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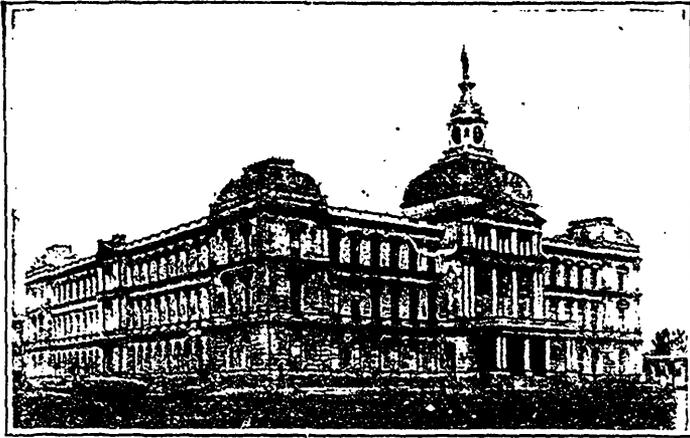
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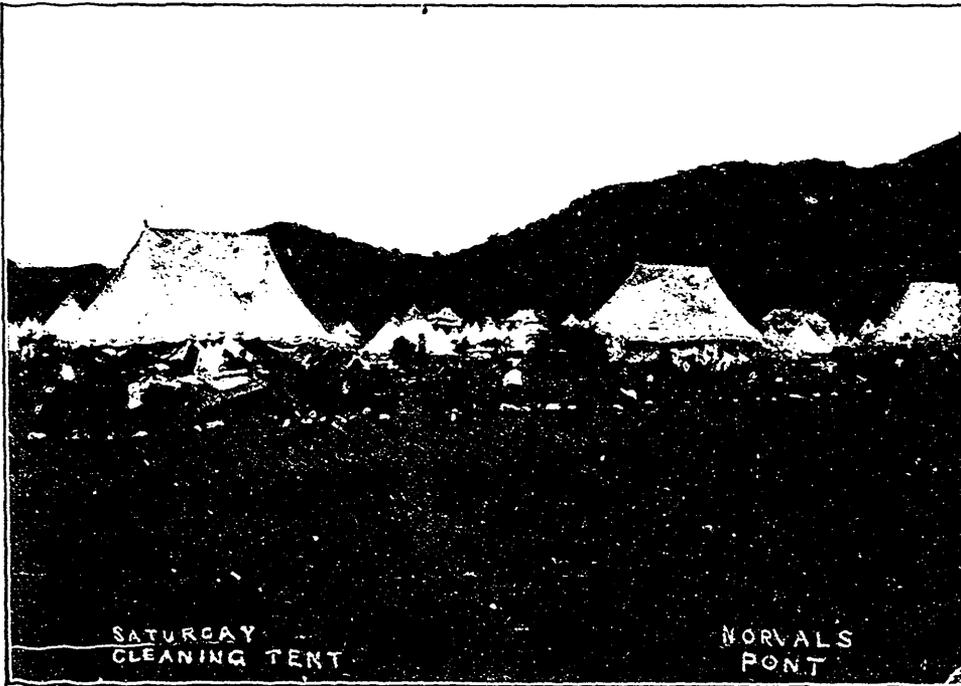
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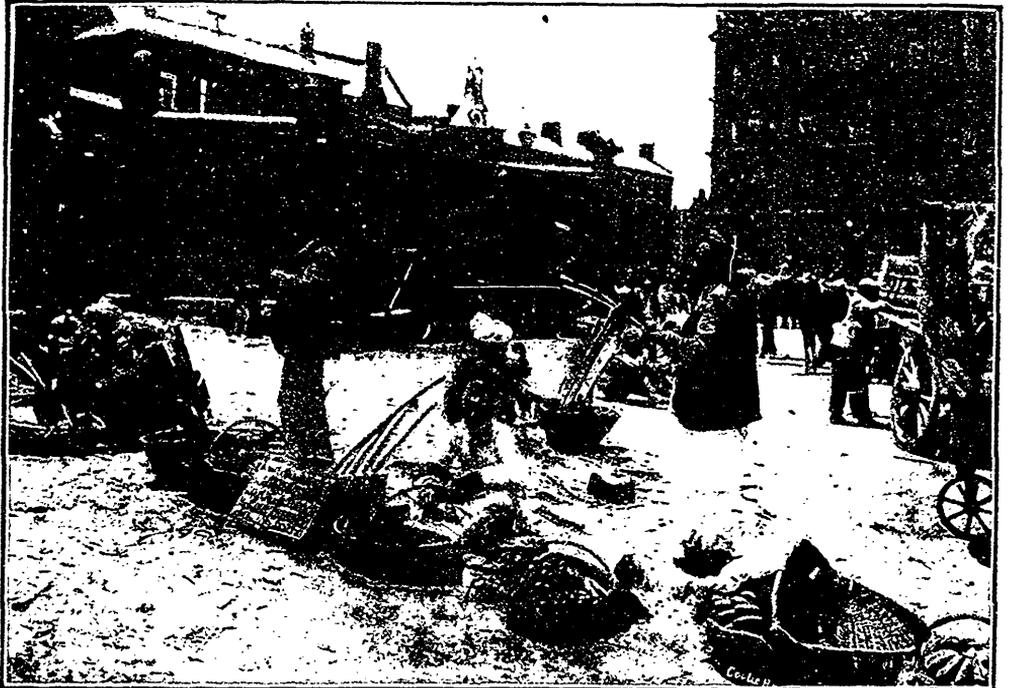


HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AT PRETORIA, TRANSSVAAL, OVER WHICH NOW FLOATS THE UNION JACK.





STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG BEFORE THE WAR.

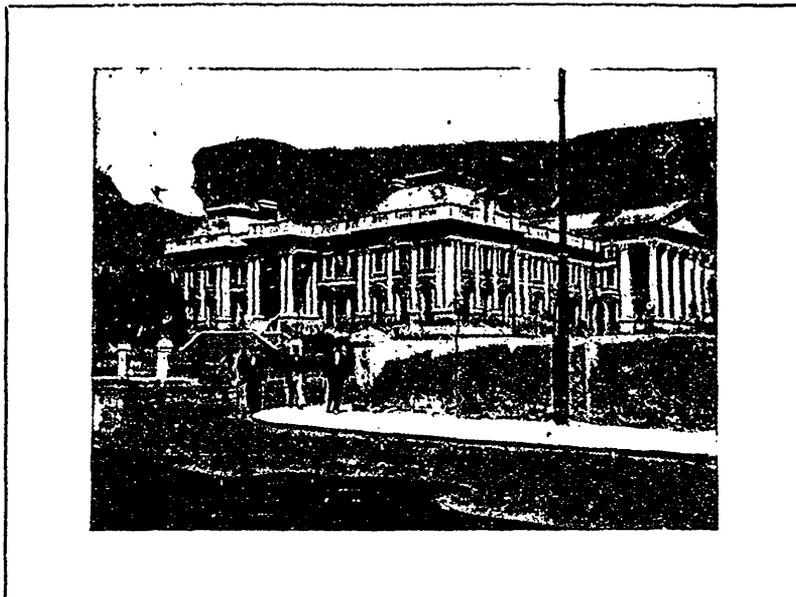


COOLIE HAWKERS, JOHANNESBURG MARKET SQUARE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1906.

A CANADIAN GIRL IN SOUTH AFRICA.*



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.



THIS is a story of unique interest. The world never saw anything like it before. At the very time the Boers were in arms against the British Government, and trying their best to drive the British into the sea, that Government gathered the families of their enemies, as well as of neutrals and friendlies, by thousands into refuge camps, established hospitals with doctors and trained nurses, furnished rations, organized schools, and sent hundreds of school-teachers from the

homeland and New Zealand, Australia and Canada to train these children. Canada was asked to furnish forty of these teachers. A thousand promptly volunteered. The forty were taken on a trip half round the world, says our author, feted like princesses, all expenses and comforts provided by the Government and paid besides each a hundred pounds for their services.

The teachers came from many parts of Canada, from Halifax on the east to Portage la Prairie on the west. Miss Graham's contingent left Can-

* "A Canadian Girl in South Africa." By E. Maud Graham. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 192. Price, \$1.00.



HALF-CASTE MALAY WOMAN, CAPE TOWN.

ada, April 19, 1902. They were met at Liverpool and London by committees of ladies. A complete programme was provided for ten days' entertainment at the heart of the empire. They met very distinguished people, had reservations in the Speaker's and Ladies' Gallery at the Commons, were invited to Lord Strathcona's country house at Knebworth, and received a splendid send-off on their long journey. A goodspeed poem, written by the daughter of the Bishop of Winchester, breathed the following Christian patriotic sentiments:

" You who have come from your snowland
Crossing the main,
Touched on the shore of our Homeland,
Starting again ;

" Bridging the width of two oceans,
Weaving a rope
Linking the mighty St. Lawrence
To streams of ' Good Hope.' "

" Go from the shore of the Homeland,
Cheered for your start,
Warmed with the grip of her hand-shake,
Straight from the heart.

" Feel that she glows with your triumphs,
Thrills with your toil ;
Longs that the seed which you scatter
May spring in good soil.

" There in the land of the sunshine,
Children, large-eyed,
Wait for the light you will bring them,
Drawn to your side.

" Children, the germ of a nation,
Of peoples to be,
Under one Flag, in one Empire,
Prosperous, free.

" Clasp those small hands in your own, then,
Draw them with love,
Tell them we work for one Master -
Our Father above.

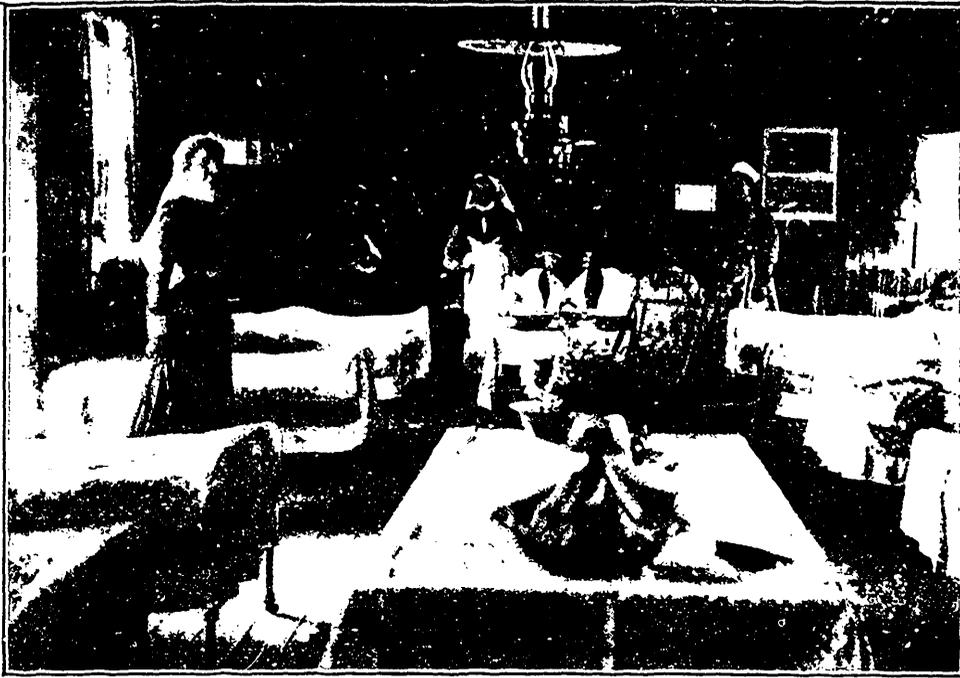
" Tell them we look for one Homeland,
We pray the same prayer,
We love the Good Shepherd who folds us
So tenderly here.

" Pray that all funds may be ended,
All enmity cease,
That we all may fight under one Banner—
The Banner of Peace."

The long journey to the Cape was very delightful. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was calm as a mill-pond. Some raw recruits were receiving



A MALAY BRIDE, CAPE TOWN.



CHILDREN'S WARD IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL.

squad drill on the deck and the sergeant-major offered to drill any ladies who wished it. Most of the Canadian girls hopped about on one foot, or did other kangaroo antics, to the great amusement of the non-athletes.

They landed at Teneriffe and St. Helena, but had a specimen of what old Neptune could do before their journey's end. In the storm the piano broke loose and went waltzing about the saloon, to be gathered up in fragments later. There were not dishes enough left to go round, but they reached Cape Town safely nevertheless. After a short stay in this old, but in part very new town, of 200,000, and a visit to Rondbusch, Cecil Rhodes' beautiful place, they started for the interior in coaches all labelled: "Contents: Canadian Teachers."

Peace had meantime been proclaimed, and thousands of troops were returning to England. The block-houses, barbed-wire entanglements, and hundreds of graves marked with wooden crosses were evidences of the terrific struggle.

Miss Graham's contingent of four teachers, after sixty hours' journey, reached their station, Norval's Point, June 6th. The refugee camp consisted of long lines of tents glistening white in the morning sun. They were pitched in regular rows with broad streets between, edged with lines of white-washed stones for guides on dark nights.

The school camp was a little removed; there were thirteen hundred children, all but the babies under school training. They were given every day hot soup at recess and were



DUTCH GIRLS AS PROBATIONERS IN A
CAMP HOSPITAL.

a fat, healthy, happy looking lot, very docile and very fond of their teachers. On the first night when the camp was wrapped in sleep, a lot of donkeys on a foraging expedition got tangled up in the tent ropes, making a tremendous row. "Just at daybreak," says our vivacious author, "we were awakened by the most doleful sounds I had ever heard. After listening in dismay for some minutes, and wondering if it was a funeral, I suddenly realized that it was the Boers at their sunrise devotions. Apparently they were singing psalms, a custom universal amongst the poorer classes. At sunset again they have similar exercises, but always in the same extravagantly doleful manner."

The Boer women were friendly but hard to train in the matter of cleanliness. Hence, if measles or diphtheria occurred it went through the whole camp. Numbers of the chil-

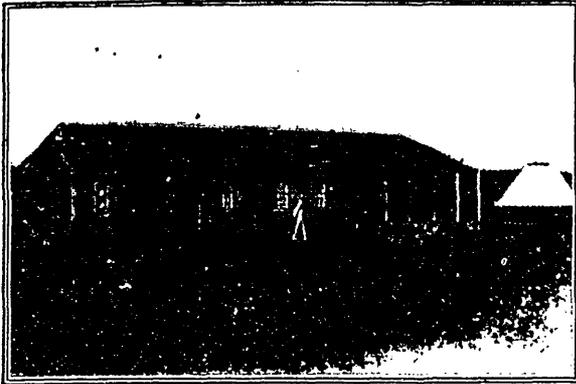
dren were actually found sewn up in their clothes in which they had been sleeping for weeks. Yet the sanitation was so improved that in a camp of thirty-five hundred persons there were not more than a dozen in hospital. The people were never so well off in their lives as when in camps, for they received lessons in cleanliness and sanitary living which must have been beneficial to the children at least.

The poorer Dutch women hadn't the faintest idea of cooking anything properly, even when they had good materials; the rich, hot soup given the children by the camp, at recess, being the only nourishing food they had, in many cases. "The soup was of the best, and many a time we teachers took it in preference to our own lunch sent down from our kitchen."

The little ones were fond of singing, especially the Moody and Sankey



A KAFFIR DRIVER—ON THE WAY TO
A VELDTSCHOOL WITH THE NECESSARY
FURNITURE.



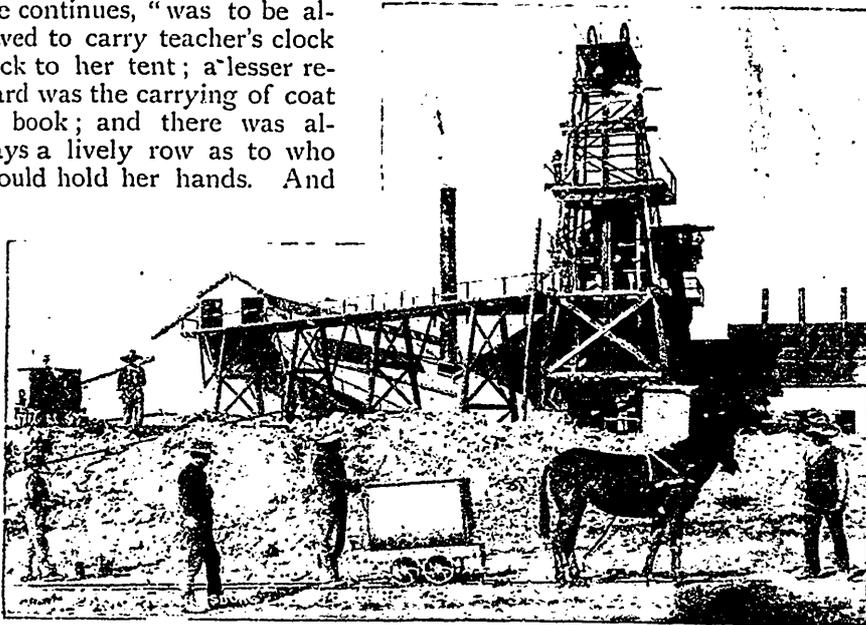
HOUSE OF CORRUGATED IRON—TEACHER'S QUARTERS.

hymns, of which they knew several. The kindergarden action songs proved the quickest way of teaching English. "And I found it wonderful," says Miss Graham, "how quickly they memorized the new songs. The highest reward for the day's work," she continues, "was to be allowed to carry teacher's clock back to her tent; a lesser reward was the carrying of coat or book; and there was always a lively row as to who should hold her hands. And

such pathetic little presents they brought to school—a ragged ostrich feather, a battered old Christmas card, a gay cover of a cigarette box, a green quince—treasures to be received with delighted thanks.

"If the family was very poor clothes were given out of the stores. Of course there was a great deal of imposition practised; in scores of cases the children were sent ragged and bare-footed in the cold weather, and the new clothes hidden

away for such time as the family would leave camp. One man had never ceased complaining of great poverty, and had been given an unusual amount of free supplies. When he left camp he unearthed a bag of



SURFACE WORKS OF A GOLD MINE IN JOHANNESBURG.



CROSSING THE VELDT IN CAPE CARTS.

gold from the floor of his tent, bought all he wanted, and paid thirty-five pounds for a horse he fancied."

The children were quaint little figures; the boys were odd wee men with mud-colored corduroys, and the girls had a horror of having hands and face sunburned. Most of the refugees were of the poorer classes, but there were many who were well born and had been well-to-do. They suffered greatly.

"There were in our camp," says Miss Graham, "numbers of people whose homes I afterwards saw—beautiful places, with numbers of servants—and it is simply nonsense to pretend that it was not a fearful trial for such people to live huddled together in a bell tent, or a mud room, doing their own work, and carrying their own wood and water in all sorts of weather."



FAURESMITH GIRLS.

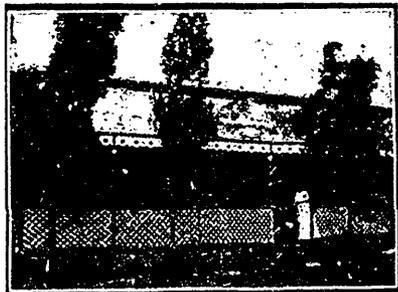


THE PRETTIEST CHILDREN IN TOWN.

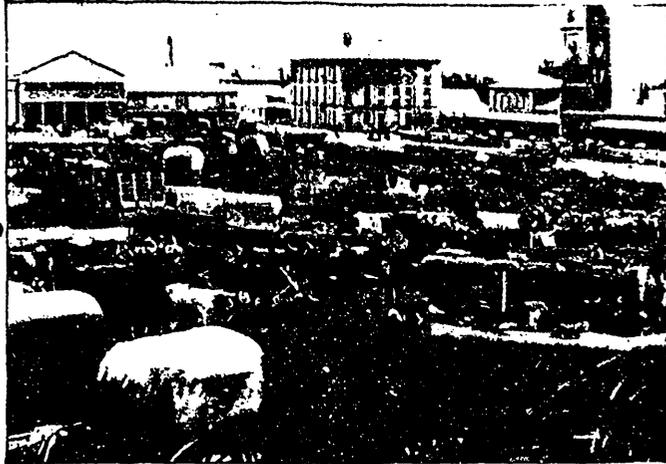
One of these had an elegant house finished with hardwood floors and ceilings; amongst the remains of destroyed furniture, two pianos, one a grand, the other for common use. But such is war.

The tropical rains, violent winds and extreme change from heat to cold were very trying. One night half the tents in the camp collapsed in a storm, to the no small discomfort of their occupants.

"One day," says Miss Graham, "there was a great excitement. A big commando



"MAPLE COTTAGE," THE FAURESMITH SCHOOL-HOUSE.



MARKET DAY IN A SOUTH AFRICAN TOWN.

had surrendered and had come into camp. The wives refused to believe that peace was signed, and said they would not believe it unless they heard it from General Christian De Wet himself, called their husbands and sons 'Hands-uppers,' and proceeded to beat them with brooms or any other convenient weapon. To pacify them the Superintendent telegraphed for DeWet, who came two days later and spoke very sensibly to both parents and children. It was most pathetic, too, and before he finished every one was in tears. He spoke in Dutch, though to us he used fairly good English. He said he had done his best in the war, no man could do more. They had all fought bravely, and were fairly conquered, and now instead of wasting their energy in useless grumbling, he advised them to take advantage of the schools, to work their farms well, and to show the world what good stuff was in them. We thought, however, he did a very unkind thing in Miss Arbuckle's room. Her assistant, a nice little Dutch girl, went up to shake hands, but De Wet drew back, saying, 'Your uncle was a traitor, who surrendered with Cronje, and I cannot shake hands with such people.' The poor girl cried bitterly."

Yet Cronje had only anticipated De Wet by a few months in his surrender.

At the end of June a great teachers' convention was held in Johannesburg, to bring together all the teachers, Dutch, English and those from the colonies. The residents of Johannesburg billeted as many as possible and great good resulted from the comparison of methods and kindly acquaintances thus formed. It was a long journey. They arrived at Johannesburg in a wretched condition. "The train, an enormous one," says Miss Graham, "was crowded with pedagogues, most of them awful-looking females."

It was not all school grind, however. They were feted and treated and shown the gold mines, entertained by Lord Milner and visited Pretoria. Many Canadians, some of them old friends, were met.

On the day of the King's coronation every child got a bag of candies, fruit and a bottle of lemonade. There were sports and games and lots of fun into which the refugees entered with zest. Indeed, athletics, lawn-tennis,

hockey and polo played a very important part in the programme of South African life.

During August the refugees were largely distributed, each family receiving free seed, a month's provision, and were shown great kindness.

"A new element of interest in the refugee camp," says Miss Graham, "was the return of many prisoners of war from St. Helena and Ceylon. Whenever these men signified their willingness to take the oath of allegiance they were taken back to South Africa, and put on an equal footing with the other Dutch in regard to supplies of stock, seed, etc., from the Repatriation Board. All whom I met expressed regret that they had been so slow in taking the oath, saying they had never dreamed that the British would have shown such clemency.

"About the end of August there was a big farewell picnic for them, our last picnic on the banks of the Orange River. Such a jolly picnic it was! I think those teachers who expressed the opinion that the Boer children were dull and disinclined to play did so before they got acquainted with their charges. They were just as fond of fun as any children I ever met."

The group of teachers to which Miss Graham belonged were transferred to Fauresmith, travelling in an open railway truck to the nearest station, and then by camp carts along the railroad, which they did not see again for eleven months. Here the scholars soon increased to one hundred and fifty, "some of the girls as handsome," says Miss Graham, "as any I have ever seen, and all neatly dressed. The children were very kind and lovable. Every morning there was a crowd waiting on the front door-step, and we were mobbed by the girls trying to 'walk with,' as they

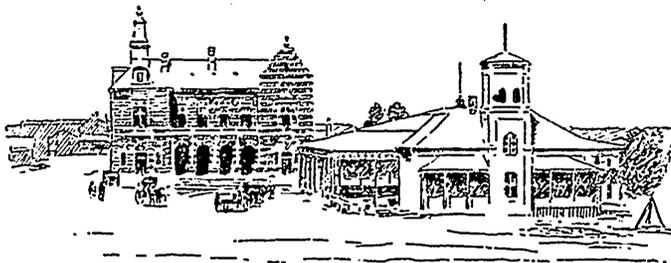


BRITISH REFUGEES TREKKING DURING THE WAR.

said, in order to put their arms around our waists."

Many of the houses had been sacked by troops, every dish broken, the silverware looted, furniture used as firewood, and of sixty-two pianos only two escaped. Some had the keyboards ripped out and the hollow space used for feeding-troughs for the horses. This was the work of both Dutch and English, who were each agreed that what one side spared the other had destroyed.

The Boers who had kept their oath of neutrality were severely scored by De Wet, and suffered chiefly by the hands of their own neighbors. As the town contained many influential Boer families, the teachers did not expect a cordial reception. They determined, however, to make friendly advances which were very cordially received, one old lady especially mothering the Canadian girls in the



MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

kindest manner. They gave a picnic to the smaller children, and a tea to the mothers. Soon they received invitations everywhere, and not a few kindly presents of butter and eggs, which were very scarce. Thus the bitterness of the war time was gradually forgotten.

The tales of military camp life are of much interest. One tall, handsome fellow from a beautiful English home knelt down to say his prayers the first night in quarters. He was greeted with a shower of boots, brushes, etc. He then got up, challenged his assailants, thrashed two or three and calmly returned to his interrupted devotions. He was as brave in the fight as he was in the camp.

On the King's birthday one of the troopers, a sergeant-major, was accidentally killed. The Dutch people stripped their gardens of their finest flowers for his funeral, and the whole town went into mourning for a week. The service was read by a Dutch pastor who had lost everything in the war. The town was becoming too British for a few ultra Dutch Afrianders.

It was hard to celebrate Christmas with the mercury in the 90's, but the neighbors sent many little presents, and the Christmas dinner and reception were a great success.

