fishing boats. The fish flakes, or stages for drying the cod, cluster around, half in the water and half on the rock. Fish nets hang in great festoons to dry. The women and children turn the fish upon the flakes, the boys and men reap the harvest of the sea. The cottages are neat and clean, although an ancient and fish-like odor pervades the atmosphere. The honest fisher folk have some linguistic oddities of expression and a picturesqueness of garb and gesture that make a visit a perpetual delight.

"The fishin' not bad, but in the spring and fall it do be terrible stormy," said one clean-limbed fisherman. "Offens the boats can't get through the gut there, an' if they miss it they be smashed to splinters on the cruel rocks. When the tide is strong and the sea heavy they have to sheer off and run fur St. John's. They can get in there any time or tide.

"Sthep in, zur, and see oor ile factory. 'Tis the best part of the fish is the ile, and good fur the sick folk. Us puts the livers in the big molasses puncheon, ye see. Then us tries it out and 'stills it in the coppers there. Just see how good and fine it is—clear as water an' mild as milk. Wud yez take a sip? No! och, it's good fur a man's



STOREHOUSE AND FISH FLAKE AT QUIDI VIDI.

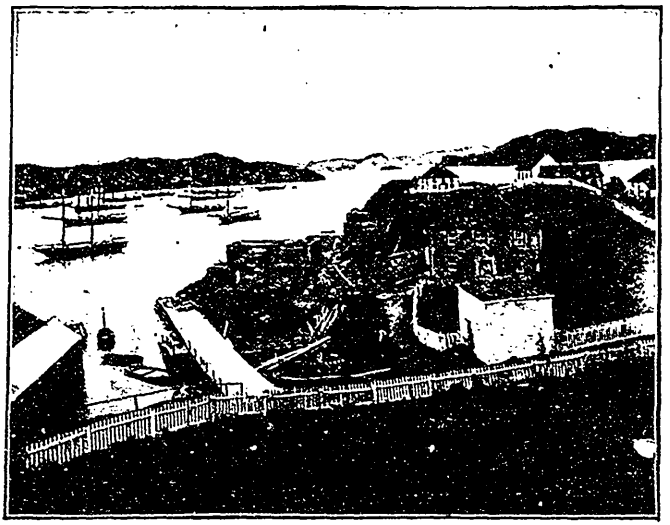
innards, it is," and he took a small ladle full as if he liked it.

" Come into the cabin. It's fain and proud us be to welcome yez. If yez don't like the liver ile, it's some of our spruce beer ye must be tryin'. O divil a haporth it wud hurt a child wid his milk teeth. Y'd have to drink enough to float a boat to make yez 'toxicated, an' then it wouldn't harm yez. Take a cookie wid it. Mollie here bakes 'em foine. Shure the childer just thrive on lashin's o' beer and biscuit. The hard tack's good to cut their teeth on. They can gnaw 'em like a dog a bone."

The little cabin was clean and comfortable, with dainty white curtains and geraniums flowering in the windows, everything tidy, ship-shape, like a " banker's " cabin, the brass kettles shining like gold.

" No, yer honner," said Mollie, with a curtsey, " us doesn't offens go to St. John's "—only two miles distant— " except to do a little fairing. Shure, what's the need? The church and school are at oor door, an' the good fish and praties come out uv the sea and the sile. No, us beant plantin' fish, it's plantin' praties we be, an' the caplin or two us puts in each hill feeds 'em foine. Nar a bit o' taste or smell it gives them, eyther.

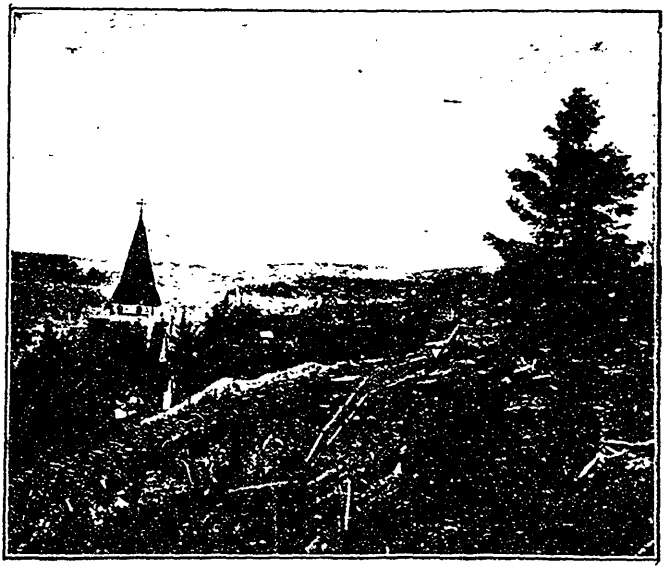
" But when the caplin comes in shoals and lies like great windrows



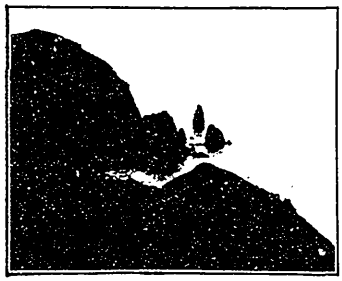
EPWORTH, NEWFOUNDLAND.

on the shore, the men they carts 'em to the fields an' spreads on the medders an' the oats, an' yez can just see 'em growin'. But the smell, it do be terrible, but us gits used to it, an' don't mind it, for it brings lashin's o' hay an' oats.

"Yes, sure, the byes will take yez



BAY OF ISLANDS, NEWFOUNDLAND.



ROCKS NEAR HARBOR GRACE.

out in their boat, if yez don't mind the fish scales and the smell. Fain and proud they'll be to show yez the Red Rock and the tickle and tideway and the wreck o' the Portugee brigantine that wuz comin' from Cadiz wid salt that ran on Deadman's Isle an' the sailors was all drownded but one, who swam ashore, all battered and bruised, an' Father McFinnerty said mass for their souls in the little chapel beyant.

"But it's worser still when fisher folk gets caught in a gale, perhaps comin' home filled to the gunnel from the Labrador. Because us knows every man Jack o' them an' their widders and children lives right here among us. 'Tis offens there's more crape bonnets than Easter hats at the church after a spring gale. Ohone a riè! O weary on the winter storms. The sea do be a cruel monster at them times, an' the fish we calls 'em the lives o' men," and a furtive tear in the eye told that she spoke from a living experience of the tragedies of a fisherman's wife.

Still more bold in its rugged scenery is Logie Bay, three or four miles distant. There is not even foreshore enough for the fish stages or the fishermen's cabins. These are perched midway up the rock overhanging the ceaselessly boiling surf beneath. When the tides of the Atlantic come heaving and hurrying landward the dash and crash of the resistless billows boom and echo like thunder in these rocky caverns.

On the great regatta day the townsfolks came out in thousands in carriages and on foot, and camped upon the hillsides overlooking the little lake to view the contests of the four-oared and eight-oared races. The town crews and those of the out-ports contested all day long for the prizes, and to their credit be it said, with scarce a sign of drunkenness or disorder—a result due to the prevention of the sale of liquor near the lake. The scene was brilliant—the blue sky and green sward and sparkling lake and fluttering flags, and the sturdy oarsmen keeping stroke like an automatic machine.

But even this will pall upon a landsman, and we started off over the hills for Logie Bay and Outer Cove.

"We'll order a fish dinner and take our ease in our inn while it is being prepared," we fondly thought.

But we reckoned very literally without our host. Not a soul was left in either village but a few very old people and very young children. In honor of the day flags were flying on every farm-house; not a stroke of work was done in town or country. No vessel could be discharged or loaded for love or money. The mail

SURF OUTSIDE ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

BURIN.

steamer was delayed two days on account of this people's holiday.

At many a fishing farm (for the farmers are amphibious as seals) a decrepit old salt was watching, like David in the chamber over the gate, for news of the battle. "Who won the eight-oared race?" he would eagerly ask. "Where did the Outer Cove crew come in?" "Hurrah for the Logie boys!"

We felt ashamed of our lack of enthusiasm. To turn our back on such a scene for the rude and rocky solitudes of the ocean shore was a wonder passing strange to these veterans of the sea.

Matters were getting serious. Our fish dinner was postponed *sine die*. We would be willing to compromise on Lenten fare. We tried house after house, only to find them closed. At last, on a lovely hill-side, commanding a majestic view, we found a cabin where an old woman had charge of some little children. With eager alacrity, in response to our request, she brought forth a big brown loaf and generous jug of milk, and we enjoyed a lunch over which an epicure might have exulted.

"No, thanks, yer honner, kindly, us never takes nuthin' for a bit or sup. 'Tis welcome yez are as the flowers in May. Aw, well, ef yez insist, I won't forbid the childer to take a trifle as a present from yer honner, but not as pay for the bit and sup."

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day,
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE NEW PROBLEM FOR MISSIONS.

II.—THE SOLUTION.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

REV. CHAS. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

The Origin of Christian Missions.

HE Kingdom of God is the realization of God's will in everything. The kingdom of the heavens is the extent to which God's will is being realized: it should fill every cranny of God's universe.

The programme of Jesus was a threefold application of the idea:

1. First and foremost, men must be got to grasp the idea of the undertaking and become impassioned with God's plan to bring in His administration of righteousness in order to reconstruct conditions on earth.

2. For this purpose the first essential was to get the right material—"of such is to be made the Kingdom"—and that he found in little children to be developed from the start, and people who would become little children to start again. These were to be prepared by going through His curriculum, from poverty of spirit to perfection of God. To these He could talk of plans and methods for His great campaign. To get this material into shape it was found necessary to pass the adult material through a process of personal experience:

(*a*) Salvation, negative, from sin and sin-life.

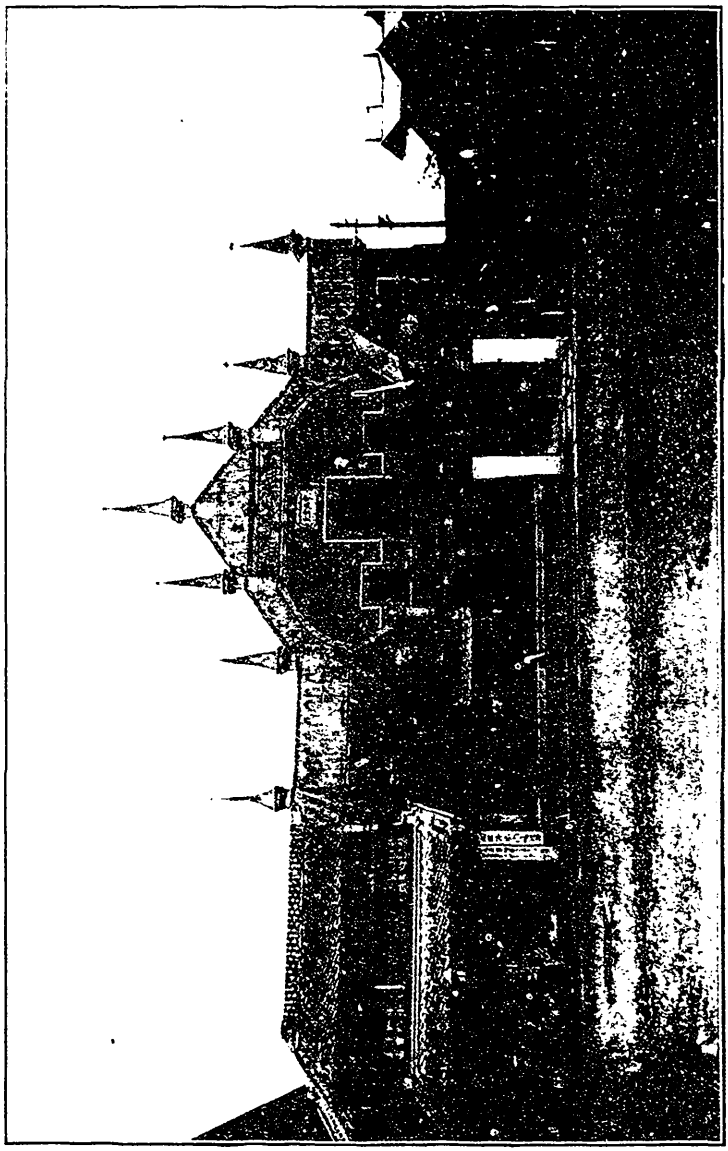
(*b*) Salvation, positive, into conscious possession of the divine nature, so that the God-life should be second nature.

(*c*) A continual development—renewal after the image of God in knowledge, so as really to understand God's way and intelligently carry out His ideas; after the image of God in holiness of the truth, to the extent of knowledge won; after the image of God in righteousness, so as to act like God habitually.

3. Then the third was that such individuals should combine on methods which were found to work in heaven and would in time work just as well on earth; and that such combination should, by such methods, aim at changing the conditions of earth by organizing everything "after God," just as He would Himself—as He wants to do it now through men.

All that is needed for the Christianization of the world (and a narrower conception is not Christ's, except as a part of a whole) is a movement that will turn "believers" *into*

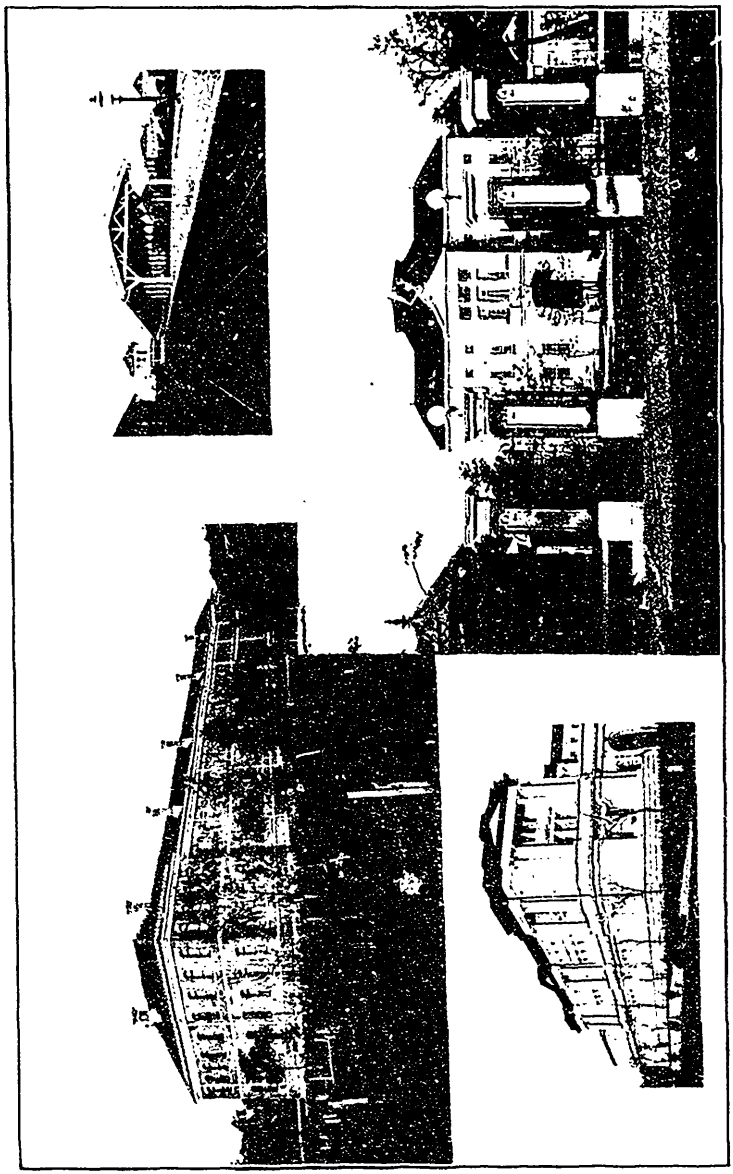
" followers " of Jesus Christ, who will be true to His programme and His methods, and who will allow themselves to be organized and mobilized for a divine campaign under His leadership. That is the origin of a divine movement which men have bungled. The condition of affairs in the Far East gives a stupendous opportunity, a thunderous call to all who love the Kingdom, rolling in as the voice of many waters, to rally



THE CENTRAL TABERNACLE, TOKIO.
Book Store at left.

around the original idea, and start a new crusade under the leadership of the King.

for this great undertaking? The world is sick of impracticable and unpractical propositions: we want some-



Railway Station, Tokio.

Provincial Government Buildings, Kanazawa.

MODERN JAPAN.

Boys' High School, Kanazawa.

Bank of Japan, Tokio.

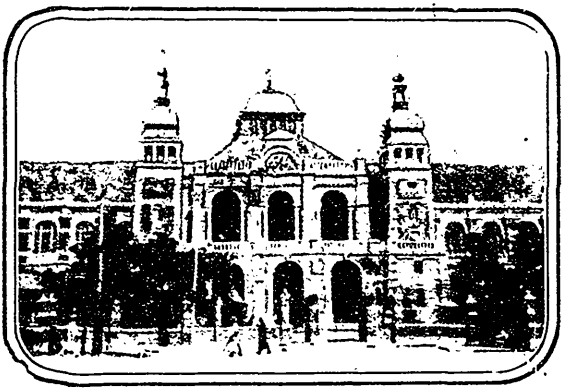
Practical Methods Applied.

What is to be done to produce and organize enough "followers of Jesus"

thing that will combine the divine idea with present-day common sense in order to carry this practical Anglo-

Saxon race into a movement that shall eclipse the armies and navies of modern militarism, and save the Far East for the Kingdom of Love.

The writer can give to his propositions no other backing than to outline the way through which the Providence of God has developed the thoughts and plans which he offers—in merest outline here—as his contribution to the solution of the great problem. The years 1868-1870, spent in Europe, mostly in German university life, made it difficult for him ever again to go in a rut. Want of success in German



NAVY DEPARTMENT, TOKIO.

mission work in Canada, 1871-1876, led to deep heart-searching, resulting in a new covenant with God, based on a promise of absolute obedience to all His will, and in a new and indescribable nearness to God. Prayer and life were unified into: Teach me Thy will, that I may know it and experience it and do it, in order that I may lead others to know, experience and do it also. Out of that has come all his studies, plans, thoughts, acts, so far as he knew.

In 1876, as bolt out of blue, came the invitation to missionary work in Japan. Dr. Enoch Wood, then Senior Missionary Secretary, said to him on parting: "We expect from your training and your penetration some statesmanship in mission work that shall tell on Japan at this time of transition into a future that no one can understand. You will be able to study the problem and plan accordingly." The years 1876-7 were spent in struggle with illness and the language; 1877-9 as a resident in Kofu, Yamanashi Ken, opening work in the interior, founding churches, observing popular movements and studying the imperial problem, which he saw centred in Tokio, head and heart of the empire, the empire to be a mighty factor some day in the Far East. 1879-85 were spent in Tokio. Seized with the idea that more should be done to show the unity of Christendom and the reasonableness of Christianity in its appeal to the whole man, as individual, as nation, as a race, the writer united the representatives of the various missions in a committee to manage and finance a course of lectures in the Meiji Kuaido, the "Hall of Peace," the largest audience room available in Tokio, kindly loaned by the Minister of the Interior. From January 6th to April 14th, 1883, he delivered lectures every Saturday afternoon, alternately in English and Japanese—excepting one given in English by Prof. Dixon and one by Prof. Ewing, both of the Imperial University staff. Sir Harry Parkes, Her Britannic Majesty's representative, and Judge Bingham, representative of the United States, and other prominent foreigners, presided when the English versions were given. The lectures were splendidly attended by the very people desired, the official

and literary classes, and multitudes of students. They were subsequently published in both English and Japanese.*

The very fact of their being given in the place and in th manner they were, the constant refe.ences to them in the city papers and the reports in country press, as well as the circulation of the printed volume, could not have been without influence. But the most striking result for the lecturer was the breaking into his mind of several lines of practical work, which clarified and systematized themselves as the method to meet the problem in Japan.

After ten years of attempted experiment in Japan, and ten years of reflection at home, he still holds those methods, in principle, to have been the right thing for Japan then, and, now modified to suit present conditions and on an enormously enlarged scale, just the thing for adaptation to the whole of the Far East. At that time the Church was not ready for the smaller task. Is she ready to-day for the larger?

At a meeting of the Tokio and Yokohama missionaries, representing seventeen societies, from all parts of Christendom, Feb. 5th, 1884, the writer read a paper on "The Immediate Christianization of Japan: Prospects, Plans, Results," in which he sketched an outline of suggestions. It caught on. Meeting after meeting was held to discuss the points, and finally two plans were agreed upon, which, together with the author's paper, were printed in a pamphlet, now out of print. It is with mingled feelings he now takes up an old copy, and, passing over the paper which aroused the action, he studies anew the two appendices. "Appendix A" is a proposed constitution under which the missions should combine for practical work and present a solid front to Government and people, and "Appendix B" a detailed outline of the work contemplated in common under the federation, viz., I. Evangelistic Work; II. A Christian Institute, with Lectureships and Printing Press; and, III. A System of Christian Education, comprising (1) Preparatory schools and colleges, (2) theological seminaries, and (3) a central university, for the founding and endowing of which an effort was to be made to raise £320,000 or about $1,500,000, in the Christian world. The proposition was first sent to all the missionaries in Japan to be discussed before being formally sent to the home boards. The older missionaries, who had not attended the meetings, thought we had better go quietly along; the distant ones thought Tokio was going ahead too fast; the wise ones said the home secretaries wouldn't look at it. So it was dropped as a piece of "splendid audacity," to quote the phrase of one of the home secretaries.

It was one of the divine thoughts which the Church of the time could not understand. If the system of Christian educational institutions as there proposed had been realized, Japan would not to-day be so Agnostic, nor would the native Church find it so difficult to get suitable men for the ministry. There is nothing that would tell so mightily on the Christianization of Japan to-day as the carrying out of all the suggestions of those two appendices, or something that would be the equivalent. Unless something of that kind takes place, and on a much larger scale than then con-

* The remnant of the English edition of "Christianity and Humanity," the course of lectures in one volume, and "Christianity and Civilization, a pamphlet containing the first lecture in the course, are in the hands of Rev. F. C. Stephenson, M.D., to be sold for the benefit of the Y. P. F. M. of Canada.

templated, Japan will be agnostic and atheistic and materialistic for the twentieth century, and the Protestant forces, though seemingly so great, from a denominational and individual point of view, will remain a feeble reminder to the Protestant world of *what might have been.*

Early in 1884 the Evangelical Alliance of Japan asked the writer to conduct a second course of lectures in the Meiji Kuaido, such as had been held in the same place the preceding year. A course on "Comparative Religions" was given by competent men, selected from the various missions, the Alliance bearing the expenses. After considerable experience on the platform in various places, the writer was invalided home in 1885. In 1886 the General Conference, on his proposition, passed certain legislation which made it possible to carry out, on the smaller scale of one mission, some of the suggestions which he had made to be carried out on a larger scale by a federation of missions, particularly, a suitable type of evangelism for the masses, and a Central Mission for the highest intelligence that could be reached. In public, in committee, and in private, he pleaded for this Central Mission, to be conducted somewhat on the lines of the West Central Missions in London, England, under the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and supported in the same way by special contributions. Near the end of his furlough the principle was accepted and permission given to appeal for special funds, first to send out some new missionaries, and then the balance and subsequent giving to go to the Central Tabernacle.

In 1886 he was back in Japan with a small balance for that purpose. But the way was apparently cleared for possible action on two lines. The opportunity to test his evangelistic ideas came into his hands for one year. In the year 1887-8, the head of the mission and the principal Japanese minister were in Canada; the chairman *pro tem.* asked the writer to take the superintendency of the evangelistic work, as provided for in the Discipline, i.e., to become leader of the preaching forces, aiming at developing the native church by directing and helping the native ministry in their work of soul-saving, guiding the membership in spiritual growth and urging to financial self-support. Outside of this service of love he had no authority, and no touch with details and statistics. The result of that one year, though it gave only time to begin, resulted in an addition of 502, or sixty per cent., to the membership and one hundred per cent. to the givings of the native church. In actual numbers an advance equalled only once by the aggregate of three consecutive years of the history of the mission,* and those the years immediately following that year of the infusion of new life.

On the return of the two brethren this privilege ceased, and the writer turned to Hongo, a part of the city where the great university system was being built up, and began, with absolutely nothing in the way of a foothold, to work for a Christian institute. Beginning with lectures in a borrowed hall at the gateway of one of the government colleges, to catch the students as they left their classes, the struggle against odds went on until, at the end of 1890, the Central Tabernacle, on one of the principal thoroughfares of Tokio, and close to the gateway of the Imperial University grounds, the most strategic spot in the empire for just such an institution, was opened for work.

In 1887, before the events above described took place, the Countil of the

*See "The Heart of Japan." By Rev. P. Addison.

Mission had made a statement endorsing the Central Tabernacle enterprise, asking the Board for a grant of—or to allow an appeal for special funds up to —$25,000 for that purpose. The request failed to elicit response. During the year of the evangelistic superintendency the two brethren visiting the home churches appealed for funds for a large church in Azabu, another district, in connection with two large schools; the appeal for the Central Mission was suspended. In the meantime a thought which had been long in the mind of the writer took definite shape in a "Self-Support Band," and as the principle involved in that movement is vital to the final argument of this article, it must be described somewhat fully.

The study of the possibilities in Japan, the evident need for vastly more work, and on a larger scale, than was being done by any mission or by the combination of the whole, led to a study of methods for advance. A review of the independent outbursts from denominational limitations in all ages passed in review, down to the Salvation Army, Bishop Taylor's work in India, South America and Africa, and the China Inland Mission, with a multitude of smaller sectional and personal attempts. In every one of them he saw some fatal defect which prevented them from being a model on which a work of permanent and satisfactory helpfulness might be introduced into Japan. But he thought and thought,—there surely must be some way to introduce a needed force that would be helpful to all and antagonize none, and perhaps open a way for future developments.

Knowing the advantage to be gained from the work of a Central Mission or Christian Institute, centred in a wide conception of the salvation of the whole man, strategically placed among students, he was very anxious to have the Central Tabernacle erected, confident that when once opened its results would bring gifts to sustain its operations. A decree had been passed by the Government that English should be taught in all Government schools. For some years the writer had noticed the call for English teachers in various schools, academies, colleges, private and public, offering salaries varying from $20 to $200 per month, and the idea of a band of student volunteers, who should support themselves, out of whose ranks any who showed aptitude and a call might graduate into the regular missionary ranks, and direct and indirect helpfulness be given by all to any organization within reach. The plan matured when a number of positions, with salaries aggregating $8,000 per annum as a commencement, were put into his hands to supply with teachers. The plan was laid before the Council of the Japanese Mission, presented by them to the Board at home, approved of, and Dr. Williams, one of the General Superintendents, was appointed as correspondent and helper in the selection of men.