Some of the Dutch, however, were irreconcilable. One girl who had been a Boer spy was railing at the

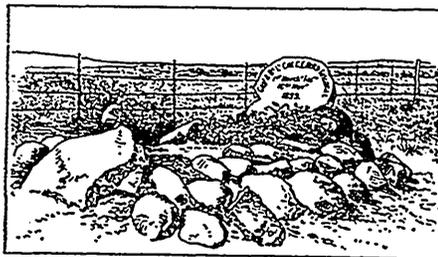
British. "But we are British," said Miss Graham.

"Oh!" she answered, "you may be British, but you are not English. You are Canadian, and we like Canadians—you come from a big free country and you are not stiff."

One day a little man brought a big overgrown boy, and said: "Miss Graham, I bring you my boy Gert. He goot boy, but no school—tree, four year. He fight goot, and work by the farm. Now, you beat him, beat him hard, make him learn." Poor Gert, eighteen years old, and only fit for the Third Reader! But he did his very best.

Easter Day was celebrated by decorating the graves of all the soldiers, English and Dutch alike. This was done all over Africa by the League of Loyal Women, similar to the Canadian Daughters of the Empire.

Miss Graham was next assigned



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The Burial Place of Lieut.-Colonel Keith-Falconer, at the Orange River.

—From a photograph.



CARRYING A DESPATCH IN WAR TIME.

duty at Kroonstadt, the seat of the Orange Free State Government, a very pretty place on the Balsch River. At Kroonstadt were many irreconcilables. The teachers tried to bring the various factions together by means of hockey and field sports, with no small success. The British Government made strenuous efforts to secure the repatriation, or settlement on their farms, of the Boers. It kept large trek wagons constantly on the road, carrying the farmers and their goods to their homes. When this was done, the oxen, fourteen to a wagon, were loaned to the farmers. But these efforts were rendered futile from the long drought lasting from January, 1902, till June, 1904. The drought killed cattle and sheep by the thousand and wasted three seeding times.

As to compensation, says Miss Graham:

“Such a scheme as was projected by the British Government marked a new epoch in the history of warfare. In the terms of surrender £3,000,000 were promised to assist those persons who surrendered under Lord Roberts’ proclamation, or to compensate British subjects, foreign subjects, and natives. The granting of this sum was purely an act of grace on the part of the authorities for the partial relief of sufferers.”

“Incredible as it may seem, there was not such a thing as a beggar throughout the length and breadth of the new African colonies during the year and a half following the war. Yet there were thousands of landless people who, in the ordinary course of events, would have been utterly stranded after the war. These were the very poor, very dirty and very ignorant folk, who had passed the most comfortable days of their lives in the refugee camps. Under the Dutch régime they had been known as ‘by-woners’—squatters—and seemed but little higher than the Kafirs in the scale of civilization.

“What was to be done with the ‘by-woners?’ As a temporary measure some of the refugee camps were kept open for almost a year after the close of the war.

“Another class who inhabited these belated camps consisted of considerable numbers of women and children left in these camps because their husbands and fathers were still away in the prison camps refusing stubbornly to take the oath of allegiance, and known as ‘Irreconcilables.’ Many of them remained under the care of the Government for more than a year following the war, and others for still longer periods. It is interesting and hopeful to note that each party of irreconcilables, on returning to South Africa, experienced the liveliest surprise at the friendly way in which Briton and Boer had settled down side by side; and in the majority of cases expressed strongly the wish that they had taken the oath of allegiance sooner.”

Better than feeding the by-woners at public expense and so pauperizing them for ever, was the British plan of starting a relief works. One of these expended £70,000 in making a huge

dam for irrigation purposes, but when the rains came it was found, like the house in the Scripture, to have been based on quicksand, and had to be abandoned.

Miss Graham has done no small service to her country and to all who love justice by her vindication of the policy of Great Britain in the pacification of South Africa. She says:

"The more one learns of the attitude of the British Government towards the Dutch people of South Africa since the war, the stronger does one's patriotism become. Never in the history of the world did one nation show such clemency to another; never did a government make such stupendous efforts to obliterate the traces of war; never have those in authority made such wise and generous plans to mitigate the sufferings of the poor. What matter if an occasional undertaking has failed in the execution, or if an occasional official has failed to realize the responsibility of his position; the more thoughtful people throughout the country acknowledge to-day the unparalleled generosity of the British nation. Many an old Dutch resident has said to me with a smile that had the Afrikaner cause been successful the English would have been treated very differently.

"'We meant to take all their land and property, and then drive them into the sea,' said one old lady over her coffee-cup. 'Yes,' added her husband, 'and these lazy beggars of Kafirs wouldn't be lording it over us as they are with their missions and silly notions. They're only fit to be slaves!'"

Miss Graham does not fail to point out some of the failures in the conciliation policy. This she attributes to the hostility of the Dutch Reformed preachers.

"Both Dutch and British agree that if the predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church could have been muzzled for about two years after the war untold mischief would have

been prevented. But these men—so-called Christian teachers—left no stone unturned to stir up the animosity of their charges, to work upon the credulity of the ignorant classes, to foster resentment at local irregularities of administration or delays in payment of compensation money; matters which might reasonably have been expected to right themselves in the course of time, and did right themselves in the majority of cases. In this respect the Cape Colonials were ring-leaders, and incited their kinsmen of the



A BOER SCOUT.

Orange River Colony and the Transvaal to rancorous expressions of discontent, which, if left to themselves, they would probably never have thought of."

The reason she assigns for this is that under the republics the Dutch Reformed Church was all-powerful, the predikants or preachers receiving substantial grants from the Government, and large wedding fees, which were graded from one to five pounds.



GENERAL WHITE.

The Scottish Church made overtures of friendship towards the Dutch Synod of the Transvaal which were contemptuously spurned.

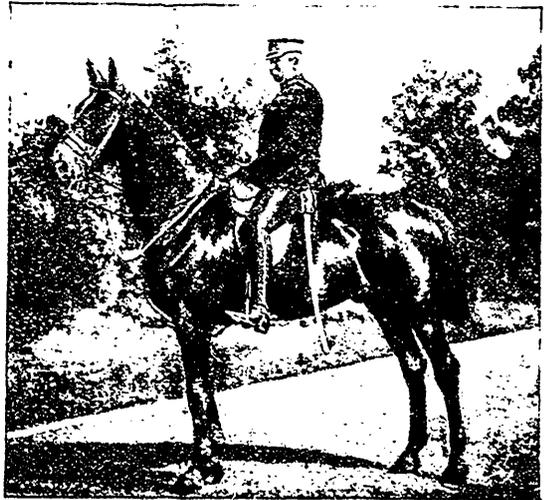
Although the British arranged for the study of the Dutch as well as English language in the schools alike as much as they had before the war, yet the Dutch predikants insisted on separate schools, and thus obstructed the most efficient means of bringing the two races into friendly relations.

Miss Graham has great hopes for the future of this great country. Co-operative farming and irrigation, which

are being largely adopted, will work wonders on the brown veldt.

Many of the Canadian contingent returned home at the end of their year's engagement, a considerable number of them married in South Africa. Miss Graham and several others remained for nearly two years, then returned to their beloved Canada. This book is one of the most illuminative and instructive that we have read on the South African problem. It abounds in vivacious sketches of the humors of school life on the brown veldt with very inadequate material. Some charts and Sunday-school colored pictures, furnished by our own Dr. Briggs, were highly appreciated.

The difficulties experienced with the Dutch language were very amusing. The



GENERAL BULLER.



GENERAL JOUBERT.

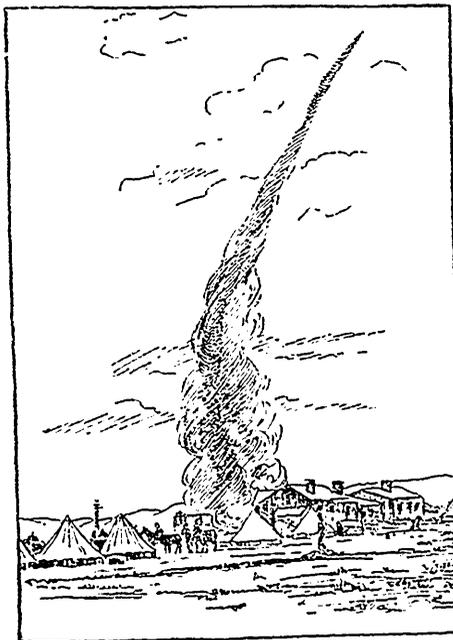
name of Miss Arbuckle, a Canadian teacher, they could not pronounce, but persisted in calling her Miss Carbuncle. The domestic servant problem existed in an acute form. The Kafir girls, though docile and kind, had a genius for making blunders. The Dutch girls were very sensitive, and could not stand joking by the Vrows about their English beaux. One such blushed so violently under fire that, says Miss Graham, "you could have toasted a bun at her cheeks."

We congratulate the accomplished author on the success of her volume, and congratulate our country that it could send across the sea such a contingent of Canadian girls to continue the work of conquering Africa by loving service, after its conquest by arms. It reminds us of Kipling's lines con-

cerning the Soudan—we quote from memory:

"They terribly carpet the earth with dead,
And, before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes
To call the living to school."

The book has about eighty half-tones, kodaked chiefly by Miss Graham, including portraits of the forty teachers, the author wearing her Toronto University cap, gown and hood.



A SOUTH AFRICAN DUST STORM.

AT GIBRALTAR.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt
While run thy armies true with his decrees;
Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!—*Geo. E. Woodberry.*

THE DEATH OF BEDE.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

Vordant Spring her mantle spreading
 O'er the landscape far and wide
 Heralded the fast approaching
 Season of Ascensiontide.
 Through the forest's leafy stillness
 Rang the birds' sweet harmony
 Mixed with sounds of murmuring waters
 Rolling to the distant sea.

Round the convent's sculptured portal
 Underneath the jutting eaves,
 'Mong the clinging briar roses
 And the wilderness of leaves,
 Bright the Maytide sun was glancing
 On the swallows' snowy breasts,
 Round the Gothic casement fitting
 As they built and lined their nests.

In a vaulted Gothic chamber
 Day by day a feeble monk
 At his carven desk was leaning,
 While the tonsured head was sunk
 O'er the time-worn vellum pages
 Of a massive volume, where
 Glorious illuminations
 He was setting down with care.

From the sunrise to the sunset
 Still he labored on and on,
 Toiling with unwearied patience
 At the Gospel of St. John ;
 Fast and faster life was sinking,
 Feebler grew its dying flame,
 Yet this work must be accomplished
 Ere the last great summons came.

Often as with heavy eyelids,
 Weary limbs and aching brow,
 Through the long bright hours he labored
 To fulfil that sacred vow,
 His disciples gathered round him,
 And with anxious hearts would say
 " Rest awhile, beloved master ;
 Wait until the coming day."

" Brethren," he would answer simply,
 " Night is falling dark and fast,
 Soon the lamp will be extinguished,
 Every hour may be its last.
 Very brief the time remaining
 To complete this labor blast,
 But as soon as it is finished
 Verily I hope to rest.

" Meantime, let us work together,
 Heart to heart, and man to man,
 Ere my seat is vacant ever,
 Learn and labor all we can.

Chelsea, London, England.

Perfect I will leave this copy
 Of the Gospel of St. John,
 Error shall not mar its beauty
 After I am dead and gone."

So the pupils with their master
 Wrought and labored side by side
 Through the days that lengthened slowly
 Toward the bright Ascensiontide.
 And the monk of Jarrow whispered,
 Oft as though the twilight gloom
 Rang the solemn chimes of vesper,
 " Pilot ! pilot ! lead me home !"

From the hours of early morning
 On Ascension eve were they
 Gathered in that vaulted chamber
 Toiling through the livelong day ;
 And the placid summer twilight
 Found the master in his chair
 To the patient scribe dictating,
 Who the text put down with care.

Tears those faithful eyes were blinding
 And upon the vellum fell,
 But, at length, through evening stillness
 Rang the deep-toned chapel-bell.
 " Master ! my beloved master !
 One brief passage yet remains ;
 Surely thou canst scarce repeat it,
 Worn with toil and racked with pains."

" Take thy pen," the monk said quickly,
 " Set it down without delay !
 In my ear the summons soundeth
 And I must that voice obey.
 Quick ! for on the glorious threshold
 Of immortal life I stand,
 Inspiration comes upon me
 Wafted from the Better Land."

Clear and full his voice resound'd
 Through the vaulted Gothic room,
 One by one the words were painted
 By the fading summer gloom.
 " Dearest master, it is finished !"
 Said the patient scribe at last.
 " It is finished !" said the master,
 " Toil is ended : Jordan passed !

" Glory to the Heavenly Father,
 Glory to the Risen One,
 Glory to the Holy Spirit
 While unending ages run !"
 Then upon the pavement sinking
 As the final words he said,
 Lifting up his face to heaven,
 Bede's noble spirit fled.



ANNA VINCENT MASSEY

ANNA VINCENT MASSEY.

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

Chancellor of Victoria University.



EARLY in the second if not already in the first century, Christianity was planted in the Roman Province of Gaul. By the year 300 A.D. there was a bishopric in every subdivision. The type of Christianity indicated its origin from the Greek rather than from the Roman church, and its

list of early martyrs is evidence of the depth of their religious character. In this primitive church, at a very early date, we meet the name Vincentius. It is clearly a Roman name, and suggests the idea of the military character of its first bearers. But in the religious history of south-western Europe we meet it first as borne by one of the most venerable of early martyrs. Vincent of Saragossa suffered in the final persecution under Diocletian about A.D. 303. From that date onwards the name occurs repeatedly in honorable records of the church. Vincent of Lerins was the opponent of Augustine, whose doctrine of sin was finally victorious in the Western church; Vincent of Beauvais was one of the most learned men of the fourteenth century, and St. Vincent de Paul was founder of the Sisters of Charity, and one of the most eminent philanthropists of his age.

With the spread of the Reformation into southern and western France, the Vincents here also maintained their early reputation for ability and religious character. In the terrible days of the persecution in "the desert," a Vincent was prominent among the lit-

tle band of itinerant pastors, who at the risk of life in the secret caves and glens of the mountains supplied the ordinances and consolations of religion to their proscribed flocks. Another bore the appeal of the people of Rochelle to the English Court, while a large number of the name were among the exiles who found in Germany, Holland, England and America a refuge from the persecution which drove them from their native land. France never sustained a greater loss, and the Protestant countries of Europe and America never gained a richer treasure than that represented by this vast multitude of devoutly religious, scrupulously conscientious, highly intelligent, industrious and enterprising people, who for the sake of religion and liberty left all to build a home in unknown lands.

Of the Huguenots who came to America a large number settled around the city of New York, forming the colony of New Rochelle, and spreading into New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The exiles who formed this colony did not, like the Plymouth or Pilgrim fathers, come in one organized body. Escaping as they could through a series of years, they joined their friends across the ocean, and were drawn by the ties of their common language, faith and sufferings to form their colonies.

The earliest Vincent in this colony came by way of Holland as early as 1660, but it was not until a full generation later that we find Levi Vincent among the settlers at New Rochelle, whence he removed later to New Jersey, where his son, John Vincent,

was born, January 26, 1709. The name of the wife of Levi Vincent, Esther Debue, would indicate that she, too, was one of the exiled Huguenots.

Of Levi Vincent and his wife no record remains except that for their faith and freedom, like Abraham, they went forth not knowing whither they went, and that they laid the foundations of a family line now of seven generations, some of them filling high places in Church and State, and all eminent for intelligence, high moral fidelity and godly religious character.

In this line we find John Himrod Vincent, an intelligent and earnest Christian worker, an able Sabbath school superintendent, and a most effective Methodist class-leader. He was twice married. Of his first family, Bishop John H. Vincent is well known throughout the whole Christian world. Of his second family the youngest but one, Anna Dobbins, the subject of the present memoir, was born in Chicago, July 19, 1859.

The home into which Miss Anna was thus planted was all that could be desired for the development of a beautiful Christian character. Her father is described by one who knew him personally and intimately as "a man of most gracious presence and courtly manners, a man of great intelligence and of highest Christian integrity." Her mother is spoken of by the same friend as "in every sense a true lady, a noble mother and Christian."

To her Bishop Vincent pays the following tender tribute: "Concerning his second wife a word: She was a faithful and tender wife through nineteen years, during fifteen of which he was practically helpless. To her loyalty and love I gladly pay tribute. She served him with unflinching fidelity, loved him in his helplessness, and mourned over him at the last as only genuine love can mourn."

It is through such parents and from

such a home that the best of our race are born and trained to bless our world. Thence we look for the world's great leaders in all good work and are not disappointed. Thence, also, come those perfect types of all domestic graces and virtues which unostentatiously hand forward to the world's future the blessed results of generations of high thought, hard work and self-denying life. Such was Miss Anna, as one who saw her first at thirteen years of age says, "remarkably bright and intelligent, full of cheer and grace," or as her own elder brother says, "gifted with a sweetness which won us all."

From these earliest years her thoughts and ambitions centred around home and the Church: a pastor, who was a friend of the family and grappling with a heavy church enterprise in a distant city, tells of a gift wrought with her own hands, a thoroughly womanly work, which cheered him in his task, and evinced the depth and reality of her interest in the work of the Church. When under the intelligent guidance of her parents she had enjoyed the educational advantages of the two western cities in which her early years were spent, she was in 1880 sent to the Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, New Jersey, under the presidency of Dr. George H. Whitney, where for two years she devoted herself to special courses in literature and music.

The testimony of Dr. Whitney to her life at this time is in these emphatic words: "Most gracious and magnetic, simple and artless, refined, always cheerful, making the best of everything, infusing her sensible optimistic spirit among her daily companions, no wonder is it that during her two years' stay among us she won all hearts, students and faculty." Her fellow-students showed their appreciation especially of her Christian char-

acter by electing her as their chaplain. The Institute at Hackettstown was henceforth her loved Alma Mater, and twenty years later she enjoyed the satisfaction of presenting it with a beautiful and valuable organ, a thank-offering for the recovery of her younger son from a long and dangerous illness.

The facts thus recorded show clearly that at this time her Christian character was already formed, and her religious life advanced to more than ordinary maturity. But of its first beginnings we do not find a record. It evidently dates far back into childhood. One can easily understand that in such a home the child always lived under the gracious influences of the Spirit, that the heart was by the Lord gently opened, and perhaps after some struggles, known only to herself, the will submitted early to Christ as her Lord and Master, and her heart was imbued with the faith in the loving, pardoning Father which surrounded her in the older members of this Christian household.

Such conversions really may include all the essential elements of a more strongly marked experience, the turning from sin, the turning to God and the assurance of His favor. But beginning so early in child life, and proceeding so gently under the pious care and fidelity of loving, godly parents, the child is scarcely conscious of the steps of the path by which it has been led from sin and nature to holiness and God. Even entrance into visible communion of the Church seems to be only a step in the course of duty to which it has been accustomed from earliest recollection. Such an experience is to be desired for this, that the child is saved from outbreaking sins and all their sad results, and that, if it is faithfully followed up, it may be the foundation for the development of the finest and most per-

fect graces of Christian character in after years. Thus it seems to have been with Miss Anna as she blossomed out into the maturity of young life, it was a life sanctified from early childhood by the continuous working of the grace of God.

On the 17th of March, 1886, she was united in marriage to Mr. Chester D. Massey, and henceforth, while taking her part in all the beneficent activities open to a woman of talent, education and wealth, the centre of her deepest interest, and most successful work was in her home.

For the duties of home few women have had better preparation than she. Inheriting the strong and tender domestic virtues of long generations, her naturally fine taste and quick intelligence, cultured and perfected by a judicious education, and all gifts and graces natural or acquired, sanctified and glorified by the spirit of religion, she entered upon her married life with rare ideals of what a home should be, and with loving enthusiasm and ambition to make her home all that her brightest dreams had pictured.

In our modern civilization the women of France have been pre-eminent for artistic taste, and have given the world its fashions in all matters of personal and household adornment. The most casual visitor could not enter the home of Mrs. Massey without being impressed by the rich beauty and the harmony and good taste of all that had grown up under her hand in her delightful home. It was indeed the realization of Solomon's virtuous woman, "All her household are clothed with scarlet; she maketh herself carpets of tapestry; her clothing is fine linen and purple; her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

But the material beauty of her home was but the least of these gracious virtues. The perfect regulation and

order of her household, the wise economy of all her resources, the liberality which is judicious and careful as well as free and generous, and the rule which is at once kindly and wise and firm, were the outcome of the stronger elements of character, the work of one who knew how to govern as well as to enjoy.

But the glory of her womanly work as a home builder appeared in the care and education of her children. God had entrusted her with two sons, and to these she gave her life, time and strength with all the prodigality of a mother's love. Taken from them when the eldest was but sixteen, her plans were by no means carried to their ideal completion; but even then the foundations were well and truly laid, and enough was done to show what manner of builder she was.

We have already spoken of the material beauty of her home. But the care of this never for a moment interfered with the higher spiritual ideal. Husband and children made home to her, and as a home builder her heart and life were devoted to them.

It is the testimony of her manly boy that the most brilliant social event had no attraction for her when there were wants at home which her own loving hands could supply, or care for the children demanded, such as mothers alone can give. These sacred duties were not left to strangers or performed by hired proxy. They were sacredly and lovingly her own, and to them she consecrated herself with unstinted self-devotion. Thus she built into the life of her children the precious memory of the touch of mother's hand, the thoughtfulness of mother's love, and the unfailing power of mother's skill in healing all the troubles and pains of young life.

Equally self-denying, tender and intimate was her relation to all the bright and playful side of her

children's life. Their enjoyments and interests were never too trivial or childish for her to share. She estimated their importance as moulding the life and character of the far future. Even more than that, her own heart had not grown too old to take a hearty living share in all their child life and to be their companion as well as their friend, almost their playmate in their enjoyments.

In another way too her faithful vigilance, and skill in entering into the life of her children was manifest. As they came to pass into touch with the wider world through the school she followed them there. She took an interest in their studies; she made herself acquainted with their teachers; she drew from them the stories of school life; and took care to counteract aught that might lead to evil. Of all this work which more than anything else filled up her life, the spring was the tireless, faithful watchfulness of a mother's love.

But of this life with her children there were other characteristics which preserved it from all triviality, nay, rather which sanctified and glorified it. It was marked by refinement of taste, by a perfect moral integrity and purity, by strength of will where strength was required, and it was profoundly religious. Perhaps no two things impressed themselves more upon her children than the high moral standard of her life, and the elevated refinement of her taste in all matters of social conduct and propriety. They could not think of their mother as doing a wrong or a dishonorable thing, or anything unbecoming to a perfect lady. As she lived before her children and with her friends hers was no superficial polish of conventional manners and fine phrases, covering up a heart selfish, insincere and deceitful; but it was the simple, transparent following of high ideals,

the outcome of an honest heart, a sensitive conscience, and an exquisite sense of what is lovely and of good report as between children of a common Father in Heaven. Perhaps above all else, it was forgetfulness of self and consideration for others. Nor was this consideration confined to her own household, her husband, children, and servants. It dominated her whole life.

The final instance of it was so rare, so wonderful, bringing into such brilliant light so many traits of her character, that even though it seems almost too sacred to be seen by any but the inner circle of her life, we cannot forbear to mention it.

She met the crisis which called for a dangerous, and as it proved, fatal operation, not only with heroic courage, but with optimistic cheerfulness, determined for the sake of her loved ones "to get better." And after the operation, which at first seemed successful, when all efforts of skill for her recovery were unavailing, with full consciousness almost to the last moment, her thoughts, even in the very presence of death, seemed forgetful of herself as she asked that the physician and surgeon who had watched with her for some hours should have refreshment before they left the house. So did the strength of character which knew no fear, and the beautiful thought for others which was oblivious of self, flash out like the sparkle of a diamond in that final hour.

But to return to her family circle, in which she found her congenial and truly glorious field of work, the example of such a life and such a spirit must have been the most powerful of all moral and religious teaching. But she was not satisfied with this. By line upon line and precept upon precept she taught them the fear and love of God. With prayerful assiduity she

sought to lead them into the possession of the personal religion which is the work of the Holy Spirit, and which culminates in peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. In this school her own spiritual life had been nurtured and brought to its full perfection. Through all their generations the Huguenots have been noted for that careful nurture of family religion by which saints and martyrs are produced, and her family line had most faithfully maintained the holy tradition, and in her house and her own life-work it suffered no deterioration. Would to God that the Methodist women of wealth and social position to-day may all be faithful to this supreme duty. The permanence and strength of religion in the world in the next generation depends more upon this than upon either the pulpit or the revival service. Out of the godly, prayerful, faithful home come the deepest springs of religious life.

One more characteristic of her home life which we have from a friend who knew that life intimately. She governed her home with wise, orderly, loving strength. This is certainly no common attainment. It is perhaps one of the noblest results of "patient continuance in well doing." Happy indeed are the children who grow up in a well-ordered, wisely-governed home. Such will be men who will form the strength of the State and the glory of the Church in the days to come. It was no common tribute which the friend referred to paid when he said, "Her government of her home was remarkable."

Of such a woman it is not to be expected that she would live largely before the public eye in either social or church work. She chose for herself a far more important, a higher sphere. Yet she was by no means neglectful of the duties which wealth and social position imposed, or of the opportuni-

ties of usefulness which they opened to her. She did not take a place on the public platform as a speaker, or use her literary gifts and culture as a writer, or even figure as the president of numerous societies. But in all the benevolent and religious activities of the Church and city or country she took a warm and intelligent interest. It was perhaps natural that her deepest sympathy should be given to the work of education. And of her excellent taste and judgment, and also of her unstinted liberality, the Methodist Church has a permanent monument in Annesley Hall. This was one of the last public labors in which she was permitted to take part. With a num-

ber of noble women she worked for its completion till strength gave way and other loving hands put the finishing touches on the part of the work which she had begun.

It is not necessary to speak of the last days or to repeat the last words of such a life. The same godly, loving, faithful, self-sacrificing character which marked the whole life, could never be changed by the coming of pain and disease and death. They were but new things to be conquered, and from the conquest a richer spiritual glory to be gained. All may be summed up in one word, "He gave His beloved rest."

FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

BY IDELL ROGERS.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—St. Paul.

Men's voices swift uplifting bid you Hail!
And you not listen as to old familiar tale?
Not so, strong soul, the palm is won.

The garden of the soul, with fragrant bloom
a-grace,
Is but the earnest of its wilding place
With by-paths trod in dreams.

But there the perfect rose yields sweet perfume,
For hands that tended well its tender bloom,
And nourished bud and leaf, perchance with
tears.

The winds of heaven play not upon life's strings,
Unless the heart within Æolian whisperings
Awake the matin psalm.

The full-orbed song, that victors in life's fight
Triumphant sing from mountain height,
Was learned on perilous way.

For ambiency of music, pure and sweet,
Has crossed a quivering lip to greet
The heaven'y melody.

And he who leads most surely up the height,
Swerved not upon the plain from left to right,
But dared to follow, though there was no path.

For One, who still (perchance) beyond heaven's
skyline dim
Cobourg, Ont.

Leads on, had none of earth to walk a mile
with Him,
But was not helpless to pass on alone.

And wandering knight who solves the quest
Shall find the Grail enshrined within his breast,
Alike life's meaning and its mystery.

Then his the Master's joy to see the sunlight
shine
On distant turrets in the heavenly clime,
As here, in land of his desire.

Though bliss incoming soothes the weeping
heart,
Only what goeth forth heals deeper smart,
And stills its anguished cry.

And peace that falls on conqueror in the race,
Who bravely stands in God-appointed place,
Once eased a troubled soul.

For love that binds with golden chain,
The Blest Redeemed, was earth-felt longing to
proclaim
Its presence here, by service, word caress.

What then is life? 'Tis but to find and share
Heaven's immortality, as on we fare;
With steadfast gaze, follow the gleam.

RUSSIA'S JUDGMENT-DAY.

BY THE REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER, JR., D.D.



HISTORY is making very rapidly these days. The scenes are being shifted so swiftly and dramatically that it is difficult to discern the meaning of it all. Civilization often goes forward in the furious shock of armies, but it is not so easy to behold its fair form when anarchy and revolution are on the stage. The issues in Russia are so momentous and far-reaching that they are bewildering. The revolution now going on in Russia concerns 130,000,000. It has been well said that it took our English forefathers five centuries to gain five liberties—in the thirteenth century the Magna Charta; in the fourteenth, the beginnings of Parliament; in 1646, the fall of absolutism and the divine right of kings; then came the liberty of the press, religious liberty, and immunity of person from arrest without trial. But now Russia is seeking in one great uprising to gain all these liberties. This explains in part the intensity of that awful struggle and why Russia has for months been rocking like a volcano and pouring forth massacre and flame like lurid lava.

Only a few years ago Russia was courted and feared by every nation in Europe. "The Great Bear of the North" was a name to conjure with in European politics. It often struck terror to timid statesmen and dictated the terms of many treaties and alliances. Ninety years ago, when Napoleon retreated from Moscow, leaving a broken army behind, he uttered that famous prediction, "Europe will

be either all Cossack or all free." The world has never forgotten that prediction and has looked with dread upon the increasing power of Russia.

But it was as evident then as it is to-day, to those who looked below the surface, that Russia's power was more apparent than real. She was even then stricken through and through with disease. Tyranny, graft, and drunkenness were sapping her strength. She went forth to war damnably in the wrong, while Japan was gloriously in the right. Japan was fighting for her very life. For ten years before she had added to her population by the increase of births over deaths between 500,000 and 600,000 souls a year. Her agricultural resources were insufficient to feed this rapidly increasing population; she must look to the adjacent continent for food just as England on account of her similar insular position has to depend upon her colonies for bread-stuffs.

Furthermore, Japan wished to exercise her God-given right to develop her own national life and make it a part of the life and experience of the world. But Russia with her absolutism, with her contempt for the individual man at home, and any nation or people which dared oppose her advance abroad, had gradually been sweeping on through Siberia to the East until she reached the Pacific, and looked with longing eyes upon Japan. Now, it is impossible to raise any crops upon Japanese farms without abundant fertilization. For this purpose she depended largely upon one of her islands of the north group, but Russia, knowing Japan's weakness at

that time stepped in with a small force and took that island. Japan was compelled to accept the situation. Then at the close of the war with China, after terms of peace had been agreed upon with China, by which Port Arthur and the Korean Peninsula were to be taken possession of by Japan, Russia, with Germany and France, mobilized their war fleets and sent word to the Japanese Government that peace in the Far East required Japan to return Port Arthur to China.

And Japan was compelled to relinquish what she had fairly won and needed for her own protection. Three years later, through international diplomacy, Port Arthur went into the hands of Russia, to be fortified as strongly as possible, and become a standing menace to Japan. Then Russia obtained from China the concession of her Manchurian Railway, and was extending her power over Korea, hoping to gain possession of Masampo and fortify that like Port Arthur. Then, with those three great fortresses, Port Arthur on the west, Masampo in the centre, and Vladivostok on the north, all within fifty miles of Japanese territory, Russia could have struck Japan at three points at once: she could have said to her, "No more foodstuffs for you," and starved her into submission.

This subjugation of Japan was only a small part of Russia's scheme. Every European power has been looking with covetous eyes for the last ten years at China, with its 400,000,000 people, with its wonderful wealth, and its splendid opportunities for capital. The Siberian Railroad marks the path of Russia's ambition. The possession of Port Arthur and the control of Korea would have enabled her to hold Japan in check, while Russia stepped in with other greedy nations and began the partition of China.

The foregoing facts are taken from

a discourse by Sidney Gulick, author of "Evolution of the Japanese."

What effect would such spoliation have upon the Chinese? How would the interests of humanity fare under such acts of usurpation by so-called Christian nations? The day of retribution must surely come. Every deed of injustice must sooner or later return upon the doer. Moral equilibrium must be maintained in the universe. The Chinese, smarting under the sense of their wrongs, some day would rise in their might, they would kill and destroy as they did in the Boxer rebellion, only with much greater ferocity and destruction. Then the world would face a yellow peril indeed. The cause of Christian civilization and religion would be put back a hundred, perhaps a thousand years.

Little Japan was fighting not only her own battles, but the battle of humanity in the Far East; she was fighting not only for room for her own expanding life, but also for the open door for a purer Christianity and civilization, against a priest-ridden Christianity and autocracy; she was fighting for the oppressed millions of Russia and the down-trodden masses everywhere. The forces that make for righteousness were on the side of Japan, and this is the primary explanation why the Russian fleet was shattered, why the Russian army was defeated in every battle, and was driven back, broken and utterly demoralized, to the very borders of Siberia.

This explains, too, why Russia is in the throes of revolution and travailing in pain for a better order of things. It is God's judgment-day for the tyrannies of a thousand years.

"For the nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish, I the Lord will hasten it in His time." This was said of Israel nearly three thou-

sand years ago, but it is being most dramatically fulfilled in our day. But some one says: "Russia is Christian and Japan is pagan." So was Israel nominally a worshipper of Jehovah and the Babylonians were idolaters. But Israel was defeated in battle and carried away into captivity. Why? Because she forgot God, because her religion was a formal, dead thing. She presumed upon it and neglected certain elements of national strength. God cares nothing for names and professions. "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." No profession of piety can keep from His ears the cry of the oppressed or stay the operations of His just laws. God's "commandments are exceeding broad"; they require righteousness in all human relations. They touch all the forces that make or unmake nations or individuals.

Obedience to God means repentance and forgiveness. It means also mental and moral awakening; it means good government, the conferring of human rights and privileges; it means education, the discipline and refinement of the powers of the whole people; it means temperance, the establishment of a sovereign self-control as regards greed, drink, and everything that debases the individual. Pagan Japan has these virtues to a larger degree than bigoted, despotic Russia. The people on those little islands have been hospitable to the best that is known and done in the Christian world. They have welcomed and spread the Christian religion and are turning toward it. Some of her ministers of State, some of her generals and soldiers have already embraced it. Japan has already experienced a renaissance, a quickening in all the forces of her national life. The forces that make for a Christian civilization are there, although they are not called by that name.

Russia is only just beginning to awake; her peasantry have not yet thrown off their brute inheritance and climbed up out of barbarism into civilization. They have a very dim and perverted idea of God. Brutalized by oppression, they are striking blindly and madly. In the name of God they are mobbing and murdering Jews as if the Father of all mankind were a highwayman or an assassin. Religion does very little for a man when it teaches him only to say his prayers, and leaves him a brute. It becomes a sad travesty when priest and noble go forth from their holy ceremonies to become hard-hearted and tyrannical. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Russia has become so blinded by the use of irresponsible power, so bigoted and besotted, that nothing but a great shock from without could awaken her. This shock was given by her overwhelming defeat by Japan. "War," says Shakespeare, "is the great corrector of enormous crimes." War also carries with it a terrible illuminating power. It brings out into the light of day a nation's weakness.

The Russian people are becoming disillusioned. Behind the splendid and long-dreaded symbols of authority in Church and State they behold gross ignorance, administrative incapacity, and official venality. Nicholas II., the "autocrat of all the Russias," with no legal limitations upon his authority, is so weak, so utterly unfitted to rule, that he presents a pathetic figure in view of the awful crisis that he is now facing. He is surrounded by officials whose rank and decorations assume an administrative capacity which they sadly lack. There doubtless are in Russia many men of superior ability, who, under such conditions as pre-

vail in England or in the United States, could be of signal service to their country. But in Russia the system of bureaucracy, like a scythe, cuts off the heads of those who criticise or oppose those whom chance or seniority has placed at the head of the administration.

A country which thus exalts officialism above the individual, which stifles the spirit of progress in the breasts of her people, dries up the sources of national strength. Such a country must be weak in war and peace. The bonds which hold her together must be frail indeed.

Russia to-day is in very much the same condition that France was at the time of the French Revolution. There has been the same fateful sowing of oppression, of superstition, of ignorance and poverty, and there is the same bitter harvest. Every morning that I take up my newspaper I can easily imagine that I am reading a bloody page from the French Revolution.

Will there be a Russian revolution? Will the horrid dream of the Nihilist come true? Will all the institutions of society, the Church and State, which have been such instruments of oppression, the institution of property which has become hateful because it permits 40,000 families to own the whole country, while millions own not a rod of earth that they can call their own; will these institutions which are the inner organizing forces of civilization be destroyed because of the tyrannies that have grown up around them? God forbid.

Russia was made for something better than to become a funeral pyre. Russian literature, Russian music, and Russian art show the splendid quali-

ties of the Slav mind. The fervent piety which burns in the soul of the Russian peasant despite his superstition, the spirit of true religion in men like Tolstoi and Father Gapon, who led those workingmen to the gates of the imperial palace to petition for the redress of their grievances; the heroism of those in every walk in life who have been willing to go to Siberia or to the scaffold rather than stifle their convictions—these show something of the immense moral and spiritual wealth in the Russian people. These give promise that a new epoch will dawn when this night of confusion and struggle shall have passed. There will be a new Russia, new in religion, exalting the spirit above the form, new in government, whether a Constitutional monarchy or a republic no one can predict, but the people will have a voice in it. There will be a new education with common schools like ours; there will be a new economics and a new industrialism.

Many a nation has dated its regeneration from a defeat which seemed to shatter her. Russia emancipated her serfs just after her defeat at Sebastopol; Austria, abrogated the Concordat and liberalized her government after she was vanquished at Solferino. France rid herself of some of the oppressions of the second empire after her baptism of fire at Sedan.

Russia will be better for her humiliation. She will be more righteous, more humane, more competent to discharge her immense responsibilities in training 130,000,000 people for self-government and the kingdom of God.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Hope, the befriending, does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven.

—*Longfellow*.

“WHEN THE SOUTH WIND BLEW SOFTLY;
OR, THE LOVE OF LUXURY.

BY C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, B.A., B.D.



ACCUMULATION.

ENERVATION.

DISSIPATION.

DEPRIVATION.

—Ram's Horn, Chicago.



IN the wings of the South Wind as it goes softly by, one can catch the odor of the spices and the fragrance of the roses, telling tales of fertile, flowery, sun-kissed plains, luxuriant homes, and life that is lapt in sensuous ease. How the South Wind beckons! How it lures! So softly

did it blow, and such promise did it give, that those sailors in the long ago, en route with Paul to Rome, “supposing that they had obtained their desire,” weighed anchor and left the harbor of Fair Havens, only to lose their all in the storm which hurled them to ruin on the coast of Melita. And they were but the van of that great procession won by the Siren

song of the South Wind from safe though sometimes incommodious moorings out into a death-grapple with the tempest.

This same softly-blowing South Wind has wrecked more lives than all the other winds, biting, blustering, cruel though they be. The lure of luxury is more deadly than the pinch of poverty. Giant souls, who have stood four-square to every wind of adversity, have gone down before the bland and enervating airs of prosperity. Hannibal's troops were invincible while kept in the bivouac with all its hardships, but when once they had supped the joys of ease and luxury in their winter quarters in Capua they lost their conquering swing.

The South Wind of our day is the lure of riches. We are threatened

with an inundation of materialism. Not the materialism of speculative philosophy, but the materialism of mere possession, the craze of getting things.

So abounding is the prosperity, and so great and sudden are the fortunes made, that men's eyes are turned away from the Unseen and the Eternal to the shifting, passing, ephemeral things of time and sense, which perish with the using. History has no record like it. Never since man was given "dominion over all the earth" has such a heritage fallen to a people as we in Canada enjoy to-day. And with this great expansion in wealth and power comes great danger. One does not need the blue glasses of pessimism to read the signs. They are writ in flaming letters all about us. We are fast shifting our ground and adopting new standards, which are as false as their father, the father of lies. We have actually come, in these days of advance, to think that "getting on in the world" is success. The piling up of riches has become the passion of the age. Great respect is paid to the dollar—the mighty—the all but almighty dollar, until well-nigh every knee bows to mammon. It dominates our social life, and to no small degree our church life. It rules our legislatures, bolsters the bar, barricades the brothel, buttresses the bucket-shop, causes murders, suicides, divorces, and misery—because it is held up as the *sine qua non* of life, and is sought for as an end in itself.

And this passion has so permeated the age that the days of "frenzied finance" are upon us. Men possessing millions are so eager to possess still other millions that they stoop to colossal frauds, and, as a rule of life, they say one to the other, as one New York millionaire recently said to another millionaire: "I am made fairly miserable if I discover in any

business I do that I have not extracted every dollar possible." And all this regardless of Christ's assertion that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth.

I.

"Attempt how vain—
With things of earthly sort, with aught but
God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth and
love—
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul.
To satisfy the ocean with a drop,
To marry immortality to death,
And with the unsubstantial slave of time
To fill the embrace of all Eternity."

This view of life is wrong, because it cannot satisfy the human soul. Imagine man made in the likeness of God, fore-ordained to be conformed to the image of Jesus; an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ; imagine such an one, living by so low a standard, with no higher aim than the mere getting of things.

As well try to satisfy the eye with sound, or the ear with light, or the prodigal with the husks, as try to satisfy, with things of time and sense, an immortal soul potentially rich in the powers of an endless life.

The getting of things never did and never can satisfy. Man is too big, too Godlike.

When the writer was little better than a boy he spent an evening in Winnipeg in the company of two elderly ladies, who had been brought up together down in Old Quebec. The husband of one had failed in life in more ways than one. The husband of the other was a so-called "merchant prince," a man many times a millionaire; the dominant influence in a most important branch of business, and whose name is known from sea to sea. She knew what it was to "get on in the world!" The South Wind had blown softly across her pathway for many years.

During the evening the talk turned to days gone by, and said the wife of the rich man, as tears filled her eyes: "Well, after all, the old days by the St. Lawrence, when we were poor, and lived on the farm, were better and happier days than these."

Gold had failed to satisfy the soul. It always does. It is in another class and cannot satisfy.

There is a little girl—not quite five—who found herself possessed of some thirteen dolls last Christmas. The South Wind had come her way, too. Now, thirteen dolls ought to satisfy the maternal instinct of almost any little girl. Two or three mornings later she said to her father: "Will you please buy me a dolly, and I want you to get the most 'sensive one in the store?"

He said, in surprise: "But, my dear, you have a dozen or more now."

"Yes, I know I have," she said, "but my little cousin Freida has more than I have."

And so there is always a shadow in the getting man's sunshine, some one else is sure to have more. Or if not this, then getting begets desire to get, which even further getting does not satisfy.

All men recognize this. In a real estate advertisement the writer read the following, no later than this morning: "To own property is fascinating, and the more you get, the more you want. Begin to own today."

Truly the Scriptures are right. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase." (Eccles. i. 10.)

Avarice gathers itself poor—love gives itself rich.

"Rich men who, with all their wealth, are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always

souring into bigotry and envy, every man knows what these men need; just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of a complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests, to which they are tied."

Wesley says: "O ye lovers of money, hear the word of the Lord. Suppose ye that money, though multiplied as the sands of the sea, can give happiness? Then you are given up to a strong delusion to believe a lie—a palpable lie, confuted daily by a thousand experiments. Open your eyes. Look all around you. Are the richest men the happiest? Have those the largest share of content who have the largest possessions? Is not the very reverse true? The richest of men are in general the most discontented, the most miserable. Look into your own breasts. If you are increased in goods, are you proportionally increased in happiness? You have more substance, but have you more content? In seeking happiness from riches, you are only striving to drink out of empty cups. And let them be painted and gilded ever so finely, they are empty still."

Mere getting—no matter what it is that is gotten—has never satisfied a human soul.

Voltaire set his heart on fame. He got it and wrote: "I wish I had never been born."

Byron sought for pleasure as for hidden treasure, and wrote: "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone."

Jay Gould aimed to be the richest man in the world. He got vast possessions, and said, as his soul was preparing for its departure: "I suppose I am the most miserable devil on earth."

Beaconsfield sought for power, and got it. He wrote: "Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret."

Solomon, the most famous getter of old, whose ships brought cargoes of "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks," who had wealth and fame, and wisdom and power combined, sums up the result of a life of getting thus:

"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."
Too much South Wind.

Note the difference. The Psalmist wrote: "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

Nothing else can satisfy but the image of Jesus—Jesus the prodigal giver.

Thomas Carlyle, the wisest philosopher of the nineteenth century, says:

"Man's unhappiness, as I construe it, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one Shoeblock HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoeblock also has a Soul quite other than his stomach; and would require if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, no less:—God's infinite universe altogether to Himself, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is even, as I said, the Shadow of Ourselves."

II.

"Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest."

—Emerson.

Not only does getting fail to satisfy, but it warps the soul. The South Wind begets contempt for all other winds. Liquor is fiendish, lust is loathsome, but neither of them is half so bad as avarice in its warping effect on the human soul. The worst drunkards have their sober periods, and passion will in time exhaust itself, but to avarice there is no relaxation. It grows by accumulation, and increases by geometrical progression. Its grip is the grip of an expanding demon

who never slumbers. Avarice takes no holidays, and is never exhausted.

Give to it a thousand dollars, and it asks for ten. Give it ten, and it whispers, "now twenty-five and I will be satisfied"; gain the twenty-five and it still whispers, "now for fifty"; when the fifty is had it still hungers, and says in louder tones, "now get the round hundred." Gain the hundred, and is it satisfied? Far from it; gain a million, ten million, a hundred, or even Rockefeller's billion—and now the demands of avarice have grown with its possessions; once it asked in hundreds, then thousands, then millions, and now, forsooth, its cry is for another billion.

But what has become of the human soul all the while? Just as avarice grows the soul shrinks. The soul of man can only grow in vital union with Jesus Christ.

Emerson, the sage of New England, said: "If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she put into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner." Or if the owner escapes the children fall. You fathers and mothers, who in spite of the plain words of Jesus Christ believe that you must give your lives in an effort to lay up wealth for your children, look at this picture drawn by Rev. Dr. Dwight Hillis, of New York, and remember that human nature in New York and New England differs not one whit from human nature in Ontario and Quebec. He says:

"I can point you to a score of young men about us who climbed to power on the shoulders of their great Christian fathers and mothers, who owe everything they are to their Puritan parents who spend their nights gambling at the clubs, whose bodies are mere sieves for pleasure, who despise everything their fathers loved and every ideal of their mothers, and whose journey through the city by day or by night is like the journey of the swine through a rose garden. They have not a single great con-

viction. They are merely sleek animals living for their pleasures. They have been ruined by the South Wind."

A few years ago the writer was standing in a newspaper office when two young men entered, and one introduced the other as his successor in a post of great responsibility, and then added, "He steps into my shoes in church work, too, taking both my Bible class and my church class." Things went well with that young man, so the world said. He grew in possessions and soon became too busy to continue in charge of the classes. He gave them up. Then he grew too busy for his Bible. He gave it up. And then he drifted and drifted until lately discharged in disgrace penniless from his post. When forced to lessen the work he was doing he chose to drop that which dealt with the spiritual and the eternal, and he clung to the seen and the fleeting.

And the Master Himself said;—"The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lust of other things entering in choke the word, and they become unfruitful." Saul, the son of Kish, was evidently not the last man to hide amongst the baggage when God would make him king.

The greatest menace to the spiritual life of our day is the abounding prosperity. The softly blowing south wind is strewing its course with many wrecks.

"The fountain that gives what it receives is fresh, and clear, and beautiful. The bog that receives and does not give is malarious, reptile-haunted and foul."

Men say: "Save and grow rich—give and want"; but Jesus says: "Save and grow poor—give and grow rich."

A desert never gives and always remains poor and barren.

"So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain,
It taketh away the life of the owner thereof."
—Prov. i. 19.

III.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

"Money lovers are the pest of every Christian community."

—John Wesley.

Our standard is false because it produces a class of men who are a curse to the community in which they ought to be a blessing. These are the men—money mad—to whom the dollar is the universal standard and whose mental and spiritual horizon is bounded by the notched rim of the coin. To them, anything that cannot be expressed in terms of finance is either the dream of an enthusiast, or sheer rubbish. There is no room left in their calculations for the Eternal and the Unseen. They know only the cash nexus. And they are not all—strange to say—outside of the Christian Church.

Like conditions produce like results in all ages, and human nature differs but little clear through the centuries. At the age of seventy-nine, with ripe experience and mature judgment, John Wesley wrote: "Money lovers are the pest of every Christian community. They have been the main cause of destroying every revival of religion. They will destroy us, if we do not put them away."

How near the prophecy in the last sentence above quoted is to being fulfilled let those say, who know the inner life of that great religious body which sprang from the Wesley revival for the sole and only purpose of spreading Scriptural holiness in the land.

At the age of eighty-one he bore this sad testimony: "Of all the temptations none so struck at the whole work of God as the deceitfulness of

riches; a thousand melancholy proofs of which I have seen within these last fifty years." The South Wind is always true to its character. In Paul's day as in Wesley's, so in ours, the man who hoards his riches, curses himself, his children and his times. There is no influence more demoralizing to the youth of the country than that of the rich dollar-centred man. His conception of life is so contrary to the teachings of the Master that it tends to make unreal and impracticable the wondrous truths lived and taught by the Son of man. His mode of living is so attractive to the uninitiated, his life so full of comfort and luxury, and apparently so free from care, that, from a distance, it seems almost ideal. No wonder then that the untaught youth of the land, seeing only the visible and material, join in the cry: "Great is Mammon, the god of the gold-lover, and set before them as the great 'be-all and end-all of life' the raking up of the chips with the muck-rake, forgetful of the crown of glory and the Master's 'well done,' that await the loyal and the true."

The money-centred man not only goes woefully wide of the goal himself, but sad to say, leads thousands of the brightest of our land in his train.

Gold, loved and hoarded, becomes the soul's great "yellow peril."

May it never be said of us: "Your gold and your silver are cankered, and their rust shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire."

IV.

"The Scripture interpreted by God's Holy Spirit is the infallible guide of life."

Our standard is false because it is unscriptural.

The wise man of old said: "Labor not to be rich."—Prov. xxiii. 4.

Jesus said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."—Matt. vi. 19.

"Take heed and keep yourselves from all covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—Luke xii. 15.

Paul, under the Spirit's inspiration, said: "Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into the world, neither can we carry anything out; but having food and covering we ought therewith to be content."

"But they that are minded to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil; which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things."

And the inspired writer of the Hebrews says: "Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have."—Heb. xiii. 5.

The Epistle to the Colossians iii. 2. reads: "Set your mind on the things that are above, not on things that are upon the earth."

V.

"The world passeth away and the lust thereof."—I John ii. 17.

It is false because it is fleeting. Even if the pursuit of mere material things could satisfy a man, and even if it did not warp the soul and make him a false beacon, it is unwise and illogical. Why set an immortal heart upon mortal things? Why bind the affections to the fleeting? Your soul

is greater than the material world. when the things of earth have vanished your soul will live immortal. You have but the one life, and time is its essence. Why then give your life for that which will perish while you will live for ever?

Not long ago there died a rich man in London. He had lived the life of the typical "getter," with the sure and certain result of a warped and hardened soul. He had great possessions, and his heart was with his treasure. As he was dying he was heard to repeat over and over and over again;—"How can I go and leave it all?" With this dreary refrain, like the moaning of the surf upon the shores of eternity, his soul went out—went out without a fragment of that for which he gave his life. Men say he was successful. But surely God and the angels say he failed.

"For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit his own self?"

John, the beloved, wrote in the sunset of life (John ii. 15-17): "Love not the world, neither the things that

are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Here then is the conclusion of the whole matter. The life of selfish getting is wrong because:

1. It cannot satisfy an immortal soul.
2. It warps.
3. It produces a class of men who are a curse and not a blessing
4. It is unscriptural.
5. It is illogical. The things gotten are fleeting—while the soul is immortal.

"The love of Christ constraineth us. . . . He died that they that live should no longer live unto themselves but unto Him, who for their sakes died—and rose again."—2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

This article will be followed by another showing that riches, like all God's gifts, while a curse if misused, are a source of richest blessing if used for His glory.—Ed.

OUR SHIP.

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

My dear, when first I held your hand
And listened to love's melody,
We stood upon a sunlit strand,
And gazed far o'er a smiling sea.
I told you simple words of truth,
I told you in the hope of youth,
My ship sailed near a golden shore
To gather of its treasure-store.