The appeal was then made to college graduates to come and take these positions under two distinct stipulations: (1) They would take the schools assigned to them, regardless of the size of salary, as those who were paid more than the salary of a regular missionary would pay the excess into a central fund; and those who were paid less would receive out of the central fund what was needed to supplement their income; the balance was to be used as the Band should direct; (2) they were to be missionaries to the fullest extent of their powers and opportunities, to learn the language, etc.

The response was surprising. It was a matter of selecting a few from

many. The first came in 1887. This was the year of the author's evangelistic superintendency. The Mission Council gave him permission to travel more widely in order to visit schools and to place the men who came. In the vacation of 1888, the three men who had come on the lines laid down met with the author for a first Band meeting, on a mountain plateau near the village of Karuizawa,—under the canopy of a cloudless heaven, with Asama Yama smoking and rumbling on the one side, billows of mountains rolling off in splendid scenery in every direction, but suggestive also of that turbulent sea of the peoples, whose silent roar, as "the voice of many waters," ascended to the throne—met to plead for the Kingdom of God on earth and to plan what could be done by the Band for Japan. There was an agony of prayer: then a vote of $2,000 from the central fund of the Band for the purchase of land for the Central Tabernacle, a vote afterwards increased to $3,500.

This is not the place to recount the steps of development which led to the erection of the Tabernacle; to describe the effect of its operation; nor is it the place to recount in detail the work of the Band for those three eventful years, 1887-1891. Only this: without the Self-Support Band the Central Tabernacle would never have been erected; for want of the Self-Support Band the Central Tabernacle is an arrested development. As it is, its record has proved its utility and the wisdom of the enterprise; but its operations are still those of the year of its inception: funds have not been available for development into the intended plan.

During its brief life the Band gave to the regular mission work of the Methodist Church, in cash, in work and otherwise, what would have cost the Board, say, $10,000, and every member of the Band was properly provided for, not a soul was "stranded in Japan." Some had been drafted into the regular work, others were in good positions, and some returned home.

Why was the Self-Support Band dissolved? The Y.M.C.A. agents had arrived after the scheme had been launched and they sought the positions with good salaries; there could be no thought of opposition, and positions with low salaries only would not make the plan work. Unexpected hindrances arose; failing health on the part of the writer, and, above all, the impression on his mind of the immensities of the principle involved, which gradually dawned upon him as a something too sacred, too vast in its possibilities to be jeopardized by attempting to force the movement at an inopportune time, led him to decide. So, knowing full well that the step would be misunderstood, he allowed the Band to dissolve, every business arrangement being looked after by members who carried out all their obligations and wound up affairs satisfactorily. But he expected some day to see the idea brought to a realization on a larger scale and in better shape, use being made of the lessons taught by the tentative experiment.

In 1893 he was invalided home, after three brief years of experience in the working of the Central Tabernacle, years which proved the accuracy of his every forecast, every special feature easily covered by special contributions so long as that method was permitted, the institution after the first six months being absolutely unincumbered with the smallest indebtedness.

From 1894 to June, 1896, the writer spent partly in hospital, partly in platform work for missions, since then in the pastorate in Canada, but his heart

in the field of battle, his mind in the vast problems of God and man, of the Kingdom of God and the human race.

With health once more fully restored, the writer now stands for the principles he once tested practically, and since has tested by every possible line of divine and human study within his reach, and he holds that they, if properly applied, will produce the "miraculous spread of Christianity" demanded by Sir Robert Hart, and moreover, that these principles and methods can be applied without dislocating a single agency now at work, without an appeal that would jeopardize a single dollar now given to "regular" channels, but would increase both the effectiveness and income of all, if heartily adopted by any considerable number of "Followers of the Lamb," and do much to crown Him as Conqueror of the nations.

What is to be Done?

For the salvation of the Far East from impending disaster and to lead those millions into higher development, there is no other name given under heaven or known among men to give a ray of hope, but Jesus. There it no other method whereby He can do His work but that which He has laid down for His followers to carry out. Suppose an answer should be given to our prayers. A million Chinese are suddenly seized with a desire to cast aside their old religions and to learn about the salvation they hear is to be had in Christianity. Messengers flock to the mission stations, crying, "Come over to our town, our village, our city—to a thousand places—for all our people are anxious to be instructed in the new way." What would happen? Every mission is now overworked. The few men and women available for such a sudden emergency would be helpless beyond a mere fraction of the need. The bulk of the million inquirers would fall back into deeper gloom or be kindled by some ignorant leader into fanaticism, and possibly into rebellion and bloodshed. For humanity's sake, for the sake of the Kingdom of God on earth, let it be remembered that when China moves she will move tremendously—and China is beginning to move. The Christendom of Jesus Christ will have to move tremendously, and very soon, to met a double enemy: on the one hand to counteract the influence of a Christendom of commercial greed, unscrupulous diplomacy, merciless war, and ferocious rapine; and, on the other hand, to meet the mass of Oriental ignorance, prejudice, imported misbeliefs and false ambitions, ancient and modern, home-born and imported. The marvels to be expected and prayed for in the East will be measured out by the marvels that will first happen in Christendom; the sending forth of a marvellous crusade of faith and common sense, adequate to guide and mould the awakened millions now rubbing their eyes in the glare of the morning of the Day of God. Our prayer should be, "Lord God, make us followers of Jesus Christ, that we may go up and possess the land as He leads the way."

He leads to-day in the increasing appeals, the combined statements of facts and needs, accumulating from the many-voiced workers now in the field, and from our study of history in the light of present-day forces. There should be devised and inaugurated an educational system, from kindergarten to post-graduate universities, thoroughly loyal to the common idea uniting all mission work, the Lordship of Christ over the individual and over the nations, to cover the whole of those lands, adequate to the need, and adapted to each section and oppor-

tunity, so planned as some day to merge into the national system of a Christian land. There should be at once a force of the clearest and most cultured scholars in the Christian world to respond to the appeal of Dr. Timothy Richard for literary missionaries, centred in Christian institutes in strategic spots, able to hold their own for Jesus, as Master of the world of thought and of the highest civilization, and in their hands ample means to use the printing press and enter every arena of discussion.

Dr. Richard asks for fifty such men —fifty, because he does not want to shock the Church too much—but there should be a thousand to take up the work of (1) learning the language so as to talk to the literati, (2) learning their manner of thinking and the scope of their thought, (3) becoming familiar with their methods and manners of intercourse, etc. It means a long apprenticeship and profound preparation. Some, while going through their apprenticeship, could take routine places now held by trained men, and thus set them free to do that special work. There should be at once a great increase of men and women committed to the learning of the language for the purpose of preaching Christ to the multitude, training the inquirer, and bringing the individual to a personal Christ, as leaders. A few will guide and inspire an increasing host of native workers in a mighty movement of evangelization, but "a few" means some thousands for a third of the human race! Then comes the need of institutes for training workers, hospital and medical missionaries, and other institutions and methods of work now suggested, and others, the need of which will arise in the process of the Christianization of a people whose heathen habits are rooted in customs old before Moses was born, but now changing to modern ways.

If there were a force of 250,000 workers of various kinds from Christian lands, strategically placed in connection with two thousand centres of work; if there were $100,000,000 put into plant, and an income of $10,000,000 annually to carry on the campaign, Christendom would save it all and a vast deal more in reduced expenditure in war, and make it over and over again in the increasing industry and commerce of the dawning era of permanent peace.

But that is by the way; the question now is, How can this army of love and good-will be raised and equipped; put into campaign condition, and then sustained year after year in a long campaign? The answer of Jesus is very simple: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Just as soon as we put ourselves into partnership with God in the one great business in which He asks us to cooperate with Him, just so soon will every need for the individual and for the campaign be supplied in overwhelming abundance, exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

Once more, before we make our final application of principles to the specific problem before us, let us look at two things:

First. Some of the stupendous principles laid down by Christ seem only half true in a life run on a small scale, but become magnificently true when tried on a cosmic scale. So with this law of Jesus: to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, singly or by the few, seems to entail the "loss of all things," and "believers" even turn for success to the business methods of man rather than to the cosmic laws of

God. On the other hand, if this cosmic law which makes heaven what it is could be really tried on a larger scale on earth it would bring to every unit in the whole the harmony of the spheres, would make the new earth a part of the divine immensities of love, so that impossibilities of to-day would become instinctive commonplaces of everyday life in the near future.

Second. God's promises are programmes for His people. The meaning of our Lord's words is this: As soon as there are enough of you, who place God's Kingdom as your first consideration, you must set up the machinery of heaven on earth, and then work it so that every individual interested shall be for ever lifted above all anxiety, for every possible need that the Heavenly Father recognizes as legitimate, so that every mind shall be free to work with the mind of Christ. Until that is done the Kingdom of God has not yet really come. But it is the easiest thing in the world when a sufficient number will only try it—as followers of Jesus—in teaching and in practice, and thus prove it to be a divine and cosmic law.

It will, therefore, be seen that there is to be no urging to vows of poverty, no enticement to self-sacrifice in the old negative sense. God has given treasure enough in this world to make every man practically a rich man, able, without anxiety, to give his attention to that for which man was made, i.e., the Kingdom of God on earth. The method, simply following the cosmic law, as members one of another, helping the rest to do the same, can now be applied on a larger scale as it was on a small scale by my Self-Support Band. Hosts of individuals have followed this rule of the Christ, this cosmic law of God, such as Augustine and Wesley, and numberless others all through the ages, and the host to-day is ever increasing. The appeal to the heroic in man for the Kingdom of God has never failed to bring men and women to swell a great army. Witness the Crusades, the Salvation Army, the China Inland Mission. What is wanted is a combination, a systematization, an inspiration, that will unite and energize the whole into an invincible army on a divine campaign worthy of the King of kings.

Now we have space for only a very brief indication of the way in which all these principles of the Kingdom may be applied to the problem of the Far East. But we are in a position to work out the idea into fuller detail at our leisure. Let us suppose that there was an association of "Followers of Jesus," composed of educated and trained men and women of every rank and profession, ready for any opening in China, Manchuria and Japan, where they could plant their personalities, make a living—more or less—or be supported—more or less—by their comrades, whose whole business would be to work for the Christianization of the Far East. Let men and women on the field answer these questions.

How many could obtain employment in schools, colleges, universities, existing and likely to be established?

How many schools and colleges might be opened that would be supported in whole or in part by Chinese men of wealth and standing, as some few are now?

How many places there are where medical men, accompanied by nurses, could make a living out of their practice? How many hospitals, small and large, might be opened in all that country, which would be largely supported by patients or men of means in their neighborhood? In how many centres could a group of properly equipped foreigners open a combined institution of hospital,

school, printing office, book-selling, and evangelism, where a good part of the income needed could be earned on the spot?

How many places in commerce, mines, manufacturing centres, etc., where a syndicate of God's business men could invest capital, settle down, gather about them Christian workmen, both foreign and native, and found villages that would be in temper and morals absolutely Christian, but under native jurisdiction?

How many missions still want men and women? If the missions and men on the field would help on committees appointed to look after such openings, how long would it be before places could be found for 250,000 men and women, especially if there were funds out of which all initial expenses would be paid and a large contingent supported?*

Again, let us suppose that the opportunity described above should be laid before our whole Church, and an appeal be made for properly qualified men and women to unite in an "Association of Followers of Jesus," whose one motto would be, "The World for Christ," whose one business would be to serve the King in strict accordance with His regulations in His campaign to win the nations to discipleship. Let us suppose that each one would pledge himself and herself to take from all that came into their possession just as much as they really needed for personal development and family requirements, as a preparation for service; the balance being God's for the use of the Kingdom of the heavens on earth; and that the association as a whole undertook to supply the needs of each one, so that not a soul would have an anxious thought about support, well or ill, at home or abroad, as long as he was true to the idea and the pledge, according to his power.

What would be the result? The membership would rapidly increase. The Churches would be quickened so that missionary income would be easily increased to send more workers now available for work already begun, and to new fields ready to hand. Many people of wealth, who could not see their way to take the obligation of members, would contribute largely to the central fund for important undertakings. In five years half a million of members at home, and 250,000 abroad, with $10,000,000 annually to distribute, would be no impossibility. In twenty-five years, 5,000,000 members, with the funds and institutions they would have begun to control, would begin to tell mightily on politics and social life all over the world, and revivals, wherein millions would be won, would visit all lands. In fifty years they would disarm the world, for militarism as well as mammonism would be beaten by the Prince of Peace. The Far East would be Christian, and probably Russia, too, at last, and all nations would begin to understand the nature of the divine law of God-love which works just as well "on earth as in heaven."

* If these figures are too big to seem probable, just try it with one figure less, which would make it tenfold the present force in China.

NOTE.—It was my intention to give an outline of some practical lessons learned in my short experience with the Self-Support Band which will be of service in a larger attempt. But this article has already exceeded all bounds. Only one word of warning I must add. Don't let any one rush off in an excitement to China expecting to find work, income, and all the rest all ready to hand! Take time. Don't jump till you know where you are going to land. Don't straddle a comet but hitch to a star. Work out the idea where you are until Providence opens the way, when the funds you have banked or the preparations made will come in just right. I shall be glad to correspond with any who have the Far East on their hearts.—C. S. Eby, Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada.

DOES CANADIAN METHODISM BELIEVE IN AN EDUCATED MINISTRY?

BY THE REV. DR. S. P. ROSE.

E have ancient and admirable authority for the doctrine that faith is proved by works. "Show me your faith by your works," is commonly recognized as a reasonable and legitimate demand upon professions of loyalty to any cause or creed. The Canadian Methodist Church has, in various ways, placed herself on record as in favor of a fully equipped pastorate. An affirmative answer would probably be given by the average Methodist to the question which I have asked. To some readers of this magazine, the doubt lying implicit in my question may be resented as an impertinence, or condemned as a heresy. It is a question admitting of easy and speedy answer. Profession must be tested by practice; faith must be proved by works. Judged by her works, does Canadian Methodism believe in an educated ministry?

The depth and seriousness of our conviction, that a well-educated ministry is essential to the adequate realization of the mission of Methodism in this Dominion, will express themselves in the nature of the provision which we make for the due equipment and proper maintenance of our pastors.

To begin with, the Church must see to it that the opportunity to secure proper mental training is within the reach of every young man who believes himself called of God to the work of the Methodist ministry. An honest attempt has undoubtedly been made in this direction, and with gratifying results. In Victoria University, Toronto; the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., and Wesley College, Winnipeg, we have colleges where the diligent student may acquire knowledge, and skill in imparting it, by reason of which he may go out to serve the Church with a marked degree of efficiency. There is reason to recall the history of these institutions with a measure of pardonable pride, and to look forward to their future with hope.

But those who are in closest touch with our colleges will be the last to contend that their equipment is adequate to the task which they are expected to accomplish. They are all doing their work in a praiseworthy manner. When we remember the limitations by which they are conditioned, limitations which are largely due to lack of money, and the underpaid and overworked professors often struggling against serious odds to perform intellectual miracles, the results achieved by our colleges are matter for hearty congratulation. But how far they fall below the ideal which their faculties cherish of what they ought to be, especially as the training-schools of a rising ministry, the principals and professors of these seminaries of learning might bear regretful testimony.

One way in which the remedy for this confessedly undesirable state of affairs may be applied, lies in increased endowments. Every loyal

Methodist will rejoice in the success which has attended the efforts of the General Secretary of our Educational Society in securing the handsome addition recently made to the endowment of Victoria College. But gratifying as that addition is, and pleasing as is the noble generosity of the few gentlemen from whom it comes, it is not probable that it will enable Victoria in a very marked degree to extend its operations, particularly in the direction of the increased efficiency of the training offered to candidates for our ministry. These new gifts will relieve the college from serious and depressing embarrassment, and thus set it free to do better work; but a much greater revenue is requisite if the ideal of efficiency is brought within measurable distance. And, in the meanwhile, the Wesleyan and Wesley Colleges are raising the Macedonian cry for financial help.

Considerable additions to college endowments can only be expected, however, from the comparatively few and wealthier members of the Methodist Church. The Educational Society offers the opportunity to the multitude to bear their share towards the educational equipment of the ministry. And it is in the response of the masses to these annual appeals that the real answer must be found to the question now under consideration, Does Canadian Methodism believe in an educated ministry? When one turns to the report of the Educational Society for information, the facts are not wholly reassuring. Since the foundation of the Society the annual receipts from ordinary income have never reached $30,000; only once exceeding $28,000, and twice $25,000. It is evident that an annual income of about $25,000 from the entire Methodism of this Dominion and Newfoundland is all that we may expect, unless a new inspiration be given to this cause.

This income is no unfair expression and index to the desire of our people that the men who shall stand in the pulpits of to-morrow shall be men duly trained for a work, the opportunities and difficulties of which are growing with the years. It is not too much to ask that the annual gifts to this Society should reach $100,000. This may not be an immediate possibility, but it is not an extravagant demand upon the advancing wealth and intelligence of the people called Methodists. With an annual contribution of but $25,000 to our educational work to base our judgment upon, we may be pardoned for the implied doubt of the question which we are now pressing home upon our readers.

But all the conditions of a well-educated ministry are not met in better endowed colleges and a largely increased Educational Society revenue. If we believe in a properly equipped pastorate, we must make a much more adequate provision for its support.

Have our people carefully considered what this demand for a well-trained ministry means to the candidate himself? Such an educational equipment as the pulpit of to-day calls for cannot be accomplished without an expenditure of some seven years' time and about $3,000 in money. The man whom the ministry of to-day needs should be a college graduate, and should supplement the course in arts by three years in theology. This means, as has been said, the expenditure of seven years in preparation. Four hundred dollars a year is an extremely modest estimate of the financial side of college life, so that $3,000 is far from an extravagant calculation of the cost in dollars and cents of an education for the ministry.

It is a widespread error that candidates for the Methodist ministry are "paid their way through college" out of the income of the Educational So-

ciety. This is not the case. Young men are loaned small sums, when they ask for loans, but often not more than enough to pay their college fees. These loans are returnable within a given number of years. Personally, I think the candidate would be better without this loan. I would prefer to see the loans employed in adding to the efficiency of the colleges. The greater part of the income of the Educational Society goes directly to the colleges to assist them in providing their clerical students with the educational advantages which the Church should secure for those whom she expects to be her pastors and teachers.

The $3,000, therefore, which a seven years' college course calls for, must, in some way, be provided by the candidate himself. Sometimes he borrows a large portion of it, and enters on his ministerial career in debt, a fact which overshadows his life and may put a period to his usefulness. If he were entering law, or medicine, the young man would expect to reimburse himself for his financial outlay from his profession. This, unless he is a very foolish man, he must not expect if he becomes a Methodist preacher. He may not look for a return of his capital; that, together with the seven years of college life, he should regard as his contribution to the Church. But is he not justified in expecting that in estimating what his salary should be, his officials will reckon the simple interest on the $3,000 as a first charge? Should they not say, "$150 must be set apart, first of all, as a due charge upon our funds, to pay the interest on the capital sum which our pastor expended to render himself efficient for the work of the ministry"?

The Methodist Church, furthermore, practically requires that her ministers shall marry upon their ordination. It not infrequently happens that engagements to marry are made during the college course. If the young student approaches the father of a family, worshipping, say, in St. James', or the Metropolitan, and asks for his daughter's hand, is not the father insisting upon an act of simple justice when he requires the suitor to insure his life, so that, in case of his death, the widow and young children may not be in actual want? What is the least amount in premiums which will secure this provision? Is not $200 a modest appropriation for a young man nearing, in all probability, the thirtieth year of his life? And is it unfair that the officials should make this a second charge upon income, remembering that Methodism has no financial prizes to offer her ministers; that the best salaries do not permit of much saving, except to the unduly frugal, and that the fund for retired ministers, even at its best, does nothing more than put a roof over the worn-out itinerant's head?

But no preacher can meet the demands upon the modern pulpit who is not a careful student and wide and accurate reader. What is the least amount which a preacher should invest yearly in good literature to keep himself, not abreast of the times, but from actual mental starvation? I appeal to the experience of men who despise "barrels" of sermons, and who hope in old age to be intellectually fruitful, when I say that less than $100 is not enough. Should not officials, who demand an educated ministry, make this sum a third charge upon income? If they do, they must provide $450 before the question of bread, or boots, or horse-keep, or clothing, or the education of the children, or the spending-money of the minister, is thought of.

And yet, what often occurs? A young man of twenty-eight or thirty

years of age, who has given seven years of his life and spent $3,000 of some one's money, in preparation for the ministry; who, under our rules, is practically compelled to found a home and assume the responsibilities of a household; who has honorably won his B.A. and his B.D., is sent to a field of labor where his income will probably fall below $600. He sees no way of escape from his debts incurred in securing his education; indeed, he must increase them to purchase a horse and carriage and cutter that he may reach his widely-separated appointments and properly discharge his pastoral duties. He cannot insure his life, except for a very small sum, and is, therefore, filled with distress as he thinks of a possible future for those whom he loves. He cannot buy new books, and so soon falls behind in the race for knowledge. Discouraged, as he sees his ideals vanish one by one, he breaks down prematurely, or, even worse, sinks contentedly beneath the weight of his environment, and so loses his claim to be known as an educated man. This is no fancy picture, but the unvarnished story of a too-often recurring tragedy.

I am making no plea for large salaries. I am not asking that the ministry be placed on a financial equality with other professions. I would not eliminate the element of financial sacrifice which now attaches to the office of the Christian ministry. But there is little danger in this direction. None but men whose low ideals and slight knowledge of affairs stamp them as unworthy of a place in the ranks of the Methodist pastorate, are likely to be tempted to enter our ministry for the sake of its emoluments. But I do plead for honesty on the part of the Church. An educated ministry should be assured of incomes sufficiently generous to place them in a position where, with the exercise of ordinary economy, they may meet the financial obligations which their calling in life imposes upon them. That this is by any means the universal condition of affairs in our Church no one who knows the facts will contend

Until Canadian Methodism makes more adequate provision for the intellectual culture of her future ministry, and guarantees them a more generous support upon their ordination, some scepticism as to the intensity of her faith in a truly educated pastorate may be forgiven.

An educated ministry costs, there can be no doubt of that. But an uneducated ministry spells ruin. There never was a time when ignorance was in its proper place upon our mission fields or in the pulpits of our home Churches. But to-day, in the fierce conflict between truth and error, sin and righteousness, it is an unspeakable calamity to send to the regions beyond, or ordain to our work at home, ill-informed men of poorly cultured intellects, whose very sincerity and zeal may only increase their power to work mischief. A godly ministry, baptized with the Holy Ghost and with power, is the eternal prerequisite; but the ignorance of godly teachers is scarcely less to be feared than the godlessness of gifted scholars. The Church must be content with neither. Ripe scholarship, adorned with Christlike zeal for souls, is the ideal qualification of the ministry, toward the attainment of which the Church of the twentieth century must steadily press forward.

Hamilton, Ont.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted.
—*Longfellow.*

WATER GIPSIES.

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

SADLY neglected people are the men, women and children who make their homes on inland waterways of England. The duties and the privileges of citizenship are associated with fixity of dwelling, and to be a nomad is to separate one's self from the common life of one's fellows. The bargee pays neither rent nor rates nor taxes; no one solicits his vote or summons him on a jury; the Churches have hardly touched his life, and school boards—for all the use they have been to him—might as well have been non-existent. Like the gipsy, he belongs to a race apart; born on a canal boat, he has lived on a boat all his life and will probably die there; he rarely reads a newspaper (more often than not he cannot read); his little world is bounded by the canal banks, and he takes little interest in what goes on beyond.

Thirty years ago the isolation of the canal boat-dwellers was even more complete than it is to-day, and their condition, material and moral, was far more lamentable. It was the late George Smith, of Coalville—that indefatigable worker on behalf of oppressed and neglected children—who first directed public attention to the hard lot of the women and children in canal boats. Writing in 1873, Mr. Smith expressed the opinion that not more than two per cent. of the canal population could either read or write, and that not more than five per cent. of the children attended either day school or Sunday-school. He drew lurid pictures of the moral degradation of the canal people's lives, of the terrible overcrowding of their little cabins, and of the cruelties inflicted on the children.

The story of Mr. Smith's campaign, which resulted in the passing of the Canal Boats Acts of 1877 and 1884, is one of a long struggle against difficulties which to a less earnest and persistent spirit would have proved insurmountable. But victory came at last, and enactments were made which would, it was hoped, secure the education of the children, and a cleanly, sanitary home for all dwellers on canal boats.

There is no doubt that the Acts have beneficially affected the lives of the canal population, though perhaps they have been less far-reaching than might have been hoped. Every canal boat must now be registered and is subject to inspection—an inspection which varies in effectiveness according to the zeal and industry of the local authorities through whose districts the boats pass. It is the duty of the inspectors to see that the boats are properly registered, that the cabins are clean and not overcrowded, that offensive cargoes are separated by double bulkheads from the living room, and that various minor regulations for the health and comfort of the inhabitants are observed.

According to the report of His Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats for 1901-2, it is estimated that there are now between seven and eight thousand canal boats in actual use as dwellings. During the year about one-fourth of

the boats were found to be infringing the regulations in one way or another.

Altogether 1,101 cases had reference to the sanitary state of the cabins, but of these 231 related only to the temporarily dirty condition of the interiors, very often due to the nature of the cargo or the weather at the time; and the inspector reports that as a rule the boat people took a pleasure in remedying the fault as soon as possible. It would seem, therefore, that as regards the sanitary conditions of the canal boatman's life, a great improvement has been made; and my own restricted observations would lead me to suppose than a canal boat is a far healthier dwelling-place than a city slum.

In order to get a fair impression of the life of our canal population, and to gain information on many matters which cannot be recorded in official reports, I recently spent some time among the canal folk at Brentford. To very many of these wandering canal folk Brentford is a sacred place. In the parish church they were married and their children were christened, and in the churchyard some of their friends and relations, their last voyage made, are sleeping their long sleep; here is the school where many of their children receive, during the occasional days spent in the town, all the schooling they will ever get, and here is the only place where very many of them ever hear the Good Tidings of Great Joy, or receive any impulse towards the higher life.

The centre of the good work among the canal folk at Brentford is the Canal Boatmen's Mission, which is under the care of a City missionary, Mr. R. Bamber, who may well be called "the bargee's parson." For twenty-three years Mr. Bamber has worked among canal dwellers, and no man in England understands them better or is more generally loved and respected by them. It was under his kindly guidance that I had an opportunity of visiting some of the boat folk in their curious little homes.

It is evident that the women for the most part take a commendable pride in keeping their tiny homes as clean and cheerful as possible. Some are models of neatness and cleanliness: the stove is blackleaded and polished, the household utensils are of brass and copper, and they shine like mirrors, the walls are adorned with pictures, and a little of the precious shelf room is spared for a few china ornaments. Even if we find a cabin which is untidy, and where the children are dirty, the mother will apologize and explain that we have caught her at an unfortunate time. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamber and any one introduced by him are sure to be welcome. You cannot stand upright in these cabins, and the captain, if he is a very tall man, may touch one wall with his head and the other with his feet as he lies in bed. Many of the fixtures "contrive a double debt to pay": the seat is a locker for household goods and also the children's bed; one cupboard door is a dining-table and another is the bed for the captain and his wife; there is thus more accommodation than one might at first suppose.

The bargee has a terrible reputation; but it would be a mistake to suppose that he spends his whole time in drinking, swearing, and kicking his wife. There are rough characters on canal boats, but the typical bargee, though he has a rough tongue, has a kind heart: he is an honest, manly fellow, and if he can keep away from drink—the besetting weakness of his class—is a good husband and father. The canal boatwomen are a hardworking race; not only have they to see to the cleaning and cooking and to look after

the children, but they have to take their turn at the rudder and on the towing-path, and not infrequently they are charged with such duties as seeing the owners and buying forage for horses, for it frequently happens that the wife is the best business man on the boat. To see the women in their picturesque print bonnets bustling about the boats on a bright summer day, or taking tea on the cabin top, is a pleasant sight enough; but to see them in winter time trudging along the towpath, ankle deep in mud, is to realize something of the hardships of the bargewoman's life; and in time of sickness it is easy to believe that her condition is pitiable in the extreme.

The children are generally healthy, bright little people, well cared for so far as their bodily needs are concerned, but sadly ignorant as regards the orthodox lore of childhood. In many cases they are past masters in the care of a horse and the art and mystery of barge steering long before they can read words of one syllable or write their own names. The way in which the children are allowed to grow up almost entirely without education is one of the most unsatisfactory features of canal boat life. They are supposed to attend school wherever their boats happen to be making a stay. But it is impossible to enforce such a regulation; if the school attendance officer visits a canal boat in search of children he will be told—often truly enough—that the boat is leaving that day or the next. And even when the parents themselves would like their children to attend school, the difficulties are almost insuperable so long as they live on the canal boat. Teachers do not welcome these little birds of passage, who, of course, are dunces when compared with children in regular attendance, and for the little "boaties" themselves school must be far from attractive when they can only attend for a day or two at a time and are placed amongst children much younger than themselves, the object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule, by their schoolfellows.

For the past seven years a praiseworthy attempt has been made at Brentford to remedy this condition of educational darkness by holding a special day-school for boatmen's children. It is a queer little school, meeting in the rather inconvenient premises of the Canal Boatmen's Mission. Judged by every educational standard it is, of course, sadly inefficient; in respect to irregularity of attendance it can surely have no equal in the kingdom. Imagine a school with about five hundred children on the roll, and a daily attendance varying from none at all to fifty; a school at which three days' teaching, followed by three weeks'—or, it may be, three months'—holiday is quite the normal state of affairs. The wonder is not that results are poor, but that there are any results at all.

On the occasion of my recent visit there were about twenty children present. Their neat, clean appearance spoke well for the care of their parents, though I understand there are occasions when defects in the matter of personal cleanliness have to be remedied at the school. The ages of the children ranged from about two and a half to fourteen or fifteen years; all seemed very quiet and attentive, which is the more noteworthy as the teacher had to attend simultaneously to pupils in several stages of educational development. The teaching is necessarily very elementary. An exceptionally advanced scholar was writing from dictation a passage from a reading book; but even he had to be reminded that a new sentence begins with a capital letter. Most of the other children were still struggling with the

alphabet. The equipment of the school is by no means up-to-date, but it is quite as good as one might expect, for with such irregular attendance it is, of course, impossible to qualify for Government grants.

Yet this little voluntary school at Brentford represents the high-water-mark of educational provision for canal boat children, so far as it has yet gone. The various school authorities seem to have given up in despair the attempt to educate these children, and the Education Department's report for 1901-2 dismisses the matter with a simple *non possumus:* "So long as children of school age are permitted to live upon the boats, no effective means can be devised for securing their regular attendance at school." The only way in which boat people can give their children a satisfactory education is by leaving them on shore in charge of friends when they go on canal journeys, and it is encouraging to know that many are sufficiently alive to the best interests of their children to make arrangements of this sort.

Whether the best remedy for the present state of things lies in the extension and regulation by local educational authorities of the system of boarding out children with foster-parents, allowing them to return to the boats in holiday time, or whether women and children should be entirely prohibited from living on canal boats, and the men thus compelled to set up homes on shore, is a question on which there may well be differences of opinion. But that some reform of the present system is urgently needed is a proposition that hardly admits of discussion. Already, since the passing of compulsory education laws, one generation has grown up on our canals in almost total ignorance, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the new educational authorities and to Parliament if another generation of English children should be deprived of their birthright—the right of receiving an efficient elementary education. It is painful to hear—as I have heard—a young man decline the gift of a book on the ground that he "ain't no scholard"; and when one learns that he is fighting a grim fight against habits of intemperance, one feels that the lack of intellectual resources must make the struggle doubly hard.

But not until the State takes in hand this much-needed reform, we may hope that the little private school at Brentford will continue its beneficent work. In spite of the adverse circumstances attending its work, the influence of the day-school, and perhaps still more of the Sunday-school, has already been widely felt. Mr. Owen J. Llewellyn, His Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats, stated at a meeting not long since that he had frequently heard children in the Midlands singing hymns which they told him they had learned at the Brentford Mission School.

On Sunday evenings in the winter the schoolroom becomes a chapel, and a little service is held, which the boat people can feel is entirely their own. The same people are never seen on two consecutive Sundays, and though each gathering is necessarily small, the total number of canal people who attend the service whenever they get a chance would make up a very good congregation. When Mr. Bamber came to Brentford seven years ago there were only two of the men who ever attended a place of worship; and as these continue their association with their own churches, it cannot be said that Mr. Bamber's work is carried on at the expense of any other religious community, and the friendliness of all the local religious leaders is a testimony to the absence of anything like proselytizing. In the summer-time an

open-air service is held on the canal bank, where a large shed is available in case the weather should prove unfavorable.

But to understand the real influence which Mr. Bamber undoubtedly has over these people one must see him in his daily work of cabin to cabin visitation. I was privileged to accompany him on some of these visits, and shall not soon forget the kindly tact and the gentle, affectionate earnestness of his words and manner. About three hundred families form Mr. Bamber's "parish," though of course only a few are at Brentwood at any one time. He seems to know most of the people quite intimately, addressing them by their Christian names and asking after friends and relatives. It was pleasant to see how warmly the missionary was welcomed by men, women and children alike. After inquiries about business and family affairs, he would read a few verses of Scripture, adding a few earnest words of appeal and admonition, and perhaps, offering a prayer.

The words spoken are always of the simplest. It is not theological subleties that these people want; they have no concern with Darwinism or the Higher Criticism. They are only to be reached by "the old, old story," told as simply as to a child. For they are a simple folk, and sometimes astonishingly ignorant. Mr. Bamber has met men and women who could not tell how Christ died and who did not know the Lord's Prayer, and others who, remembering some few words of prayer or Scripture learned in childhood, would say, in answer to his inquiry, "Oh, I don't know nothing about the meaning." Many of them can have had scarcely any religious instruction in their lives until they came under Mr. Bamber's influence at Brentford. "It is only here," said a boatman to Mr. Bamber one day, "where we get cheered and lifted up in our struggles."

On the top floor of the mission house is a maternity room, which has proved a great boon to some of the women. Last year four babies were born in the room, and the work is likely to be further developed if better accommodation can be obtained. This work is not a charity in the ordinary sense of the word; the women pay 2s. 6d. a week for the use of the room, and make their own arrangements for the services of a nurse. The canal folk are not, as a rule, desperately poor; their great need is not alms, but sympathy and brotherliness. And that is one of the chief reasons of Mr. Bamber's success amongst them. Never did pastor or missionary give himself to his work with more wholehearted devotion. His great hope is that he may be able to work for the rest of his life among the canal folk whom he loves, his one ambition being to serve their highest interests.

An important development of the work at Brentford is likely to take place in the near future. A site has been acquired and plans have been prepared for a new Canal Boatmen's Institute, which will replace the present inadequate mission premises. The new building, for which more than half the cost has already been subscribed, will not only provide improved accommodation for the day-school and the maternity room, but also reading and recreation rooms for the men and women. At present these people have no meeting place except the public-house. The provision of warm and well-lighted rooms, where they can gather on winter evenings to improve their education or indulge in innocent recreations and pleasant social intercourse, should prove an effective way of counteracting the evil influence of the drink shops.

SUNSET ON THE YUKON.

THROUGH THE YUKON.*

BY S. MORLEY WICKETT, PH.D.

Extent of the Yukon.

THE Yukon Territory is a huge district of approximately 198,000 square miles on the north of British Columbia, between the Mackenzie River on the east and Alaska on the west. It lies in the same longitude as Norway and Sweden from Christiania northward. The auriferous gravels extend over such an enormous area that figures can hardly be given. The Klondike gold fields, as popularly understood, however, cover a small area of thirty to forty square miles, bounded by the Klondike, Yukon and Indian Rivers. But prospectors have been busy, and the country to the north, the west, and the south is here and there awakening into life.

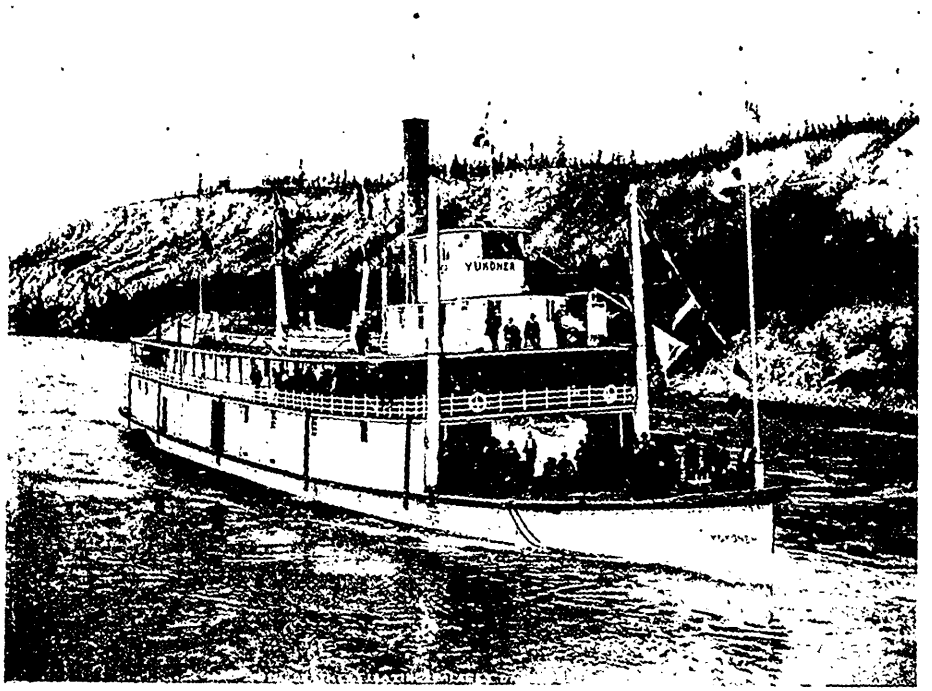
If you travel northward from the great coast range to the north of British Columbia, you will find that the general elevation tends to fall all the way until you reach a range about twenty miles north of Dawson. The coast mountains show a maximum altitude of about 19,000 feet, which steadily diminishes as you go north, and the highest point in the Klondike, the Dome, which some vainly expected to be the "mother lode" of the alluvial gold, is only 3,700 feet. The Klondike is thus, as it were, an extensive valley sheltered behind the coast mountains. This geographical situation determines the climate of the

S. MORLEY WICKETT, PH.D.

Yukon. To the fall and elevation of the country add the fact that the coast range sifts the cold, damp winds of the coast of their moisture, and it will be understood how we find the interior of the Yukon so dry. Add further the intensity and long duration of the northern sunshine from May onward, and it will be easily understood, as Mr. Treadgold remarks, how it is that we can pass from winter on the Alaskan coast, as early as May, into summer in the Yukon interior, though faring due north all the time.

It is probably the Alaskan coast and extraordinary tales of winter hardship which have given people the impression that the interior of the Yukon is a land of almost eternal winter. In the romantic days of a couple of years ago photographers had a great run on fantastic winter scenes. But the man

* For the use of most of the cuts illustrating this article we are indebted to the courtesy of R. J. Younge, Esq., Secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.



COMING DOWN THE YUKON.

of the camera reports now that the demand has veered almost solely to truer pictures of mining life. In the interior, as a matter of fact, from May to September there is no snow to speak of. Spring, summer and autumn differ but little from similar seasons, say in Quebec; only the air is even more delightful. Spring begins about the middle of April, and summer—green, sudden, delightful, and nightless—bursts forth in another month. From August 20th to October 7th it is autumn, with touches of frost at night, and the poplars here and there are one blaze of gold.

Some of the creeks tumble into life early in April, the Klondike not until the end. The ice "goes out" about May 10th, but, higher up, Lake Labarge holds freight in check until June. Boats from the lower river (that section of the Yukon River below Dawson) do not reach Dawson until the middle of July.

In November snow falls to an average depth of two feet. The great depths of snow recorded of the north will be found only in the passes. By the 1st of December the ice is safe for the travel of the stages. The thermometer dips lowest, 60 to 70 below, in January and February. In the almost complete absence of wind, and on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, Yukoners compare 20 to 25 below zero to our occasional zero. But after that tales vary. The young men said it was keen; some said magnificent.

One is often asked as to the daylight and night. The 110 days of summer have an average sunlight of 20 hours; for about half the summer there is

CITY OF WHITE HORSE.

continuous day. A little darkness comes by July 20th, gradually increasing, until in December or January daylight or twilight lasts but from 10 to 2.

Remarks on the northern climate are incomplete without mention of Klondike vegetation. Opposite Dawson is a farm of eighteen acres, which next year will be forty. This is really the first season that the people in the Klondike have known the capacity of their summer in this respect. Next year most of the table vegetables will be raised locally. The flower gardens surrounding the cabins are inviting sights.

The Journey to the Klondike.

From Vancouver to Dawson by the White Pass Railway is a fascinating seven days' journey of 1,426 miles—a refreshing sail of 867 miles in the quiet water of the inner channel to Skagway, and amidst the splendid scenery of Queen Charlotte, Prince of Wales and the host of other islands; then a seven or eight hours' run of 111 miles, 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, over the White Pass and along the shores of Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett to White Horse; and three days down the broad, swift-running, but shallow Lewes River, or Yukon, as it is usually called, to Dawson, 448 miles. The current of the Lewes is about five miles per hour.

For those who do not wish to take the boats or drift down from White Horse on scows or rafts, there is the Government waggon road from White Horse to Dawson, which will be completed this autumn. The road is about eighty miles shorter than the river.

Every foot of the road northward

FRONT STREET, DAWSON CITY.

interests the new-comer ("Chechacker"). Here and there the pack trails of the stampeders of 1898, skeleton log cabins, piles of empty cans, and fragments of queer hand-made crafts are mute monuments to that wonderful band who rushed northward in their eager quest three or four years ago.

The contrast is striking between the ease of travel now and then. You can travel to Dawson to-day with practically as great comfort as from Toronto to Halifax. As long as the Yukon remains a mining camp this trip northward will remain a delightful tourist route. While speeding along the shores of Lake Bennett I recall passing a train carrying a party of tourists from Boston *en route* to White Horse.

I have mentioned the shortest route first because it is the shortest. The second—the original—means of access to the Klondike is the water route via the port of St. Michael's, just south of Behring Strait, 2,739 miles from Vancouver, thence 1,800 miles up the Yukon to Dawson. By this route Dawson is 4,500 miles distant from Vancouver, as against 1,426 miles via the White Pass.

It may be well to add that winter causes no interruption to ocean and railway traffic by the White Pass as far as White Horse. The new waggon road for the rest of the way will prevent interruption in November and in spring to passengers. In leaving Dawson for home one "goes out." In going to Dawson one "goes in." In winter you "go in" over the ice in an

open sleigh. In the course of the week's drive down river only the driver is said to be occasionally frozen, and at the next road-house speedily unfrozen and regaled, which seems to be the more essential.

Dawson City.

A few years ago a traveller to the interior of Central Africa told of his surprise at coming suddenly upon the neat gardens of the natives. Dawson, at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers, in 64½ deg. north latitude, spreading out with an impressive front of piers and large warehouses and the bustling life of a distributing centre, arouses like feelings. According to the Dominion census the city had a population of 9,142, and the Yukon Territory one of 27,219, including 2,600 Indians. The city, however, has a very shifting population, which declines in the fall and swells in the spring.

The town is laid out in regular streets at right angles to each other, the through streets being called avenues, 1st to 6th, and the cross streets, King, Queen, Church, etc. Its large warehouses, immense departmental stores, where everything can be procured from a pin to a haystack, its extensive Government buildings, its wooden pavements and good roads, its telegraph, telephone and electric lighting apparatus, and its many fine shops, hotels, and houses give it an unexpected aspect of stability. There are two theatres, three daily newspapers, six sawmills, two banks, two well-equipped clubs (the "Zero," and the "Arctic Brotherhood"), and four churches, the Presbyterian costing $50,000. Mr. Carnegie has promised $25,000 for a public library building.

Mining Operations.

Several methods of mining are in vogue: (1) Rocking out gold, the "heroic" method of the early days, is still met with here and there. (2) Sluicing, i.e., shovelling the gravels into sluices of running water from which it is washed away, the gold being deposited in "riffles" placed at the bottom of the boxes, is also done. (3) There is, to my knowledge, in the Klondike one large steam shovel at the mouth of Eldorado Creek. This machine works by "open cuts." (4) Dredging the river bottoms is now being seriously practically tested. I refer to Mr. Ogilvie's work on the Stewart river. If this work results profitably many dredges will doubtless set to work in the very near future. (5) Hydraulicing, is, in the opinion of one expert, the most suitable method for the Klondike. By this is meant washing the hillsides by the aid of powerful streams of water shot through "giants" with nozzles varying in diameter from two to five and even seven inches. It is an interesting sight to note the effect of water when hurled in large streams against a hillside; the hill melts away as if of sand, the gravel washing down the slope into sluice boxes. Provided sufficient head of water can be secured hydraulicing is extremely effective and economical. (6) Letting a claim out on "lay" is a further method of mining. A "lay" is the lease of a claim against a percentage of the gross output. For an average lay a miner will pay from 50 per cent. to 65 per cent.

On the whole, steam power is being used more and more; hand labor is disappearing, and steam boilers and engines are finding a growing market. Along with the use of steam comes the tendency to consolidate individual claims (250 feet long) into large holdings. Many claims have already been united. We may confidently anticipate the continuance of this policy and

A KLONDIKE GARDEN.

the carrying on of mining operations on a much larger, more systematic and profitable scale than during the present.

A placer camp is ever open to suspicion. It is always on trial. Popular opinion is always inclined to be prejudiced. To discover gold-bearing quartz in position is to touch the springs of life. In spite of an immense area of auriferous country, the great hope of those interested in the Klondike is to discover gold quartz. Of quartz prospects in the Klondike no one can even yet speak with assurance. Of Klondike nuggets, it may be said a large number show quartz as well as gold; and fine specimens of quartz rich in gold have been found in the creeks and in the neighboring mines. Already several hundreds of quartz claims have been recorded, and in some of them much confidence is evinced.

As regards living expenses, people fare remarkably well in the North. The traditional pork and beans and canned goods of the early exploration parties have long been of the past. When on the creeks I invariably sat down to fresh beef, fresh vegetables, pastry and dessert, etc. Meals in Dawson cost fifty cents to one dollar. Board by the month costs from sixty to eighty dollars. Rents, as already remarked, are falling, and in the spring, when renewals are mostly made, more slumps may be expected; but they still remain at a fair figure. Fair living expenses of transients to-

day are from four to five dollars a day; for a miner two to three dollars.

Outlook for the Yukon.

There are, Mr. Wm. Ogilvie says, seven thousand miles of creek in the territory. At most two hundred miles have been opened up to date, and a further fifty miles fairly well prospected. A warning, however, is to be thrown out; it must be clearly understood that geological investigations made up to the present, and the history of other placer camps, do not warrant us in anticipating another Eldorado. Rich gravels may, and doubtless will, be found here and there; but local opinion seems settling down to the belief that the rest of the country is made up largely of lower grade gravel which, generally speaking, will have to be washed in a large way and with considerable investment of capital.

In conclusion, one may say that the gold-bearing sands are undoubtedly of immense area; though the output may fluctuate, and even conceivably fall much lower than this year, the camp will remain an important one for many years—how many no one can say. Its life depends on too many contingencies for any one to place a limit. Productivity, moreover, must always be estimated in comparison with costs. The cost of mining in the Yukon has fallen fully fifty per cent. since 1899; next year it will be lower still.

RUSSIA, 1905.

Russia, thy day in wrath and woe is dying,—
  War-shock, then long war-languor, and the slow
  Upcreeping of that last resistless foe,
The night of death, that heeds nor smiles nor sighing,
Whose silent finger falls on the denying
  And the believing on Siberian snow
  And throned halls, on lords that come and go
And rebel ones their country's shame decrying.

Yet night must pass that day again may rise,—
  Old Russia dead shall yield new Russia living;
Red wrath and sanguine woe are ministries
  That tell the virtue of a large forgiving:
A nation's growth, a people naught dissevers,
A way for every man, and men for all endeavors.

JAPAN, 1905.

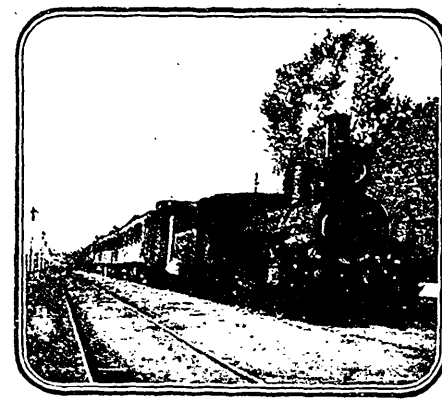
O kingdom of the sunrise, land of hope,
  With beckon of the future on thy brow,
  Yet in thy clasp the sure eternal Now
That spells thee victor, while in vain they grope
Who would undo thee, potentate or pope,—
  Keep, keep the spirit of thine ancient vow,
  Nor let achievement ever blind thee, thou
Youth among lands, yet old as Ethiope.

In the Far West waits Europe,—on thine east
  America, the vast, elate and free;
To each stretch out a hand of love, released
  From warring;—to the brother nations be
Frank in thy friendship, steadfast in thy stand,
True in thy trust, indeed the Sunrise Land!

—*Geo. H. Clarke, in Service.*

HARBIN AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

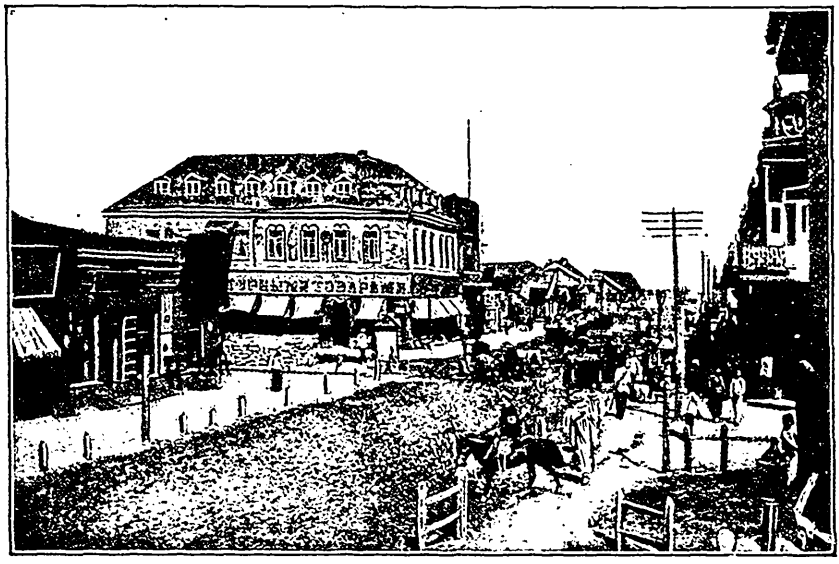
THE whole landscape around Mukden, says Frederick A. North, a war correspondent in Manchuria, writing before the recent retreat of the Russians from the holy city of the Manchus, was filled with the camps of soldiers. Stretching away beyond the horizon were vast hosts of Russian cavalry, infantry and artillery. I visited these camps, and saw the soldiers in their tents and on duty. These forces were rapidly increasing every day by the addition of fresh troops from Siberia and European Russia. With special care I noted the train arrivals for more than a week. On an average, there were twelve trains every twenty-four hours, two-thirds of which were loaded with soldiers; other trains were bringing horses, provisions and the munitions of war, with, perhaps, a daily arrival of a Red Cross train. On each of these eight trains were from three to five hundred soldiers, making a daily arrival at Mukden of three to four thousand men. From personal observation, which extended all along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, from Mukden to St. Petersburg, I should judge Russia to have been transporting to the seat of war from seventy to one hundred thousand soldiers per month. The Russian forces under Kouropatkin, in the vicinity of Mukden at the present time, number about three hundred thousand men, Oyama's forces opposing him being of equal strength. A Russian officer told me that his government would continue to pour troops into Manchuria, stopping nothing



ON THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

short of seven hundred thousand men, and that the Japanese must ultimately leave Manchuria, if it took years to accomplish it. Port Arthur would be retaken by the Russians, should it now fall into the hands of the Japanese. Russia, he declared, has come to Manchuria to stay.