I still have held your trusting hand;
Though raged a storm o'er foaming sea,
In little hut upon the strand
We've made love's tender melody.
Our ship sails yet o'er distant sea,
For love of you, for love of me,
Our ship sails near a golden shore
To gather of its treasure-store.

Campbellton, N.B.

When once a storm smote down the door
And long wet sea-hands groped within,
We trembled not, but o'er and o'er
Together sang love's triumph hymn.
I longed to call my ship to shore
And mend with gold the broken door,
And lay about my hut the gold
To warm you from the briny cold.

You taught me as I held your hand,
But ceased the song to sigh for gold,
That love is warm on storm-swept strand,
Love dares the groping sea-hands cold.
And so our ship with golden store
May never come, may never moor;
Love warms our hut on sea-washed strand,
We swell the song, I hold your hand.

ICE-BOATING IN CANADA.

BY FRED. D. WITHROW.



A SUNNY DAY ON TORONTO BAY.



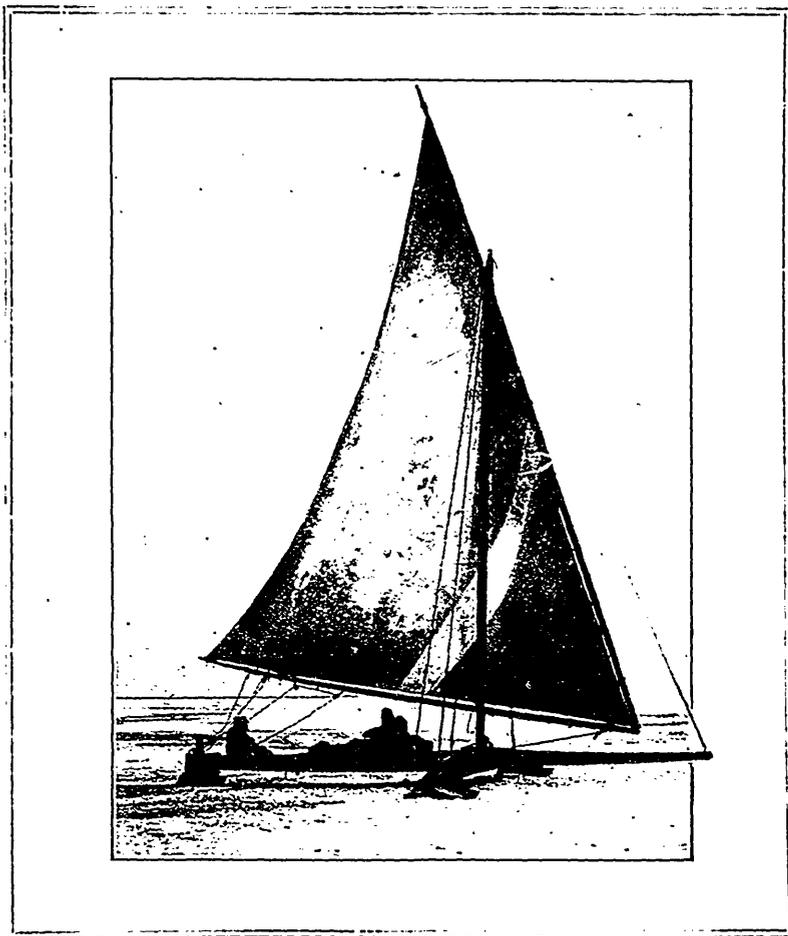
THE ice-boat, most popular in Canada, is a peculiar craft. A distant view reveals a wide, squat, bow-legged, butterfly sort of thing—not an ugly butterfly, but one of those dainty, delicate kind that rest on the lawn with their white wings spread, and that appear to fly or float without an effort.

But see this strange vessel move. The canvas apparently does not belly out and tug with the breeze, the tall white sail swings gently to one side, the ice-boat starts slowly; in a moment it is speeding, next moment it is going like the wind and perhaps better than the wind. For an ice-boat, strange to say, can go faster, much faster than the wind by which it is impelled.

The boat, strictly not a quite correct name, is in reality a three-runner

sled. It is carried on three skates, two being near the bow or forward end, the third being at the stern, and forming the rudder, thus partly supporting and also steering the craft. The skates are made of soft-iron plates, usually half-inch thick, two feet long and twelve inches or so high. They are made of a soft iron so that the running will keep them sharp, and also enable them to withstand the severe pounding on rough ice without breakage. The two bow runners are from twelve to twenty feet apart, and the stern runner is at the third angle of an equilateral triangle. These skates are pivotally connected to stout oak blocks which are in turn rigidly fastened to the boat frame.

Between the forward runners is a strong girder-framework of wood, of which material the whole body of the craft is generally constructed. Fore-and-aft, intersecting the transverse frame are timbers running lengthwise.

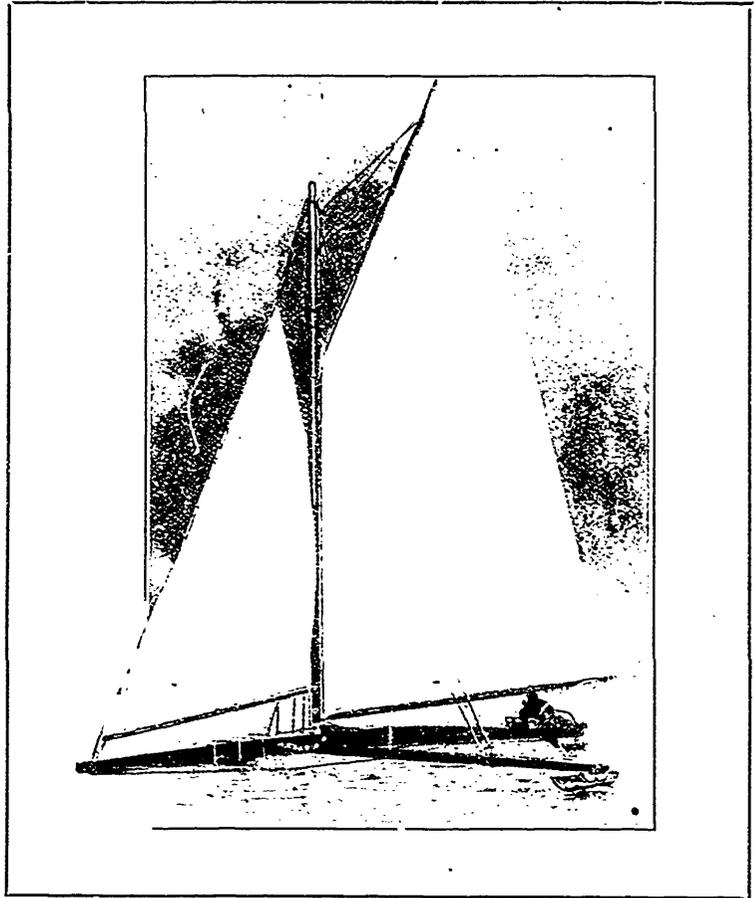


A KNOCKABOUT ON TORONTO BAY.

Supported on these and on the cross-pieces is the box or platform to carry the passengers, skipper, crew and cargo. This—cabin shall we call it?—is triangular, with the wide side near the forward cross frame. At this intersection of the fore-and-aft and cross members the mast is stepped. It is stayed by shrouds to the two forward skate blocks, and has a fore-stay to the end of the long frame. Thus the skeleton of the craft is the shape of a Roman cross.

The masts are usually twenty-five to thirty feet high, and carry the halyard blocks near the top. The sail most popular in Canada is the lateen. This is triangular in shape, and is stretched on the yard and boom. The whole boat is bolted and tied together in a firm yet flexible manner. It can twist, turn, groan and grumble at the rough ice and snow-drifts without straining or breaking.

Ice-boating is only indulged in at a few places in Canada, notably To-



THE "NORTH WIND". - A KINGSTON FLYER.

ronto, Hamilton, Kingston and on the St. Lawrence. A good expanse of clear, strong ice without snow is requisite.

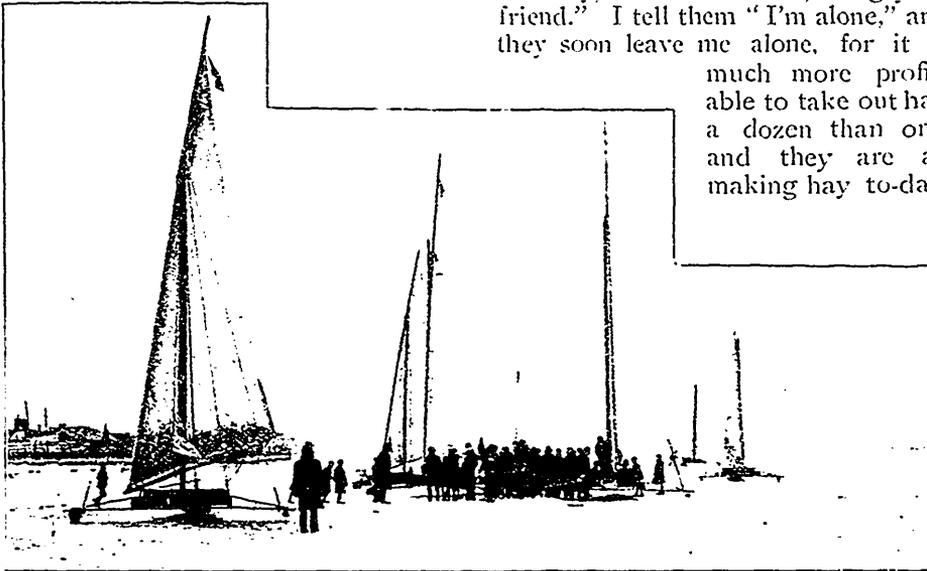
Toronto harbor is a pretty and invigorating sight on a bright Saturday afternoon in the mild winter when the ice is good and a fair wind blowing. Then crowds of people are skating here and there all over its six square miles of surface, and the ice-boats dart back and forth with remarkable swiftness.

In the foreground is a fleet of a

dozen or so white-canvassed snow-birds. They are the centre of attraction. Boys and girls, young and old, white-haired and grey-haired, are all having a good time, though many are envious of the ice-boating parties. The ice-boat touts try to induce you to embark in their respective boats. This man says his craft is the fastest, won a certain race this year; another man's boat won some other race; still another pleads that he carries the most canvas; another has the best robes. "All aboard, only twenty-five cents!"

That's all right for the first trip, but the second, third and fourth each cost twenty-five cents, and twenty-five cents for your sister or some other fellow's sister, who accompanies you. The skippers are all "making hay while the sun shines," cold as it is.

Most of the boats are owned and sailed by fishermen or boat-house proprietors, though some fine ones belong to members of the various yachting clubs.



THE FINISH.

One day I came to the bay for a skate, but before starting I lingered with many others around the boats. Just see how jolly is the little party getting out of that boat. The two young men, I guess, never saw their sweethearts look prettier than now, their cheeks so rosy-red, their blown hair half hiding happy eyes which say, "We'll go again any time." The men look handsome, too, with their faces aglow and worries of work blown to the wind. They certainly do laugh a

lot over it. One of the men sees a boat pulling up. "Hurrah," he cries, "let's try this boat that beat ours." The girls don't need a second invitation, and away they go. They're in for it now. They will make several trips before sundown, and go home, the men poorer in pocket, but deeper in the hearts of their best girls, and rich in memories of an afternoon's invigorating sport.

Many times I'm tackled by skippers who say, "Come with me, bring your friend." I tell them "I'm alone," and they soon leave me alone, for it is much more profitable to take out half a dozen than one, and they are all making hay to-day.

It is funny how some people prepare for their sail. One girl takes off her hat, puts on a cap provided by the skipper, crawls under the thick fur robes and covers her head. She may enjoy it, but not like the girl who sits with the robes drawn up to her chin with collar up and her back to the bow watching the merry skaters and the snowy craft sweep by. She needs to see, and not only feel, how fast she goes.

I'm tackled again. "Want to come

out, boss; only costs a quarter," says a young lad. I say I won't go unless I can handle the tiller myself. I've sailed yachts and other water-craft, and want to try this sport in the freshening breeze. "All right," says my boy-skipper, "hurry up, I want to beat that big chap."

I make myself snug in the little space beside the tiller, flatten the sheet, a little shove and off we go. Slowly at first we wind among the waiting boats. Now we get the wind and jump after the big fellow, half a mile or more away by now. I brace myself, hold the tiller loose, for she has no weather or lee helm.

Suddenly I'm nearly pushed overboard. The port runner has struck a snow-drift and almost swung us around before the wind. However, I know enough to jam the rudder the other way, and up we spin into the wind almost about and nearly throwing us out.

I've learned some lessons now. The boat won't handle like a yacht, but must be turned in sweeping curves and not sharp about. I dodge, sheer, shy off, jump through or plough through the snow-drifts, taking everything as it comes, but still after the big fellow ahead. For some moments I've been wondering how we'll cross tracks with the boat half a mile or more to the south, tacking to windward, and also how we'll pass the boat a good mile and a half away bearing towards us from the west.

My skipper says, "Better bear off a bit," and off a bit we curve, and with a feeling of relief we pass the first astern. I gently press the tiller down and we point a little higher in the wind. "That's right," says the boy-skipper. I appreciate his approval and we pass a few yards to windward of the second craft at almost lightning speed. The big fellow is still ahead of us.

He has just jibed and is scudding before the north wind for the island shore. The skipper flattens the sheet. Suddenly the windward runner lifts, and we are running balanced on the two leeward skates. A puff of wind has struck us, the snow and ice chips are blown to leeward in a shower. The lad lets the sail slip and spills a little wind. The windward runner lifts and chops, bangs hard on the ice and rises again; we have a nice balance.

The big boat now gives us an encouraging cheer as we pass; they evidently like our "grand-stand play." The six people we are after are too much ballast for the big boat to travel in this picturesque way on two skates. The snow furrows thrown aside plainly show where they have turned, so with a long sweep we are after them; but we don't go so fast before the wind.

An ice-boat running before the wind cannot go quite as fast as the wind is blowing, on account of the friction on the ice. But on a beam wind, or a wind a little forward of the beam, the wedging pressure of the wind on the sail can shove the boat faster than the wind itself. A twenty-five knot breeze can drive an ice-boat on good ice thirty to forty or more miles per hour. The boats often travel a mile a minute.

Another turn and we are after our rival with a three-mile stretch of good ice ahead of us. A glance shows that no other boat will bother us. A swerve now and then avoids a group of skaters here and there. Away ahead is the crack in the ice. There is always a long crack somewhere in the bay where the ice jams up. Our rival has made the jump all right. With quick eye the skipper picks out the best place clear of snow to cross. We take it square. We get a little shake on rough ice, a bump, a lift, a



ESKIMO ICE-SLEDGE.

The Eskimo do a little ice-boating of their own; but it is slow work—the small sails helping along their laden comaticks—or ice-sledges.

jump through the air and a hard bang on the ice.

I have seen an ice-boat make a jump from ice to ice over several feet of water. The water had lapped on the ice edge forming a little ridge. When the boat strikes the ridge it gets a sudden lift, shoots up and can make quite a long jump proportionate to the speed.

But we are closer to the big fellow than at the turn. Without warning comes a squall—up goes the runner.

We both lean hard out to windward to keep it down. We pick up fast now and are nearly abreast. I wish he would turn, for we are nearing the shore very fast. The other skipper slowly moves his tiller and I move mine, and we are both heading west again, he to leeward but ahead.

Now the fun starts—not starts, but increases. The other boat with its heavier weight keeps solid on the ice while ours is doing various balancing feats with windward runner up and

down. When it rises to a certain degree the wind spills over the top of the sail, and down it goes slowly. If the boat is watched carefully, and the wind is spilled properly there is not much danger of an upset. Sometimes, however, it does go over, and one must hang on to the upper side, or, if the mast breaks, jump. However the wind generally lifts somewhat on the under side of the sail in an upset, and lets the boat over fairly easy.

We are near the ice crack again. If we only had a man to stand on the windward runner and hang on to the stays, like the boat approaching, and keep it down we might win, but it seems hopeless. The ice-crack jump is taken with the same bump and shaking as before. Another tack brings us among the crowd of skaters and other ice-boats, with the big fellow just ahead.

Here it is necessary to spill most of the wind out of the sail and merely allow the momentum to carry us to a berth. All that is necessary to moor an ice-boat is to simply to head up into the wind, and when she stops turn the steering skate crosswise. Thus your craft is anchored.

It was only on standing up that I realized that my feet were cold. One pays his quarter cheerfully, stands and stamps around a while, getting enthused again. Presently one starts on another trip and afterwards a third. One of the features of ice-boating is the number of quarters required to satisfy one's appetite for the exhilarating sport. For ice-boating on good ice, in temperate winter, with a nice wind, is truly most delightful fun. In bitter cold weather, with a gale blowing, it is beastly.

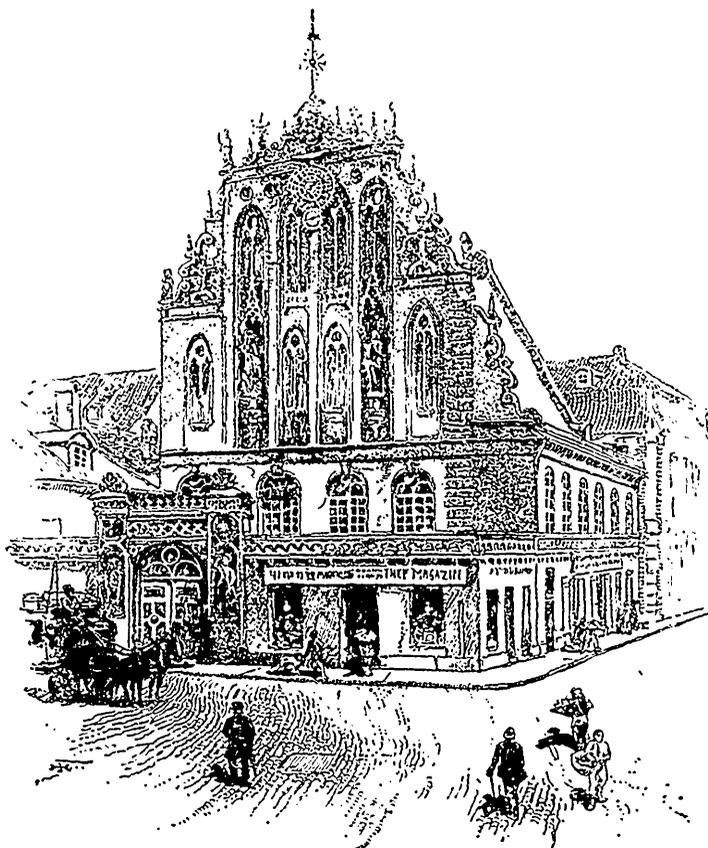
Ottawa, Ont.

LOVE IS PAIN.

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

I tune my harp, and its golden strings
 Winged a song to the heights, where the nightingale sings—
 And the song-bird hushed and listened.
 But, soft like a sigh, a minor strain
 Sobbed through my song, like the silver rain
 That at morn on the red rose glistened.
 Then I touched the harp gently and questioned why
 The chords that I struck should evoke a sigh,
 While my heart kept blithely singing
 Of a love that would live and endure for aye,
 And gleam through the twilight mists of gray
 When night's dark shades were flinging?
 Ah! now I know why the hidden string
 Weirdly sighed, like a living thing,
 All through my glad refrain—
 'Tis because life and its pleasures dear
 Hide ever a glistening, jewelled tear—
 And the keynote of love is—pain!

REVOLT OF THE BALTIC PROVINCES.



TOWN HALL, RIGA.



THE wide-spread and successful revolt in the Baltic Provinces adds a new entanglement to the Russian question. A large number of the landowners and nobles are German. The cruelties and oppressions which they endured exasperated the Letts, and provoked fearful reprisals. The German landlords were in many cases besieged in their castles and ruthlessly

slain. The Kaiser sent ships for their succor. Should he send an army corps serious international complications would ensue. The following account from *The Outlook* of the historic position of the Lithuanians throws much light on this perplexed question:

In the Middle Ages Lithuania was an independent and powerful State. It comprised the generally low and level land south of the Gulf of Riga on the Baltic Sea. Naturally, the town of Riga was and is its chief port;

its population is about three hundred thousand. In 1386 Jaguillon of Lithuania united his country with Poland, having married the daughter of the Polish King, but in 1621 Lithuania passed to the possession of Sweden. When Poland was finally divided, one small part of Lithuania went to Prussia, but the rest went to Russia and now forms half a dozen provinces. The Letts, or inhabitants of Lithuania, resemble the sturdy Prussians more nearly than they do the Russians; neither ethnologically nor historically do they belong to Russia. Constituting, as they do, the Baltic provinces, they have always jealously guarded their privileges for self-government, which the Czars wisely conceded to them. As in the more striking case of Finland, however, these privileges have been recently unwarrantably curtailed.

Seven years ago provincial privileges in police, judicial, and school matters were taken away, and a year later the last vestiges of manorial justice and of tribunals under the German-speaking nobility were abolished. The same year the University of Dorpat was deprived of its self-government privileges and the next year such privileges were taken away from all the gymnasia, or higher schools. Completely to humiliate Dorpat, the seat of the administration of the Baltic Educational District was transferred to Riga, and the very name Dorpat was ruthlessly changed by the Government to Yuriev. As in the university, so in municipal and provincial administration, the Russian language was now made obligatory.

Nor is this all. The condition of the peasants in the Baltic provinces has been and is deplorable. The feudal system practically continues. The peasants are really in a state of vassalage, at the mercy of the German barons, from whom they rent land, the

right to cut wood and to fish. A general uprising of the Lithuanian peasantry has occurred. Travelling in armed bands, they attacked the estates and drove off or assassinated the owners. Some of the latter organized volunteer battalions to protect their properties, the authorities being powerless to afford aid. But most of the nobles fled in terror, and their estates were formally declared confiscated by the peasants and the sale of grain or lumber was forbidden.

It is not surprising that the spirit of the peasant rising spread quickly to the towns, and that uneducated and educated classes alike made common cause against the oppressor. At Riga there has been a special reign of terror. Dwina Fort, commanding Riga harbor, passed into the insurgents' possession, and many Russian officials became their prisoners. Some of the troops went over to the revolutionists, who, thus emboldened, set up a provisional government in Livonia, the principal Lithuanian province. The new government chose local officials, decreed the closing of the spirit shops, annulled contracts between the peasants and landowners, and actually proclaimed the separation of Lithuania from Russia.

Meanwhile the Russian Government had not been idle. Twelve thousand Cossacks were promptly despatched to the Baltic provinces, and an Imperial manifesto proclaimed a return to self-government. The proclamation showed the Government's realization of its powerlessness to restore order without granting heavy concessions. As in the case of its previous concessions to the Russian peasants in general, it is questioned whether the manifesto will have much effect; it will be justly regarded as being forced from the Czar, and will thus lose the moral effect of what should have been a voluntary act. Furthermore, it will

encourage the other border peoples to like insurrection—especially the Poles.

Despite the Pope's encyclical to the Poles to obey "the powers that be," a meeting, not of the laity, but of nearly five hundred of the Polish clergy, resolved to demand autonomy for Poland, with its own parliament, general secret ballot, the Polish language in government offices, the abolition of capital punishment, and a full amnesty for political prisoners. Even in the old once independent province of Kherson, to the south, there has been an attempt at establishing a new government in consequence of the army disaffection there. Finally, as might be expected, the ancient kingdom of Georgia is also in a state of revolt; indeed, throughout the Caucasus the situation is again alarming.

The Witte Government is thus increasingly menaced. At St. Petersburg itself the Czar is no longer deified; he is openly defied. The proletariat organizations united in issuing a statement in which the Government is declared to be bankrupt and the people are told not to accept anything but gold in the payment of

wages, warned to withdraw all their deposits from the savings banks in gold, and to pay no more taxes. The rich, it is further declared, have already taken warning and are converting their property into securities and gold and sending them abroad. The document even charges the Government with using the deposits in the Government savings banks to speculate on the Bourse, and with covering up its chronic deficits in the interest on Russia's immense debt by the proceeds of foreign loans. This financial ruin has been brought about, the document asserts, by a Government which has squandered not only the national income, but also the proceeds of the foreign loans, on the railways, the army, and the fleet, leaving the people without roads or schools. Therefore the last resource of such a Government's existence—its financial revenue—must be stopped. Finally, it is declared that Russia's only salvation lies in the overthrow of the autocracy by a Constituent Assembly. Will the Czar forestall all this by proclaiming a ready-made Constitution?

THE SHEEP LOOK UP.

BY JOHN FINLEY.

"The sheep look up and are not fed."—Lycidas.

Beating the air with threat'ning hands,
The Demagogue defiant stands,
Shouting beside the busy street,
While round him hundreds hungry bleat,—
"The sheep look up and are not fed."

With eyes on manuscript attent,
On theologic doctrine bent,
The Preacher often scowls his views,
Nor knows the starving in his pews,—
"The sheep look up and are not fed."

And oft in academic halls,
Hid from the world by cloist'ring walls,
The Teacher, in his learning's pride,
Forgets the pupil at his side,—
"The sheep look up and are not fed."

O men of Christ, sent forth to preach
The Better Way, the Truth to teach,
Still is He asking, "Lov'st thou me?"
Still is our proof of loyalty
That those who hunger shall be fed.

—Independent.

THE MUJIK AND THE NEW RÉGIME IN RUSSIA.

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE.



RUSSIAN PEASANTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF SAROV.

Sarov was once overrun by the Tartars, and their cast of countenance is still very marked in the people.



THE word mujik, a mere colloquial name applied to the common people, means literally an inferior man. The purpose of the present article is briefly to describe the mujik in the light of his capacity to exercise the right of suffrage.

All Russia lies in latitude north of New York, and most of the empire is more northerly than Halifax, St. Petersburg at sixty degrees being farther north than any considerable settlement on the east coast of our continent, and on the same parallel with

the southern extremity of Greenland. The monotony of the vast and almost unbroken plain which constitutes nearly the whole of European Russia, in which the forests partake of the unvaried character of the landscape, being limited to some three or four species of trees; the intense and prolonged cold of winter, with its long nights, together with the difficulty of profitable agricultural effort in the greater part of the empire, doubtless has its effect upon the nature of the peasantry, engendering that sadness which is a prominent characteristic of the mujik, finding its expression in the national music and poetry.