On the top of the tallest tree of a pine grove, a little south-west of Mukden station, and across an expanse of a score or more of busy side tracks, was to be seen the banner of the Red Cross Society. Here were two camps of Red Cross field hospitals, one of which was under the control of Russian Red Cross authorities, the other under that of the Dutch Reformed Church of St. Petersburg. At these camps I was a welcome visitor. Many sick and wounded soldiers were here receiving some of the hospitalities of home, their number constantly increasing by fresh arrivals from the battlefields of Liao-Yang. The Red Cross was fully prepared for active field work, being equipped with medical and surgical supplies, horses, mules, and



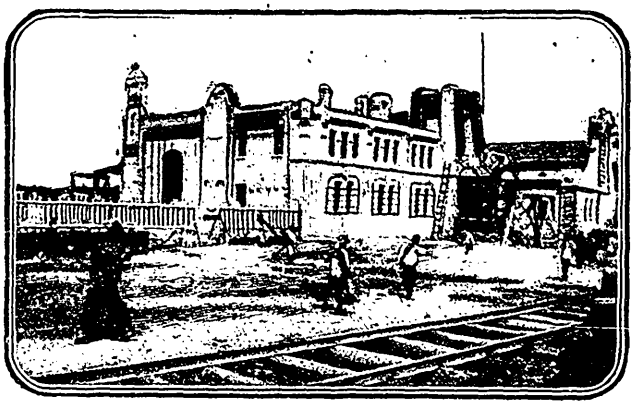
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF HARBIN.

ambulances, with baggage waggons and carts for transporting their tents and camp appliances. Wherever the army goes to battle, the camp of the field hospitals follows in its wake, to care for the sick and wounded. Similar work of the Red Cross Society was observed in connection with the Japanese army.

Some of the Red Cross trains are very elegantly equipped. The cars are of pure white, with a single red cross on the side, and within them is to be found every provision for the comfort of unfortunate officers and soldiers, including a place of public worship, and a spiritual adviser in the person of a priest of the Greek Church. Russia is not sufficiently provided with cars of this description, and so she has in her hospital service third-class cars, and even box cars of the same kind as those employed in transporting the rank and file of her soldiery.

Directly to the west of the railway station, and just north of the Red Cross camps, were located a long line of huge ovens, in which the Russians baked their large loaves of rye and barley bread. Close by were the stock yards, into which were being gathered great numbers of horses, mules and cattle for the use of the army. North-west of the railway station, and bordering along the side tracks, were numerous storehouses filled and overflowing with accumulated army supplies. Even tarpaulin covers had been brought into requisition for the protection of unhoused goods. Still further to the north-west of the station were the sand-pits used for grading the road-bed and the laying of side tracks. Just north-east of the station is a Chinese village, which is greatly prospering on account of its extensive trade with the army.

On Sunday morning, I very clearly heard the soul-inspiring singing of the grand religious service of the Russians in one of the near-by camps, and I proceeded to the spot and united



RAILWAY STATION AT HARBIN.

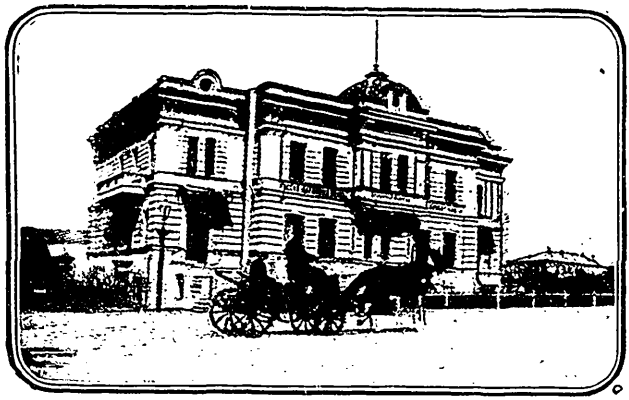
with them. A bishop and his assistant priest, wearing robes trimmed in purple and gold, stood on reed matting before a table spread with black velvet, on which rested the Holy Bible, the Sacred Icon, the censer and the great Golden Cross. Every man, near and far, with uncovered head, crossed himself and prayed. No other peoples are so "religious" as the Russians.

When it rains, the black, sticky soil becomes a slough of despond. Frequently Chinese carts are stalled in the middle of the muddy street. I have seen whole batteries of heavy cannon stuck in the mud when six or eight horses were hitched to each piece.

My journey from Mukden to Harbin, though a distance of only three hundred miles, occupied five days. All trains bound for the seat of war having the right of way, our train was side-tracked more hours than it travelled. The railway stations through Manchuria, together with requisite buildings for operatives, are constructed of stone or brick on substantially the same pattern. At every railway bridge and culvert throughout Manchuria a guard is stationed to protect it from injury or destruction by Japanese spies, or bands of Chinese brigands, called Hunghoozas. The Japanese have made many desperate attempts to destroy bridges of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and some have been caught in the attempt and executed. At frequent intervals, where guards have been stationed, signal posts have been erected, which, being some twenty feet in height, are wrapped with straw and topped with a can of petroleum. When an enemy approaches, a wire is used to release the oil, which flows down upon and saturates the straw. This, then, is ignited, producing great flames, and giving the signal for assistance to military posts for miles along the line.

The regular stations all along the Trans-Siberian Railway were originally built at intervals of from six to ten miles. In order to facilitate the train service for the war, sub-stations between the original ones are now being rapidly established along the whole extent of the road, thus giving it an efficiency approaching a double track line.

Harbin, especially its newer portion, which is on the high ground east of the railway station, unlike other cities



THE RUSSO-CHINESE BANK AT HARBIN.

of Manchuria, Dalny excepted, is a typical modern Russian city. The older part of Harbin, which is down on the banks of the Sungari River, has a mixed population, consisting of Chinese and of different nationalities of Europe. Besides being the junction of the two branches of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, one extending about five hundred miles to Vladivostok, the other some five hundred miles to Port Arthur, Harbin is the distributing centre of an important river commerce, carried on by steamers along the Sungari to Khabrovsk, thence by the Amur to the Pacific.

The great eight-span steel bridge across the Sungari at Harbin is truly an important achievement of modern engineering. It is guarded at both ends by detachments of soldiers, and no one is allowed to approach it. Even when trains are crossing it, all the doors and windows of the cars are closed, and no one is permitted to stand on the platform—a remark, however, which holds true for all the large railway bridges in Manchuria.

The Russo-Chinese Bank is an important financial institution of Harbin. On account of the great crowd of its customers I was much delayed in transacting a little business there. This is but one of a large number of banks operated by the same corporation and under the same name in Mukden, New Chwang, Peking, Dalny, Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Irkutsk, and other important cities.

Harbin is also an important military headquarters. It is the leading centre for hospital service in all Manchuria. Trains are constantly bringing disabled soldiers here from the front. War prices prevail here as elsewhere in Manchuria and Siberia. A large new railway station, splendid office and business blocks, new residences and churches are in process of construction. The location and surroundings, the improvements and business of Harbin, indicate that the city will become metropolitan and influential.

Space forbids mentioning the many interesting experiences of my journey of more than six thousand miles from Harbin to St. Petersburg. I noticed stupendous improvements being made on the Trans-Siberian Railroad—straightening the track, ballasting the road-bed, putting in new bridges, erecting sub-stations, introducing new

MANCHURIAN VILLAGE.

and more powerful locomotives, operating the newly completed road around the south end of Lake Baikal, and laying a double track over the Ural Mountains. I saw vast fields of grain and thousands of herds of cattle, horses, mules and sheep grazing upon the ample acres of Siberia and European Russia. Russia's great cities are prosperous, and her country is filled with plenty.

Dr. F. E. Clark was one of the first party of foreigners to go around the world by the new Trans-Siberian all-steam route. A great deal has yet to be done to bring the Trans-Siberian road up to the standard of our Canadian Pacific, which comes next to it in length under one management. We quote from Dr. Clark's interesting narrative :

"It is the custom of the few travellers who have crossed this line, or any part of it, to poke fun at the Trans-Baikal Railway. And, indeed, it is not hard to do so. With its crawling trains, its inordinately long stops, its primitive rolling-stock, it does not inspire much respect. It reminds one of the railway in the United States called a 'tri-weekly road,' which was explained by its president to mean that a train went up one week, and tried to come down the next.

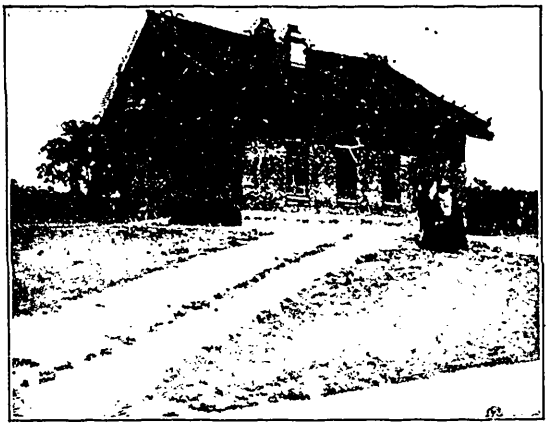
"All the ancient and hoary railway jokes," says Dr. Clark, "like the one about the boy who started on a half-fare ticket, and was so old before he reached the end of his journey that he had to pay full fare for the last part, are cracked and appreciated by the passengers on this line. Yet it must be remembered that this road was largely built for military exigencies, and that no one is asked to travel over it, but rather discouraged by Russian officials; then the jokes lose their best points.

"Still, it must be confessed that the road seems to tithe the mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of railway construction. For instance, the water-towers are beautiful, stately structures, and the stations are very creditable, even for an old railway, but the rails are light and constantly breaking and giving way, and delaying traffic for days at a time. 'Two streaks of rust across Siberia,' is the exaggeration of a friend, which has an element of truth in it.

"Many parts of the embankment have been carefully sodded, the sods being pegged down with great care, but the road is very imperfectly ballasted, and is rough almost beyond belief. The culverts and small bridges are buttressed with cut stone, carefully dressed; the cars, as I have said, are exceedingly poor and filthy.

"Still the road is evidently built for the future, and all these defects will, in time, be remedied, and the Trans-Baikal section will take its place as an important link in the greatest railway of the world."

Dr. Clark writes thus of its mid-continental section: "The accommo-



STATION ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

dation even in the 'car de luxe' was none too good. The fifth-class were simply box-cars, with no seats, and marked on the outside, 'to carry twelve horses or forty-three men.' Into these cars there crowded, helter-skelter, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, Russians and Siberians, Moujiks and Chinamen, Tartars, Buriats, and Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans.

"If there were fifth-class cars, there were plenty of sixth and seventh-class people—some in rags, and many in tags, but few in velvet gowns. Old Moujiks, with half a dozen half-naked children, filthy with a grime that has accumulated since their birth, and alive with unmentionable parasites, crowded every car, or, rather, human pigpen, as each car soon becomes. Odors, indescribably offensive, made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin, grew worse the longer the car was inhabited, and one simply resigned himself to the inevitable, and lived through each wearisome hour as best he could.

"We never get away from the prisoners in Siberia, and two cars, immediately in front of ours, were filled with these poor wretches. Before these cars, at every station, marched four soldiers with set bayonets. The heads of the prisoners, shaved on one side only, would have betrayed them even had they escaped for a little.

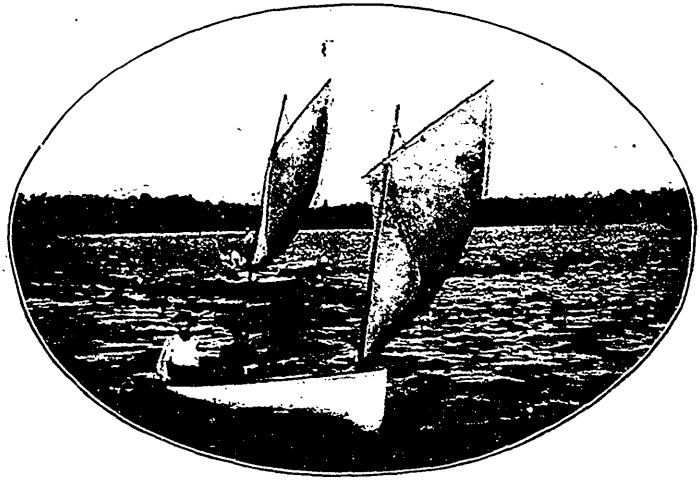
"I must record that, in the midst of the filth and discomfort and unutterable odors of this hard journey, we met with many courtesies and kindnesses from the most unpromising of our fellow-travellers. Some of the peasants were ladies and gentlemen at heart, who would incommode themselves to promote our comfort, and were never too preoccupied to lend a helping hand, or to supplement our exceedingly limited Russian. We discovered a 'fourth-class guardian angel,' who took us under his special protection, and was never weary of offering little kindnesses. He even wished to share with us his black bread and some curds, which we found it difficult to refuse without hurting his feelings."

In six days our tourists travelled less than eight hundred miles, or less than

six miles an hour. They had exasperating stops to transfer luggage.

"The devout character of the Russians was shown by the fact that every third-class waiting-room had its shrine, with beautifully-framed pictures of Christ and the Madonna, and some of the Eastern saints. Before these icons often burned ceremonial candles, and smaller candles were to be had by devotees for two or three kopeks apiece. Rapt travellers, with uplifted eyes, were often to be seen crossing themselves before these icons."

Our tourists were thirty-eight days coming from Vladivostok to Moscow. The genial traveller was profoundly touched with the physical and religious needs of the interesting people of the great northern empire. They were kind, courteous, and humane, and under wise rule are capable of developing rich and generous character.



ROBERT BROWNING.

BY R. BOAL.

Surpassing all the knowledge of his peers
Browning stands first in introspective lore,
Rabbi Ben Ezra through all future years
Is magic key unto the mystic door,
That opens to the soul a jewelled mine,
Apparent discords, harmonies divine!

Yea, we know naught, and seeing but a part
Of Truth's great vision that his spirit saw,
Forth from the page out gleams the shining dart
Of light that shows on spirit-robe the flaw;
Dark Renan's sophistries are met by thee,
Potter and clay endure eternally.

And here amid this ever-changing dance
Where ghost-like forms incessantly gyrate,
Mimes, in the great God's shape, so madly prance
That some might deem that in a future state
The unawakened soul is taught to feel
The impress of the Potter and His wheel.

West Montrose.

PRAYERS IN PARLIAMENT.*

IT is very gratifying to know that in so many of the legislatures and parliaments of the world the governance and guidance of Almighty God is so directly besought. The offering of public prayers in these parliaments and legislatures cannot fail to have a subduing influence on the strenuousness of party conflict and ameliorating the bitterness of party feeling.

At the daily opening of the Imperial Parliament both public and press are debarred the privilege of being present in the House during prayer time. Why this should be the case it is hard to say. But the fact remains. The early arrival, both in the Press and Strangers' Gallery, finds himself confronted by the plain brief announcement, "Speaker at Prayers."

The members themselves pre-empt their seats—they have no desks assigned as with us—by placing their hats upon their seats and are themselves often absent from prayers. An irreverent wit has described the rows of empty seats as "The House in the *hat*itude of prayer." We have heard of Methodist Conferences where the members were not all in their places at the opening exercises. Still enough of the members are present to give permanent value to this worthy act of worship.

For over three hundred years this admirable custom of prayers in Parliament has been in vogue. It is not clear at what time in history any special formula was prepared. "If any such was used prior to the Reformation period it would probably have been in Latin. It is not possible to trace any 'Form of prayer' being used during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., or Mary, but it is certain that from the very commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth formal prayers were used in Parliament." During the first twenty years of the reign of "Good Queen Bess," the Litany was regularly used, together with some special form of prayer that God might guide the Honorable Members in their deliberations and lead them to frame only such laws as were for the common good.

The day's Parliamentary proceedings, which usually begin at three of the clock, are opened with a petition for Divine guidance and help, which runs:

"Almighty God, by whom alone Kings reign, and Princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding; We Thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in Thy name, do most humbly beseech Thee to send down Thy Heavenly Wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations: And grant that, we having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of Thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true Religion and Justice, the safety, honor, and happiness of the King, the publick wealth, peace, and tranquillity of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian Love and Charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.—*Amen.*"

Then follows the reading of the short Psalm which begins our Canadian service.

When the reading of the Psalm is concluded, the voice of the Chaplain is heard, saying, "The Lord be with

* Abridged in part from All the World.

you," to which the answer is given, "And with thy spirit." After the recital of the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer, there follows an invocation for their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family.

The devotional proceedings are concluded with the Apostolic benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore." Scarcely has the "Amen!" been spoken than the chief doorkeeper's call is heard, "Speaker in the chair!" and the doors are opened and the day's public business is started.

At the present time Members of Parliament stand during prayers, but at one period in history both the Clerk and the House went through their devotions kneeling. There is at least one case recorded in support of this, though the method of conducting the service and its order were occasionally varied. Mr. Speaker once found it incumbent upon himself to deliver a short oration. A few days later we learn that "Mr. Speaker, coming to the House after eleven of the clock, read the usual prayer, omitting the Litany for the shortness of time."

The Puritans are said to have been responsible for some of the changes in religious procedure at St. Stephen's. They were not too partial to the Book of Common Prayer, and disliked the Litany, which, until 1580, was read within the walls at Westminster. At this sitting of Parliament, however, a zealous member, Paul Wentworth by name, moved that there might be a sermon delivered every morning before they sat.

We are not aware that this suggestion was ever carried into effect. Those were the days when a sermon was a very formidable thing, in point of duration, at any rate; besides, many of the preachers had a way of saying what they meant in the most unequivocal language. The tabloid sermonette of to-day is a very different thing to its ancestors of the Cromwellian period. The day may come when the worthy Paul Wentworth's suggestion will be adopted.

In addition to the whole reign of Queen Elizabeth, and most probably when James I. was king, also during the beginning of the reign of Charles I., prayers were used. Formal prayers gave place to extempore petitions in 1644, when the Book of Common Prayer was "disused and prohibited." During the whole of the time of the Commonwealth, printed or written prayers were superseded by extemporaneous utterances. During the last year of Cromwell's time an effort was made to renew the practice of reading prayers.

In 1659 one Gauden delivered a sermon pleading for the old order of things, on the ground that the printed or written Word reminded members of their duty in the House. He said that it was "much more significant, grave and pertinent, than such seraphick, or rambling and loose, or odd expressions as some men are prone to use, either in affected varieties, or in their tedious tautologies." Extemporaneous prayers were discontinued after 1660, and the printed Word was thereafter used. At one period it was the duty of the Clerk to read the petition, and at another the Speaker either prayed extempore or read the devotional exercise.

Far be it from us to join with those who say that the House of Commons is past praying for. For every

measure passed into law that makes for the betterment of mankind we rejoice, and join in earnest prayers that the gentlemen who are returned to St. Stephen's now and hereafter, whether they sit to left or right of the Speaker, may be worthy in the highest sense of the great responsibilities which rest upon them, responsibilities affecting not only the many phases of our national life, but influencing for good or ill that Greater Britain beyond the seas—aye, and the whole world itself.

In the Dominion Parliament the form of prayer copies very largely that of the British House of Commons. In the Senate the prayer begins with the short Psalm:

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Then follows the Lord's Prayer and the beautiful and appropriate prayer for the King's Most Excellent Majesty, for the royal household and the Dominion of Canada. We omit the section which is common to both forms of prayer.

O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward; and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

Almighty God, the fountain of all goodness, we humbly beseech thee to bless our gracious Queen Alexandra, George, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with thy heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness; and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

Most gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, as for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty's other Dominions in general, so especially for this Dominion, and herein more particularly for the Governor-General, the Senate and the House of Commons, in their legislative capacity at this time assembled; That thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of thy glory, the safety, honor and welfare of our Sovereign and his Dominions; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These and all other necessaries for them and for us, we humbly beg in the Name and through the Mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour.—*Amen.*

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.—*Amen.*

In the Commons the prayers are somewhat shorter, embracing the prayers for the King, the royal household and the Dominion. It is read on alternate days in English and in

French. We present the French version:

O Seigneur! notre Père Céleste, Haut et Puissant, Roi des rois, Seigneur des seigneurs, le seul Souverain des princes, qui contemplez de votre trône tous les habitants de la terre! nous vous supplions du fond de nos cœurs de regarder avec faveur Sa très gracieuse Majesté, le roi Edouard, et de le remplir tellement de la grâce de votre Saint-Esprit, qu'il fasse toujours Votre volonté et qu'il marche dans vos voies; donnez-lui l'abondance de vos dons célestes; donnez-lui la santé et le bonheur d'une longue vie; fortifiez-le afin qu'il triomphe de tous ses enemis, et finalement, après cette vie, qu'il jouisse de la joie et de la félicité éternelles, par Jésus-Christ Notre-Seigneur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Dieu tout-puissant, source de toute bonté, nous vous prions humblement de bénir notre Gracieuse Souveraine, la reine Alexandra, George, Prince de Galles, la Princesse de Galles, et toute la famille royale; remplissez-les de votre Saint-Esprit; enrichissez-les de votre grâce céleste; favorisez-les de tout le bonheur possible, et introduisez-les dans votre royaume éternel, par Jésus-Christ Notre-Seigneur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Dieu plein de grâces, nous vous implorons humblement en faveur du Royaume-Uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande et des autres possessions de Sa Majesté, spécialement de cette Puissance, et plus particulièrement du Gouverneur général, du Sénat et de la Chambre des Communes, assemblés en ce moment pour faire des lois; qu'il vous plaise de diriger et de faire fructifier leurs délibérations, pour votre plus grande gloire, la sûreté, l'honneur et le bien-être de notre Souverain et de ses possessions; que toutes choses soient si bien ordonnées et établiés par leurs travaux sur les fondements les plus solides, que la paix et le bonheur, la vérité et la justice, la religion et la piété règnent parmi nous pendant toutes les générations. Nous vous demandons ces choses et toutes les autres qui nous sont nécessaires, au nom et par l'intercession de Jésus-Christ, Notre Divin Seigneur et Sauveur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Notre Pére qui êtes aux cieux, que votre nom soit sanctifié; que votre règne arrive; que votre volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel; donnez-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien, et pardonnez-nous nos offenses comme nous les pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés; et ne nous induisez pas en tentation, mais délivrez-nous du mal.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

In the Ontario Legislature the prayers are identical with those in the House of Commons.

In the Congress of the United States no stated form of prayer, we understand, is adopted, but extempore prayer by a prominent chaplain is used. For many years a distinguished Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher, was the chaplain. The venerable Edward Everett Hale succeeded him in that position.

JAPAN'S REBUKE.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

You hail us now and grant us rightful place
  Beside your civilized and Christian powers,
  Since valorous deeds on carnaged fields are ours,
And war acclaims us as a fighting race,
  Before whose prowess Russia shrinks and cowers.
Think you we make obeisance for the grace,
  Which on our arms such golden praises showers?
No! Rather do we scorn them. To your face
  Japan rebukes you, recreant Occident!
Where were your plaudits in the dull, gray years
  Wherein her studious days and nights were spent,
That art and civilization might increase;
Wherein she learned of One, named Prince of Peace,
  Who o'er a human world wept human tears?

—*The Globe.*

A MINISTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. —Ps. lxvi. 16."

AM to speak to-night, as I announced, to young people. If I make a further reservation, first of all I speak to young men. Let me say, then, by way of introduction, that this verse is not read in your hearing because it is my text in the ordinary sense of the word. I am not going to examine the text. I am not seeking to know what the Psalmist meant in the deeper reaches of his thought, neither am I going to ask you to consider what he told men about Christ's dealing with him after this invitation. The text is read in your hearing to-night as revealing a principle and as suggesting a purpose. I read the text first as revealing a principle. That principle is the principle of the value of personal testimony to the work of God. In another Psalm, the 107th, and the second verse, you find those words: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; let him tell that he is delivered; let him announce the story of his deliverance; let him speak well of his Redeemer.

I am convinced that this was a part of the method of evangelistic work in the first years of the Christian Dispensation. God did not bestow upon all the members of the early Church gifts either for evangelism or prophecy or teaching, but He did by the Holy Spirit call every Christian to the responsibility of witnessing and testimony. Every man and woman who shared in the work of Christ in those early days become forthtellers of the Divine Word as they had experienced it. They were not able in many cases —as men and women are not able still —to deal with the doctrine that underlies, but they were able and still are able to tell of the experience of their own lives. And, my brethren, I am convinced that there is nothing in this world more powerful than that one man should look into the face of another man and say to him: "I speak things I know. God has blessed me."

Among the great Methodist Churches hundreds—nay, I will go further, thousands—of men and women have been brought to God in their experience meetings, their love-feasts, their camp meetings, not by persuasive preaching, not by the eloquent plea of the evangelist—of course, these things have had their place—but by the simple telling by men and women to other men and women of what God has wrought in their own lives. My text suggests this. Says the Psalmist, "Come and hear, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." And there is a verse in the Book of Revelation full of meaning, in the 12th chapter and the 11th verse, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." It is spoken of the great hosts who have

overcome and have reached the Master's presence.

Given to God.

My text is read as indicating a principle, and I suppose I may honestly say as defending my line of action to-night, certainly as suggesting the purpose of this evening's service, that it is not given to a man that his birthday shall fall on a Sunday often, but mine falls to-day, and I want to talk to you about the thirty-seven years through which God has led me to this moment. I want to talk to you, not about myself, save as I may say to you, "My brothers, wherever you are, hear what the Lord hath done for my soul." I have preached to you the principles of the Gospel as well as I know them. I have again and again pleaded with you that you will obey the doctrine and discover the duty. Turn from the method for once and let me speak to you of what I know of God and of His dealings with me, and this in order that I may recommend my Saviour to you and speak with you persuasively out of a life's experience, that you may put the diadem of your manhood upon the brow of my Master, and that you may come to love and serve my King.

I must ask you to bear with me very patiently while I go back over these past years, so few and yet so many, and try to call up in my own mind the formative facts in my life. The first fact is one that I did not know till years afterwards, but it was one of the greatest facts in all my life. From my birth my father and my mother gave me to God for service. They did not give me to God in order that I might be saved; I pray you to draw the line of distinction. They did not take me to some dedication service and dedicate me to God in order that He might have me as His own, but very definitely and very positively from the earliest moment of my life they gave me to Him in order that if it should be His will He would take me in the years that lay ahead and make me His servant, to preach His word, and to do His work and His will in the world, whatever it might be. I was told—it is among the things that I remember most clearly of my early life—that I belonged to God, that I had been given to God, that I must always live and walk remembering if I did wrong I belonged to Him. I am not going to discuss theology with you to-night. I thank God I was trained that way, and that I was never told once in all my life that I belonged to the devil.

A Child's Great Sorrow.