A condition of general unthrift

among the peasants is one of the most striking features of Russian country life. Every stranger passing the frontier between that country and Germany is struck by the marked

lying in the fields exposed to the weather.

Whatever may be the theories of economists regarding this condition of unthrift, the outside observer can



RUSSIAN PEASANTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF SAROV.

change in this respect which he encounters up to the very boundary line, and which the geographical position does not at all account for. There is no gradual change in the appearance of the face of the country or the people from comparative prosperity to extreme poverty, but a sudden difference in the conditions, marked by totally dissimilar methods of cultivation, dwellings, and habits of thrift. Everything on the German side indicates careful cultivation and industry, while, on the Russian side, the fields show bad tillage and neglect, squalid houses, inferior and uncared-for stock, and tools and implements hardly fail to find at least one ex-

planation in the system of tenure under which the peasant holds his lands.

The land of the peasantry is not generally owned by them individually, except in certain districts of the Baltic provinces, of Little Russia, and of Poland, but is held in communities, in which each tax-paying individual, or "soul," has a share, and for the taxes of which he is responsible. The taxes due to the government are assessed upon the number of "souls" in the commune, and upon the same basis is allotted to it a certain quantity of land. For these taxes the commune is held strictly and rigidly responsible, but it is permitted

to collect the amount from its individual members as it may see fit, and, so long as the taxes are paid, to manage its own affairs. The commune, therefore, enjoys a considerable degree of self-government. It elects the officers of its governing body, called the "Mir," by popular vote, and regulates its own finances and matters of local administration without interference from the central government.

To each "soul" is allotted, by the Mir, a certain proportion of land of three separate sorts, namely, cultivable, pasture, and marsh or meadow, according to his ability to work the land productively in the interest of tax payments. Thus a man who has a horse is given more land than him who has not, while one who has able-bodied children, sons or daughters, is given more than the man who has no one to help him in his cultivation, the incapacitated being given nothing, but being supported by the community.

Not infrequently the peasant seeks employment in the cities, either for the entire year, or, what is still more common, for the winter months only.

The transition from permanent attachment to the soil to personal bondage to the master was an easy one, so that at the time of the emancipation by the Emperor Alexander II., in 1861, the serf had become as much a chattel of the proprietor as was his horse. So cheaply was labor held that the master who had not at least one hundred serfs was held to be poor, while many of the great landlords numbered their serfs by the thousand, the Sheremetieff family alone owning one hundred thousand.

Upon the emancipation certain lands were allotted to the former serfs to be held by them for ever, but not individually nor gratuitously. While the central government permits the

Mir to collect the taxes from the individual, it also assists it in so doing by keeping track of him, and by returning him to the commune, in case of his failure to remit his share, and even by inflicting punishment, when the resources of the Mir in that respect fail to compel him.

As it not infrequently happens that the peasant, or mujik, knows no other than his baptismal name and that of his father, and sometimes not even the latter, the difficulty of keeping track of individuals can be imagined. Ivan Ivanovitch (John, son of John), of such a commune, may be, and not infrequently is, the sole designation he can give himself, and perhaps even he can only say that he is John, son of a soldier. But the name of the commune to which he belongs is inscribed on his passport when issued to him, and without this document he is not permitted to remain in any city; nor, indeed, is it easy for him to find any abiding place at all.

The "izba" or log-house of the peasant, consisting usually of three rooms, has been constructed by himself or by one of his progenitors with his own hands, for every mujik is a natural born carpenter of extraordinary dexterity with the broad-axe, performing with this single tool a variety of operations for which the western carpenter would require quite an extensive kit. It is built of logs which he has cut himself in the neighboring forest—often without seeking the permission of the proprietor to whose domain it belongs—and which he hews and mortises together, calking the interstices with dried moss. The "petch," or stove, constructed of brick and tiles, is built so that one-half of it is in the kitchen and living room, and the other half in the sleeping apartment. The beds consist of shelves placed against the petch for warmth, and usually swarm with

vermin. The third apartment of the izbat is simply a storehouse.

The izba does not stand in the middle of his little farm, but in the single village street; and this building, with its small surrounding lot, belongs to the mujik or his family in fee; but the productive land lies sometimes versts away from the village and consists of a long narrow strip, or perhaps several of such strips, apportioned out with a view to give to each "lot" an equal share of the best and of the poorest soil.

The dress of the peasant consists of a shirt, generally of red cotton more or less ornamented by embroidery, which is worn belted outside of the loose trousers, and, for the more prosperous, a pair of high boots into which the trousers are tucked. The poorer mujiks are content to wind rags about their feet, and wear over them shoes made of plaited birch bark. Over all is worn, in winter, a caftan of sheepskin, the wool inside, the outside being the leather of the pelt. From time to time the caftan is subjected to a baking process to free it from vermin; for while the mujik religiously bathes himself every Saturday, observes the greatest care in washing his hands before touching food with them, and is neat about the preparation of his food, he is indifferent to other trifles.

The village bath or sweatbox, for it is nothing else, is a hovel heated by a brick stove, or by hot stones, on which water is dashed to make the necessary vapor to encourage perspiration, and on finishing this sweating process the mujik plunges himself into the snow, or has cold water dashed upon him. This bath is a necessary part of the mujik's life, for, until he has taken it, the Church does not regard him as fit to attend the service of communion on Sunday.

The greater part of the agricultural

peasantry in Russia enjoys the luxury of meat only upon holidays, subsisting for the rest of the time upon black bread made of rye flour, slightly fermented previous to baking, whole buckwheat baked in an earthenware pot, resembling in its preparation the baked beans of New England, and cabbage soup, or "stche," to which, if he is fortunate, the mujik adds a little fish or meat in its preparation; and upon this frugal fare the peasant performs the arduous labors of the strada, or agricultural season, as well as those indoor occupations which occupy him during the winter.

During the season of the strada, every man and woman who can handle a hoe, rake, or scythe, or guide a plough, and every child except the the youngest, is busy through nearly all the long hours of daylight in the cultivation of the soil, and those of the commune who have gone to the towns return to their villages for labor in the fields.

During the winter, on the contrary, many of the peasantry resort to the cities and towns to find work in the factories, those who remain at home engaging in a variety of minor industries, including home weaving, manufacture of small articles of bone and horn, toy-making, metal working, and a multitude of other manufactures. In some cases the articles produced are manufactured in the peasant's own home; in others there is a village workshop where they unite among themselves for the manufacture, under the artel system.

The government of these artels, however large or small they may be, and they vary from half a dozen members to thousands, is as democratic in principle as is the government of the commune. Every member has his vote in the framing of rules and regulations as well as in the election of officers. The work performed by

them is as good as they can do, and their contracts are rigidly lived up to.

There is a peculiar gentleness in the Russian nature, whether it be that of the noble or of the peasant, which shows itself in the treatment of animals and of children. True, wife-beating is not uncommon among mujiks, but it is not of an excessively brutal type, and all the songs and traditions of the people show that the woman regards it as part of her necessary lot.

On the other hand, even when inflamed by intoxication, the mujik rarely becomes pugnacious. His drunkenness takes the form, more ordinarily, of maudlin sentimentality or absolute stupor. While drunkenness is common among the mujiks both in town and country, it is not apt to be so often habitual as has been depicted. On occasions of fêtes, of which, unhappily, there are many in Russia, the holidays in the year numbering over ninety, it is not uncommon for all the male inhabitants in a country village to get drunk, but the habit of daily drunkenness is not common.

While the mujik is extremely devout, and deeply imbued with the spirit of reverence, his highly emotional religious belief is strangely mixed with the pagan legends of a previous time. His reverence for the Church, however, does not include a high regard for the priesthood. The village priest depends for his subsistence upon the tithes which he can gather, necessarily meagre, and with difficulty wrung from the poverty of the peasants. Unfortunately but too frequently the priest loses the respect of his flock by drunkenness, while the demands which he makes upon the peasantry for performing the offices of marriage, baptism, and burial, as well as for the ever recurring tithes, which are regarded by the mujiks as extortionate, add to his unpopularity

with them. He is satisfied with performing the functions of his office among the peasants, without much regard to their moral or spiritual welfare so long as they observe the outward forms of religious devotion.

The mujik is usually depicted as not only illiterate and steeped in the deepest ignorance but as incapable of intelligent reasoning. This is far from being a fair estimate of either his acquirements or his capabilities. It is true that the peasants in the remote districts and often, indeed, in more accessible parts of the Empire, are wholly illiterate, but in the larger towns, where education is easily obtainable, and in not a few country districts, they often get a very fair common school education. It is by no means rare to find the son of a petty tradesman speaking four languages with considerable fluency. However illiterate, and wherever found, he shows considerable acumen in dealing with questions which pertain to the management of matters of which he has a fair understanding. While slow to grasp a new idea, in the ordinary matters of the commune, for instance, he shows no little hard-headed sense. Once convinced of the truth of his point of view it is difficult by arguments to shake his faith. He is emotionally conservative and holds tenaciously to all his beliefs.

The orthodox peasant is as little accustomed to question governmental as religious questions, holding equally to his faith in God and in the Czar. If he has heretofore submitted to what he regards as the oppression of the bureaucracy, it is because he has seen no way of combating it. Once, however, convince him that he has rights which by exertion he can obtain, and he becomes a fanatic, pressing on with irresistible force to the attainment of his end, as the recent strikes have demonstrated.

WHAT IS WORLDLINESS? *

BY THE LATE JOHN MILLAR, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education.



IN her essay on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," George Eliot criticises some religionists who have their thoughts so taken up with the next world that they fail to realize their duties while on earth. Mr. Frederick Harrison, who belongs to the same school of philosophy, has repeatedly proclaimed the defects of Christianity in curing the evils which afflict the race. The attitude assumed by such great writers is not unlike what we find prevalent among many we meet from day to day. They do not, however, understand the essence of Christ's teaching, and they fail to see that the troubles of humanity are due to the fact that the simplicity of the Gospel is not always accepted by those who profess to follow the Master.

It is well, however, not to ignore the opinions of the objectors. Too frequently there is shown a disposition among members of churches to forget the common everyday duties which lie before us. Too often the aim of a religious life appears to be an escape from eternal death. In the minds of some persons the words:

"Nothing is worth the thought beneath
But how I may escape the death that never
dies,"

may be consoling.

Taken independently, can it be said

* A paper read at Bishop Vincent's Mission in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, April, 1905. The words come to us now like a voice from the other world. Being dead our departed brother yet speaketh.—Ed.

that this is the principle which should actuate our lives? To children very often the joys of heaven are put forward as the greatest incentive to right action. By the words:

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end,"

the child is not always wisely influenced who has been wearied with dry sermons and long prayers.

The distinction sometimes made between what is religious and what is secular is very misleading. To the Christian every duty is sacred, every word he uses must be right in the sight of God, and every thought of his heart should be holy in intention. Whatever is merely worldly—so-called—has no place in the plans of one who desires to live a consecrated Christian life.

Some men boast of giving a tenth of their income to the Lord. It would be interesting to know who receive the nine-tenths. Are we not trustees of *all* we possess, our time, our talents, our money? Does the man who gives a hundred dollars to help to pay the debt on a church perform a more religious duty than the one who gives a hundred dollars to pay an honest debt? Every dollar of one's income should be expended as the spirit of the Master directs. It may be the best disposal of a man's money to aid in sending a missionary to China, to purchase a suit of clothes, to meet the premium on his insurance policy, or even to buy an Easter hat for his wife—in moderation, of course.

What then is worldliness? The shortest definition I can give is to call it selfishness. Love is the embodiment

of the spirit of Christ. Greed or worldliness is the great opponent of Christian progress. We are told by St. Paul that "Godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Unfortunately many persons largely ignore the first part of the Apostle's statement. Godliness is favorable to the health of the body, and the growth of the intellect. It promotes temperance, industry and frugality. It secures peace of conscience in the faithful performance of duty. It gives comfort in trial and strength in overcoming difficulties. Religion injures no one. It makes no one the poorer, though it promises no earthly possessions directly as its reward, or secures immunity from sickness or from bereavement. It promotes the steady growth of prosperity in every community.

What has been retarding the growth of the church? Some have mentioned evolution, some the higher criticism, some infidelity, and some avarice. I think that worldliness may be considered as embracing all these evil influences. Worldliness has produced many disturbances, many heart-burnings, many family disagreements, and many kinds of social injustice. Worldliness caused on this continent the wars which deprived Britain of her colonies. Worldliness produced the French Revolution, as well as the Civil War in the United States. Worldliness, or the lack of love, if you will, is the cause of the disastrous condition of affairs in Russia to-day. Worldliness is the great cause of the troubles which afflict Canada, including the city of Toronto.

It is worldliness that has fought against free education. It is the greed of gain that debars the children of the poor man from receiving a High School education. It is greed that prevents playgrounds from being pro-

vided for poor children, and multiplies sorrowing mothers, who mourn the loss of little ones crushed to death by street-car accidents. It is worldliness, the lust for gain, which tolerates so many bar-rooms that counteract the good done by our schools and by our churches. It is worldliness that prevents so many church members from realizing the full grandeur of the blessings which the love of Christ brings.

It is true there has not been that increase of membership which we might expect. May we not, however, place too much stress on numbers? Is worldliness more rampant than it was twenty-five years ago? I think not. Are class-meetings more poorly attended? I fail to see it. Do fewer attend prayer-meetings? Perhaps so, but how can we expect them to be so largely attended, when there have grown up so many organizations, such as the Woman's Missionary Society, Ladies' Aids, Epworth Leagues, Young Men's Clubs, etc., with the various additional engagements furnished by College societies and fellowship organizations? We have still only seven days each week.

It is said that worldliness has caused less attention to family prayer. Unfortunately less attention is given to this important religious duty than formerly. I do not think, however, that increased worldliness is the cause. To counterbalance the less attention given to these exercises it may be confidently stated that homes are now better regulated. Love rules more than formerly. There is more affection between husband and wife, and between parents and children. Our Sunday-schools are better attended. If our day-schools are less denominational they have not thereby deteriorated. It is not necessary that religion should be taught in our public schools or that the Bible should be made a

text-book. Our teachers are better character builders than they were thirty years ago. The children are better trained and have a higher conception of citizenship than they had years ago. The discipline exacted is of a higher grade, and placed on sounder pedagogical principles. Most of our teachers are members of Christian churches. They realize that knowledge and education are not identical. The condition of our schools is not alarming. The "little red school-house" calls for better teachers, but not for the addition of religion to the curriculum.

Worldliness is far less conspicuous than it was thirty years ago. There is less harshness, less envy, less frivolity, and less rudeness. Christianity has made vast inroads upon wickedness in high places. Our statutes respecting temperance, and respecting the provisions for the unfortunate, show the march of religious principle. That certain kinds of wickedness are committed only in the dark is a tribute to the higher tone of society.

Some persons complain that lack of expected progress is due to an inferior method of proclaiming the Gospel. From this view I must entirely dissent. I have listened during the last twelve months to several sermons, preached by different persons, mostly in Toronto, and some outside of this city. The sermons I have heard through life are very numerous, but I venture to say that during the last year most of the sermons I have heard hold no inferior place to those it was my privilege to hear in any previous year.

The best sermons I heard within the last year were not disquisitions on controversial questions. They exhibited no investigations in the region of speculation or doubt. If they touched on patriotism, their patriotism was not associated with the smell of gun-

powder. They gloried in the recent meeting of the Peace Society held at Boston to promote the settlement of quarrels by arbitration, rather than gloried in the victory gained on the Plains of Abraham, or on Queenston Heights. In short, the need of a Saviour was the great theme. The love of Christ was the prominent topic. Solicitations for a better life were constantly introduced. To help the poor, the sick, the down-trodden, the sinful was urged. "Love one another" was never omitted from the commandments.

I have no sympathy with those who believe that Christianity is losing its grasp. That the Church is in a state of decay is something I heard about ten years ago, twenty years ago, thirty years ago. It is an old story. Lamentations of this kind remind me of remarks made by Lord Macaulay. The great historian was optimistic in referring to the croakers of his time. He said in one of his speeches:

"There is no lack of alarmists. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I am too much used to them to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country I have been seeing nothing but growth, and I have been hearing nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart, that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth."

The future is bright. We are not like "dumb driven cattle." We are enlisted in the service of a victorious leader. We are not like those who were forced to follow the leadership of a Kuropatkin. The Christian does not count on failure. He is ready to burn his bridges behind him every day. Onward is the battle-cry, victory is the goal.

CHURCH UNION.

BY THE REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.



AS any man among us seen as yet to the centre of this marvellous movement, or measured its full significance? How slow we are to see that it is He when He walks forth in unfamiliar way! "They supposed it had been a spirit." And yet He had fed them but a few hours before! Far less in their star-led wandering lay the Wise Men's wisdom than in the fact that, finding a babe in Bethlehem rather than in Jerusalem, amid the repellencies of a caravanserai rather than the comforts of a court, they yet "opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

We have long been praying our Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one," praying it most fervently, maybe, when in simple evangelic fervor we have asked the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. And now He has come, come mightily in ordinary ways, come in Torrey and Roberts, in Chapman and Dawson, and a host of others. But above all He has come in this quiet, world-wide, spring-like call of Christendom to a closer clustering round the cross, the cross and those simple, infinite verities of our faith it stands for. Surely now He is calling His scattered clans from the north, and south, and east, and west of their divisions to this grand centre whence, as one well-marshalled host, He can lead it on to great world conquests!

Just where or how this movement took its rise no man may better say than has St. Luke: "Jesus began

both to do and to teach." Nor has He ever ceased from that day unto this. And though apparently, as in the Dark Ages, less successfully doing it at one time than another, never has the end been other than it is, or ever less the energy of the tireless worker.

We marvel that men should ever have been blind to what was making so plainly for the disintegration of Christendom as persecution. Let us rather marvel that, through the darkest days, the light of life shone on, a life no fagot fire, or prison cell, or social stigma ever utterly stifled. Aye, indeed, how but thus and so was to be won that free unfettered conscience which, already making possible what our best past records, points now to a greater sacrifice than our fathers ever knew, as the way to a greater growth than they ever dreamt of?

As into the marrow of Judaism the Babylonian captivity wrought such hatred of idolatry that polytheism was for evermore impossible; so, into the moral make-up of the Anglo-Saxon people has passed by persecution, Catholic and Protestant, such hatred of high-handedness in the Kingdom of God that never again, as either Presbyterian or Episcopal priestcraft, can it be there enthroned. And how else could this have come to us, if not by just such disintegration as has been? Better every single son of man among us stand in his manhood apart from every other, claiming his inalienable individual right of approach to the Most High, than sheep-like herded in any august mass, he be led or driven as some so-called vicar of God decide!

Christendom, evangelic Christendom at any rate, has learned its lesson

well; and now the process is reversed. He who nerved the martyrs to Christendom's break-up, calls now like-minded men to union. Such union as shall mean in many ways a corporate martyrdom; something harder to magnanimous men than individual death.

This call of God comes clearest, perhaps, in the realm of practical life. The Socialising instinct shown, for instance, in the city-ward drift of man, demands ever more that the individual interest subserve the civic, that the individual find a larger self in losing the lesser, and come by gains among his fellows he could never have had alone.

This instinct, in ecclesiasticism, has touched our question chiefly on the mission field. And some day we may see that such touch has meant more for the Kingdom than any and all of individual conversions to the Faith.

But He is doing it, too, in a progressive thought that is ever approximating unto truth, truth so infinite that no mere man-made creed, be it even endorsed of all earth's best, can compass. But the process is necessarily slow. "The facts investigated," says Prof. Henry Jones in another connection, "somehow combine aspects which the thought of the facts cannot reconcile. Hence arise controversies that are interminable. They are interminable because each doctrine carries with it an aspect of truth; and, as it takes that for the whole truth, it is obliged to endeavor to refute its opposite, which is not possible, for truth cannot be laid."

Never more certainly did the Holy Ghost guide honest men and earnest in their efforts to express the mind of a living Christendom—not a dead fifteen-hundred-year-old Christendom, but a living Christendom—than He is doing to-day. Not one of us now thinks of our Faith's great facts as the

Fathers did; and these new conceptions need new expression. Then why not think He sat at Toronto surely as He ever did at Nicea?

Two conceptions of the Church prevail. One is that of our Roman Catholic friends and the Judicial Committee that a while ago pronounced on the Scottish Church case. This conception is of the Church as an organization, fixed and final in its main outlines. The other is of the Church as an organism, ever adapting itself to changing times and circumstances, knowing nothing permanent but its changeless spirit and persistent aim, the renewal of the earth in righteousness.

About this latter's creedal statement, then, there can be no finality; for the matters dealt with, being infinite, are phrased forth with growing clearness in poor imperfect human speech. So the movement took its rise no man knows where or how. The union of our Canadian Methodisms and Presbyterianisms, the federation of the Free Churches in England and across the borders to the south, in Australia, and America, and the old red-tape-tied lands across the sea, show how that everywhere the breath of God is blowing and the spirit of a moral spring-tide is abroad.

But for us and the present union, that which touched as match dry tinder was the spoken word of a Presbyterian, Dr. Patrick, in the Methodist General Conference of 1902. And the outcome in these two short years is this report of the sub-committees suggesting base of union.

"Such a union will be good from a business standpoint," says one, "there will be tremendous saving in men and money, saving to its concentration in more effective ways in neediest centres." And so there will, though not to such extent, perhaps, as is expected. But it is from other ground and

higher than the whole movement must be pressed. Mere expediency, be it on never so large a scale or unto worthy end can ever so justify such a change as here is contemplated. This were but to seek a man-made machine, or pile up a good-intentioned but heterogeneous heap of Christian activities. It is not to be that.

Here is rather a twentieth-century floodtide of the Spirit's power. Where it will end who is to tell? The dream of a reunited Christendom is yet to be realized. We could not dream it else. The ideal is implicit in the actual; never more plainly than at present. And anything that tends to such simplification of the creeds of Christendom as to enable an honest man who wants to think clearly, and do rightly, and who knows no better helper than Jesus Christ; anything that will enable the utmost utilization of that man in Christian fellowship is of His magnanimity who said, "Forbid him not."

Here and there, though, one hears a whispered word of fear least this trustifying of evangelical Christendom should be her death. Could any fear than this be more baseless? Is not the most oft-repeated lesson of all the past just this, that, as, for instance, General Booth takes devils' tunes and sets them to celestial words to the devil's own undoing, so has God been ever taking the spirit of a time, spirit spreading evil on the right hand and the left, and harnessing it to heavenliest work? The zeal of the early Christian days that dispersed the Nazarenes was the very spirit that spread the truth; the spirit of vulgar conquest was consecrated to the Crusades, the spirit of criticism that has threatened in our own day to overthrow the Faith is the very spirit that, by still greater enthusiasm and deeper research, has made our Faith

more credible and reasserted the right of religion in common life.

And who shall say but that this very trustification of the churches is itself God's girding of the *Church* for the overthrow of the giant evils of this trust-ridden age? Competition is *not* the life of the Church; not even, at last, of trade, but brotherhood and love. And otherwhere than in the "diamond cut diamond" policy lie these latter, depend upon it.

Why should Roman Catholicism speak effectively as she does on matters of moment that may or may not concern us, and we, because of our divisions, stand appalled at evils we are helpless to lift a legislative pen to undo? Is it a time when evil is entrenched in soul-sapping trusts, drink, gambling, and the threatened autocracy of democracy; is it a time to meet these things in mere corporal's guards, when we may meet them in massed millions, ordered armies, and sweep them to the slaughter?

The suggested basis is, of course, as yet but tentative. It will probably be modified. It is hardly time, then, for criticism. But it is time to heartily welcome what has been already done, and pray for its general endorsement or improvement. Exquisite, indeed, is its blending of Calvinism and Arminianism; both equally Biblical, as Spurgeon saw; both aspects of a deep underlying unifying truth that is not clearly discerned as yet.

How far they have travelled, those Presbyterians! I open an old book picked up on the Labrador years ago. It is entitled, "Calvinism, the Doctrine of the Scriptures, or a Scriptural Account of the Ruin and Recovery of Fallen Man; and a Review of the Principal Objections which have been Advanced against the Calvinistic System." It is by "Thomas McCulloch, D.D., S.T.P., late President of

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S.," and there is in it a remarkable chapter on "Universal Atonement Disproved." What a way they have come! Time measurements hardly tell the distance travelled from McCulloch, late president of Dalhousie, to Forrest and Falconer, of the Dalhousie and Pine Hill of to-day!

But these latter take up Wesley's Notes and Sermons, his Calvinistic controversy-provoking sermon on

Free Grace especially; they take up Fletcher's Checks and Christian Perfection; and they say, "Aye, but these Methodists have travelled far in few years." And so we have, they and we, and all wrapped up in this wonderful cosmic process. And they travel fastest who live loftiest and think clearest. We are more Calvinistic in some ways, they say, than they themselves. And are not they more Methodistic in many ways than we?



"LOOK NOT AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The fairest of this world's fair flowers must wither;
Thick clouds will overcast her clearest sky;
The landscapes glowing in her radiant noontide
Must colorless beneath night's shadow lie.

Earth's sweetest music hath its wailing minors;
Full oft her dearest joys are kin to pain;
Her tenderest words are farewells, closest hand-clasps
Those which, once loosed, she may not join again.

But there's a wondrous sphere of light and beauty—
Of fadeless flowers and skies unchanging bright—
Whose glorious scenes shall never be enshadowed
By the dark canopy of sombre night.

And there sweet sound is heard of heavenly harpers,
Harping on harps that no sad cadence know;
There friend meets long-missed friend, no more to sunder,
And joy unmixed hath its perennial flow.

Then, ye who for a while are bowed with sorrow,
Look forward to the glad, eternal years!
Be comforted! God will give back your treasures,
And dry with His own hand your blinding tears.

Toronto.

—*Christian Advocate.*

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD S. NINDE, D.D.