I cannot go back to the early days of my life without remembering Lizzie, my sister. In 1872 there came my first great sorrow—God took her away to Himself, and I was left a child without a companion, for I had never been allowed companions outside my own home up to the time of her passing away. But I go back into the days while she was still with me. I had one recreation, one form of amusement every day and always, and that was preaching. I preached to her dolls long before I preached to you. Dear, sweet soul, she was four years older than I. I think some day we will talk again about those early sermons. I want to show you that I felt that I was God's; that I had to preach; sooner or later I must talk to men and women: and I do not think I preached with greater devotion than I did before I was eight years old. You catch my thought? The influence on a young life of a great fact in the earliest years of that life. My first sorrow, my first real sorrow, the sorrow that abides with me to-night, though nine-and-twenty years have passed, was the sorrow of her

home-going. Do not ever imagine, dear man, and dear woman, that your child is not capable of sorrow. Do not make any mistake. I have known from that day to this that a little child can have a great heart-break. I remember one day down in Cardiff—and I thank God I am going back to preach in the old chapel before I leave this country—getting up one dull January morning at the break of day and walking (a boy of eight, a little child) to a little graveyard and standing by the gravestones with the mists about me and feeling bereft. Do not make any mistake; your child knows what sorrow is. There was a new link with the hereafter. I never thought of heaven from that morning since with a sense of loneliness; I always felt that one waited for me across the river. The number have multiplied since then. That is the second point of influence in my life. First, a great truth stated—I belonged to God. Second, a sorrow turned into joy—a bereavement becoming a link to the Golden City, making me almost familiar in those early days with its streets of gold and its light and beauty. Oftentimes at night in my father's house I lay, before sleep found me, closing my eyes, dreaming myself away to where Lizzie was, and talking with her, and I believe with all my heart in those days God gave her back to me to be a ministering spirit. I believe it to-night. I am not going to discuss spiritualism with any one. Because I have said that, some will write and want to know if I believe in spiritualism. Yes. What do you mean by spiritualism? Trickery, bad spelling, worse grammar, chicanery in the dark? No. But if by spiritualism you mean communion that cannot be written, that cannot be spoken, the subtle, sublime influences of the glorified life to-day—I do believe in these things, and I think that she has watched over me in many a day of darkness and kept me. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation? I could linger a long while in these days. Two things you have got—a great truth stated; a sorrow turned into joy.

First Christian Service.

In 1876 I first spoke to a company of men and women about the things of God (a boy thirteen years old), and I talked to them about those sweet words spoken to the Master: "There is a lad here that hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Why mention this to-night? Because I am now coming to another point in my life of great value. My father believed that God had called me to preach, and encouraged me to do it. I owe more to him than I can ever say. A great many people said he was unwise; that the precocious boy would be a trouble all his life. That may be true, but I thank God that he believed in me. He knew I loved my Saviour. He knew my young heart was burning to say so, and in his own home, in his own room, I first talked to a few people who were gathered together. Next I spoke in a schoolroom in mission services, and I began to work for God that way. And I shall not easily forget how in those earlier attempts to speak there was a double sense upon my spirit,—first that I was beginning to fulfil the calling of my life, that I was beginning to answer the dedication of my earlier years; and secondly, that Lizzie knew. Here was a third formative power in my life—that the door was open, that I was given a chance to talk of my King, my Saviour, my life.

But you will say, "Where was your conversion?" I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I cannot tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure

that at some time in those years to what my parents told me of my relation to God I said "Amen": that at some moment my heart and will responded without knowing it to the claim set up upon me by my loved ones, and I know at that moment the will of the child said "Yes" to the will of the King, and the King took the child into His kingdom and the child was born again. I say that without hesitation. I say it for the encouragement of others who may not be able to find a date when they were converted; but I say this to you also, Be very, very careful that you are converted. If you put the question back on me to-night, "How do you know you are born again?" I do not know how I am born again by my experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, His Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am His, and none can deny me the witness of His Spirit. And I think there is nothing more dangerous than that people should build upon an experience thirty years old, and think they are Christians now because something happened to them then.

Wandering and Return.

What next? I wish I could miss the next one. In 1879, from its beginning to the end of 1880, while I was at school preparing for teaching, and beginning to teach, there came nearly two years of wandering from the Master; two years of heart backsliding; two years in which my Bible was shut; two years of sadness and of sorrow. I am not going into any detail, but I am bound to mention these things. I have a double experience about those two years in my life. To-night I know what they are—an ever-deepening sorrow, and yet an underlying gladness. I feel I would give anything if I could blot out those years of wandering from my Lord. I know that He has blotted them out from His record, but I cannot forget them—the years in which by my speech and levity, and denial sometimes, I dishonored my Master. I would give anything to blot them out, and yet as a worker for God I am sometimes glad they are in. How I have been helped to help the backslider, because I have been able to say to the backslider, "When you go back He will welcome you. He welcomed me and took me back to His heart."

How did I come to wander? I was busy with my studies, but I was in connection with people who would not give me work. Just at that age of life, when the hand ought to be busy, and the heart occupied, and the life devoted to service, I was shut out from Christian service, and away from service. In the midst of busy work, studying, I lost my hold of my Lord. I do not say that service is the only condition of safety. I do not say but that under the circumstances I ought to have been loyal to Him and depended upon Him, and not upon service; but I mark a peril, and I want to say to you, Christian men and women, see to it that your young people are at work for God. I do not want anything to do with work for God that does not find work for your young people and take an interest in them. I got away from my Master because I was shut out from my Master's service, and I got into those two years of carelessness and heart backsliding; but thank God! not for them, but for the experience they gave me at the last of the tender heart of my King and Master.

Another word about those years. How did they end? These people with whom I was associated found out something about my backsliding and my wandering from my Master, and

two men were appointed to see me about it, and one of them did see me. He took me back to Sinai, back to its laws, and tried to frighten me, and I turned my back upon him and all the Church in my will rebellious. And the other man who was appointed came to see me—a man with a great heart. I shall never forget his first question to me after he had said that he knew things were wrong in my life. He looked at me and, with eyes that brimmed with tears, he said: "Does your mother know?" He had done it. And when he saw that he had reached the citadel of my heart, "Well," he said, "you know your mother loves you." "Yes." "Nothing like your Lord loves you." And there and then my heart sobbed out, "Nay, but I yield; I can hold out no more." I came back to my Lord. What did He do? Received me with the kiss of pardon, put on me the robes and the rings and sandals, and said to me—not in human words, but in Divine speech: "My child, I never wanted you to go away; it is all your own fault; come home." I shall never forget how He took me back, how He fulfilled His promise. He healed all my backslidings, and He loved me freely; and I sometimes say I belong to Him by the double right of a first reception and a gracious second reception when I turned to Him from those two years of backsliding.

Years of Preparation.

And what next? Next, new work for God; Divine work immediately taken up. I am talking to all sorts of young men to-night. I am talking to some who want to preach. God bless every one of them. I remember beginning, and my very first address after that restoration to my Master's love was delivered away on the Mendip Hills between Cheltenham and Gloucester. I remember I walked through six miles of snow to talk to a handful of cottagers. I remember something more than the six miles' walk there, and more than the meeting, and that is the six miles' walk home, for dear David Smith gave me a six miles' lecture on my praying. He told me: "You did not prepare that to help anybody; you wanted to show that you could speak." I shall never forget it. It would help you, my brothers, if you went six miles in that way. I thank God. These are little things, are they? You do not know. I have got that written down in my heart, David Smith's honest faithfulness with me at the beginning. I went out the next Sunday night again. The same walk, the same companion, the same room, the handful of people, and I broke down in the middle of my address. I had been praying all the week, and that night half a dozen men were won for Christ. Oh, I thank God for the man who dared to tell me where I was wrong. That is another formative fact, and it has been with me ever since. Work went on. To go further on, skipping the years in which I was studying and teaching. God was preparing me in His own way for other work.

From about the middle of 1884 to 1886 I had another strange experience. I cannot say now that I wish it was out of my life; I thank God it is in. But I think they were the most trying two years of all my life, two years of doubt and darkness, two years in which I felt I was going to lose my hold, not only upon my Saviour, but upon God Himself, two years in which I faced the spectres of the mind. I felt my Bible was going—everything was going. I am not sure that I had not lost everything in the region of doubt.

I thank God I have been there for the sake of the scores of young men who have spoken to me who are there.

Now, how did I find deliverance? Not as I sought it. Not at the beginning. In the study of Christian evidences that followed. It was June 25th, 1886, that I wandered aimlessly—I am quite sure that my feet were guided by God—into a Salvation Army meeting on a Friday night, a holiness meeting, and, as my Scotch friends would say, a wee bit lassie was talking to them with an awful London accent as I thought, and it is awful. She began to talk about sin in the believer, about wrong things in the heart that might be put out by the work of the Spirit of God, and I listened astonished. It was new, I had never heard that. I had never heard anything about "cleansing." Great, blessed, glorious word. How I love it to-day! And God that night spoke to me, and for the time I could no longer hear the doubts that had been suggested to me about His own existence. I was face to face with Him, and He was face to face with me about the inward sin in my life, even though I were His child. In that way deliverance came from the darkness of doubt. It was through a new spiritual conception, a new vision of God as to His requirements in me and His provision for me. I cannot tell you all that happened in my own life then. I only want to say this to you, that it was one of the most marvellous experiences of my whole life—those days in which I faced the question of permitted sin and wrong in the life, and at last found out that, as some of our friends so often say,

> Once I thought I walked with Jesus,
> Yet such changeful feelings had;
> Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting,
> Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

And then, was the doubt gone? Not exactly, but I had a new foothold. I had a new way of facing it, and then began the fight of the spectres of the mind, the search after truth, and gradually from that day to this I have had to fight every inch of foothold, and I thank God at this moment that the things I believe I believe on the basis of a convinced reason. But the door of entrance into certainty was not first through the conviction of the intellect, but the cleansing of the Spirit, and God led me into new intellectual apprehension of the verities of His holy religion by a new spiritual revelation and a new spiritual experience. And almost immediately after that God opened the door for regular service.

Divine Guiding.

It was in August, 1886, that I left the teaching profession and began to preach the Gospel. What shall I say of the years from then until now? Nothing, save that I want to point out to you two crises in my life in those few years. One came in 1888, when God in His providential dealing, full of mystery at the time, closed what seemed to me to have been the door of hope and the door of Divine arrangement. In May, 1888, was one of the red-letter days in my life; one of the darkest of all my life, one of the brightest. And when that door of hope was closed in my life, that for which two years past I had been working, for the entrance through which I had been hoping, and beyond the swinging of which I thought there lay the largest opportunity man could have, God said this to me in the weeks of loneliness and darkness that followed: "I want you no longer to make any plan for yourself, but let me plan your life."

And my brother, my sister, I venture to say to you to-night in all honesty and in the presence of God, so far

as I know, from that day to this I have made no plan for myself, I have not attempted to arrange my future; I have always attempted to leave myself free so that when the wind that bloweth where it listeth should catch the outspread sails I might be carried in a Divine direction. It was a tremendous crisis in my life, the moment when the one string upon which I tried to play the music of my ministry was stretched across the bow of life; the will of God first and last only. And I thank God to-day for the shutting of the door of hope, because when He turned my feet in another direction I found the breadth of His commandments and the glory of His service.

One other thing I must say to you. There was yet another crisis. I am quite sure they are not ended. I am quite sure God has very much more to say to me yet. The last and greatest of all the crises came when I was a pastor of Rugely, just before I went to Birmingham. It came on a Sunday night after a service at which I had preached. We had had an after-meeting, and men and women had been deciding for Christ. I went home to my own study, and sitting there as my habit is in loneliness, no one with me in the last moments of the day, as clearly as though a voice had sounded from the Heavens—there was no voice, of course, but it was an impression upon my spirit as definitely and clear as though I had heard a voice—there came this strange question, "What are you going to be, a preacher or My messenger?"

I did not know what it meant at the moment. Here was an issue. That question coming to me distinctly, clearly, borne in upon my spirit by the Spirit of God, created a crisis. There was a parting of the waves, and then I began to look over my ministry, over that very night's sermon, and I discovered that subtly as you like—most awful in its subtlety—there was creeping into my ministry and into my life the desire to be a preacher, to be known as a preacher, and God said to me that night, "What are you going to be—a preacher, or My messenger?"

How long do you think it took me to decide? Hours, hours. There was no decision until light of morning broke through my study window. It was a great conflict between man and God; it was my River Jabbok; it was the place where God met with me. As the light of morning broke, I said to God, alone, "Master, I will be your messenger."

And do you know how the victory was won? It was won when, in the ashes still lingering, a flame was lit in my fire, and a bundle of sermons burned. But why destroy the sermons? say some. Why not save them? When you step out with God follow Him at all costs; it is no good keeping something in the background. I saw that night that those sermons had been moulded and made with something in them of self, with some desire to shine, and in my Master's presence I put them in the fire, and said, "If Thou wilt give me Thy words, from this day forward I will utter them as I know them." But blessed be His name; I did not win that fight; He won it.

Now, my brother, have you gathered anything from what I have been saying? It has been all illustration, not easy to do. Has this little story of some of the facts in my life helped to make clear to you what I am always trying to preach? The supreme message of my experience to every man is that God is faithful to those that are faithful to Him. All the failures in my life—He alone knows how many they have been; I have no need to parade them before a congregation—

have been due to my waywardness. They have all come because sometimes I have thought I could manage without God. And if in His great grace and condescending mercy He has given me any success in telling men the way of salvation, all the success has been because and when I have let God have headway in my life.

I have no other message. Will you let me now, no longer as your preacher but as your brother man, in the simplest phrase, in commonplace phrase, recommend my Saviour to you. "Oh, that I have grieved His heart, I hereby do repent." Oh, that in my wayward folly I have taken my own way sometimes. I do here and now repent anew, and here and now I testify to His grace, His power, to the breadth and beauty of His kingdom. Do you know what He has taken from me? Evil things—nothing else. Do you know what He has taken out of my life? The things which, if they had remained, would have ruined me for time and eternity—nothing else. And wherever His knife performs the surgery of removal, His healing balm makes well the wound, and in the place where evil was, roses blossom, springs do flow. Men—young men—let me recommend my Saviour to you. He is the fairest among ten thousand. He is the altogether lovely One. His service will never cause you to blush with shame and never to blanch with fear. You can do and dare all honorable things if you are enlisted beneath the flag of the King Jesus. Won't you follow Him? Won't you do it to-night? I have not talked these things simply for the sake of talking them. I want you for His sake, for your sake, for my sake, and for the sake of the world, to follow Him. I have preached no sermon; I have no ending to it. I have done. Won't you take my Saviour? Won't you let my God be your God? Oh, that instead of my words the songs of the redeemed might tell you of His infinite love! Oh, that instead of my picture and testimony you might see Him in all His glory. Then would you follow Him. May God help you! Amen.

OMNIPOTENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thine is the power! A single word from Thee
And the tumultuous waves of life's rough sea
Should sink to rest.
Thy voice would stay the thunder's sullen roar,
Make darkness flee, and raging winds no more
Smite the broad ocean's breast.
And, looking toward the far horizon line,
O'er tranquil waters, we might catch the shine,
Distant but clear,
Of gold-built towers, where Thy City stands,
Set on the hills beyond those stormless strands
To which each day more near
We surely draw. Thine, Thine the power! and still
The surges strive to wreak their angry will
On our frail barque.
Still wail the wild winds over us and round,
Still hoarsely do the threatening thunders sound
From skies that have grown dark,
At noon, as it were midnight! All in vain,

With straining eyes, across the heaving main
So longingly
We gaze and gaze. Only the pale, cold gleam
Of billow-crests makes us a moment dream
Of light one day to be.
Yet light shall be—should be this very hour;
Now should the tempest show that sovereign power
With Thee doth rest
(Since the Omnipotence which rules above
Inseparable is from tender love);
But that Thou seest it best
For us to journey by a storm-lashed sea
Unto the City where we fain would be.
All power *is* Thine!
We glorify Thee now! and now adore!
And we shall praise Thy name for evermore,
When, where the fair towers shine
With an effulgence than the sun more bright,
In Thy glad Light gladly do we see light!

Toronto.

THE MASTERPIECE OF A MASTER MIND.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

HERE are some few books that never deteriorate in value. Repetition of reading never exhausts them or impairs their vitality. They can be read with pleasure once a year, and every perusal is like the renewal of acquaintance with an old and precious friend. Pleasant memories are revived, while some new phase, trait or characteristic is discovered that tends to cement the earlier friendship.

The spirit of a great book is contemporaneous with all time. Variable and progressive may be the mind of man, but human nature in all ages responds to the same vibrations, and the higher needs of the human soul remain the same. It is in so far as a book directly or insensibly appeals to these that its permanency is established. No matter how cleverly or comprehensively written on some popular or transitory subject, it is soon laid aside and forgotten, unless identified with the great and searching problems of law and morals, right and wrong, life and destiny.

One of these books, whose ostensible purpose is a powerful protest against the injustice of the penal laws and customs of the early nineteenth century—in a country boasting of its refinement, order and culture—but more clearly culminating in the transfiguration of a human soul struggling in the grasp of cruel and adverse circumstances, is Victor Hugo's inimitable masterpiece, "Les Miserables."

Delinquents of law and order there undoubtedly were whose liberty was a menace to public safety and who may have deserved their turn at the galleys. But the gross injustice of the law which transplants a petty offender to a hot-bed of base and ignoble crime, retaining him there until the good that was in him is crushed out by cruelty and association, to be supplanted by every degrading sentiment engendered by the very method that is used to remedy it, is apparent.

Here begins the sad and tragic history of Jean Valjean. A dull, inoffensive peasant boy, driven to petty theft by the hungry clamor of his sister's starving children, finds himself the victim of an inexorable law that speedily transfers him to the ignominy of the galleys for a term of five years.

The years of confinement with crime-stained, base, degraded natures, where mercy or justice is unknown, and cruelty the very element of the atmosphere, work their consequent and inevitable evil. The five years' sentence, extended into twenty by unavailing efforts at escape, have transformed the harmless youth into a terrible man, or, rather, beast, fierce with all the smouldering passions of evil, hate, revenge against man and society at large that has so long defrauded him of liberty and rights. Twenty years have been employed in cultivation of the mental faculties that he might use his weapons of retaliation and revenge more effectually on his release.

His first experiences tend only to direct his secret motives. He finds himself, even beyond his sinister expectations, a branded, abhorred, unreclaimable criminal. Society cannot be persuaded into entertaining any favorable or extenuating sentiment for a

man who has passed twenty years in the hulks. Too well it knows no good ever survived that miasmic climate, no nature ever escaped defilement of the deepest dye.

It was at this crisis, cast off and rejected by men, that Jean Valjean met the transforming influence of his life. Denied food or shelter, desperate and despairing, the heart and voice of Christian charity, embodied in the Bishop of Digne, draws him beneath his roof, providing warmth and nourishment; but what more conduces to the redemption of the man, reaches out the hand of sympathetic brotherhood. It was so many years since Jean Valjean had experienced treatment devoid of cruelty and suspicion, he had quite forgotten that kindness still existed.

At the still and solemn hour of midnight the forces of his evil nature led again to flagrant theft. Hold! you that condemn. Is one single act of kindness to outweigh and neutralize the influence of twenty evil-ingrained years?

But justice brings him back to confront him with his crime. But what a course is this that would encourage where it should condemn; could bestow the stolen article on the thief with additional spoil? Law and order will soon be undermined; life nor property continue safe!

Allowance must be made for the perspicuity of the priest. He had dealt with crime and treachery before; he had also practised the teachings of the first High Priest. Jean Valjean had caught a glimpse of heaven, and he knew not whether the voice that whispered in his ear, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but unto good. It is your soul that I have bought; I redeem it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and I offer it to God," was of man or God.

But evil was not yet eradicated from his nature. He adds another crime to the dark category—the petty theft from Little Gervais, the Savoyard—to awaken to the awful realization of his condition as seen through the illuminating radiance of the Bishop's character.

Who does not stand in awe before the conflict of that darkened, sin-steeped soul? And the pity of it! Law and society ready to strike their relentless heel upon the most trifling deviation of their victim, pitted against the redeeming influence of one sanctified old man, wearing his righteousness as a daily garment. What wonder that Jean Valjean, ignorant and inexperienced as he was, save only in hardship and injustice, should set him up as the personified deity of his soul! Men not half so good as he have rescued sinful souls from death; why should he not save a demon?

Powerful and operative as his influence is, Jean Valjean must work out, otherwise unaided, his own immortal destiny against fearful, almost overwhelming odds. The years that follow verify the sincerity of the man's conversion. The decayed industry of a town revived; peace, prosperity and honest labor secured through him to an entire district, with the moral growth of Jean Valjean outstripping all material progress.

But the hand of fate still relentlessly pursues him. Another is about to be condemned for his, Jean Valjean's, crime, committed on that day when, with the golden candlesticks in his perjured hands, and the Bishop's voice still sounding in his ears, the forces of good and evil were contending in mortal conflict for the possession of his soul. The struggle is renewed, sharper, deadlier than before. Back and forth, like an oscillating pendulum, swings the weight of the decision, gradually

stripped of all external appendages, to hinge at last on the loss or salvation of his own eternal manhood.

Grasping at every incident that might save him, and again thrusting it as ruthlessly and persistently aside, the very soul of the man pronounced itself, even before his final decision, on the side of self-abnegation and popular abasement. Jean Valjean leaves the audience of the court-room a self-convicted but soul-liberated man, voluntarily relinquishing all to take his former station at the hulks.

The last twelve years of honor, rectitude, public charity, and the spread of commercial industry count for nothing against an ex-convict's trifling infraction of the nation's law. A reformed man and useful citizen must be returned to the prison hulks at the expense of the comfort, trade and prosperity of a whole district. Reformation is not credited or accepted. Once a man openly transgresses the arbitrary laws of state, he compromises his whole future. He may contrive to keep out of the hands of justice, but he is reported dangerous and ever subject to suspicious surveillance.

The promise to the dying Fantine to guard her child sustains him in his degrading toil. The attempt to escape subjects him to extreme risk, but it must be hazarded for the child's sake, so strong is his sense of reparation to the woman who through his inadvertence came to her final fall. It is a precarious venture, fraught with consummate impending danger, the dark hand of the law and its grim personification in the form of Javert, the police agent, shadowing the simplest joys and menacing the slightest movement of his life. But the love and devotion incited by the orphan child who comes to be the star and joy of his existence is compensation for all, and he asks no more of humanity, since he can be of no use to it, to leave him to pursue his unoffending way. Only in acts of anonymous and unobtrusive charity can he hope to benefit mankind.

But a new evil looms above Jean Valjean's horizon. Cosette, his treasure, transfers her homage to a younger and more handsome man. This fresh unhappiness seems the keenest pang of all. He would like to have kept her always. But self, so long disciplined to abnegation and effacement where the good and happiness of others was involved, does not falter at the crisis. Jean Valjean's awful and heroic action in the rescue of Marius, the lover of Cosette, following the scene at the barricade, was, as he foresaw, the cross on which his love was to be crucified.

But even this seems insignificant before the act that transcends all: the granting of Javert's release—Javert, who has tracked, hunted, menaced his peace and liberty like a thirsty bloodhound nigh on to forty years. This man out of the way his path lies comparatively free and easy. But the moral grandeur of Valjean survives the crucial test. Liberty of soul and conscience is preferable to liberty of body before the world at such a heavy price.

"You are free," to the wondering, stupefied Javert sounded, he believed, his own doom. Little wonder that this dwarfed, bigoted and narrow brain, fuddled and confounded by repeated exhibitions of a high spiritual order of morals he had never before encountered or suspected could exist, should, after baffling efforts to propound the deepening enigma and right himself in the eyes of lawful justice, seek to wipe out the whole conflicting problem beneath the waters of the Seine.

Through the critical days of Marius' unconsciousness, Jean Valjean resigns himself to the sacrifice of Cosette and the consummation of her happiness.

She need never know the pangs it cost him nor the fearful experience that procured it.

Once more, and for the last time, wages the decisive conflict between private honor and public deception. Shall he continue to conceal his identity, living in hourly self-condemnation, or reveal his true situation, at the risk of social ignominy and perhaps arrest? The issue lies in his own will; he believes himself the sole guardian of his oppressive secret and the result most destructive to himself. But the love—transcendent love—he bears Cosette, and the possible risk to which his deception might subject her, and above all the approval of his own conscience, decides the issue.

That mournful, tragic acceptance of his fate paves the way to final exaltation and establishes him in the hearts of the two whose approval and devotion he covets of all the world. Thernardier, who plotted his death and now his condemnation, unconsciously foils his own base intents by confession, and acquits his would-be victim.

It is graciously conceded to this man, the cruel and ceaseless victim of a perverted law, to die in the bliss of confidence and love. Only in the death hour is unalloyed happiness vouchsafed him, and the spirit of the Bishop of Myriel draws its brother to its side.

"The world can better spare a hundred flesh and blood heroes," some one has said, "than this one creation of Victor Hugo's brain," and true is it that few examples of such grandeur and sublimity of soul will survive the memory and potency of Jean Valjean.

Bloomfield, Ont.

SLEEP.

"So he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint!
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise He giveth His loved ones sleep.

EMPEROR AND KING.*

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

" Who moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."
—*In Memoriam.*

" Helmed and tall, on Baltic sands,
Gray as the gray steed in her hands,
A valkyr waits, and piercingly
Roving the mist-clad, weary sea,
An answer her blue glance demands.

" Comes the sad twilight? Shall the strands
Of Fate enmesh in bitter bands
The Gods—O thou in panoply
Helmed and tall?

" Ah, never, never, while she stands
To glimpse the flash of hostile brands!
This cup, Germania, to thee
I drink. Be ever strong and free,
And guard thou royal, loyal lands,
Helmed and tall!"

SUCH is the prelude to this book—the weird, poetic fancy of the Walkyre guarding the Empire. But, shade of Boswell! the book before us is no biography, rather a panegyric. The biographer must be impartial. He must give a true and unbiased statement of salient facts and traits of character, and thus portray, so far as words may do, a full-orbed picture of the personality before him. But our writer does not do this. She gives only certain phases of the Kaiser's character, and various prominent events of his life, and constantly betrays her own strong prejudices and her positive dislikes. In the whole book she never once mentions the great and talented English princess, Royal Victoria, except to state—in a footnote—that the Kaiser is the son of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter!

But the noble and distinctly capable Crown Princess of Germany had much to do with the education of her royal children, and nothing concerning them took place without her cognizance and co-operation. She had a very decided voice in the choice of Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor to Prince William and his younger brother Henry, and the result proved her clear insight into the character of this wise and judicious educator.

But Bismarck hated the Crown Princess for two reasons: first because she was English, and secondly because she was great, and he was determined that she should never become Empress. This fact explains much that took place during Frederick's fatal illness. Our writer sides with the German party, so-called; condemns *in toto* the faithful friends of the unfortunate Kaiser of ninety-nine days, whom she calls " Friedrichers."