EVERY day is teaching the English Government more clearly that the Nonconformist conscience is a factor to be reckoned with. Three years ago, in June, when a committee of ministers from the Free Church Council, representing all the Protestant dissenting bodies in England, with Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, at their head, called upon Mr. Balfour and protested against the passage of the Education Act, they were smilingly dismissed as if they were a lot of ignorant schoolboys. But a fair warning was sounded. With a Scotch earnestness that was unmistakable, using words that have since become the motto of the passive resisters, Dr. Fairbairn frankly told the prime minister that if the bill should pass, "we will not submit."

"Never mind," said the government leaders, "the Dissenters will soon get over their sulks." And so the bill became a law.

At once the Passive Resistance movement began. The point at issue was perfectly clear. By the new act sixteen thousand sectarian schools, most of them belonging to the Church of England, were henceforth to be entirely supported from the general taxes.

While provision was made for outside representation on the School

Boards, yet the law was so framed that the control of the schools has remained in the hands of the clergy. It is practically impossible for a Dissenter to become head master of one of these schools, and comparatively few Dissenters are employed in subordinate position. The instruction is distinctly sectarian. There are numberless instances where the teachers have told the children that the Nonconformist chapels were mere club-houses; that the Holy Spirit would not enter such places, and that Churchmen were the "wheat," while Dissenters were the "tares."

No wonder that Free Churchmen, who are taxed for fully one-half the amount to run these schools, are deeply aggrieved. Many of them who foresaw what was coming vowed with Dr. Fairbairn that they would never submit, and became passive resisters. They promptly and cheerfully pay all taxes excepting the amount assessed for sectarian education. At this point they are unyielding. Sixty-five thousand of them have been summoned to court; in thousands of cases household goods have been distrained and sold at auction to satisfy the tax claim; 231 persons, 108 of whom were clergymen, have been imprisoned, some of them several times. This has gone on for three years, while the zeal and determination of the resisters, instead of abating, have steadily grown.

The third anniversary of the resistance movement has just been held in the City Temple, London. It was a gathering utterly unique in our modern civilization. Whatever one might think of the merits of the controversy, and of the policy of the re-

* Already the hateful and hated Education Act has brought its Nemesis. More than any other single cause, we believe, it has caused the downfall of the Balfour Government. It will hasten Disestablishment in Wales, and probably in England also.—Ed.

sisters, it was impossible not to be deeply moved by this vast concourse of people, representing tens of thousands throughout Britain, who for conscience' sake are ready to endure the spoiling of their goods and imprisonment. Three hours were set apart for a testimony-meeting. The platform was crowded with ex-prisoners.

There sat the venerable Dr. Johnston, a white-haired veteran of seventy-four, pastor of a Congregational Church just out of London. He had recently served a sentence in one jail, while at the same time his daughter was imprisoned elsewhere. Near him sat the pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church, of Southampton. He had served five terms in jail during the last eleven months. As one Baptist minister arose to relate his prison experiences, a telegram was handed him announcing that a warrant for his rearrest had just been issued, and he must hurry home to begin a new sentence.* A Methodist layman from Hull, nearing the fourscore mark, spoke with faltering voice of his feeling on reaching the jail. "I am an old man. I had never been in a prison-cell before in my life. I couldn't sleep a wink the first night." But he declared his willingness to go again and again, if need be. "They may break my body, but they can't break my spirit!" he cried.

A number had been incarcerated in Bedford Jail, and they told of the comfort they had derived in thinking of Bunyan. The passive resisters neither expected, nor, as a rule, did they receive any better treatment than the ordinary prisoners. In some instances the warders subjected them to unwarranted humiliation, as if they were degraded felons. The chaplains especially seemed to delight in taking advantage of their opportunity, and more than one of the ministers told of insults nothing less than brutal,

heaped upon him by these "spiritual advisers."

The entire anniversary both afternoon and evening was of dramatic interest. Again and again feeling reached the explosion-point, and the building shook with wild applause. When the audience sang:

"Fines cannot make us flinch,
Force cannot scare;
Fearless we'll face the pinch
Of prison fare.
Bolt, bar, and prison wall,
For Faith we'll face them all,
No law shall soul enthrall.
Bear! bear! and dare!"

the enthusiasm was indescribable.

To many it seemed as if the days of Pym and Hampden had returned; that the sacred battles of the fathers for religious freedom were being fought over again. Already some had suffered, but there was no trace of self-glorification. "We court no cheap martyrdom," said Mr. Campbell, a thought reiterated by several speakers.

Those who have supposed that the passive resisters were mere enthusiasts, fanatics, and that the whole movement would presently collapse, should call to mind the men who are behind it—such preachers as R. F. Horton, president of the Free Church Council, John Clifford, R. J. Campbell, C. Sylvester Horne, F. B. Meyer, Campbell Morgan, Principal Fairbairn, and scores of others almost equally eminent, while among the laity we find men who are at the very front in the various professions. We have here not a momentary impulse, but deep and mighty convictions.

Already a profound impression has been made upon England. The spectacle in this twentieth century, of men and women going to prison for conscience' sake, is enough to set even the ungodly to thinking. Some months ago, when the Rev. Mr. Nightingale, of Leeds, was thrown into jail, the whole city was stirred. Every even-

ing two thousand people gathered at the prison wall and sang and prayed. When the last day came the warder discharged his prisoner at six o'clock in the morning, but even at that early hour the street was packed with an immense crowd, come to welcome their friend with shouts of delight. Leeds wants no further experience of this kind, and a similar feeling is apparent in other places.

It is impossible that the obnoxious act shall permanently remain on the statute-books. Thousands of loyal Churchmen abhor its sectarian and

coercive spirit as heartily as do the Nonconformists. In the meantime Dissenters all over the kingdom are being welded together as never before. Churches that were half-asleep are throwing off their lethargy, and new activities are springing into life.

But the sad part of it all is that on both sides feelings have been engendered utterly opposed to the new spirit of Christian unity. There is but one solution. Sooner or later Britain must follow in the footsteps of France—a free Church in a free State.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

BY FRANKLIN DEANE.



CHRISTIAN service has a life at its centre; it, therefore, takes many forms, adapting itself to new facts. One of the more modern developments is that known as the Social Settlement, or, to give them their full name, University, College and Social Settlements. These homes and households, placed in the most squalid neighborhoods and carrying on their work minus any flourish of trumpets, have accomplished an immense amount of good without attracting as much attention as many less useful agencies. They are simply the places where educated men and women group themselves together as residents right in the crowded, needy districts of the great cities.

A settlement is a household of those who have had the higher advantages of life and who have settled down to live together, either in families, or as a community, in the midst of those who

have been denied these advantages. It is neither an ecclesiastical, an educational nor an eleemosynary institution; whatever specific work along any of these lines it may undertake is the result, not of any formal programme, but because those who are richly endowed with education and culture find it impossible to live in intimate contact with need and misery, with ignorance and vice, with sorrow and shame, without yielding to the impulse to reach out helping hands. The formal statement of purpose in the incorporation of Hull House is: "The object for which it is formed is to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life; to initiate and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago."

Sometimes a religious purpose is more explicitly expressed, as, for example, in Mansfield House, London: "Mansfield House is founded for practical helpfulness in the spirit of Jesus Christ in all that affects human welfare. We war in the Master's name

against all evil, selfishness, injustice, vice, disease, starvation, ignorance, ugliness and squalor; and seek to build up God's Kingdom in brotherhood, righteousness, purity, health, beauty and truth."

Perhaps one of the strongest evidences of the actual value of the work of the social settlement is found in the fact that it is exceedingly difficult to define and tabulate. It is a movement, an organism, rather than a formal and methodical organization. Figures tell us that there are now somewhere about one hundred and eighty actual social settlements in the world; but the facts probably differ very greatly from this.

However, for the sake of the curious, we might as well get these figures out of the way. There are forty-five in England (thirty-one of them in London), five in Scotland, five in France, two in Japan (not including the same kind of work directly related to mission stations), one each in Germany, Holland and Australia, and one hundred and eighteen in the United States. Of those in this country New York has thirty-four and Chicago eighteen. It must be remembered that this list includes only those that are organized and conducted as actual residence houses, separate from and commonly independent of any particular church, and that it does not include the rapidly extending institutional work of the churches, which is in many instances approximating to the same ends.

All the large cities of the United States have at least one of these University, College and Social Settlements, and all Christian people interested in the welfare of their fellows and in the service of their Lord, have heard of them. But, unless one has come intimately into the life of such a house, or has made a study of their work, the ideas in regard to settlement

work and its intentions are apt to be quite vague. It may be interesting, therefore, to know just how this movement came to be and what are some of the things it seeks to accomplish.

The first social settlement was named "Immanuel"; that was nineteen hundred years ago, when One who had all knowledge, riches, glory and honor came to be neighbor to those who were sick, blind, poor, wandering in darkness, or bound in fetters of iron habits. From the cloisters of heaven He came and settled in the slums of earth that He might give his life to men, that they might have life, the more abundant life. He said to men: "Follow me," calling them to do the same works that He had done; He sent some out to visit the sick, to touch and lift the lives of men. Speaking generally, they proceeded to follow Him in one thing only, they taught the things He had taught; but they forgot to do the things He had done. Though, at first, some continued to do His work, it was not for long; they speedily forgot that His greatest glory had been that He could say: "I am among you as one that serveth." They sought to build their glory on being masters. Yet there were ever choice spirits who remembered Him, who sought His way, such as, in modern times, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Shaftesbury. Originally some of the orders of friars had this same spirit, and, all along, there have been pastors, priests and cures innumerable who have loved men and who have lived with the people and for the people. But for the persistence of these spirits in the churches the social settlement never would have been.

Then came this great impulse to get close to the lives of the needy, to know them at their worst the better to bring to them the fruitage, the helpfulness of lives that had been enriched by culture, to bring to the dark problems of

our civilization the best of light and life and love that this civilization has to offer. This goes back less than fifty years and, in fact, the formal settlement house goes back only twenty years, to 1885.

It was in England that the first steps were taken, taken almost in the dark, for men scarce knew what they were doing, and certainly none knew what the issue would be. There had been a deepening discontent amongst the working people, accompanied by a rapid congestion of life in the large cities, as a result of the introduction of the factory phase of industry. It was the time, also, of the beginning of what we shall some day perhaps call the Renaissance of Social Responsibility. Following the Chartist agitation men were coming to two great and very important convictions: first, that something was terribly wrong with the condition of a large part of the people, particularly with that of those known as the working classes; and, second, that this condition was not inevitable, that something might be done. Voices were heard crying against the doctrine of letting things take their course, declaring that better things were possible, even daring to hope that England might be a kingdom in which God's will should be actually done. Ruskin, Frederick W. Robertson, Arnold of Rugby, John Richard Green, the historian, and Frederick Denison Maurice were amongst these seers. The last mentioned was also a worker; he began practical things by the establishment of the College for Working Men, in London. Some of Lubbock's popular lectures were delivered at this college. About this time Edward Denison went from Oxford University to live in Stepney, London. He became neighbor to the needy in that dreary region of sordid tenements, and he was the

first to make the real needs of London known to the country at large.

Then was born the University Extension movement, in 1867, at Cambridge; the attempt of those who had knowledge to discharge their responsibility to those who had not. Men of culture, trained in the great universities, were seeking to come closer to the lives of the people; they went down into the dark places of the East-end of London. Chief amongst them was one Arnold Toynbee, a brilliant Oxford man, who lived and helped in Whitechapel, lecturing there and touching the lives of the most degraded. He died at about the time of the publication of "The Bitter Cry of Out-cast London," with its fearful revelations of the sufferings of the needy and the shame of a nation. Before the awful pictures, all England stood aghast. A flood of investigations followed, resulting in general agitation. Men asked: What shall we do for the submerged ones? Then the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the man with whom Toynbee had worked, gave one answer to their questions. He had himself given ten years to Whitechapel, and he went to Oxford and told them of things there, and of Toynbee's life, of the way he had worked, how he had lived with the people and lifted them. Many hastened also to help. Two years later, in 1885, Toynbee Hall was founded. It is still one of the most active and interesting of London's many settlements. A visit there some years ago showed its many activities and its great influence. Especially memorable was the sight of the great throngs who came from all that crowded, besotted region, to a really fine exhibition of paintings. There were the works of the greatest modern artists, and these toilers, costers, dockers and "slaveys" showed neither a lack of discrimination nor a failure

to appreciate the beautiful as they walked through the galleries.

The same year several other settlement houses were established in London ; the year following in Glasgow, and the next year in New York. It is, however, to be questioned whether the "Neighborhood Guild," of New York, quite deserved to be called a settlement at that time ; if not, then the honor of the first settlement in the United States belongs to Chicago, to Hull House, to Miss Jane Addams.

The best way to know the work of any settlement is to visit it. Even then you will know the work of that settlement alone ; others may be entirely different. Localities differ ; needs vary ; possibilities are not the same ; there are degrees, also, of gifts. There is no rigid uniformity of method ; yet, underlying all the varying activities, there is unity of spirit. It is the spirit of service. The settlement may be profoundly religious, or it may disavow any religious or churchly connection ; nevertheless, all are doing the will of Him who came to give Himself to every other man. All the workers, the greater number of them, consciously and definitely, are governed by His spirit.

Take, as examples, the work of Mansfield House, London, and that of Denison House, Boston. The former is in alliance with the Congregational churches of Great Britain. It takes its name from the great school of that denomination, Mansfield College, Oxford. The House is situated in Cannon-Town, a dreary region of factories and docks in the farther East-end of London. Mr. Percy Alden is the Warden and with him there are a number of residents. They have charge of the different departments and the various agencies, such as the men's club, chess club, cycling, cricket, harriers and the many other clubs for games, the Sunday worship hour,

pleasant Sunday afternoons, children's evening hour, the brotherhood, benevolent committees, Fairbairn House, Youths' Institute, Wave Lodging House, the many country excursions and fresh air plans, committees on various interests, municipal, social, industrial, the loan society, penny savings' bank, coal club, glee society, sick benefit society and a large number of classes for study. Then there is the constant work for the unemployed, the finding of work and the provision of meals for the destitute and the sick, the conferences with labor organizations, and with agencies for civic betterment.

Denison House, the example selected on this side, is at 91 and 93 Tyler Street, Boston. It co-operates with labor organizations, particularly cares for school children, watches the condition of the school-buildings and works for the welfare of the children during vacation. The now-familiar vacation school, by which children are interested and kept off the streets during the summer, took its rise here. Then they have classes in English language, literature and grammar, in drawing, writing, cooking, sewing, forming new courses of instruction as they are needed. There is regular work in a gymnasium, drill in social science, in civics and government and organizations ; there are many clubs for girls and women, boys and men ; kitchen-garden instruction and out-door work, summer excursions to the sea and the woods. The residents reach the parents and the homes through the children.

Wherever they work, these groups of men and women bring their endowments and attainments of training and outlook, and endeavor to touch and inspire these other lives, not in any spirit of superiority or of condescension, but as loving them, learning of them, co-operating with them, sharing

their lives. They all live in the same ward, on the same street ; the neighborhood is their neighborhood, and so they all, street-raised or college-bred, work together and make their street, their ward, better, sweeter, brighter, holier. The residents go into the homes as friends, they advise and help in the selection and the preparation of food, in the protection against food adulteration, notably in the case of milk ; they suggest better sanitary arrangements. They enter into the industrial life, the questions of hours and wages, of factory conditions and laws ; they co-operate to secure libraries, parks, playgrounds, bath-houses and public beaches, vacation schools and neighborhood centres. They instruct in the practical work of the home, as sewing, cleaning, cooking. They train for the trades. They encourage to frugality by savings' banks. They open the doors to æsthetic culture by pictures, books, lectures, music and art exhibits. They inculcate better habits by temperance instruction and organizations. They cultivate social instincts by parties, receptions, smokers. They lead to the best life by Bible classes, religious services.

church co-operation, family worship and personal influence.

No testimony is needed to the value of this work. Wherever life is given, wherever love is poured out in service, wherever there is true human contact between the strong and the weak, wherever men and women are touched with the feeling of the infirmities one of another, wherever they go, seeking to do good to all men as they have opportunity, there lives are lifted, eyes are opened, pathways are illumined, hearts are led, and cities are transformed.

The saving leaven, mixed in the lump of dead social conditions which lie heavy with injustice and sodden with centuries of oppression and neglect, is the human life ; this lifts and imparts life to the whole. When, instead of sending others, or sending money or prayers to raise the fallen, we go ourselves ; instead of sending to them we settle with them, then they are reached and helped. With or without the blessing of boards or bishops, the social settlement proves itself to be one of the agencies of the Kingdom and one of the signs of its coming.

THE LOOMS OF GOD.

The years of man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving away
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate ;
We may not see how the right side looks,
We can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern,
No weaver hath need to fear ;
Only let him look clear into Heaven,
The perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour
For ever and alway in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,
His weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,
And the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master ;
It shall say to him, " Well done ! "

And the white-winged angels of Heaven
To bear him hence shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire,
Not coin—but a crown !

—From Scribner's Monthly.

ONE TALENT.

BY THE REV. T. E. HOLLING, B.A.



NE Sunday afternoon, nearly five years ago, I worshipped in Westminster Abbey. My seat was near the vault which contains the remains of Mrs. Gladstone. Only a short time prior had they been deposited there beside those of her illustrious husband. The preacher of the occasion announced as his text "One talent." In eloquent terms he developed his central thought that "the man who had the least to care for was the man who made a failure." The very place where we worshipped that summer afternoon seemed to emphasize the impressive thought. England's illustrious dead whose dust the abbey enshrines—soldier, sailor, statesman, poet, preacher, philanthropist, all seemed to say, "We were faithful in the use of our five talents; what are you doing with your one talent?"

We are living in a one-talented age—or to use Beecher's fine phrase, in "the reign of the common people." This is true politically. Our early English history tells of the reign of the five-talented man in government. The power to govern was centred in one man—an absolute monarch—and every subject was a serf.

Then followed the age of the two-talented man. In Runnymede Meadow the barons of England wrested from the hands of King John certain liberties and privileges by which the power of government was shared with him by his barons. Gradually those liberties were accorded to a larger number of the people until the masses were made the masters, and the power

originally vested in one man is now distributed among the people. We may well ask if in this respect the one-talented man is putting his talent to a worthy use. Democracy has its perils—the perils of power. One by his indifference neglects to exercise his franchise; another deliberately barter it away at the booth of political corruption. Let the one-talented man remember at what a cost this power has been purchased for him.

Educationally, we are living in a one-talented age. If we look at British history again we observe the five-talented age of education, when the only educated man in the parish was the parish priest. Then the monks opened schools of learning at Oxford and Cambridge where the sons of the rich laymen were taught—that was the two-talented age. Only a privileged few acquired that knowledge which is power. The time came, however, when the rich men endowed charity schools where the poor boy was taught. The Church likewise took up the work of educating the youth of the land, aided later on by the State—and to-day we have a system of national education, and the poorest boy in our land at least enjoys equal advantages with the richest. The door of the university is open to all who wish to enter. Are we using this one talent as faithfully as was done when the opportunities of acquiring an education were not so great as they are to-day?

The limits assigned for this paper will not permit of our developing the principle commercially. We hasten to state that the same principle is seen in Church life. We are living in the one-talented age of Bible privilege.

Church history tells of the time when the Bible was in the hands of only one man in the parish. We have seen the pictures of the Bible chained to the reading desk in church. It was also held in the chains of an unfamiliar tongue. The age of the five-talented man surely. Then thanks to Tyndall and Wycliffe the Word of God was put into the language of the people, and at a great price the Book of books was purchased by the rich. The age of the two-talented men. But thanks to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and kindred organizations, the one-talented age of Bible privilege has dawned, and at a nominal cost every member of the family who can read procures a copy of the Scriptures. Are we faithful in the use of this one talent? When the Bible was scarce it was prized and pondered over. Our privilege is our peril. The talent is in danger of being buried in the dust.

It is also true in regard to Christian work that we are living in the one-talented age. The democratic spirit has taken possession of the Church. The man in the pew shares with the man in the pulpit the responsibility and privilege of Christian activity. The agencies and enterprises of the Church are so varied and manifold that every Christian quickly finds his and her place when responding to the call, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." "All at it, and always at it," is the keynote of Christian effort.

In the matter of Christian giving we are living in a one-talented age. The Church once depended on the great gifts and legacies of the few, but in this democratic age it is rather by the systematic and proportionate giving of the many that we are to overtake the great work that God has for His people to do at home and abroad. The million guineas of hard cash which the Wesleyans of England collected by their thanksgiving fund

is a splendid tribute to the democratic system adopted and the democratic spirit manifested in that great movement.

There are three women of our time who illustrate in a marked degree the faithful use of the respective talents with which they were entrusted. Our late beloved Queen Victoria was endowed with the five-talented opportunity. How faithfully she improved these talents through a long and arduous and illustrious career let an empire that holds her name in grateful memory testify.

From the ranks of the British aristocracy came forth at the call of duty Lady Henry Somerset, who may serve as an example of two-talented privilege. Her philanthropic spirit, her zeal in the cause of moral and social reform, her influence upon the women of two great English speaking peoples are the evidences of how splendidly she has increased the sum of the world's good.

We have no less an illustrious instance of how much can be accomplished by a woman from the ranks of the common people in the late Miss Frances Willard, appropriately called "America's uncrowned queen." From the one-talented class, from the great democracy, this woman brought the wealth of her affections and the splendid intellectual equipment secured through years of earnest toil, and increasingly labored for God and Home and Native Land. Of lowly origin but with lofty ideals, she went forth to organize the women of Christendom in one army of assault on the dehumanizing liquor traffic. She reproaches the man who buried his talent in the earth because it is only one, and is to the youth of the Church a shining example of what may be accomplished by a faithful use of the talent God entrusts his people with.

Moose Jaw, Assa.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Author of "In a Country Town," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.



ABOUT the last of May everything inside and out of Martha Cobb's new house was in perfect order. In the afternoon one day Mrs. Hogarth came to see the improvements, and Martha with secret pride took her from room to room.

"Of all the men to make you do things you can't see a mite of use in at the time, David Fenton is the persuadingest," grumbled

the spinster. "I never would have had open fireplaces in almost every single room if I had been let alone; and if you know, Mrs. Hogarth, what on earth I have built all these sleeping-rooms for, you know more than I do. Then, to top all, is that attic—a great, splendid room, with pretty windows and a prospect stretchin' half to New York. Says he, as pleased as could be, yesterday: 'It would hold no end of little beds.' 'Little beds,' says I, 'for the land's sake!' And he went away shaking with that pent-up Quaker laughter that shakes him sometimes like he was calves'-foot jelly. I s'pose it come over him we were neither on us married and both on us nigh fifty; mebbe's he's older—he must be."

"Well, the whole house is just as attractive as it can be. When Stephen and I were young we used to go summers to boarding-houses and we never had such pretty rooms; they could not be found. But how can you cook and keep these all in order?"

"Well, I do believe I could, but David has been at me again and carried his point. I had them Welleses here last year, and I could get on well enough alone; but no, I've got to have a girl to do room work; she comes to-night."

"A good, capable one, I hope."

Martha looked embarrassed, then said: "I could have had Nellie Leach for two dollars a week. Nellie is smarter than a bamboo briar and as sensible as she is reliable."

"Yes, she will make you excellent help," said Mrs. Hogarth, admiring the airy dining-room.

"But I ain't goin' to have her. David does leave things to your conscience in the most aggravatin' way. You know Delia Palmer over to the Bend?"

"The girl that—the girl who disgraced herself?"

"Well, she was very young and there were mitigating circumstances, David says. Nobody will hire her, her folks are awfully down on her, and David heard she said she'd commit suicide before she'd be refused work many more times. I've agreed to have her. She is willing and strong. I flew right up when he fust proposed it. I said I was a decent woman and used to keepin' company with my own sort. I was mad. What do you suppose that Quaker did?"

"He persuaded you by telling you it was missionary work."

"He never opened his head till he walked over to that whatnot in the corner. He got out them two chunks of quartz that would fell an elephant if you hit him with 'em. He held one and he handed me t'other, and he says as peaceful as a lamb: 'Delia is coming along soon. I told her to stop when she gets to the gate. Let's thee and me, sinless ones, cast these at her, and then ask the Lord to bless us.' Delia hove in sight, and by the time she rapped—well, anyway, she is coming at three dollars a week, because she needs clothing up decently. I've got into it; I mean to see her through. Nobody knows till they live with such a man how wearin' 'tis."

Mrs. Hogarth admired to Martha's content the entire house. It was unlike any other one she knew. Everything was good and substantial, but plain enough to stand hard wear. She did think it needlessly large, and said as much.

That evening Martha sat for the first time on her new veranda with David. The spring had lingered long, but at last the days were warm, the evenings pleasant.

"I think I was crazy to build such a big house!" exclaimed Martha.

"If thee wishes to sell it," said David,

"I will buy at full value, and thee can put up a smaller one."

"Are you a-goin' to get married?" asked Martha bluntly.

David's eyes twinkled, but his voice was tender as he said:

"I would like to take a number of women and a great company of children to myself."

"Is the man turnin' Mormon?" thought Martha, gaping in amazement.

"I will tell thee plainly, Martha Cobb, what was in my mind when I urged thee forward in this matter. At first only what I made evident. I thought thee needed more to fill thy thoughts after thy father went. I wished to bring certain of my own friends here for their own good; so far is known to thee. The rest may not meet thy approval. After this summer I thought thee would have become used to the care of a large family, and instead of taking friends or people of means I would provide thy boarders. Martha, I have often taken thy gifts to sick women, to poor, overworked sewing-women, to the discouraged, heart-broken wives and families of drunkards. Thy kindness has done good, but the thirsty need more than one cup of cold water in a season. If the Lord could make thee willing, Martha Cobb, I would after this summer fill this house from June to October with just such boarders. I will pay thee all thy cost and more—all thee desirest, if thee would help me put hope, help, and faith into these sorrowful ones. If the thing displeases thee, I will gladly buy the house and search for a woman to be at the head. I would look long for thy like, and thee would turn away from a blessed work, but over thy life I have no right, no claim to dictate. Thy light must lead thee."