Possibly the most striking fault of the book is this emphatic ignoring of the Kaiser's noble mother. We shall refer to this again. We will only add in this place, that these facts were subjects of conversation in all cultivated circles of society in Germany and in the journals, and we were familiar with the whole history from every point of view, English and German, for, be it clearly understood, there were two distinct parties. We will, however, add here, that there was a

* " Imperator et Rex. William II. of Germany." By the author of " The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1904. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 282. Price, $2.25.

third reason for Bismarck's dislike of the Crown-Princess, later the Empress Frederick, and that was her great sympathy for the women of Germany. She and her noble husband, Frederick, who were one in mind and soul, were resolved that, when they ascended the throne, they would secure the amelioration of the condition of woman in every possible way. With this purpose the Chancellor had not a grain of sympathy. But this is not the place to discuss this question.

The book opens at the university town of Bonn, on the Rhine, where Prince William was then a student. It was in May, and the author draws a picture of the town and the "seductive Lenten weather," and tells us of the predictions of her companion, "Prince Gostchakow, Chancellor of All the Russias." They meet the student-Prince, and the Slav Chancellor remarks: "There is a lad who will some day astonish the world, for he is cast in no ordinary mould."

This has been truly fulfilled. An almost universal interest is continually increasing, but I question whether, even in his own Empire, his true great character is fully comprehended. Many erroneous opinions of the Kaiser have been current, causing his unpopularity but as many points have been cleared up and proved false and unjust, this previous unpopularity is now almost totally extinct. No one will question that he has created the German navy; but that he has also almost re-made the army, which he passionately loves, and of which he is very proud. It must be confessed that his sternest critics have been forced to admit that he is an earnest, energetic, enthusiastic sovereign, with a penetrating, far-seeing eye, and with a burning desire for the welfare of the great nation over which he rules.

Social reform he has taken very seriously, and his vast will-power generally brings his plans to a happy issue. In the year of his accession to the imperial throne—1888—he uttered these significant words: "The welfare of the laboring classes lies close to my heart." He loves the common people as did his noble father, Frederick the Good, and his English mother, the good and true. He has made the International Labor Conference a fact. It was predicted that he would be a man of war, but how far from the truth, for he is most emphatically a friend of peace. He has made himself master of perhaps every subject in literature, science, the fine arts, and he keeps himself abreast of every forward movement. In science he is a voracious reader and hears lectures by scientists on all new discoveries and inventions. He is a great lover of music and a brilliant linguist of who knows how many languages, for he learned them in childhood. One wonders how he finds leisure to accomplish so much.

The dismissal of Bismarck revealed deepest purpose and a strong will; it proved his strength of character. I do not find that our author's version of it is correct, though she makes a rather fair story. I do not fancy that the Kaiser was so sensitive to Bismarck's ridicule as she represents. Could the Iron Chancellor but have known it, Dr. Hinzpeter had a share in his dismissal from power, and certain trains of thought, at the suggestion of his former patroness and Empress, were presented to the young Kaiser. He would reign, and not be led. He would be no *roi faineant,* no mere figure-head.

William understood well that Germany, like Austria, had no natural frontiers or boundaries, was surrounded by hostile nations with internal tendencies to anarchy, and that, in view of this, his empire, to live and thrive, must possess a strong power at

the heart of it, and this he would be himself alone. The two former Emperors, William I. and Frederick the Good, had been frequently threatened with the Chancellor's resignation, but, at his first threat to William II., it was immediately accepted as a finality.

If William II. is anything, he is a strong and an original thinker and sovereign. When we consider his remarkable descent, this is not to be wondered at. Some of his genealogy is given, but not all. Not only is the Kaiser sprung from Admiral Coligny, but likewise from the formidable Guise family.

The entire history of Frederick's last illness is altogether one-sided. It condemns his visit to England (although everything was being done for the august patient in the Highlands of Scotland and in the Isle of Wight), and his appearance in Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the author seemingly professes to know every thought of his mind and every pain he suffers, "while he makes his big war-horse curvet gracefully beneath him, and looks confidently ahead to a long succession of blissful days woven with silk and gold."

She finds it "cruel" that Prince William should have been asked to go to the Villa Zirio at San Remo to see his royal father, even if requested to go by his aged grandfather, who could not go himself, when most alarming symptoms of such gravity were reported of the august patient's condition. Sir Morell MacKenzie is never mentioned but with derision and sarcasm. It is well known that the question at issue was whether the Crown Prince could undergo an operation and live. Dr. MacKenzie—as he was then—maintained that he would probably die under an operation, and Professor Virchow supported this view. The German physicians mostly opposed this theory. Sir Morell placed Frederick on the throne by prolonging his life.

William I., the Great, died on March 9th, 1888, and Bismarck immediately telegraphed to the new Emperor Frederick that he would not answer for the consequences if he did not arrive in Berlin within a certain time—I write from memory, but think it was thirty-six hours.

On March 11th Frederick and Victoria reached Berlin in a special train, that had accomplished the swiftest trip on record. Now follows the mournful history of that ninety-nine days' reign, first in the Schloss of Charlottenburg, where the dying Emperor took leave of the dead one, whose hearse passed under the windows, and in the first days of June, wishing to die in his dear *Neues Palais*, so beloved by the royal family, the Emperor was conveyed by boat to Potsdam.

The new Crown-Princess, Empress Augusta Victoria, is now spoken of as a true and devoted daughter in the full acceptance of the term, and surely she was, but it is remarked that "she alone had the secret to comfort and soothe him." And where, then, was the great and noble Empress-wife? Late in the afternoon of June 15th—Waterloo Day—1888, that grand and golden-hearted Prince and Emperor, Frederick the Noble, passed to the painless beyond, to the presence of the King of kings, and the heart of his faithful Victoria was broken.

And now his truly great son sits upon the throne of his fathers, blessing a great and noble people. Worthy he is of so great a father and mother, of so good and kind an Empress, happy in his family life, happy in his six sons, and *Prinzesschen Luise*, the seventh child, the pet of the imperial family—the apple of her royal father's eye.

AN HOUR WITH A GREAT PAINTER.*

IN a recent visit to London I went to call upon friend Shannon, the celebrated portrait painter, in his studio at Holland Road, Kensington. Being busy with a sitter, I had an opportunity to stroll round the Road, and, noticing the plate on the door, "Watts," I remembered that George Frederick Watts had in his studio a large collection of his works that were open to the inspection of the public. I knocked and was admitted. Being wishful of knowing the history of many of the paintings, I asked to see Mr. Armstrong, who was Mr. Watts' studio assistant. I soon heard his shuffling, slippered feet in the hall, the door opened, and there appeared a shaggy, elderly man, much stooped, wearing a sculptor's smock, his hands, smock, face and beard being smeared with the plaster and clay. He was evidently assisting his master in the modelling of some piece of statuary.

I asked him various questions relative to the history and growth of some of the more important pictures, about the models his master used, and incidents connected with their production. He seemed lacking in the literary quality which knows so well how to interpret for others the emotions of his master's mind, and he said, "Mebbe's 'er would like to see the mawster?" to which, of course, I said, "No, the daylight is precious; I am an artist myself and know the value of daylight moments."

I went on to ply some more questions, and finding difficulty in answering my queries, he said, "Mebbe's the mawster would like to see 'ee." I did not suppose he would, but Armstrong's repeating of the same in the form of a request, I finally allowed him to take my card.

Presently I heard a light footfall approaching the door, which opened, and revealed a tall, graceful, sheik-like form, the venerable head surmounted with a skull cap and the figure draped in a sculptor's gown.

In our conversation he asked if I intended opening a studio in London. On being answered in the negative, he said, "I am very glad, because London is already overcrowded with artists, and many of them are indigent."

"But that is not an experience among the R.A.'s?" I said, questioningly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I am sorry to tell you that many of the R.A.'s are indigent."

"Why! I thought the title R.A. was an open sesame to all success?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "fashion rules in the realm of the Academy as much as it does outside, and many Academicians find little support."

"Ah! but this condition cannot be very general, for many of them are eminently successful, I understand," I said, looking in his direction, as though my remark would convey a personal suggestion.

"Oh, yes, that is true, and I would be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge to being reasonably successful myself; and I think I ought to say that among the conditions which have helped to my success, I believe the setting up of a high ideal in my early days and

* During a conversation with Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the artist, we elicited from him the off-hand sketch of an interview with George Frederick Watts which he had, and which we take the liberty of printing for our readers.—EDITOR.

the unswerving and persistent following of this ideal in spite of opposition, and oblivious to the influence of fads and fashions of the various periods through which I have lived, has, more than anything else, enabled me to achieve what I have in a modest way endeavored to do. I made 'The Utmost for the Highest' the maxim of my life."

"Then I'm not surprised," I replied, "that whatever passing mood or popular shibboleth rules the art world to-day, the artists are unanimous in approval of the judgment of His Majesty in selecting your name for the 'Order of Merit,' which you will allow me to congratulate you upon receiving."

"Thank you," he said. "And by the way, have you any examples of your own work in London?"

I replied in the affirmative, and let him see some photographs of some of my portraits, which were small enough to bring away with me, that I intended showing my friend Shannon.

Mr. Watts looked at them and exclaimed, "Ah! I see. Is portraiture your specialty?" I said it was.

"Well, I congratulate you on the excellent pose and splendid representation of character which you catch evidently." He commented particularly upon certain portraits so approvingly that I felt almost embarrassed.

"This gives me an opportunity," I said, "of letting you know something which had long been a hope that I should be able to say to you, that whatever I may have accomplished in the way of character representation or excellence in portraiture I owe largely to yourself."

"And how is that?" he asked.

"Seventeen years ago," I said, "an exhibition of your portraits was held in New York City. I made a pilgrimage of five hundred miles to view the collection, and discovered then the possibilities of the portrait painter's art, and the inspiration of those hours I have never let go. What your portraits taught me I have sought to paint, and so I owe to you the debt I mention and which I can only pay in thanks."

He bowed graciously and expressed his very great and sincere gratification at what I had to say, and that it gave him as much or more pleasure and satisfaction to hear that, than many of the honors that had been offered him.

Our interview closed with a cordial hand-grasp, and the kindly movement of this High Priest of Art, as though a benediction were given, which I as reverently received.

JAPAN.

BY ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

Roused from the slumber of an age-long night,
She dropped the lacquered armor 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.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS WON.

A STORY OF THE RED CROSS.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

HE early morning sunshine filtered through the blossoming cherry-trees, for it was April in Matsuyama, on Nippon's inland sea. And the warm brightness passed through the opened walls of Dr. Toshio's study, making a patch of glory on the white mat, where O Noshi San was kneeling at her father's feet.

A very Far East little girl she looked there on the floor, though in her hands were a Western pad and pencil, and swiftly as the doctor talked, his pretty stenographer kept pace, covering page after page with Pitman's hieroglyphics. She was East and West all mixed together, that dainty little maid of Nippon, with her American typewriter on the floor beside her, and her soft blue kimona, with its wide sleeves caught together by a cord behind her, lest they should hinder her at her work.

All around the floor and low table were heaped with soldiers' equipments—clothes, boots, water-bottle, bread-bag—*everything* except arms, that were worn or carried by the soldier of Russia as well as Nippon. And among this collection the plump little doctor revolved, picking up first one object and then another, as he rapidly described them to the third occupant of the room, a little man who sat on his heels, listening with a gentle, dreamy look in his big childish eyes.

He wore the uniform of a general in Nippon's army, severely plain, as befitted a commander on active service. And, soldier and poet, he was decidedly an interesting personality. Some years before he had been sent to Germany as military attache, the tiniest soldier in uniform ever seen in the Kaiser's kingdom, outside a museum. And many were the mirthful stories told among the important colonels and generals, who constituted the main body of the imperial guests invited to witness the great autumn manoeuvres, at the expense of the little staff-captain from Nippon, with his bland, babyish smile.

William of Germany, it was said, had searched his stables in vain for a horse small enough to mount his little guest, and it was from a circus that one came at last, a tiny creature all over spots. And the amusement of the other guests was so great that they forgot to notice that the little spotted horse always managed to be present at the point of chief interest in the day's operations. The energetic emperor might rise at unholy hours in the night, and do all manner of things that were unexpected, and many a foreign military guest might slip off for a surreptitious nap, but the little captain was always there, and never tired, present at everything that was worth seeing, with his gentle eyes apparently bent on Nirvana.

After leaving Berlin, the little man went to Moscow, where he hunted up a very small horse, and rode serenely across the great Siberian plain, and rugged Manchuria. And for years the Russians who had watched his journey, told stories showing his feebleness in mental capacity, and lack of personal courage. Afterwards they left off telling those stories—in that long summer of fighting in Manchuria—and they said that he knew all there was to know regarding Russia's strength between Moscow and the eastern seas. He had counted the very telegraph poles. All through Siberia, he knew every road, he knew the wells, he knew the farms, and how much foodstuff they might produce. He carried a complete list of the Russian regiments in his small head, and knew more than any man should know of their fitness for service.

But as yet the campaign with Kuropatkin was unfought, and no one knew what the little general sitting on Dr. Toshio's mats was doing or expected to do. War correspondents had followed and talked with him, but the sum total of the information they acquired seemed to be that he possessed some sort of tea-gown patterned with storks and the great longing of his heart was to stay at home dressed in it and write poetry.

When afterwards he went to Manchuria, operating before and behind Kuroki, knowing, men said, all there was

to know about roads and the enemy's position, while behind the transport and commissariat departments worked with never a hitch, his regrets that he could not keep to writing poetry in a tea-gown spattered with storks were fully shared by the Russians.

Now he sat in the doctor's study listening while his host dictated rapidly.

"You will observe," said the doctor, holding up a wooden bottle and bucket, "these articles—wooden and iron-bound, unsanitary and awkward to carry, and then this bread bag, the breeding place of microbes innumerable. Now contrast them with the equipment of our soldier, the aluminum canteen and pannikin, light, compact, portable, and clean. Also," continued the doctor, while the general smiled assent, "it is of great importance that a soldier's boots should be carefully fitted, and his leggings tight, to admit of rapid movement. These two are points overlooked by the Russian leaders."

"Yes," said the general gently, "I remember how very careful the honorable Russians were to prevent me seeing their guns—which I had no desire to look at—it was the men who were to stand behind those guns that I was studying, and I noted that every man had boots much too large for him. And while we know that the spirit is more than the flesh, yet no matter how full a man is of love to his country, if he is fighting on rocky ground, in boots too big for him, he will fall down, or have to hold on to something, in either case being of little use as a soldier."

"Badly made boots," summed up the doctor, "much too large for their wearers; trousers, also too big, and clumsy grey overcoats which will trip the legs when the boots do not. Why, a day's march in such things would leave a man utterly exhausted, and when you add to this improper food and neglected sanitation—where will the glory of Russia be?"

"It is certainly very strange that her commanders have not considered this most important question of the soldier's boots and clothing," observed the general, "It will be difficult, if not impossible, to make the rapid marches that victory often depends on, and beside that, we say, and rightly, that courage and obedience are the first principles of a soldier, but neither of these will count in the least, in going to a critical action in the darkness, without mobility and surefootedness.

"And there was yet another thing I noticed—the officers had boots that were made for them; also their trousers fitted excellently, and I thought that, too, a mistake, for while the result of a battle depends much on the ability of the commander, it depends more on the soldier having perfect confidence in himself, and those he obeys."

"I see," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "It is indeed a mistake of our honorable enemy's, for naturally the soldier will reason that his usefulness is not utilized, because his officers neither need nor want him very much, and, therefore, he will not try to be of use."

"Certainly," remarked the general, "it is liable to make a man indifferent to the honor of his emperor, when he feels that the emperor is indifferent to his. As brutes the Emperor of Russia treats his common people. Yet what they are, the nation is, therefore he can only receive from them the dull, unreasoning obedience of brutes. And we shall see—the whole world shall see—that they will not be able to stand before men, who with their souls, as well as bodies, are fighting for the glory of their country."

"I am a man of very weak intellect," said the doctor, "so I do not understand why the honorable nobility, and exalted Emperor of Russia, act as they do. When the mass of the people think, which I understand is very seldom, their thoughts must be those of that very energetic Western poet, who says,—

"Cursed be the king—the rich man's king,
Who has robbed us, and cheated in everything.
He has squeezed our farthings one by one,
And shot us like dogs when the last was gone."

The doctor's bright eyes sparkled as he repeated the lines, for he was decidedly socialistic in his views, and his friend smiled in approval.

"If I thought it best to say anything," he said, "I would tell these newspaper men who want to know everything, to remember their Western sayings, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' and 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Then, with many apologies for dishonoring so honorable a house with his visit, and with very low bows, he rose to take his leave, while with lower bows, and, if possible, more abject apologies for himself and everything in his home, the doctor escorted him out of the house.

When he returned, Noshi was studying her notes with a little frown.

"And how is it with thy work, my little

soldier of Nippon ?" he asked, as he sat down on the floor beside her.

"I will have the copy ready for the printers to-night, my father," said the girl. "It will not take me long to gather up the points in your conversation with the honorable general, and put them together in a way easy to read."

"I do not doubt it, my maid of the swift fingers, and swifter thought," smiled the doctor. "Ah, but I shall miss thee, my little one, in Korea,—where shall I find a secretary like thee, to put my blundering words in order, and make my reports the use the emperor expects them to be ?"

Noshi dropped her note-book and pencil, and folded her hands in supplication. "My father," she pleaded, "take me with you. My body is strong, and though I have but limited understanding, and my education is wretched, still, if with you I could be of service to Dai Nippon, it would be a dishonor not to take me."

The doctor looked perplexed. "It is not the custom, Noshi," he said. "A woman stays in her father's house, until she leaves it for her husband's, not going out among men unless she is a geisha —and that you could not be, nor I allow, seeing that we both are Christians."

Noshi flushed a little. "My father," she said gently, "in those most honorable countries, England and America, women go, I think, everywhere, even when they are young and unmarried, and yet still keep the right to wear white lilies in their hair, a thing no geisha would dare to do, and am I, a woman of ancient race, so mean in your eyes, my father, that you do not think me as able to control myself as they ?"

"To every race its own customs, my Noshi," murmured the doctor. "I only meant that it is never good manners to go against the customs of your own people."

"Yet forty years ago," said Noshi, "our soldiers wore armor, and fought with swords. It was the custom, yet, at the command of the emperor, they honored their customs by breaking them. And did those our men, who took their torpedo boats into Port Arthur that night, disgrace Nippon, even though their manners were not like those of their fathers ? I fancy the honorable Russians wished they were."

"Men and women are very different, Noshi."

"But why, my father ? If it is honorable for a man to sacrifice the manners of his fathers to bring glory to his country, why should not a woman do the same ? Men and women, we are one nation, and we must stand together, if our nation is to stand."

"People will talk about you, Noshi, but still, I will not decide this matter of you going with me ; we will tell your honorable mother of it now, and whatever she says we will do."

Noshi rose obediently, and followed him to the parlor, where Madame Toshio—or, as she preferred to be called, O Toshio Sama—sat with Helen Gordan, her guest.

They were sitting on the floor together, one giving, the other receiving, a lesson in that first of all feminine accomplishments in Nippon, the art of arranging flowers, and black hair and golden were very near each other, as the two women talked softly, touching with dainty fingers the flowers on the mat beside them.

Madame Toshio rose as her husband and daughter entered, her silken draperies falling gracefully round her agile, shapely body, for, though a woman of middle life, she was still beautiful, and as strong as though she had not been a wife and mother for more than twenty years.

"Ioko," said the doctor to her, after they had exchanged bows, "I asked you to give up your firstborn child, our only son, and to-day he lies in an unmarked grave by Port Arthur. Will you say I am a hard husband to you, if I ask that you let our Noshi come with me to Korea, to live as a medical officer must, with no better food or lodgings than our soldiers on the field, and married only to the glory of her country ?"

Noshi smiled placidly at her mother, for though she knew how strongly she held to the old customs, she was far too self-controlled to show any sign of eagerness to hear her decision,—and she would have smiled just the same if her mother refused her, for such was her idea of proper manners. But madame smiled back at her with shining eyes,

"My dove," she said, in her soft, even voice, "whom God sent from His holy temple to nestle in my arms, perfect and fit art thou, even to be offered up for thy country, and freely and gladly as He gave thee to me, so do I give thee up, to die, if such honor be thine, for Him and Nippon."

Noshi bowed her thanks, while the doctor explained to Helen, who was listening, ratner startled, that had there been the least chance of danger to Noshi, he would not have been allowed to take her, but as inspector to test the provisions

which were being collected for the army in Korea, she would be as safe from bodily harm with him as though he left her with her mother in Matsuyama. Then Madame turned to her guest, smiling,—

"Do my manners surprise you?" she said. "Oh, you do not know what this question of honor means to me—to us. Yet I should ask your pardon, for you are a subject of the Emperor Edward's, and the English are a most honorable people. My Noshi, how is it that the English describe their unwritten code of honor?"

"Things which no fellow can do, you know, my mother," said Noshi carefully, evidently repeating something she had heard, verbatim. And Helen smiled to herself at the quaintness of the Saxon boyish words in the mouth of the Eastern girl.

Then as Noshi as well as Helen looked at her expectantly, Madame smiled, and told them a story.

"In the very olden days," she began, "when Nippon first became a people as great as her islands were small, at the head of the nation was the emperor, divine descendant of the sun-goddess; then come the great court nobles, and quite separate from these whose duties were to attend the emperor, were the military lords, the daimyo, greater and lesser, and their followers, the knights or samurai, all men entitled to wear swords, and taught that they must keep their honor as spotless as their swords. They must be brave but never cruel, loving justice and fair play, very gentle to women, children, and animals. Utterly careless of their own lives, always ready to sacrifice themselves and those they loved for the cause they were vowed to, and, above all, pledged to an absolute unquestioning loyalty to their over-lord."

Helen privately thought she would object to be treated kindly as an animal, but she only said, "And did these you have mentioned include all the people of Nippon? or was there some ordinary folk, who had no honor, and did not receive any?"

"The samurai," said Madame, "included all men who carried arms, who served the government in any way whatever, also we might follow the arts, engage in farming, or become teachers or physicians, though we must not take pay from any man—we could receive gifts, however. And we could not be merchants, or buyers or sellers of anything, such work being done by men who had no honor, and therefore could cheat and lie when necessary. Many of this class became very rich, while others were very poor. We were taught to despise wealth, and be indifferent to poverty."

"Your ideals were indeed high ones, Madame," said Helen, "and even though they may have been too seldom realized, and though they were the code of a class, not of the nation, yet a people capable of conceiving such, must be worthy of coming to the help of God in establishing justice and liberty on the earth."

"Nippon was a closed nation to the foreigners," continued Madame, "until 1867, when they made demands on us which we dared not refuse. Treaties were made by the shogun, who, supported by the daimyo, ruled the country in the name of the emperor. But the emperor conspired with the great lords of the southern islands, and rebelled against the shogun, refusing to ratify the treaties, and ordering the shogun, as commander of the army, to turn all foreigners out. The shogun, not knowing what to do, resigned, and the emperor, left all to himself, ratified the treaties, and we, believing he was coerced into doing it, also rebelled.

"Outside Tokio was fought the battle of Uyeno, when the beautiful temple was burnt and we were defeated. Then our leaders seized the fleet and fled north, where some of us, my father and his family among them, were besieged in Aidzu castle. For three months the siege lasted, and soon we knew there was no hope of relief, for our friends and the fleet had been overcome, yet we would not surrender.

"I remember my elder sisters putting on the armor which our soldiers wore then, that they might die beside our brothers on the walls when the final assault was made, so that none of us would be left alive to see the banner of our over-lord hauled down. And I, though but five years old, felt I must do something. I knew I could not go with the soldiers, because being so small, they might fall over me, so I offered myself for service to the commander. If he had refused to hear me, I should have killed myself, but he knew I was the child of virtuous parents, so he would not put shame on me, and with the other children in the castle, we were set to gather up the spent bullets and shells. And twice I was called up by the commander, because I picked up more than any one else, and each time he gave me a fan, with my name and merit written upon it. Then, after three months, there was

no food left, and the emperor wished us to surrender, promising us free pardon, and that we might keep our swords. But we knew how he was opening the country to the foreigners, and we felt that it would be easier to die than to meet these people who were traders as equals. Yet, at last we gave in.

"I remember my father explaining to us why,—even I was not too small to be told and understand. The foreigners were very strong, too strong for us to defy them, so the emperor would make peace with them, until we could gain their knowledge of material things, and then we would put them in their proper place, under the feet of honorable men. You will pardon my ignorance"—Madame turned with a bow to Helen—"but then we did not know enough to understand there were foreigners and foreigners; we thought we must fight them all, and lest Nippon should fail in that day of battle for lack of our swords, and our spirits should be dishonored, we accepted the emperor's pardon, for we loved the honor of Nippon more than we did our own. And it was for this same dear honor of our land that the nobles offered to resign their privileges, and the samurai, not to be outdone in sacrifice by any one, also offered to do the same. So all men, even the outcasts, became equal before the law, and all alike were to have a vote, to give them a voice in the government. For we were not so many altogether, and we thought if we honored the common people, they would see what honor was, and be fit to stand beside us when the day of our defiance came. And so what you call our revolution was accomplished, and we became your 'new Japan.'"

"The dearest of upside-down countries," thought Helen, "where the haughty farmer, living on a handful of rice, looks down on the wealthy merchant. And the emperor rises in rebellion to secure his liberty, while the nobility hold socialistic meetings, demanding that the working men recognize them as equals."

"When the nobles disbanded their retainers," continued Madame, "and the dole of rice always given to us ceased, there was some distress. For generations we had been taught that money was degrading, and those of us who were willing to work for wages did not know how to begin. Many of our younger men went to cold Yezo, where, among the uncivilized Ainu, they took up the land granted them by the emperor, and, according to his wish, started farming on American lines. Also, we borrowed instructors of farming and other things, and sent our statesmen to the West to learn how to make a constitution. Then, too, we sent many of our boys to learn in your schools and armies all that Nippon needed that they should know.

"And all those years while we were making haste slowly to be ready, I lived on my father's tiny farm in the hills. We were very poor, often only eating but once a day, and until my marriage I never knew the feel of silk, yet we were never unhappy, for we had our honor.

"I remember that one winter, when the harvest had failed, and there was hardly anything to eat at all, I saw the neighbors dressing up their little girls about my age—I was ten—hoping to sell them for a term of years, for geishas. And I asked my father why he did not sell me, as then there would be less to feed, and more to be eaten, and he bade me look at my hands, saying that among all the thousands of geishas in our land there was not one who did not have the dumpy fingers and ugly, squat nails, marks of the classes who bought and sold, and those who worked for them. No woman of an honorable family ever became a geisha, not because we thought there was anything wrong in the life itself, but because it was always done for gain. And I believe that it was largely because of the self-control of our women that we ruled so long over the common people, whose wives were often one-time geishas. So, because my hands were those of a woman whose sons, like her father, must be worthy to wear a sword, I reached womanhood, still having the right to wear a lily in my hair. And as none of the men of our class who knew me could afford to marry, I remained unwed in my father's house.

"All this time I had never spoken to a foreigner, though I had seen a few, for the country being open, they came everywhere, but I always ran away from them, in their strange clothes, for I was afraid of them. And we still talked of the terrible things they said of the foreign teachers who were preaching their religion in our land. Like all foreigners, we said, they cared for nothing so much as devouring flesh, and in Nippon there were no animals killed for food, but these people, sooner than give up their flesh-feasts, would feed on men, calling themselves doctors, and cutting away parts of the body from people who were yet alive, that they might eat them. And so, though the inscriptions against Christian-

ity had been removed, and we were commanded not to annoy any foreigner, I was glad none came to our village.

"Then, in the year of the promulgation of our constitution, 1885, I went with many of our family on a pilgrimage to the shrines of Ise. It was all very wonderful to me, the splendid temples, and the crowds of people, but I did not like to see so many of our people wearing foreign dress—you do not see so many today. And one of these was the Viscount Mori, the trusted adviser of the emperor, who had just returned from Europe. As if he did not know what our worship was, he strolled through the sacred courts, moving in his fingers a long cane.

"'What has he brought a stick into the temple for?' I asked my brother. 'Does he think we are dogs for him to beat?'

"Not one offering nor act of worship did he perform, but this we would not have minded, for we believe that in every man who follows after honor, there is an 'ought,' which tells him the way his soul should go to meet her God, and we do not consider it good manners to criticize any man's mode of worship. Christianity we had once prohibited, because it was too foreign, we thought. But the Viscount, going through the temples whirling his stick, struck with his cane the white veil in the gateway of the inner court.

"It is not good manners to make confusion at a festival, so we were all still, only I looked at my brother, and saw my thought in his eyes.

"'Let me do it?' I said.

"But he answered, 'No; leave it to me; as a woman your duty is to obey, so go home and keep yourself in good health and temper, that you may be fit to have children who will be an honor to our name. I shall have no descendants.'

"And a little while afterwards, when he had given the matter careful thought, he went to Tokio and stabbed Viscount Mori to death in his house, and then was himself executed by order of the emperor, and we were not ashamed when he died.

"You look startled at my story, Sister Helen, yet that is the truth of why my brother took life. We were not opposed to the granting of a constitution, ah, no! But we feared our land would be dishonored if her rulers were not good-mannered.

"It was my brother's death that brought about my own marriage, for my father-in-law-to-be was an official in the court, also he hated all things foreign exceedingly, so much so, that when, years before, his son joined the Christians, he attacked him with his sword, and left him for dead outside the castle; the young man, however, came to, and crawled to his mother's chamber; she took him in, and by careful nursing brought him back to life. Then she sent him away from her, until, at the wish of the emperor, his father restored him to favor. And then he was sent abroad to study in Germany and the hospitals of Paris, where they gave him many honors, and his titie of doctor. He was on his way back when my brother died, and his father sent a go-between to our village, with an offer of marriage to any suitable woman who was of near kin to the viscount's murderer, and so I was chosen for his son's wife."

"And when Dr. Toshio arrived, you were married to him?" said Helen.

"Certainly," said Madame, "our fathers both had arranged it."

"And then you became a Christian, Madame," said Helen, thinking that after all no one could imagine Dr. Toshio an unhappy man, and certainly Ioko, his wife, was a beautiful woman, and as perfect in temper as she was in health.

"Yes, I became a Christian," said Madame, with very soft eyes. "Ah, you cannot know how terrified I was to be given in marriage to a man who was probably altogether foreign in his manners. I thought of all the evil stories I had heard when I was given to him. And he, ah! the spring sunshine does not woo the buds on the fruit trees more gently than he did the ignorant girl from the mountains who was his wife, and as afraid to disobey him as she was to obey. We are taught that no one need be unhappy unless they wish to, and that perfect obedience in all lawful things brings perfect joy and peace. And I know it did to me. Yes, I became a Christian, because I had seen Christ in my husband's life."

Afterwards, when Helen had left them and Noshi was finishing her copying, her mother came and sat beside her.

"And you are quite sure you do not mind me going, mother," said the girl.

Toshio Ioko smiled.

"I have been very jealous for the honor of Nippon," she said. "I nursed my children and I prayed that, with the life I had given them, they might live only for the honor of their land. You, Noshi, like your brother and sisters, went to the foreigner's schools, you have eaten with sharpened steel, and even learned that

strange Western salutation, which makes me think you mean to devour each other."

"I never kissed anybody but Dolly Hunter, mother," said Noshi, smiling and blushing.

"What are customs after all, but the scabbard," said Madame, softly, "and what is that, if the sword is sharp and stainless. I know, Noshi, if I did not know before, that you are Nippon's alone. I know that you will never hesitate to sacrifice honor or life, to the life or honor of your land."

Noshi smiled as she signed her father's name to the letter of instructions for the printer. Outwardly, with all her dainty prettiness, she was very Western and up-to-date in her knowledge of business methods, but underneath, all the reckless fanaticism of her race, which had even stooped to murder, possessed her soul, and knowing this, Toshio Ioko was content.

So O Noshi San laid her pretty silken robes aside and arrayed herself in a convenient and picturesque costume of loose blue trousers, and full jacket with wide sash, and with hair cut short, she looked far more like the young brother who had died than she did her dainty self.

So she went to Korea, where for years Nippon had been pouring her surplus population, until the seaports consisted of two very contrasted towns—neat little buildings where the neat little men and women from Nippon lived, and everything was spotlessly clean, while in the other town, the tall Korean coolie, in his white robes, which he washed as often as he did himself, made his home in a hovel, amid squalor and smells unspeakable.

It was to protect the interests of her subjects in Korea that Nippon had gone to war with Russia, who was already weaving her web round the strange hermit kingdom, which looked upon the whole matter with philosophic indifference. They were a strange nation, those people who would not fight, and who always dressed in white, the rich man in most immaculate robes, while the poor man's were very much the other thing.

"As cleanliness is next to godliness," remarked Noshi wisely, "Korea must be nearer God since we came."

She was sitting on a mat spread on the ground in a lonely defile among the mountains of northern Korea. A stone's-throw off was the rough road, its dust trampled by the feet of the thousands of soldiers who had passed a hour before, for by tens of thousands Nippon was pouring her men across Korea, yet so quietly and skilfully were they moved that not the keenest war correspondent could tell how many had gone and where they were going.

To such a pitch was the careful secrecy carried, that in every department of the army all who were on service were given nicely-worded, printed forms, with blanks for name and signature, and the entire army smiled happily and accepted the forms, writing no letters home, for who could tell what things they might not write accidentally, nor into whose hands the letters might fall.

Noshi had just dated and signed her name to the weekly form she sent her mother, for, to her great delight, the doctor and his little staff were treated exactly like other soldiers; she felt an inch taller when she thought of it. And certainly in Nippon's idea of army management, the medical officer was found in countless places where in a Western army he would never be met.

Long before the outbreak of hostilities, when the advance agents were collecting provisions for the army Nippon was holding in readiness, with them went the doctors, not raw young men, eager to gain experience, but the best trained experts to be found in all her land.

And now for the last week Dr. Toshio and his party had been with the first screen of scouts, well provided with his microscope and chemicals, testing and labelling wells so that the army to follow should drink no contaminated water. Also, he had inspected every village on the route he was responsible for, examining its sanitary condition, and if there were any contagious diseases, notices were posted up to warn the approaching column, so that no soldiers should be billeted where danger existed.

Other medical officers were with the foraging parties, sampling the food, fruit and vegetables sold by the villagers along the line of march, long before the arrival of the army. If the food was tainted, the fruit unripe, or the water required boiling, notices were posted up to that effect, and Nippon's idea of army discipline demanded that they should be obeyed as though they were the commander's orders for battle.

Now Dr. Toshio's orders sent him to the rear, and Noshi watched the passing of the troops she had helped to prepare the way for. They had their medical officers, too, who gave them carefully prepared and simply worded lectures on sanitation and personal hygiene, how to cook, how to eat, and when not to drink,

how to bathe, and even how to properly cut and clean the finger-nails.

"All this attention to so-called little things," said Dr. Toshio, as he watched Noshi prepare their supper, "means that we will not have thousands of cases of intestinal diseases to treat, diarrhoeas or dysenteries, or the fevers that follow improper feeding and neglected hygiene—things that have brought more campaigns to disastrous terminations than the strategies of the opposing generals or the bullets of their followers. My Noshi, they are wondering in the West how this war will end, and truly I do not know, only I do know that many a battle has been won here and now, before it has been fought in Russia's Manchuria."

He smiled at Noshi's preparations as he spoke, for their camp equipage and rations were in every respect the same as those of a private soldier—aluminum canteen, mess-tin, and pannikin, and the copper camp kettle, with its double sides, water was poured into this outer jacket and heated by burning charcoal in the centre, making it possible for a soldier to boil his tea or soup in a gale or heavy rain. Then there were the biscuits of cooked rice and wheat flour. A very small portion of dried fish and vegetables—beans and potatoes sliced and dried—for preservation and lessened weight. Tea and salt were both in solid little bricks.

"It is certainly very remarkable," said the doctor as he ate his fish, "to think of America, a most honorable country, appointing the five military attaches she is permitted to send with our army, all to the killing departments; the life-saving and life-preserving departments, the medical, commissariat, and the transport are not thought worthy of study, yet, really, I think, it is they which always decide the winning of the battle."

"I am certain that I possess neither reason nor intelligence," said Noshi, "and that is why I cannot see the logic in preserving a man's life that it may be taken, or healing his wounds that he may be wounded again."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, which is God, little one, and to preserve others is the law of Christ, under whose sign of the Cross we are serving now."

"War and Christ, His Cross and the sword—how strange to mention them together. Father, how can a nation accepting the New Testament go to war? How can a man follow Christ and a battle flag?"

"If a man defend not his own, he is even as one who provides not for his own, and he, the Holy Ghost says, 'is worse than an infidel.' But as for a nation not being able to keep faith with Christ, and go to war, perhaps it is wisest not to judge, little one. I am living in hopes that this very illogic of saving men for slaughter will teach the nations to find some way of retaining their honor without fighting for it. So with all my soul I am in the Red Cross work, for we can never overcome hate with hate, Noshi, and when we fight for Christ the Master we must remember that it is only on the field of self-sacrifice, and with the weapons of love, that His battle can be won."

Toronto.

STABILITY.

BY FREDERICK W. FABER.

(B. 1814, d. 1863.)

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

A STORY DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

HE deaconess must have been tired that day. I suppose that even deaconesses, who have nothing to do but visit around, do get tired and nervous, too, somesometimes. And I guess she had come across something that was very unpleasant, and that made her feel bad.

I always like to have the deaconess call. It is so interesting to hear her tell about her poor people. How true it is that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives—or would not if it were not for deaconesses and missionaries, and that sort of people. I often give Miss Wilson a quarter for her poor; I think it is our duty as Christians to help every good word and work.

But, as I was saying, that last call of hers made me feel really unpleasant. I noticed, as soon as she came in, that she was looking tired and used up. She said she had been working all night—she and another woman—making clothes for some little children to wear to their sister's funeral, and that their mother was very ill in a hospital, and could live but a few days, and there would be another funeral there soon. The deaconess does have such interesting cases.

But, seeing how tired she looked that morning, I put her in the easiest rocking-chair, and brought my pretty sofa pillows to make her comfortable. But she didn't seem to want to be comfortable. She would insist upon sitting straight up, just as stiff as could be. Finally I said: "Miss Wilson, you're getting all worn out. You mustn't work so hard. It won't do."

But at that her eyes filled right up with tears, and she said: "I don't want to rest, Mrs. Eveleth. I don't feel as if I had any right to be comfortable or happy when other folks are suffering so."

Of course, I knew that was just her nervousness, and I wanted to cheer her up.

"Now, see here, Miss Wilson," said I, "imagine what the world would be if we all went on that theory, and insisted on being unhappy ourselves just because somebody else was."

But she didn't smile ever so little a bit, but went on: "Perhaps it might be a happier world than it is now, for if none of us could be happy while our neighbors were miserable, we might take more pains to make them happy, instead of just pleasing ourselves."

Of course, there is nothing in such an argument as that; but I saw she was in earnest, so I thought I would change the subject by asking her to tell me about the family she had been sewing for; but, bless you, I just launched her into it, deeper than ever.

It seems that there were three of them, all sick at once; the mother in the hospital, the daughter who had just died at home, and the daughter's husband lying very ill of pneumonia in another hospital. There always is so much sickness among that sort of people. It must be that they don't properly observe the laws of health. I said as much to the deaconess, but such a queer look came over her face, as she said: "Most of them have all they can do to observe the laws of a bare existence."

Then she went on: "What would you do, Mrs. Eveleth, if you had to live with five children in four little stuffy, dark rooms upstairs—four rooms in a row, the two middle ones with no outside windows at all—without a breath of really pure air from one year's end to another? Suppose in the heat of summer you never could have any ice, or fresh fruit, or a bathroom, nor anything to observe the laws of health with; to say nothing of having to work so hard that you'd almost rather die than live. Aren't you afraid you would get sick, too?"

She didn't mean any offence—it was just her earnestness—so I told her to go on, and she did:

"After the mother got sick and went to the hospital they got a district nurse to come in for an hour a day and care for the daughter, and after that there were only the children with her until the father came home from his work at night. The neighbors were kind, but they are all hard-working people, and as for me I had so many others almost as

bad off as they, that I could only go in occasionally. I bought her fruit from my own pocket-money, and made little custards and things to tempt her appetite. But the rooms were wretchedly close and dark, and the flies and vermin were dreadful—you must remember there had been no proper housekeeping for months. This man is janitor in your own church, Mrs. Eveleth. His wages are but $40 a month, which is little enough for such a family when they are well; but with the sickness and bad luck they had run behind until the man said he was afraid to reckon up his bills lest the month's wages should not be enough to pay them, let alone getting things they needed.

"I was there last week, and his face was the picture of despair. He had just got word from the hospital that his wife could not possibly live but a few days. He had been up nights with the sick girl, and with that and the worry he was all unstrung. A letter came while I was there and, when he read it he just sat down and put his face in his hands and cried. What do you think, Mrs. Eveleth? The treasurer of the church had sent just half the wages due him, and written that he would have to wait for the rest, as the collections were small during the summer, and they were short of funds. There are rich people in that church who wouldn't mind spending as much on a day's pleasure as that poor man could earn in a month. Do you suppose a church will ever prosper when the wages of the poor that are kept back cry to God against it?

"I couldn't say a word for my religion then, Mrs. Eveleth. I couldn't even pray with the sick woman. I just had to come away, and yesterday she died. It seems as if my heart would break."

Of course, it was exceedingly distressing, and I'll admit I had to put up my handkerchief and wipe away the tears. But, really, I don't know who is to blame about the money. You know so many of our people go to pleasure resorts during the summer, and, of course, the collections are small. But I do think she ought to have administered the consolations of religion to those poor people. I suppose I could go and talk it over with some of our people and see if something couldn't be done; but one doesn't like to bring up unpleasant subjects, and make one's self disagreeable.

If I had known those people were suffering I would gladly have given a dollar for their relief. Indeed, I did give the deaconess a dollar right then. Her face flushed up, and she hesitated a minute before she took it. She gave a long sigh as she said: "If the Lord's people would give their tithes just as religiously as they say their prayers, there would be plenty of money in His treasury to carry on His work, and His poor would not suffer." Then she told how generous the poor often are to each other, dividing their last penny and their last bite. But it's quite a different thing to give a tenth when it's only eight or ten dollars a year, and giving it when it's eight or ten thousand. Of course, people can't be expected to give like that.

But then, the Lord knows our hearts. I'm sure I want to do all the good I can; but it doesn't seem necessary to get excited and make yourself unpleasant about things you can't help. I do hope the church will pay its debt to the janitor, however, and that the deaconess will not have any such unpleasant things to talk about when she calls again.—Epworth Herald.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY ELLIOTT E. MILLS.

O pale-faced Theologian whose soft hands
And ink-stained fingers never gripped the oar
Or swung the hammer; weary with your books,
How can your slumbering senses comprehend
The breadth and virile purpose of the men
Who bore their joyous tale through quickened lands
To the great heart of Rome; the shipwrecked Paul,
Wandering Ulysses-like to far off isles
And barbarous peoples; or those peasant kings,
Who ever 'mid voluptuous cities wore
No mediæval halo, but the air
Of some free fisher battling with the wind
The blows across the Galilean hills?

—*The Spectator.*

Current Topics and Events.

Waiting.

The world waits with bated breath the result of the collision between the naval forces of Japan and Russia in the Far East, a collision which will probably be one of the epoch-making events of history. The Japanese have good ground to complain of the harboring of their enemy in the French ports of Madagascar and Indo-China. This is almost equivalent to an act of war, and has provoked gravest comment from the London Times, which in this respect expresses the opinion of the British public. It is all very well for the French Government to profess neutrality, but if their agents in the East

THE LAST THROW.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

permit its flagrant violation and the revictualling, recoaling, and cleaning of the Russian ships in their harbors, thus making them practically a naval base for attack on Japan, it is evidence enough of their partizanship in favor of their Russian ally. If Japan should demand the intervention of Great Britain, in fulfilment of her treaty, and the British Chinese squadron were to interpose, a great European war might be precipitated, which let us pray God may avert. Edward the Peacemaker has been so successful in causing a rapprochement of the neighboring nations of France and England that any interruption of that goodwill would be profoundly to be regretted. It would give the arrogant and aggressive Kaiser the very chance he wants to seize Holland and menace the naval supremacy of both England and France.

The last desperate throw of the dice in the war game is now taking place in launching the forlorn hope of the Russian navy against the Japs. If this should prove a failure, then Russia must crave an ignominious peace.

The Cold Shoulder.

France has already shown the cold shoulder to Russia in refusing a loan, as illustrated in some of our cartoons.

The celebrated French writer, M. Anatole France, speaking of the proposal for a new Russian loan, said : " The indignation which all the world felt at the constant massacres which are being perpetrated in Russia by the Government was in France deepened by a shadow of remorse. The French were not quite innocent of the follies and crimes of Czarism, for they had found the means for committing them to the amount of not far from four hundred millions sterling. In ten years the skill of interested financiers had succeeded in extorting that sum from the savings of France, to place it in the hands of a Government whose finances were under no control and whose administration was without honesty. And what had Russia done with the money ? It had spent it on no fruitful objects, but in a greedy and stupid policy ; in paying the cost of all these murderous battles, in the slaughter of Japanese who were no enemies of the French, and of Russians who were their allies ; in carrying out massacres of workmen with their wives and children in St. Petersburg, of Armenians at Baku, of students in Siberia. When the French subscribed this money they did not know what was going to be done with it."

Another Turn of the Screw.

The grim field-marshal, Oyama, seems preparing another of his sweeping movements, which will probably capture Kirin and Harbin, and isolate Vladivostock,

"HE WHO GOES A-BORROWING GOES A-SORROWING."

How France treated her ally in the good old days. | And how she treats that ally now that war loans are wanted.

—Jugend (Munich).

where the siege of Port Arthur will probably be repeated with similar results.

Domestic affairs in Russia continue to go from bad to worse. The Czar's Easter pledges seem like pie-crust, made only to be broken, or if he keeps the promise to the ear, he breaks it to the hope. The people seem, and with good reason, utterly to have lost confidence in the "Little Father."

An Austrian cartoon strikingly illustrates the graft and guile which have honeycombed the empire by a cartoon in which the frauds upon the Red Cross hospital funds are thus described: "You put your money in the contribution-box of the Red Cross, but when you try to take it out, lo, it is in the Grand Duke's pocket." The necromancy of the magician, Oyama, is portrayed in a companion cartoon: "Now, here's a Cossack division," says the Japanese field-marshal, "I put my hat over it, and—lifting the hat—"lo! it disappears."

In striking contrast to the meddlesome missions of Kaiser Wilhelm, who seems to stir up strife wherever he goes, is the peacemaking skill of King Edward, whose very holiday trips are turned to beneficent diplomatic result. The British nation, as shown in a cartoon from Punch, recognizes this invaluable quality.

The commercial and agricultural development of Canada, which is now proceeding relatively in a more rapid ratio than even the United States, has given its quietus to the one-sided reciprocity which Uncle Sam seems disposed to proffer. Any reciprocity that will be entertained by Canada must be a fair and liberal one.

AUTONOMY?

By sheer force of numbers the Government has passed its North-West educational scheme—autonomy plan it is not. An almost solid Quebec vote overcomes the large Ontario majority. The issue

TURNED DOWN.

Czar: "What can I borrow on this beautiful weapon? Look at the roll of honor written on it."
M. France: "We cannot loan on those dangerous weapons any more. The risk is too great."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA.

thus raised bodes ill for the future harmony of the Dominion. The day of retribution for the members who have preferred party to principle will surely come. It may then be too late to retrieve the injury done to the new provinces of the North-West.

The influx of American immigrants continues in increasing volume. The time may come when they shall demand a constitutional amendment, that the New West, with its sturdy Protestant immigration from England, Scotland, and the United States, shall receive a real autonomy and the right of self-government. It is too late to treat them as Kruger tried to treat the Uitlanders. The shadow of the dead hand must not menace for ever the young commonwealths of the great west.

A Noble Profession.

The recent annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association was a very noteworthy event. The departments of college and high school, public school, kindergarten, inspection, training and trustees and other sections, held numerous sessions in the several buildings of Toronto University. The address of Chancellor Burwash, president of the Association, showed by historical comparison that the noble profession of teaching had not kept pace in its material rewards and permanence of employment with the prosperity of the country. It ranked just above the unskilled and considerably below the skilled manual laborer. The competitive system and tendency to employ the cheapest teacher were detrimental to the best interests both of the profession and of the schools, and consequently of the country. The Association strongly urges that the standard of admission be rendered still higher and that the Government shall require trustees to pay a minimum salary to the men bearing the necessary credentials.

The noteworthy feature of the convention was the presence of Professor Moulton, of Chicago University. His illuminative address on the study of the Bible, as distinct from theology and criticism, was to many a revelation of the possibilities of this study of the Scriptures as the noblest literature of all the ages. The reproach that the classical literatures of Greece and Rome were

OFF DUTY.

Britannia (to King Edward)—"If ever any one deserved a holiday I am sure you do, Sir. You've done splendid work."—Punch, London.

studied to the entire neglect of the still nobler literature of the Bible is no longer true of Toronto University, and should not be true of any university. Professor Moulton's sermons in our city pulpits, and his wonderful interpretation of Marlowe's "Faust," of Shakespeare's "Lear" and "Macbeth," and of the "Alkestes" of Euripides, were remarkable illustrations of literary analysis and criticism, and of vivid histrionic impersonation.

These annual gatherings of the teaching profession cannot fail to contribute to the unity and solidarity of the Ontario teachers. They are the link between the public and high schools and the provincial university. The sessions were properly held in these old college halls, and the teachers will carry back to their arduous and ill-requited labors fresh enthusiasm and inspiration.

Canada's Curse.

A recent number of The Pioneer, our leading temperance journal, has a tremendous indictment of the drink traffic under this title. It shows by an appalling array of figures that there is a startling increase in Canada in both drunkenness and crime, that the yearly average for five years preceding 1904 in the consumption of liquor was 5.432 gallons per head, while in 1894 it was 5.966. The increase in the consumption of spirits was still greater, rising from an average of .759 per head to .952 per head. Reducing this consumption to that of proof spirits, fifty per cent. alcohol, there was an increase from 1.232 to 1.1521, or forty per cent. more than that of 1899, and twenty-three per cent. more than the average for five years preceding 1904.

Step by step with this increase in drinking has followed increase in crime. The convictions for drunkenness in the five years preceding 1903 were 12,123, for the succeeding year there were 16,832. The convictions for all offences for the five years preceding 1903 were 40,851, for 1903, 40,404, being an increase of more than twenty-five per cent. for drunkenness, and about twenty per cent. for all offences. So wise and cautious a jurist as the late Sir Oliver Mowat stated in the Legislature that in his conviction at least seventy-five per cent. of all the crime and pauperism that afflicts society is the result of strong drink.

The closeness of this connection is shown by comparisons. Quebec and Prince Edward Island are largely under prohibition, and these provinces have the least increase of convictions for crime. In Toronto the Good, during 1904, the cases of drunk and disorderly were more than sixty per cent. in excess of the average for the preceding five years. The Pioneer adds: "The figures convey little idea of the awful extent of sorrow and misery that lie behind them. Every single case of a punished or unpunished drunkard represents a life tragedy fraught with untold woe for many others besides the direct offender. God pity the tens of thousands who endure the blighting curse that rests on every drink-cursed home!"

It analyzes as follows the causes of this increase: One is the general prosperity. The good gifts of Providence have been abused and perverted to direst waste and ruin. The immigration from the old countries where drinking habits are more in vogue than here have scaled down the moral tone of the people in this regard. There is not, it adds further, the organized temperance effort of earlier times. The Good Templars Order thirty years ago had more than 35,000 members, today it has less than 1,500. Other organizations have a similar record. The non-temperance benefit societies have largely taken their place. The juvenile temperance societies, such as the Band of Hope, in England, are not adopted in this country as largely as they should be.

We need a great missionary revival in the churches and outside of the churches. The appointment of one of its ablest ministers by the Methodist Church to the position of Secretary of Temperance has been a step in the right direction and has done much in co-ordinating the efforts of our several Churches. We need more positive temperance instruction. The study of temperance hygiene in the schools is very well, as far as it goes; it should be made more efficient and thorough. The only temperance organization which is accomplishing much on this continent is the W. C. T. U., which has belted the world with its missions, and has secured scientific temperance training in nearly every state in the Union. We urge especially the increased attention to temperance instruction in the four quarterly temperance Sundays in all our Sunday-schools. Our Sunday-school periodicals we endeavor to saturate with temperance sentiment, enforced by facts and figures, pictures and poems. But we need the active co-operation of the teachers and the systematic enrolment of the young people in our temperance pledges.

Our Young People's Societies should organize for aggressive work along temperance lines.

Enforcement of License Laws.

It is a matter of much encouragement that the new license commissioners throughout the country seem disposed to rigidly enforce the license law. The report of the commissioners for Toronto was an illuminating document. Mr. Flavelle carried his business methods into his new office, and with the other commissioners personally visited every licensed place in the city, closing several, and insisting on exact conformity to the law of many more. He declared that many of the taverns were mere saloons, without provision for lodging or feeding guests. These should be quickly weeded out, and all violations of the law severely punished.