He sat then in silence, half expecting a fierce outburst of disgust and indignation from Martha, but possibly the rugged old spinster had been longing in her inmost soul for some new outlet to the love and kindness always lavished on her queer old sire. Perhaps David's "chunk of quartz" had broken up for ever her hard heart. Anyway, she, after a long pause, said tremulously:

"David, I would like it. I ain't fit yet. You was wise to wait. I'll get experience just keeping this common sort of boarders one summer. I'll learn something with Delia. I've took her to do us both good, and I reckon it won't be you if you don't get some pretty big sinners out here too, to bring 'em to re-

pentance by loving-kindness, for that is your cut-out—so experience with Delia will play right in. I'll do my best, David, and be glad. I've never done anybody any good, and it's time I begun."

"That may seem so to thee, but the Lord may be better pleased with thee than thou knowest, Martha."

The tears filled her eyes as she stammered:

"I am like the Bible Martha, stewing and scolding too much."

"The Lord loved her, and loved to come to her home. He will do the same to this house if we fill it with His little ones—His lost and wandering ones. This, then, will be our secret together until the time comes."

"What income does them two houses of yours bring in here down the road, David?"

"A large one—of its kind," he answered smilingly. "If we succeed I can alter those and turn them to the same purpose. There are good women in each who would help."

"It is my opinion this is a game you have played at many a time before," said Martha, but David only said he was tired and would retire.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMERWILD AGAIN.

The week that Martha's boarders arrived Mrs. Hogarth was not well, and Bess found no time to call. In her secret soul she was not sorry, for ever since she learned that a stranger was to be one of the number she had been regretful. She could not have told why. She delayed going until her mother said:

"Why, Bess, you must call to-day at the Cobbs'. What will the Welles' think?"

"I suppose I must, but really I dread it. A strange young lady will be a restraint, I think. Aunt Hannah used to talk to me quite as if I had always known her."

"I thought you liked new people when they were cultivated. David Fenton told me this Miss Vandergriff was something quite remarkable, at least that was the impression I got. Do go over to-day and tell me about her. I am tired of keeping still. I want some news."

Bess went obediently to her room to dress for a call on her friends. Her first impulse was to make a very elaborate

toilet. She felt a desire to compare herself at her best with the "new" young lady. Then with another whim she selected from her wardrobe a pale gray gown, the quietest one she possessed. She did not as usual brighten it by a single ribbon or jewel, but started forth as plain as one of David's own sect could have been. Nature avenged herself, however, for the slight put on her, by sending several exciting thoughts to summon color to Bess' cheeks and brilliancy to her eyes. She had never looked better in her life.

Aunt Hannah with the baby sat on the broad, cool veranda, which Martha had lavishly supplied with chairs, hammocks, cushions, and rugs. Louise was dressing, but would soon be down, the old lady said, intimating that the baby would afford entertainment in the meantime. He was indeed a beautiful child, and Bess praised him enough to suit even Aunt Hannah. There was a murmur of voices, a sound of light feet on the stairs, and Louise appeared to greet Bess with much fervor; behind her was Mary Vandergriff. Neither Louise nor Aunt Hannah had the slightest idea of the interest each of these two girls felt for the other. Each was aware of every motion made, every word uttered by the other. Bess was personally much more fascinating than Mary had expected her to be, and beyond that she baffled her, being in one of her most elusive, almost impersonal moods. She expressed no opinions, gave no hint of herself, only graciously answered questions and drew out Louise and Aunt Hannah to talk of their interests.

Mary impressed Bess strangely. She almost oppressed her. To compare a tall, pale lady to a lily is a simile as old as a woman or a flower itself, but Mary was like nothing so much as a waxen, cool, faintly perfumed lily, gracefully swaying—unearthly in its stately whiteness. She seemed too perfect to Bess, who fancied she could never be guilty of caprices, of inconsistencies, of anything like her own frailties. That slow, sweet utterance must always give forth well-considered, wise statements. Elizabeth had always felt profound admiration for a character like this. It was her girlish ideal—probably because she herself, using still a flower for comparison, was far more of a sweet, thorny, luxuriantly growing, wilful rose-nature than this other.

But dropping metaphors, here were two fine women, each most curious, most

eager to understand the other, and each failing in a degree. Mary had no sense of humor; she was serious. Bess, were her heart breaking, would have seen (perhaps had to smile at) anything mirth-provoking. Mary would never have but one aim in life, one love, one rule of conduct; Bess would change, grow, get far more good or harm out of her environment. Bess was broader; Mary was deeper. Bess was joyous if the sun shone—any sun around which her earth happened to be revolving; she was morbid if there came a solar eclipse. Mary was always outwardly serene and usually a little melancholy.

"Did you ever see a place so changed as this?" said Aunt Hannah. "I never would have believed that the old front yard with its scrubby trees and humps and hillocks could in one year have been made into this pretty lawn. Then the house! The cool rooms with everything so suitable and comfortable—it is just delightful here."

"It is all that a house and lawn should be," said Mary smiling, "but what enchants me is the hope of losing myself in the woods. They told me the tale of your maid, Miss Hogarth, in order to alarm me, but nothing since I was a child has fascinated me so much. When I can elude them all I shall go to the woods. Do befriend me and forbid any search with lanterns. I never got lost, but it must be delightful to go anywhere, everywhere down those aisles—meeting dryads, of course."

"New Jersey dryads," laughed Louise, "or, more likely, Jersey cows."

Mary shook her head in a slow fashion, her lips looking as if she were about to smile when she did not.

"No, I am not sentimental. I like woods combined with ham sandwiches and people in the form of a picnic, but the first time I visit these woods I want to go alone."

"You shall, dear," said Louise, dancing her boy in her arms, "but, 'unbeknownst to you,' as Milly says. I mean to tie a thread to you; then, when you want to return to civilized life, you can get out of the labyrinth."

"I would rather sit peacefully down in the meeting-house, as the other lost damsel did, and have you come after me."

"Yes, we can send John," said Louise.

No one spoke for a while, as little Clarence, feeling neglected, began to play pretty capers to attract attention, then Louise said:

"I am so glad to have you two girls

know one another. Each of you ought to be very grateful to me for bringing you together. Especially as it is most unselfish, for I know you will fall in love with each other and leave poor me out in the cold. We'll comfort one another, won't we, little boy? I am afraid Mary would find time hang heavy on her hands if I were her only social resource. I know you will be good to her."

Bess, thus appealed to, said:

"I will do my best to show Miss Vandergriff all our rural lions. When she has been alone to the woods and the dryads have failed her, I will go there with her. We will drive any time she feels in the mood, and we want to see a great deal of her at our house."

Bess was sincere in her desire to help Louise entertain her friend, and, since seeing Mary, she was desirous to know what she was like, the thoughts she had, the books she read. They chatted on after that without any formality, until the baby, tiring of polite society, began to behave like a young savage. Louise was about to withdraw for the sake of peace when a pale young girl timidly appeared, saying:

"Perhaps he will come to me, Mrs. Welles."

His small lordship instantly held out his arms and kicked his young mother in his haste to go.

"You are very kind, Delia, and you see how the baby likes you," said Louise so graciously that a vivid color rushed into the pale girl's cheeks.

No one knew the comfort—yes, the joy—that thrilled her when this beautiful woman spoke kindly, let her take her darling boy to care for, to caress. Missionary work seemed something very formidable to Louise; she was not good enough for that; but ever since she received a hint from David, she had smiled on Delia. The poor girl felt as if the sun shone for her now. Before this everything bright had gone out of her world. If religion made people like saintly Aunt Hannah, like David, like bitter-sweet Martha, Delia began to wish she had not thought good people hard and unforgiving. Her heart overflowed with thankfulness.

"I did not bring along any nurse," said Louise, when Delia disappeared with the baby. "Aunt Hannah and I can't spare him to one, we are so foolish; but this girl is very thoughtful and Clarrie likes her. She seems to come the instant he lifts up his voice."

"She has so much gravity for one of her age," said Mary, who knew nothing of Delia. "There is a look in her eyes like a dog who has been struck."

"She has had an unhappy home; I am glad she is here," said Bess, and then wished she might excuse herself, but time enough for even a brief visit had not yet elapsed. She kept up a rather dull conversation on every-day matters, remembering to note anything about which her mother would be curious, and finally decided she might say good-bye. She gave Miss Vandergriff a cordial invitation to visit her, then went home.

"Well, Bess, what is the young lady like?" was her mother's first question.

"Tall; black hair; very white—a creamy, southern complexion. She speaks slowly, looks as if she had just smiled, or just meant to smile, but never laughs; looks like that picture of Mona Liza over the sofa."

"I hate that picture," said Mrs. Hogarth, "it is smirky. What did she have on?"

"Miss Vandergriff is not 'smirky.' She had on a cream-white china silk, with yellow ribbons here and there. It was made as simply as a calico could have been, but it made me think of an ascension-lily. A woman like that does not need to be intelligent. I wish I looked like that."

"Nonsense; you do well enough; sometimes you are quite pretty; then she is not smart?"

"Who—Miss Vandergriff? I think she is very cultivated. I think I envied her—was jealous of her," said Bess sincerely.

When her daughter was superlatively honest with her, Mrs. Hogarth never understood her; so she asked what room Aunt Hannah had, and if they liked the new house. She wondered if Martha Cobb was right in fancying that John Welles was engaged to Miss Vandergriff, and that was the reason she came with them this summer. Probably it was; he was old enough to marry if he ever meant to do it, and Miss Vandergriff seemed very suitable, from all accounts.

Elizabeth thought it quite possible, then went to her room to remove her wraps and bonnet.

In due time Miss Vandergriff came with Louise to return Bess' visit; then Bess was invited to dine with them. She accepted the invitation, and the following week they, with Aunt Hannah, spent a day at the Hogarths'.

After this last visit Louise said to Aunt Hannah:

"How does it seem to you that Mary and Bess get on together?"

The old lady mused a moment before saying:

"Mary told me she admired Bess; but did not yet feel acquainted with her, she was so many-sided. She said she never wore the same expression long, or seemed in the same frame of mind. She knew so much about so many things, too, that Mary said she herself felt slow and dull when with her."

"And Bess told me," returned Louise, "that Mary seemed to her so serenely faultless, that she felt herself all angles and oddities and disproportions. What nonsense! But they are not mixing any more than oil and water. Mary is the smooth, slow, golden oil," laughed Louise, pleased at her fancy, "and Bess is spring water, sparkling, leaping, disappearing by turns, going calmly, then all foam and frolic."

"Perhaps you try too perceptibly to make them intimate; leave them to themselves more," suggested Aunt Hannah, and Louise acted on the suggestion.

John Welles was unfortunate in his first visits, if he cared especially to meet Bess. He called to find that she had just gone for an errand to the city. Again, by a mistake of Dorothy's, he was told she was not at home, when she sat reading in her own room. It happened that he had made two visits to Martha's house before he saw Elizabeth. When June was at its loveliest, he came out one Saturday early, and proposed a morning in the woods. Aunt Hannah declined taking rambles of this sort, but was glad to have charge of the baby while its mother went. About ten o'clock, therefore, Mary, Louise, and John started.

"You two walk slowly," exclaimed Louise suddenly, "and I will hurry on to get Bess Hogarth. She promised to go with Mary."

Louise made haste, round Bess cutting roses in the garden, and took instant possession of her, saying:

"Come, send these in by Dorothy; she can fill vases as well as you. We want you in the woods. Here, Billy, run with those roses to Dorothy and tell them I have carried off Miss Elizabeth."

Bess, being thoroughly womanly, might have taken time to see that her pink gingham was really becoming, and have changed her quaint garden hat, had she known John Welles was just at

the turning of the lane. Without a thought of him, she picked up a great cluster of roses that Billy dropped, thrust half in her belt, half in her straw hat, and followed Louise, saying:

"It is just the day for the woods; then, too, I want to show Miss Vandergriff a hollow full of ferns I told her of."

"Why don't you call her Mary?"

"I could not—so soon. I could easier say 'My Lady,' as Catholics speak of the Madonna. She seems too fine for human nature's daily use."

"There really is nothing common about Mary. I can't think of her growing old like other people."

"Is she strong?"

"She is healthy, she says, though not very strong," answered Louise. "But one day old Dr. Fowier was at our house in New York and he saw Mary. He kept shaking his head. When I teased to know what he meant, he would only say he did not like to see that sort of women; they were beautiful to look at, but had no—something or other,—succumbed easily to disease, he meant. He went on to tell how such things run in families, and how some families weathered everything and some melted away for the least causes. There they are! John says the city was very hot yesterday."

No time now to do anything but to greet Mr. Welles with the right mixture of composure and cordiality; to hope he would not fancy she had adorned herself with all those roses for his admiration. He did admire them, drooping from the hat almost touching her cheeks—it may be, tinting them with their own rose color. The pink gingham did not go unnoticed, either. He decided no color was so appropriate for June or contrasted so well with the foliage. He carried a tiny basket for Miss Vandergriff; it held a tiny trowel and a formidable pair of shears, which, he insisted, they carried for self-defence in case of snakes.

"Why, you don't suppose we would stop to kill a snake, John?" said Louise.

"By no means; you would take to your heels, screaming to me, 'Kill him! Kill him!' and if I so much as pricked him after you were ten acres off you would upbraid me for cruelty. If I let him live—as I shall—you will never enter these woods again, or allow any of your descendants there."

"Don't be frivolous, John; plain common-sense always becomes you mightily," retorted Louise saucily. She

kept by Bess' side up the hill, leaving the others together as before. Bess talked rather more than usual, but to her companion. All the same she heard the conversation behind. John was saying: "Yes, it was just such a morning as this when I saw it, although it was in May. The birds were singing in the new foliage. The hedges were covered with pink and white blossoms; and wild flowers, self sown, were blooming away up in the towers and the broken arches and window ledges of the castle. The picture was so vivid in color, one could get little impression of ruin or decay. In fact it was that poem we read together, illustrated, 'Oh, to be in England, now that spring is there,' you remember."

"My impressions," said Mary, in her exquisitely modulated voice, "were quite different. I walked out there all alone toward twilight one December day. I remember standing in the vast banqueting hall, where Lord Leicester feasted Queen Elizabeth, and looking up to the cold, gray sky, while the ivy shivered in the wind about the towers, and the shadows were dark in the corners. I groped my way out and found a little later that I was in a sort of transformation scene. The moon came out clear and bright over Kenilworth; the light fell into the great inclosure, where a few sheep were grazing. Then I had all the proper emotions that I had often missed in other places. I could by contrast picture the lights streaming from the great windows, the old-time fires leaping in those huge fire-places—the gorgeous banners, the lords and ladies, the priests, soldiers, and lackeys, where was now only desolation, moonlight, and a few forlorn sheep. I—"

Bess did not hear more, for Louise laughingly remarked, "That is the way those two go on! They talk by the hour of places and things I never saw, and many I never heard of. Can't we find some such inexhaustible topic? Have you ever been anywhere outside of New Jersey?"

"I went to Chicago once when I was a little girl," laughed Bess.

"So did I go there, but it has been all burned up and rebuilt since."

"And in any case, all I remember," added Bess, "was a red-headed boy cousin who pulled my hair."

"And as I never saw him we can't

exchange experiences as to how I felt when he did not pull my hair."

"Miss Vandergriff," said John, "those earth-born, ignoble ones just ahead of us are ridiculing our indulgence in tender reminiscences of travel."

"I forgot, Bess. We have been to Coney Island! Tell me how you thrilled when the elephant loomed up before you," said Louise.

"I actually never saw it—I was always trying to get on the opposite side of the boat to avoid the band that played 'The Sweet By-and-by' from Twenty-third Street to the Iron Pier, so I forgot there was any elephant."

"It is of no use, we can't reminisce as they can; but anyway, they never had a nicer June day than this."

"Never," cried John heartily. "No lovelier day, no woodsier woods, or better company."

"You are forgiven, young man, provided you stay this side the Atlantic, and in the nineteenth century, the rest of the day. Miss Hogarth and myself may be ephemera, so to speak, but we have 'our feelings,' like Sarey Gamp."

It was a little queer that while Louise was talking the veriest nonsense, Bess was conscious of thinking how many mutual interests Miss Vandergriff had with Mr. Welles. It must indeed be pleasant to travel over again their former journeys. She reflected that when he had talked with her, they often discussed books. Perhaps she had bored him; his professional life was all among books and papers. When away from them he might not have liked to "talk shop." Then she was angry at herself for caring what he thought, and hastened Louise under pretence of getting out of the sun.

Once in the woods, the cool air smote them with delicious freshness. Each one fell to collecting treasures undeterred by John's expostulations: "Now, Louise, why don't you let that moss alone? Tearing the pretty stuff off that log just because it is pretty—to fling it away for the next fine fern. Let them alone for the coming passers-by to enjoy."

"Bless your stingy old soul. Mother Nature is no miser. There is endless moss and innumerable ferns," said Louise. "If you feel too old and rheumatic, John, to prowl around, just sit down and I will find something for you to play with."

"Does not my sister-in-law shock you, Miss Hogarth? When this young woman

first entered my family, she treated me with the respect my age and intellect should inspire; but lately—"

"She does not," laughed Louise.

Bess paid no attention; she was going with Mary toward a tiny amphitheatre of which she had told her once. The mossy sides encircled a basin about as large as an ordinary room. Trees bent over the spectators' seats, as Louise called the sides, and below was greenest turf, dainty ferns, everything fine and soft, without any tangled bushes or fallen logs.

"The fairies' theatre, I used to call it," said Bess, "and I really fancied I would see them play if I could have gotten here by moonlight when a child."

"You had beautiful fancies, I think, Miss Hogarth," and turning to John, Mary said: "She told me the other day that though she thinks she has read the idea since then, that when a little girl it was quite her own fancy that butterflies were the souls of flowers. She thought when sweet-peas died they became white butterflies; buttercups were yellow ones, and that the marigolds of one year were the bumble-bees of the next summer."

"Emerson's 'Animated Torrid Zone.' Yes, I believe that Miss Hogarth was a very imaginative child," said John, look-

ing under the low-boughed trees to where she stood, shadows playing over her laughing face, and the breeze ruffling her hair. She carried the garden hat on her arm.

"You like her? She interests you?" he asked abruptly.

"She interests me greatly—I think her very lovely and lovable."

"What a charming spot to read Spenser," said John, looking again into the hollow. "We must bring out here the 'Faerie Queene' some day."

"On which occasion I will stay at home," said Louise; "old English looks hard enough, deliver me from having to listen to it. Mary might like it."

Mary was wandering on, serenely content. She never had the dimmest suspicion that Louise was cleverly managing to keep John as her companion. He was by her side, and his being there pleased her. John would have been equally content but for the elusive peculiarities of that pink gingham dress, which was almost too far away for him to talk to the girl who wore it. She, too, failed to detect Louise in her delicate manoeuvres. From the moment she fancied John and Mary were mutually pleased, she bent every energy to delight and entertain Louise.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE FEDOR, ANARCHIST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



IT was in a forest of trees, bare-branched except on the north, where a long wind-break of firs stood up, black-foliaged, against the cold night sky. Above the firs the sky was pale, reflecting the electric lights of the city, three miles away, where the furnace fires were glowing redly on forge and in foundry.

There was no wind, only the still, hard cold, which makes the heart weaken, when the body is half-fed and ill-clothed. To the crowd huddled beside the firs in the freezing darkness, the cold seemed as cruel and indifferent to suffering as the hearts of the men who ruled them and all Russia.

There were about two hundred men there, with a dozen women, workmen from the city factories, with a few students, met to organize some plan of resistance to the conditions which were crushing them.

Their leader, Boris Makar, an alert, vigorous young man, had just spoken, and there was a startled movement among the crowd.

"He would never dare to come."

"Oh, yes, he will, and bring the soldiers with him. *Bor's Makar*, you have betrayed us."

A dozen knives were out, but the mass of the crowd were still, and Anton Paulovitch, chief of the students, spoke:

"Rab Andreivitch will come to-night, and he will come alone," he said, his quiet, firm voice sweeping back the fears

of the crowd ; "for he has promised to do both, and, being English, he will keep his word."

There was a warning whistle from the sentries on the edge of the wood, and half-a-dozen men went out to meet their visitor, and bring him back to the others.

Some one had brought a torch, and the men looked hungrily at the sleek sides of the young manager's horse, as it stopped in the patch of smoky light.

"Now, what is this all about, and what do you want?" said Rab sharply in French. "You know that such meetings as this are illegal, and that the strike I understand you are threatening can only end in your punishment."

Anton translated his words to the men, and Boris, taking a baby from a woman, stepped forward, holding it out in his arms.

"Barin (master)," he cried, "you are a Christian; you depend for your salvation on a God who was once born a little child like this. For Christ's sake look at its face, all bloodless and wizened. It is dying, Barin, dying very slowly, for lack of the nourishment its mother is too starved to give. And it is only one of thousands. Barin, you know that the most of us workmen get only fourteen roubles (seven dollars) a month, and a few, skilled mechanics like me, get twice as much. And, Barin, we cannot live. Living is very little cheaper than in your own England, and we must die in this winter, starving for food and fire. So we will strike, we will not work, and they will send the soldiers. We might as well be shot down in the streets, as die of hunger and cold."

"Give the baby to its mother," said Rab gruffly. "And now tell me what you want. Don't start reciting the Declaration of Independence, or make idiotic requests for a representative parliament, or the recognition of labor unions. I am thankful I'm not one of the men who are trying to govern you, but just the paid foreign servant of a Russian company, who means to get the work done that he has taken a contract for."

"Then," said Anton, "will you pay male laborers fifty kopecks (cents) a day, and female thirty-five. Skilled labor to be paid in proportion?"

"It takes three of you to do one decent man's work," grumbled Rab, "and I don't see why I should pay you half his wages."

"We leave everything to you, Barin," said Boris. "Only we are so hungry—I

speak for my comrades—and our little children will not leave off crying for the food we have not got to give them."

"Oh, confound you all," exclaimed Rab. "When you turn your babies on a man, I suppose he has got to surrender. Now, see here, will you give me your word to stay quietly at work for three days, while I go to see the directors. I think I may get you your raise, but not if you get up rows of any kind while I'm away from my post."

And on the cross which each man wore every one swore to keep faith with the man who trusted them.

"It is terrible to think that so much depends on the will of one man—that above all powers and laws in Russia is his will, our Little Father, the Czar. Our very lives depend on how he happens to feel when he hears Rab Andreivitch's request for us."

It was Anisya Harina, Anton's peasant mother, who spoke, two days after the meeting in the forest, as she stood, a middle-aged, handsome woman, in her tiny, hot kitchen, stirring something in a pan on the stove.

"I thought it was just the directors of his company that he had to see," said Mira, Boris's wife, without stopping in her sewing.

"Anton says," answered Anisya, "that they could not think of granting him any concessions for the people, without finding what might be the political results—and I suppose politics mean the Czar."

Mira sighed a little; the kitchen seemed too pleasant and homely a place for great danger to enter, yet no one could tell what might not be the will of the Czar. The sunshine streamed in between the plain muslin curtains, showing the extreme cleanliness and order of everything. The simple furniture, the unframed pictures tacked on the walls, and the narrow couch which was Anton's bed, with his books on shelves above it. A second smaller room, opening out of the first, was the bedroom of Anisya, her two little girls, and Sofie Theodorovna, a young girl who lived with them. And across the narrow, dark passage was Mira's room, where she lived with her husband, their little girl, and his aged mother. The fourth room in the tiny flat belonged to Andrei Ivanovitch, an art student, and his boy friend, Vassili.

Sofie, a very pretty girl, with shy, long-lashed eyes, was setting the table, and

the thin vegetable soup, flavored with fish, was quite ready when noon should bring Anton and Boris in.

Both Sofie and Mira worked as a rule in the factory, too. and the girl, as she set the black bread down, said, "If we are not on strike, Mira, I don't understand why we should not have gone to work to-day."

"Boris thought it best," said the young wife quietly. "Until we know what answer Rab Andreivitch will be given, he thought it best for women and children to keep in their houses."

"I do not understand," began Sofie. She stopped as Andrei entered with his teapot, for having no stove, he came to Anisya for boiling water.

"Are you all here?" he said, looking round.

"All here, yes," said Mira. "Andrei, how pale you are! What has happened?"

"Pale am I? It is cold out," said Andrei, adding quickly, as Mira rushed to the window and looked down at the deserted street, "don't open it, don't go out; Boris and Anton are safe, but they will not be home yet."

"Then there is fighting," cried Mira. "Oh, listen, that is guns."

There was a sharp, far-off crackle of rifle shots, mingling with hoarse shoutings, and the women in the little kitchen crowded against each other in terror. Only Anisya's eyes were fierce.

"Who has broken the oath we took to Rab Andreivitch?" she demanded. "Tell me, Andrei Ivanovitch?"

"Who have broken their oaths?" said Andrei, with a strange smile. "Listen and judge, little mother. Rab Andreivitch spoke to some of his friends, foreigners who had money invested in Russia, and men like himself, who held good positions here, and they all went to present his request to be allowed to do what he thought necessary to aid and quiet the people. And, as you guessed, little mother, it had to come before the councillors of the Czar himself—at least, this is how I heard the story. And he was afraid, God knows of what, and he sent Prince Fedor to meet the delegation, with full powers to treat with them as he thought best. Now, as we all know, Fedor is a soldier before all things, and his only idea of dealing with people who want to make suggestions to the government is to flog them. Unfortunately, this delegation could hardly be dealt with so summarily, so he treated them to champagne and cigars instead, and while they

listened to his soft words, which meant nothing, he sent a detachment of Cossacks here. They rode down Krasnoi Ostroff this morning, and whether they or our bewildered, unarmed people started the 'revolt,' I will leave you to judge. It has given the government the excuse they wanted to put down by violence our strike before it ever took place."

"Andrei, you have told me the truth about Boris?" implored Mira.

"He and Anton are in hiding, Mira Ivanovna. It is best you should not know where. They may be in no danger, but it is probable that their names have been given to the police as leaders in this strike(?), and that this house is being watched for them."

"You are going out again?" said Anisya.

"Yes; I only came to let you know they were safe, and to tell you on no account to leave the house. This quarter seems quiet, but if any soldiers should pass, don't look out at them. Best lie down on the floor, for they may fire at the windows."