To make the taverns more respectable, and restricting them from the residential regions, however, will not cure the evil; indeed, it may in some degree intensify it. It is not in the vulgar tavern or saloon most young men learn to drink, but in such high-toned places as the King Edward, the Queen's, and other first-class hotels.

The tap-root of the evil is the money-making character of the drink traffic. "It's a damnable business," said a hotel man, "but there is money in it," and a great deal of money in it. Hence a license has an altogether artificial value, and the more the number is reduced the greater that value becomes, the greater the capital invested, the stronger the monied interest opposed to temperance reform. Possibly Earl Grey's method of eliminating private interest in the drink traffic by putting it in the hands of the Government might work some beneficial change. Largely increasing the cost of license and making the revenue defray the increased cost of the crime and drunkenness which it creates would be but an act of justice. Most of all must we insist upon religious and moral instruction on the vice and crime of the drink traffic.

Carnegie's Latest.

Mr. Carnegie's latest gift of $11,500,000 for a superannuation fund for retired professors wins wide commendation. The position of professors is often ludicrously underpaid. Some of the graduates in science, for instance, will receive in great commercial houses emoluments far beyond those of their college instructors. But the honor and dignity of the professoriate, and the opportunities for original research, are compensations beyond any money value. Yet the professor, with the increased cost of living, cannot make provision for old age, and nothing is more pitiful than to have a learned recluse either lag superfluous on the stage or retire with inadequate income—nothing except that of the worn-out preacher. The Independent states that ninety-three institutions now existing would receive benefit from the endowment. These have in their faculties 3,900 persons, whose salaries amount to $7,720,000, the average being nearly $2,000. It is thought that professors will become entitled to the benefits of the fund at the age of sixty-five, and that the allowance will be equivalent to half pay, up to the limit of $2,400. This gift brings up Mr. Carnegie's donations to the magnificent total of $130,352,000, the greatest ever made by any person in the world.

A Distinguished Canadian.

Among the well-known names in Canadian literary ranks is that of Graeme Mercer Adam. The literature of our young country is deeply indebted to this indefatigable author, editor, and publisher.

Mr. Adam is now bringing out a volume entitled "Canadian Literature and Oratory," a record, in historical periods, of the achievements of Canadian men and women of letters, including the chief writers in history, science, education, law, medicine, and theology, with some account of Canadian oratory, political and legal, and of the descriptive writers among the discoverers, early and late explorers (French and English), and those who have dealt with modern Canada in its industrial and social as well as political and intellectual relations.

There are representative selections and biographical and critical introductions. It is an octavo volume containing 450 pages. Its price, in cloth, is $3.50; half morocco, $5.00.

Mr. Adam was formerly editor of The Canadian Monthly and Self-Culture Magazine; is the author of Histories of Modern England, Russia, Greece, and Spain; "Men and Women of History"; "The Canadian North-West, Its History and Its Troubles"; "Canada from Sea to Sea"; "Illustrated Quebec"; "Toronto, Old and New"; "Public School History of England and Canada"; "An Outline of Greek Literature"; "Outline of Canadian Literature," etc.

The subject of our sketch is a native of Midlothian, Scotland, and was educated at Edinburgh. From his earliest

years he has been connected with the world of books. At the age of nineteen he was at the head of the retail branch of one of the oldest Scottish publishing houses. In 1858 he came to Toronto and accepted the management of the book-house of Mr. (now the Rev. Dr.) Cunningham Geikie. Two years later he succeeded to the business, and threw himself actively into the work of a publisher and wholesale bookseller and importer. This firm, under the name of Adam, Stevenson & Co., did much to elevate and develop the book trade of Canada.

In 1876 Mr. Adam opened a publishing house in New York in connection with John Lovell, of Montreal. This enterprise gave the initiative to the mammoth publishing concern known as the U.S. Book Co. In association with Prof. Goldwin Smith he founded The Canadian Monthly. Later he launched The Canada Educational Monthly. Indeed he had much to do with almost all the literary undertakings originating in Toronto between the years 1872 and 1892.

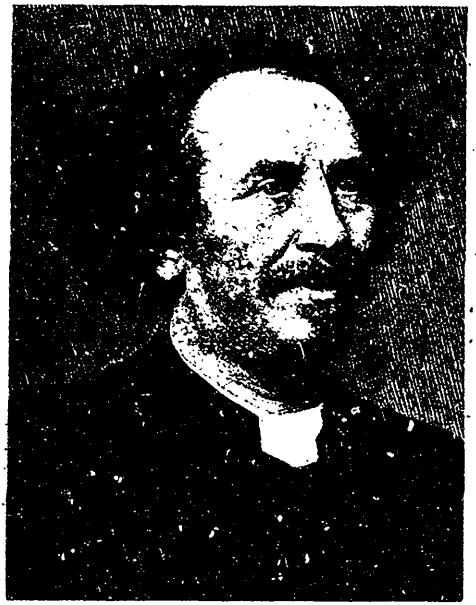
Mr. Adam has also done much service to education apart from journalistic work. He edited the school reading books, known as the "Royal Canadian Readers," and in conjunction with W. J. Robertson, M.A., produced his "School History of England and Canada." which had a sale of nearly 250,000 copies. Mr. Adam returned to New York a second time, where he was connected with the U.S. Book Co. On this occasion he was presented with a purse and an address by Canadian writers and publishers in recognition of his services to Canadian letters. In 1896 he removed to Chicago to become editor of Self-Culture, a new magazine. He has recently issued an up-to-date "Canadian Gazetteer." He has done great service to English and American as well as Canadian publishing houses, in contributing articles, revising MSS., and putting work through the press. We heartily commend this, his latest work, to the public.

G. MERCER ADAM.

"Precious stones are cut and polished
By the lapidary's skill;
Cruel knife and rasping friction
Work on each the Master's will.
Not until the sparkling facets
With an equal lustre glow,
Does the artist choose a setting
For the gem perfected so.

"Thus I wait the Royal pleasure,
And when trouble comes to me,
Smile to think He may be working
On the gem, small though it be.
All I ask is strength to bear it,
Faith and patience to be still;
Held by Him, no knife can slay me,
Trusting Him, no anguish kill."

Religious Intelligence.



THE REV. J. W. DAWSON.

A New Evangelism.

While American preachers are helping their English brethren and are winning thousands of souls to Christ on the other side the Atlantic, the United States is having the benefit of the labors of a distinguished English preacher. The advantages of these exchanges have been easily realized. It is not that the visiting minister has any new truth to present, but that he may have a new mode of presenting it that, by its unfamiliarity, appeals to his hearers. It is so in the case of Rev. W. J. Dawson, the English visitor, who has already on a former visit won the hearts of the people.

Mr. Dawson is widely known through his books, such as "Makers of English Poetry," "Makers of English Prose," a volume of verse and a "Life of Christ." He is known also as a lecturer and as a preacher. His ministerial work has been in the Highbury Quadrant Church in London. He does not employ the methods which have been employed in former evangelistic movements. He stands for a movement which is known as the "New Evangelism." This, as its leaders explain, "is an appeal to all that is highest and best in man; an appeal to follow Christ because that is the right thing to do. It does not emphasize the dark side of human character and of future experience, but it emphasizes the life of union and fellowship with God, getting right with him, and through realizing God in all things, realize the sacredness of life in all its aspects, whether commercial, social, industrial, or religious. It is an appeal to man to put himself fully alongside of Christ and in fellowship with him, and to be guided in all things by the Holy Spirit."

Mr. Dawson is visiting the chief cities in the east and west. He began his work in New England, at Pittsfield, Mass., and worked in Boston, Bangor, Portland, and other New England cities. All the great evangelistic movements have been preceded by intense prayer, and prayer has been a marked feature of the movements throughout. The movement in Wales is largely a revival of the prayer-meeting. It is suggested that there be formed prayer circles in the churches, and neighborhood and cottage meetings, as well as earnest individual prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit.

A decision day is also suggested, either that which has been adopted by many churches of different denominations, for Sunday-schools and Young People's meetings, or some other Sunday in the near future. Personal and social salvation through the acceptance of Christ is urged. There is only one principal task laid upon the Church of Christ. It is to bring all men into living relations with God through the Gospel of his Incarnate Son.

New York and near-by states were visited during this evangelistic tour, after which the west was visited. The general plan was to meet the pastors of the churches in the afternoon of each day and conduct evangelistic meetings in the evenings. Full suggestions were to be sent to pastors for their preparation for

Mr. Dawson's coming, and for following up his meetings after he goes away.

The movement is an outcome of a resolution passed by the National Council of Congregational Churches in Des Moines, in October last, which appointed an Evangelistic Committee of nine prominent ministers of the denomination from various parts, with Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis as chairman. Dr. Hillis urged Mr. William J. Dawson to remain a week and conduct a series of evangelistic services in Plymouth Church. This he did, and good results followed these meetings, both intensive in deepening the spiritual experience of professing Christians, and extensive in the conversion of others. The committee was so impressed with these meetings that it arranged with Dr. Dawson to return to America and to make an evangelistic tour.

The chief feature of the "New Evangelism," on which Mr. Dawson relies for success, is the historic Christ and the Christ of experience. "The great truth," says one leader, "upon which the Church rests is the Person and Life of Christ. The emphasis in evangelistic methods in the new time, should be altogether on the realization of the presence of God." This seems to be the prevailing idea at the present time, in all the religious awakening which is everywhere making itself felt. The work of the Spirit, which is at present going on in Britain, especially in Wales, attests that God is making his presence and power known among men. It is a most promising sign of the times. It is hoped that such a work of the Spirit will spread throughout the world.—Christian Herald.

Christian Ideals in Commerce.

The recent hot controversy concerning the acceptance of the $100,000 offered by John D. Rockefeller to the Board of Missions of the American Congregational Church is one of the significant signs of the times. It is indicative at least of the purifying of our commercial ideals. Whether or not the Church has a right to investigate the methods by which donations have been acquired—apart from any such consideration, this means that the Church has uttered her protest against the system of the enrichment of the few through the oppression of the many. If the Church has been accused in the past of giving "the front seat in the synagogue" to rich men, simply because they were rich, she is certainly far removed from such an error to-day. There is

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

surely no savor of "toadyism" here. This controversy, if nothing else, should prove to the world that the Church of Christ is not seeking money, but manhood—that the old line between the secular and the sacred is disappearing. The Church is coming into the marketplace, and setting a standard for the merchant as well as for the minister.

This is as it should be. All business to the Christian should be his Father's business. It is not important that we give great gifts. It is important rather that we reflect Christ in our dealings with men every day.

It is doubtless easier to make a far-echoing gift of thousands to charity than to restore even one thousand in small sums to various persons from whom it has been unjustly extorted. But the latter is the greater proof of repentance.

We do not believe that there is necessarily injustice in the amassing of great fortunes. It is often the sterling honesty and fair-dealing of a man that is the very basis of his financial success. But we do say that where there has been injustice and extortion in the amassing of such fortunes great gifts will not condone the wrong.

As to the injunction, "Judge not," as applied to Mr. Rockefeller's case, we believe we have a right to condemn a sin, though we have no right to condemn the

Dr. Gladden—"You can't mix them, John, you can't mix them."
—Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch.

sinner. Mr. Rockefeller stands as the representative of a great commercial system. As such he has been judged, not as a private individual. One's sympathy cannot but go out personally to the man, who, in an effort to do a good deed, has thus received such severe criticism. It is true the wrongs of which Mr. Rockefeller is accused have been practised on a smaller scale by countless others whose gifts are accepted without question. But the very magnitude of the scale on which Mr. Rockefeller has practised them has made him a target not to be ignored. His gift was undoubtedly a good deed, and as such merits praise. The Church is justified, we believe, in accepting it. But the Church is also justified in making patent to the world her utter disapproval of the methods by which such gifts are acquired.

Our Deaconesses.

The eighth Annual Commencement of the Toronto Methodist Training School was held in the Metropolitan Church on the evening of May 5th. A splendid baccalaureate sermon on the need of a vision in every young life was delivered the preceding Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Gallagher, D.D., of the National Training School at Washington.

The closing exercises of the following Tuesday night were largely attended, the church being nearly full.

Twenty-two young women received their diplomas, six of whom are going out as missionaries. The majority of the others are entering the deaconess work.

A truly representative class was this, the girls coming all the way from Revelstoke, B.C., to St. John's, Newfoundland. Three of the class were university graduates. We are glad that this school is coming to be recognized as one of the great educational institutions of our Church. Each year young women are asking to enter its halls and several are being refused for lack of room, though every year six or eight calls come from deaconesses that cannot be met.

How much longer shall the poor, and the sick, and the stranger need the deaconess? How much longer shall consecrated young women wait to be sent to those who need them? Two years ago $1,000 came in for the new building, and during the past year $4,000 more. Let this year bring in the full tide of our givings to this cause.

The students of this year have bought a piano for the new home and contributed $75 for the furnishing of a room. The furniture for three other rooms has also been given. Our superintendent asks what she is to do with the things unless we provide her with a new house shortly.

At the afternoon meeting Dr. Gallagher described the success of the Deaconess Hospital in Washington. Such an institution is needed in Toronto.

Miss Scott spoke of what the people

THE NEW BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.

were doing for the deaconess work. She told interesting things of chicken socials, egg socials, etc., as held in the country. This means that the people give a chicken instead of money as their admission to the social. These products are then forwarded to the deaconesses for distribution to the poor for their Christmas dinner. Egg socials, held in the spring, are a great boon to the sick poor of our cities. And in the summer the eggs are used in the Fresh Air Work at Whitby. Many people who have not money to send have the products of the farm for which very high prices have to be paid in the city. And not one of us can give a chicken or an egg without feeling a deepened interest in this deaconess work which is growing so dear to the hearts of our Canadian people. There are now receiving centres at Hamilton and Winnipeg, as well as Toronto.

The accompanying cut was crowded out of our notice of the new Broadway Tabernacle in New York. It shows how the tall, ten-story tower is used for different church offices, board-rooms, and various other assembly halls, as described in the illustrated article in May number.

At the coming International Sunday-school Convention, to be held at Toronto from June 23rd to June 27th next, one special feature will be an exposition of the most modern equipment of the present-day Sunday-school. It is intended to have an Art Exposition, consisting of pictures loaned for the special occasion by noted artists, and from the collections of the Hon. John Wanamaker, H. J. Heintz, and others. There will also be a display of literature used in the Sunday-schools, Bibles from the different Bible societies, and the Oxford Press, and also an exposition of the best architectural arrangements for Sunday-schools, and the most modern missionary and temperance methods of illustrative teaching will receive ample recognition. Displays of maps, charts, manual work, music, records, novelties, Bible-training material, books, and everything calculated to insure the interest of every one, from the child of tender years to the Sunday-school worker of advanced years, in methods of teaching and illustrating Bible truth. This part of the convention will be under the special charge of the Rev. Dr. C. H. Blackhall, of Philadelphia.

THE LABRADOR AND MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

From a review of all the work of the Moravians (Unitas Fratrum) in 1904, published by Pastor Bechler in the Evangelical Missionary Magazine of Basel, we take the following interesting statements concerning the work in Labrador. This work celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary three years ago, and the station at Nain, which was founded in 1771, is still in existence. Pastor Bechler estimates the number of Eskimos living near the coast at about 2,000 (a little lower than other authorities), but he questions the truth of the oft-repeated statement that the Labrador Eskimos are dying out. The greatest danger to these Eskimos comes from the numerous Newfoundland fishermen who annually visit the coast and deprive the inhabitants of their at best slender living. The missionaries pay especial attention to these visitors, and also to the white settlers in the southern part of Labrador. In 1901 the laborers moved forward into new heathen territory. The peninsula Killinek (Kikkertanjak, in Eskimo) was occupied, so that it will now be possible to reach the Eskimos on the western coast of Ungava Bay. This is the very territory which the Moravians tried to occupy a hundred years ago, but from which they were ejected by the Hudson's Bay Company. At present the Labrador Mission of the Moravians has seven stations, 1,300 communicants, twelve ordained missionaries, six lay helpers, and one physician, who is in charge of the hospital at Okak. The first Eskimo newspaper made its appearance two years ago.

We have received the following interesting letter from the Rev. Jacob Poppen, pastor of the First Holland Reformed Church, Wortendyke, N.J.:

"My Dear Editor,—Your article on 'The Epic of Methodism,' in the current number, I read with profound interest. It seems remarkable to me that the Hollanders have generally proved impervious to Methodism. I was, therefore, startled to be confronted with Paul Heck's Bible, as reproduced in the cut, not in German, but in good old-fashioned Holland, after the excellent version approved by the States General of the United Netherlands, and by the General Synod of Dordt, A.D. 1618-1619."

It is curious that this photograph of the old book in Victoria College library should confirm the fact of the relationship of the Palatines to the Netherlands as well as to the Rhenish palatinate.

Book Notices.

"Dr. Grenfell's Parish." The Deep-Sea Fishermen. By Norman Duncan. Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador." New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 155. Price, $1.00 net.

More fascinating than a tale of romance or fiction is the story of Dr. Grenfell's adventurous and heroic life. A few years ago this well-born, Oxford-bred young Englishman was walking the London hospitals. He strayed one night into one of Mr. Moody's meetings and determined to dedicate his life to the service of humanity. After mission work in London slums he joined the mission to the deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea, and then gave himself to the deeper needs of the fishing fleets on the Labrador coast.

Mr. Duncan gives a vivid account of his "parish," where his doctor's duties take him on a round of three thousand miles of a most rugged and inhospitable country. Here he is at once doctor, parson, master-mariner, and magistrate, a prophet and champion of the people. It is one of the stormiest coasts in the world. In one gale forty vessels were driven on a lee shore, in another eighty were wrecked over night, two thousand fishermen cast away. Twenty-five thousand people go north from Newfoundland every year in a thousand fishing vessels, and four thousand more live the year round on this bleak and rugged coast. The Government employs a physician to make a fortnightly round on the mail steamer in the summer time, but what is one among so many men exposed to sickness, accident and danger every hour. One father had to cut off his little daughter's frozen feet with an axe to save her life. Another sick man dosed himself with a liquid obtained by boiling cast-off pulley blocks!

To this needy community came this modern Viking, and in his little steam yacht "Strathcona," visits every harbor on the coast, ministering to the sick or conveying them to one of the hospitals which he has established on the coast. No peril of fog or sleet or storm can daunt him. In winter it is even worse. He travels for hundreds of miles with dog-teams and komatiks, or wooden sleds, ministering to the sick and performing surgical operations, passing the night out of doors in his sleeping bag, snuggled close to his dogs for the sake of warmth. Mr. Duncan's book gives, in his own vivid manner, the stirring incidents of this heroic life and of the dangers encountered and triumphs achieved by this heroic man.

"The Life and Work of the Rev. E. J. Peck Among the Eskimos." By Rev. Arthur Lewis, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-350.

This book has special interest to Canadians, because it describes missionary work, as heroic as any other attempted, in a little-known part of our own Dominion—the east coast of Hudson's Bay. Few of us have any adequate conception of the extent of this great Mediterranean of Canada, soon to be connected by rail with Toronto and the great west. Our author presents a map showing Great Britain and Ireland as transferred to Hudson's Bay and scarce occupying one-fourth of its area. The brave missionary whose life and labors are here recorded responded to the appeal of Bishop Horden for volunteers thirty years ago. He records the grateful indebtedness of the mission to the syllabic character invented by James Evans, by which the Bible and hymn books were translated into the Eskimo language. After ten years' labor in this rugged field the missionary returned to England for a furlough, but was soon back at his work with a splendid reinforcement in the person of a devoted wife. In the first year of their wedded happiness, in mid-winter the missionary set out on a journey of six hundred miles, two hundred and fifty of which he made on foot, the remaining three hundred and fifty with dog-sleds. The isolation of those heroic souls is almost inconceivable. But one ship a year brings letters from England. One missionary did not hear of the death of his child in England for a year after it took place. The missionaries have their unfailing reward. In the snow igloos of the Eskimo gospel triumphs are won, which gladden their hearts and compensate for all their toil. The book has all the fascination of a romance.

"The Clansman." An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Pp. 374. Price, cloth, $1.50.

We had the pleasure of reviewing in this magazine Mr. Dixon's striking tale of reconstruction times in the Southern States, "The Leopard's Spots." This book is the second of a series planned on the race conflict. It develops the story of the Ku Klux Klan conspiracy. It was one of the stormiest periods of American history. The book is one of absorbing interest, even though we may not agree with all of the author's positions and conclusions. Few things are more dramatic than the tale of how this mysterious organization akin to the Vehmgerichte of Germany, spread terror through the South. "In the darkest hour of the life of the South, when her wounded people lay helpless amid rags and ashes under the beak and talon of the vulture, suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a man's hand. It grew until its mantle of mystery enfolded the stricken earth and sky. An Invisible Empire had risen from the field of Death and challenged the Visible to mortal combat. How the young South, led by the reincarnated souls of the Clansmen of Old Scotland, went forth under this cover and against overwhelming odds, daring exile, imprisonment, and a felon's death, and saved the life of a people, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan race."

"History of the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States of America." By James Hannay, D.C.L., author of "A History of Acadia," etc. Toronto: Morang & Co., Ltd. Pp. xv-372. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

The only work that can compare in copious treatment and illustration of this period in our country's history is Benjamin J. Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812," but that book was written from a frankly American, as this is from a frankly Canadian, point of view. Dr. Hannay is by general and special training admirably adapted for the writing of such a book. For over thirty years he has been actively connected with the press, has written a history of Acadia and many historical papers. He gives us the result of much original research. He shows how utterly unjustifiable was the waging of this war, which was precipitated for political reasons by the Madison administration. Canada at the time had less than half a million people, whereas the United States had over eight millions. Our southern neighbors thought all they need do would be to send emissaries int Canada, when the people would fall in.o the arms of the United States. They were very speedily undeceived. Then, as after the War of the Revolution, from the fortress city of Quebec to the remotest extremities of Canada the people sprang to the defence of their homes and hearths. With very little assistance from Great Britain, then engaged in the struggle with the arch-despot Napoleon, they repulsed invasion after invasion of our country. Not one foot of Canadian territory was retained by the Americans, and the original cause of the quarrel was not even mentioned in the treaty of peace. Never were more strikingly illustrated the words of Lord Lansdowne that war is the most ferocious and futile of all means of settling difficulties. This book is very handsomely illustrated with portraits and other engravings, diagrams, and maps. It is written in a readable style and throbs with patriotic feeling.

"Sidney Smith." By George W. E. Russell. New York: The MacMillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Pp. vii-242. Price, 75 cents net.

The life of the wise and witty Sydney Smith is one that well deserves to be retold in this admirable series of English Men of Letters. He was a distinct force in letters. The founding of The Edinburgh Review marks an epoch in British literature. But he should be remembered still more by his championship of reform movements, and of catholic emancipation, when narrowness and bigotry were the too general characteristic of his fellow churchmen. It is a pity that the wide-minded divine was not as generous in his treatment of "the people called Methodists," and of missions as he was of the Roman Catholics. He winged the shafts of his banter and ridicule at the new sect and the great movement which have since belted the world. He will be remembered best by his genuine wit, which flashed and sparkled like a diamond. We shall put this book in the hands of a clever writer for fuller review.

"Return." A Story of the Sea Islands in 1739. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Authors of "The Last Word," etc. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd. Pp. 544. Price, $1.50.

This is an intensely dramatic and fascinating story. Its scene is laid in the early days of South Carolina and Georgia. The authors have made a careful study of the times, and the distinguished statesman Oglethorpe, and the great preacher George Whitefield appear prominently in its pages. Then as now the drink habit was the curse of mankind. A penitent sinner thus protests to Whitefield: "But the drink—the drink—the drink, man! Do you know what it is? It hath cast me out from my father's house, after I had disgraced him; it hath shamed me before every friend I ever possessed; and now it is losing me the woman I love. What must I do to be saved from it?"

The striking title of this book is the name given to a little lad, the son of its heroine, who, captured by the Indians, was happily restored to his parents, bringing with him reconciliation of estranged hearts. The authors are saturated with the old ballad literature of Scotland, and their chapter headings from these old ballads strikingly fit the movement of the story.

"A Thousand Miles in the Heart of Africa." A record of a visit to the Mission field of the Boer Church in Central Africa. By J. du Plessis, B.A., B.D. With two maps and twenty-nine illustrations. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. 6d.

The literature of missions is of immense volume and value. Missionaries are in many lands the true pioneers of civilization. This book gives an illuminative account of a mission for which we did not give the Boers credit, one in Angoniland, in the heart of Central Africa. The book recites the trials and triumphs of mission effort in one of the most difficult regions of the world—regions smitten by fever, cursed with superstition and cruelty. Side-lights are thrown upon the Roman Catholic and Church of Scotland missions in the Dark Continent. The Blantyre Cathedral is a magnificent structure of stately architecture, which the writer says "astonishes us almost as much as would the discovery of a Madonna of Raphael in a native hut." There is for Africa a great future, and it is an inspiration to read what has been accomplished, and a challenge to the Christian Church to take up the work which must yet be done. The book is handsomely illustrated.

"Christus in Ecclesia: Sermons on the Church and Its Institutions." By Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt., D.C.L. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author of this book is a devout and scholarly representative of the Broad Church party in the Anglican communion. If their conceptions of ecclesiasticism prevailed, Nonconformists would have very little to complain of; differences would soon come within sight of adjustment. But amid all the differences of the three great parties, Evangelical, High Church, Broad Church, the one unifying conception after all is "The Church," and "The Establishment." Our author praises the Oxford Movement, with the High Church position of which he does not agree, for restoring "the idea of the Church," and believes that the Romanistic tendencies of the movement will die away. He then points out the "broad" idea of the eucharist, baptism, grace, and other great religious terms. Apostolic succession he opposes without if or but—and denounces the spirit that would unchurch nonconformist denominations, upon whose work the Spirit of God pours His blessing. He insists on the priesthood of all believers; the clergy being simply representative of the whole class, appointed to a work in the interest of the whole. He recognizes the good of the narrower views of the Evangelicals, and points out the fact that therein is often found intensity of Christian spirit which is not the characteristic of the party of "liberal theology."

At the same time truth must be the ultimate aim. They must give their message as they see it, and organize for greater effectiveness, for their weakness is in their isolation and timidity. If this presentation of church ideas does not quite fulfil the Divine ideal, it is certainly a sincere, devout, scholarly, yet simple presentation of one line along which holy men are thinking to-day, and which is not far from the central truth of the kingdom. The careful reading of this view cannot but be of immense service to our intelligent ministry, in preparation for the great world-conflict in which all Churches should unite, at least in appreciative sympathy. C. S. E.