So that long terrible afternoon went by. Once or twice they thought they heard firing, but their street remained perfectly quiet. Only the dvorniks, or house porters, showed themselves, they being really part of the Russian police force. Every house has one or more of them, and, though paid by the landlord, they were appointed by, and responsible to, the heads of the police department, to whom they gave reports of the conduct of the tenants and also of every one who visited the house. This system of espionage would have been perfect had not the dvorniks, like most Russian officials, been always willing to be blind to anything they were paid, even a few cents, not to see.

Once a Cossack patrol rode by, and the dvorniks, lounging in their doorways, saluted them as they passed. But there was no other sign nor sight of life in all that row of tall tenement houses. Behind those windows that no one looked out of, women were crouching on their floors, clutching their children, in an agony of fear.

Towards evening a few carriages passed, with well-dressed men from the aristocratic part of the city, coming down to see the scene of the riot, as they might come to see a show. And they seemed rather disappointed at finding the streets so quiet.

Then it was night—a very long night

to the women who waited. Mira and Sofie had carried Boris's infirm old mother into Anisya's kitchen. And there they all spent the night, crouching on the floor, afraid to light a lamp, afraid to make a sound, and too afraid to sleep.

Once the intense stillness of the night was broken by an uproar in the flat below them. They heard men shouting curses and a woman's screams. There was a pistol shot and the sound of heavy blows, and at last silence again. They guessed the police had entered and made some arrests, but no one dared to look out and see.

Then, just as day broke, some one tapped softly on the kitchen door, and Sofie opened it and saw Vassili. He was the youngest of that band of student reformers which Anton had formed. An under-sized, keen-witted boy of fifteen, his precocious talents had thrown him among the young men at his college, while his reckless courage and ability to take care of himself had made him very valuable to Anton and his friends. His parentage and previous history were rather a mystery, and though outwardly a member of the Orthodox Church, his black hair and strong-featured face were decidedly Jewish.

Just now he was very pale, and his eyes had a strange fear in them. He sat down close to Anisya, while Sofie roused herself and went to the fire to make tea. Boris and Anton and Andrei were as yet safe, he told them; and then, with Anisya's motherly arm around him, he told what he had seen that night.

"It is good to know that you are safe, little mother," he began. "All the night I was thinking of you. Oh, it was all so terrible. And it is hard to say how it began. Anton was speaking to some of the unemployed men in the cemetery yesterday morning, not to incite them to riot, but to see that they kept the peace, and we were all with him, I being on watch, when the Cossacks came clattering up the Krasnoi Ostroff. I gave the alarm, though they evidently did not know of our meeting. Then, as we scattered, one of our groups came into their sight. We were only about twenty unarmed men, hurrying along the street. But they came on us as if they meant to ride us down. I took an orange I had and flung it at them, and they, thinking it was a bomb, wheeled aside to avoid it, and we dived through a gateway and over fences in different directions. But the 'riot' had begun. the 'nihilists'

were at their old work of bomb-throwing.

I went to the German restaurant by the police station, where little Clara, the bookkeeper there, gave me her cousin's passport to show the dvornik. And I stayed there while the Cossacks cleared the streets, attacking the workmen as they came out of their factories at noon, at least, so I heard. Boris said that the soldiers were made drunk and sent to ride round the streets, their officers withdrawing, to assault any one and every one they pleased. It was Boris who led his comrades to attack them. They lifted street-cars off the tracks, piling them up for a barricade. Then they cut down the telegraph wires, to stretch across the road in front of it. But we had no guns, only a few revolvers, and as the bullets came crashing through our barricade, Anton told me to run away then, back to the restaurant, and I went."

"But Boris?—and Anton?" cried Mira. "You told me they were safe."

"They escaped, I don't know how," said Vassili quickly. "It is strange that with all our police system, not one of the men who built that barricade were taken, though all night the streets were filled with a mob of soldiers, Cossacks, police, and plain-clothes agents, let loose on a defenceless people, without any definite orders. Most of them were drunken, and there appeared to be no one in authority over them. Unrestrained, they broke into houses, assaulted and even murdered unarmed people they met, or dragged them to prison, and let the hooligans know they might start one of their assaults on the Jews.

"Then towards midnight they began to bring their prisoners into the station, and as the back windows of the restaurant looked into the police courtyard I watched them. Some of them were chained and others tied with ropes, and the police were beating them with their fists and the flats of their swords, while the soldiers struck them with the butts of their rifles. Then in the courtyard a party of drunken Cossacks had formed a double line, the prisoners being forced to run between them and be slashed by their heavy whips. But I noticed that the few well-dressed prisoners were never struck by any one, drunk or sober, though the four women I saw brought in were treated just like the men—punched and kicked and flogged.

"There was one tall girl there whom they treated horribly. They had her

down on the ground when I first saw her, and then—then—they dragged her into the prison. I only saw she had a lot of reddish hair, and I thought for a moment it might be our Helen Gregoriovna."

"Oh, Vassili, but it was not?" gasped Sofie, for Helen was her dearest friend.

"No, but it might have been as good a woman," said the boy slowly. "And, Sofie, you will have to know it some time, for I am afraid it is true. Helen would not stay indoors after the fight at the barricade; she was a nurse, and as one she went out. In war time she would have been comparatively safe, but this was peace, and she was assaulted by the Cossacks and beaten to death, we heard."

Vassili hid his face in his hands and sobbed, but Sofie looked at him with a strange gleam in her dry eyes.

"This is Slav," she said very softly, "when their women are outraged and murdered, the men weep."

"Oh, Sofie, how can you talk so?" cried Mira. "You know that until the whole land is ready for revolution we should be patient."

"It is no use trying to do anything until we have guns," said Vassili wearily.

"We have no laws," screamed Sofie, utterly overwrought by the strain of the last eighteen hours, "so we break none when we kill. Let us kill that crowned coward, who is afraid when there is nothing to fear. Let us kill that Fedor, the anarchist, who because he is mad with the murder-lust of a savage to torture and kill, hates those who hope to bring order instead of anarchy in Russia."

"And you are sure that the girl at the police station was not Helen?" asked Mira, wisely ignoring the excited girl. "Better to know that she is really dead."

"No, the girl I saw was Rivkoly," said Vassili. "You know old Jacob's re-haired daughter; she is a fair Jewess, as I am a black Christian. Just as the soldiers were climbing over our barricade, and firing at its fleeing defenders, the hooligans, led by plain-clothes police, raised the cry, 'Death to the Zhats (Jews)!' and attacked Jacob's house. There were twenty families living in it, over a hundred people, and there are not many of them left this morning. Jacob was dragged out, beaten, and left, not dead even then. Sarah, his wife, escaped from the house, and finding a company of soldiers who were drinking brandy round a fire they had made in the street, she threw herself at their captain's feet, and telling him that twenty young girls,

her own daughters, Rivkoly and Anna, among them, were now in the hands of the mob, she prayed him to rescue them. He laughed at her. 'I would not raise a finger to save all the Jew women on earth,' he said, still laughing as he bade his men drive her away.

"Then Anton and Boris, with some of our men, went over, and there was another fight. And when that captain, Bykoff, heard that the Jews and their helpers were making a successful resistance against the hooligans, he came down with his men to scatter the defence with his rifle-fire. There were some real bombs thrown then, and Bykoff, the laughing captain, was carried home a heap of ragged flesh."

Sofie clapped her hands softly, but Mira looked grave. "Do they know who did it?" she asked. "He comes of a great family, and they will want revenge."

"Either Boris or Rivkoly, I think," said Vassili. "Andrei told me that he saw Boris on his way to the cemetery with little Anna—she was only twelve years old—and that he said, 'I am twice happy this day, little Andrei, for I have been able to save this child and to kill a gentleman.' He may have meant Bykoff, we do not know."

"Thank God," said Mira, "that in spite of all our so-called government can do, there are still men in Russia, and one is the father of my child."

But the old woman, Boris's mother, broke out in a shrill wail, "My angel son! and is he to hang for an accursed Jew girl? Let me get at her and hammer nails into her body, as her cursed forefathers hammered them into Christ's."

"Hush, little mother," said Mira gently; "that all happened a long time ago, and all we have to think of now is never to speak so loud, lest the police should hear us."

A strange look of cunning came over the withered old face, and pressing her lips firmly together, she nodded twice.

"You are sure that it was Rivkoly you saw, and not Helen?" asked Sofie.

"Yes, for I went into the prison to see," said the boy.

"Oh, Vassili, and I called you a coward," cried Sofie.

"I had to go, little Sofie. And just then one of the prisoners sent for supper to the restaurant, and Clara managed that I could play waiter, and take it." Vassili paused, shuddering, then he went on. "I wish I could forget all I saw

there that night, not in the cell where my gentleman was waiting for his supper—that, though very dirty, was comfortable as far as Russian prisons go—but in the next room they were flogging the prisoners, and my gentleman was swearing because, he said, the screams and groans would never let him go to sleep. He, of course, was one of the well-dressed men arrested that night, for as the prisoners were brought in, the official in charge sorted them out. If they wore good clothes they were locked up for a regular trial, but the workingmen were questioned, and if they failed to answer satisfactorily they were beaten with the nagaika, a long whip threaded with lumps of lead and lengths of rubber piping, until they confessed details of plots that never existed, and gave as leaders the names of any one they were told to."

"And you saw Rivkoly?" said Mira.

"She was dead," said the boy, briefly. Then he added thoughtfully, "I wonder what Rab Andreivitch will say to this night's work. He will not be able to get that work he made the contract for done now."

"I think," said Mira softly, "that he will forget his work when he hears of Helen, for I believe he loved her."

"What will he do when he hears of her?" said Sofie.

"He will not weep," said Vassili.

Anisya sprang up with an exclamation of alarm, for the dvornik was at the door with a well-dressed stranger. But police agents do not raise their hats to women, and reassured, she went forward to greet Rab Andreivitch.

The young Scotchman had evidently no thoughts for his work. "What do you know of Mademoiselle Helene?" was all he said.

"She was seen running down Krasnoi Ostroff early yesterday afternoon," said Vassili, "her dress covered with blood, and some Cossacks after her. And that is the last we know of her. She was not taken to prison, because I saw the girl some mistook for her."

"She must be found," said Rab. "Will you come with me?"

It was noon when the two started out, and there was little unusual in the appearance of the streets. Stores and factories were open, and about half the usual crowd of workmen were hurrying back to work, looking around them with white, scared faces, as though they expected an enemy to spring on them from every street corner.

They passed the ruins of old Jacob's

house, where the firemen were still plying their hose on the smouldering walls.

In the middle of the road, heedless of the bitter cold, or the bustle all round, a lady dressed in deep and costly mourning was kneeling, praying—Bykoff's mother was praying for the repose of his soul, on the spot where he died, while near her was her sleigh, with its fur robes and splendid horses, and a French maid who waited for her mistress with a bored contempt in her eyes.

Then they came to the German restaurant, where Rab had his rooms, and there they found Prince Fedor at lunch, with pretty Clara waiting on him. He was a large, well-groomed man, very tall and very strong, with cold, blue eyes and a sleek, savage face. He had neither conscience nor imagination. And Sofie's definition of him, as an anarchist, perhaps described him best, for he had all the passion of an untrained child or a savage to destroy. He would torture and murder men, not because he hoped to gain anything by it, nor because he thought them guilty of anything, but just because he enjoyed it. God and society, as he knew them both, approved of him. God, i.e., the Orthodox Church, required that he should believe in certain things, which he did, and perform certain actions, which he was also careful to do. He wore a cross hung round his neck, and no matter how doubtful some of his week-night amusements might be, Sunday always found him at the communion table. He might read French novels all the evening, but he would say his prayers before going to bed.

Now he greeted Rab smilingly. "Good-morning, my good monsieur," he said. "You are back just in time to continue the business you think so much of. I believe I have completely restored order."

"Half my workmen are in jail, or hiding from the police," said Rab. "Well, your government, Prince Fedor, will be a bigger loser than I over this delay in their work, because of their 'prompt methods' of putting down 'disorder' before it began."

There was rather an ugly glitter in Fedor's eyes as he answered, "You do not understand Russia, Monsieur Gordon. She needs a strong hand, and often a heavy one, to hold her brute people down. Yet I do not blame them altogether, these ignorant peasants that I am forced to punish so. They would be happy and contented if they were not disturbed by these so-called 'Intelligentzia.'"

"Happy and contented," sneered Rab, "on fourteen roubles a month."

"These nihilists," continued Fedor, ignoring him, "who respect nothing, who are destroying and corrupting the poor people and each other. They are the enemies it is my purpose now to seek out and crush. And, monsieur, a word of warning to you. It is known that you have connived at and even attended illegal gatherings of your workmen, and given money to the nihilist, Anton Paulovitch. Ah, I know your reason; it, or rather she, is a fine one. I know your Belle Helene, seeing that I am unfortunate enough to be her grandfather. But as a friend I advise you to have no more to do with her. Nothing can save her from the punishment which, regardless of our relationship, I am determined to inflict upon her, a punishment which only a madman could be willing to rush on to share. So be sane in time, my young friend, and find yourself a *chère amie*—not a nihilist this time, *mon* *plaisir*."

"If you were not so old a man, and madamoiselle's grandfather," said Rab in his quietest voice, "I would break your neck for what you have said of her just now. And you can arrest me for saying so, if you like."

Fedor looked as if he would have liked to very much, but he said nothing, and Rab went slowly out of the room. Clara followed him, and looking at her closely, Rab saw that her lips and cheeks were rouged, to hide their intense pallor.

"Monsieur," she said, in her unnaturally calm voice, "I saw Rivkoly when they had her in the courtyard last night, and it was he, that Fedor, who was really guilty of everything his police and soldiers did. Don't you think I might put this powder in his coffee? Poison is the only thing I can use, for the table knives are too blunt to kill with, and I have no pistol."

"Prince Fedor is only the result of a system, and the tool of his government," said Rab kindly. "It would be a sinful waste of time to kill him; so go back to your work, and throw your poison in the fire, like a good girl, Clara. Killing is men's work, and it is not Fedor who needs to be killed, anyhow."

"You mean—the Czar?" gasped Clara under her breath.

"Bosh, no," said Rab. "When will you people understand that assassinations are idiotic? You murder one tyrant, and let another take his place, when it is the whole system which makes tyranny

possible that should be attacked and destroyed."

"But can you do it?" said Clara, amazed.

"I don't know—yet," said Rab shortly, and the girl went back to her work.

"So we see how these 'nihilist curses of Russia' are made," thought Vassili, as he went off to find out from the *dvorniks* on the Krasnoi Ostroff what he could of Helen. "Yesterday Clara would have as soon thought of flying as murdering any one, and Rab Andreivitch thought he cared for nothing but getting the work he was paid to do done, and then getting more work and more pay. Now, my poor little Clara is ready to kill her customers, and Rab Andreivitch—I don't know what he is ready to do if our Helen is hurt or dead."

Until Vassili returned, Rab went to the police station. It was not supposed to be open to visitors, but Fedor was having his afternoon nap, and the sergeant in charge was too thoroughly a peasant to refuse anything to a well-dressed man who spoke sharply to him and laid a rouble on his desk.

So Rab stood with the warder at the door of a cell, about twelve feet by ten, where twenty-two of his workmen were packed, crowded so that there was no room to lie down or even sit. There they stood, leaning against the walls and each other, choking for breath in the air they had poisoned, and with the dumb terror of tortured animals in their eyes.

"We are altogether too crowded, as monsieur sees," said the warder airily, "but in a day or two we hope to remove most of these men to the fortresses or regular prisons, and of course those against whom nothing is proved will be released. I trust monsieur will be able to get all his workmen back."

Then these men were not thought to be guilty of breaking even the laws of Russia, nothing had been proved against them yet, they were only arrested on suspicion. Rab looked at their faces and half-naked bodies, cut and scared horribly by the whip, and saw the awful fear in their eyes, as they recognized him.

"Can I give them some cigarettes?" he said.

"It is against the rules," began the warder, "but," his fingers curled affectionately round a one-rouble note, "it shall be as monsieur pleases. Really, my heart bleeds for the sufferings of these unlucky men."

Eager hands snatched the tiny rolls which meant an easing of their pains,

and the man next to the door—his face was cut open from skull to jaw with one tremendous blow from a nagaika, and until he spoke Rab did not recognize him as Vanya, the carpenter—threw himself on the floor, kissing the warder's and his employer's boots, and fawning on them like a beaten dog.

"Do not be angry with me, Barin," he begged. "I have done nothing, truly I have done nothing. When I saw the Cossacks I ran home, I ran all the way, and I hid under the bed till night. Then we had nothing to eat at all, the children were all crying, and my wife was sick; our baby was only two days old, and I went out, just to buy bread, Barin, nothing else; ask the dvornik at our house, he knows what I say is true. It was a Jew shop that I had to go to, there was no other open, and when I laid down my three kopecks for the loaf, he said I must pay him fifteen. Barin! when I had only five in the world, and my children were crying. I beat on his counter with my fists, and I screamed curses on him and all his race. Barin! I forgot the police, and one came in. 'You are making a disturbance,' he said, 'ten kopecks, or you come to the police station.' Barin! and I had only five.

"I wept and gave them to him, but he called some soldiers, and they tied my hands with a rope, and took me to the station, beating me all the way. And whenever we passed soldiers, they beat me, too. Then we came to the station, and I tried to explain, but the officer would not listen to me. He asked me questions about Helen Gregoriovna, and I confessed that she had nursed my wife in her confinement, but more than that I would not say, and they beat me with the nagaika. Barin, you do not know how bad the pain is when they beat you with their great whips, and I do not know what I told them then, but I could not take your cigarettes without telling what I may have done. Barin, are you going to be very angry with me?"

Rab turned away from the cell door abruptly, and went back to the sergeant.

"What are the charges against this man Vanya?" he said.

"Very serious ones, monsieur," replied the police officer. He has admitted attending the nihilist club whose members assassinated Count Bykoff last night."

"His case has not been reported to Prince Fedor yet. Well, take his name off your books, and let him go. And tell me what you want for the job?"

"I regret, monsieur, that it is impos-

sible to do as you wish—under ten roubles."

Rab laid the money down, and went back to the restaurant to meet Vassili.

"I have heard from our Helen," began the boy rather confusedly. "A girl called Lubka told me. I don't know her, but she came from Boris's village, and Helen nursed her once in the hospital. She has a yellow passport, and she works in an establishment on the Krasnoi Ostroff. Helen has been there since yesterday, Lubka said, and sent for me."

"Do you mean the Cossacks took her there, into that house?" said Rab quietly.

"Oh, no," cried Vassili, "she fell down by their door, and Lubka rushed out and dragged her in. She was very brave, I think. And they have kept her quite safe, she says, only they want us to come and take her away."

It was Boris who acted as driver to the sleigh with its splendid black horses which carried Rab out of St. Petersburg that afternoon. And among its furs a white-faced girl, with a dark bruise under one eye, was lying, smiling whenever Rab looked at her.

As they came out by the Neva Quay, Boris reined in his horses, and Rab said, "Would you like to take a good-bye look at St. Petersburg, Miss Helen?"

Helen roused herself and sat up. The sun was setting in a pink haze, and the white river, ice-frosted with snow, stretched out before them, its pallor reflected in the pale, pink-tinted sky. And on the further bank was a fair white city, with golden domes and spires; for that city which Peter the Great created is a royal blonde among the imperial cities of Europe, with her thousand palaces, all sulphur-colored, or pale rose, grouped round her great white squares or beside her broad, snowy streets.

But Rab was thinking of the workmen's homes beyond that fair show of palaces, and of what he had seen in the police station, and he looked at that royal white city as Joshua might have on Jericho, when he came up from Gilgal, with the hosts of the Lord behind him.

From the Petropavlovsk Fortress, the Bastile of St. Petersburg, the sweet chimes rang out the music of "God Save the Czar."

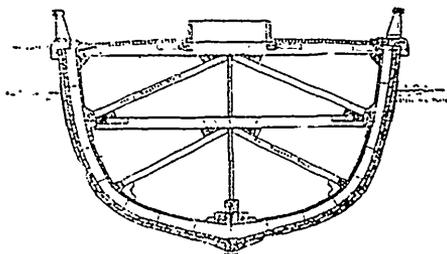
And under his breath the Scotchman repeated:

"Wait till a million maddened men
Rise in their awful might, and then—
God save the Czar."

Toronto.

Science Notes.

A NEW SHIP FOR THE ARCTIC.



SECTION OF ARCTIC SHIP.

All that experience and all that the cunning of the naval architect can suggest will be combined in Commander Peary's new ship, that he has had built for his final effort to reach the North Pole. Fashioned of unusual strength and girded and armored as was never Arctic craft before, it is Commander Peary's belief that he may be able to force his way through the interfering ice until he has carried his vessel within reasonably easy striking distance of the topmost point of the globe. The new ship is not large, but she is of ample size for the work cut out for her, and everything has been done to make her handy and serviceable.

The structural get-up of the craft is very massive. Immediately over the frames will be laid diagonal straps of steel, making a lattice lacing from bow to stern and from stern to bow, leaving rectangular openings between, six feet square. Outside, over the straps, will be laid a double course of five-inch planking, the inner course of yellow pine or spruce, and the outer course of well-seasoned white oak. Between the two courses will be spread a sheathing of tarred hemp or tarred canvas. The outer course, after it has been most carefully calked, will be overlaid with extra heavy sheet copper, making it practically impermeable to water.

Inside, the frames will be covered with three-inch yellow pine ceiling, and the utmost caution will be exercised during construction to insure thorough watertightness and to have the vessel warm and weather-proof.

As can be seen, the craft is built to withstand very heavy pressures acting normally to the sides, bilges, and bottom; and the shape of her cross-section

is such as to tend to raise the vessel out of water as the ice pack presses upon her below water.

The motive power consists of a single, inverted, compound engine, driving a single 10-foot screw, and steam is supplied by two water-tube boilers. Under forced draft, the engine will be able to develop 1,400 indicated horse-power. The bunker capacity is 700 tons of coal; and at starting, the vessel will carry a deck load, in bags, of 150 tons more. With this supply, at a 10-knot cruising speed, she should do between four and five thousand knots.—Scientific American.

NEW RADIUM THEORIES.

Two eminent scientists, Prof. Monroe Snyder and Prof. E. Rutherford, have recently announced theories as to radium which are of a very startling nature. Professor Snyder thinks that he has discovered radium in the photosphere of the sun. He finds in radium the cause of the heat and luminosity of the celestial bodies. In his opinion variable stars are formed, not by the revolution of one body about another, but by the regular fluctuation of light, which is due to periodical outbursts of radioactivity. The professor concludes that the sun is a variable star with a period of eleven years, and that the sun-spots are one of the demonstrations or results of these outbursts of radium emanations. Professor Rutherford holds that the radioactive substances are the cause of the earth's heat. He claims that while the heat supplied by possible chemical combination is quite inadequate to account for the heat of the sun and earth, the recent discovery that the radioactive bodies are able to emit an amount of heat about one million times greater than is evolved in the most violent chemical reaction, throws quite another light on the question. It has also been shown that three-quarters of the heating effect of radium is due to the radioactive emanation stored in it. The emanations of radium and of other radioactive substances are present everywhere in the atmosphere, it is thought. Every falling raindrop or snowflake carries some of this radioactive matter to the earth, while every leaf and blade of grass is covered with an invisible film of radioactive material.—Zion's Herald.

RADIUM.

BY R. H. LAW.

What fountain of ethereal energy,
 What store unseen, what arsenal supplies
 This aye-renewed minute artillery?
 This speck of radiant matter whence is hurled
 A meteor shower of light that never dies,
 It baffles all the wisdom of the wise,
 And holds perchance the secret of the world.

'Tis said the powers that built the ancient sun
 And still sustain his fires are here at play;
 Yea! here the stuff wherefrom the stars are
 spun,

And woven on the dread eternal loom
 The fabric of the Universe to-day;
 Thus hath she her beginning, her decay;
 The birth is here of atoms and their doom.

Here gaze we, as from some forbidden door
 Upon a gulf of night profound and sheer;
 With timid threshold glances we explore
 The nearer gloom; the depths we may not scan;
 In vain with glimmering torch we peep and
 peer;

The dawn comes not as yet to show us clear
 The mystery of Nature and of Man.

But moments are there when, we know not how,
 The soul is quickened to a keener sight;
 She seems in holy presences to bow
 And quench her life-thirst at the sacred springs.
 Too brief her sojourn in that airy height!
 Too soon she wearies of her lonely flight
 And nestles on the earth with folded wings.

IRON.

Not many of us have ever seen iron, the pure metal, soft, ductile and white like silver. As soon as it is exposed to the air it veils itself with a thin film of rust and becomes black and then red. For that reason there is practically no iron in the world except what man has made. It is rarer than gold, than diamonds; we find in the earth no nuggets or crystals of it the size of the fist, as we find of these. But occasionally there fall down upon us out of the clear sky great chunks of it weighing tons. These meteorites are the mavericks of the universe. We do not know where they come from or what sun or planet they belonged to. They are our only visitors from space, and if all the other spheres are like these fragments we know we are alone in the universe. For they contain rustless iron, and where iron does not rust man cannot live, nor can any other animal or plant.

The prosperity of modern states is de-

pendent on the amount of iron rust which they possess and utilize. England, United States, Germany, all nations are competing to see which can dig the most iron rust out of the ground and make out of it railroads, bridges, buildings, machinery, battleships and such other tools and toys and then let them relapse into rust again. Civilization can be measured by the amount of iron rusted per capita.

The beauty of nature is very largely dependent upon the fact that iron rust and, in fact, all the common compounds of iron, are colored. Few elements can assume so many tints. Look at the paint-pot canyons of the Yellowstone. Cheap glass bottles turn out brown, green, blue, yellow or black, according to the amount and kind of iron they contain. We build a house of cream colored brick, varied with speckled brick and adorned with terra cotta ornaments of red, yellow and green, all due to iron.

We do not know why it is so. Zinc and aluminum are metals very much like iron in chemical properties, but all their salts are colorless. Why is it that the most useful of the metals is the most beautiful in its compounds? If it had not been so we would have lost most of the beauty of rocks and trees and human beings. For the leaves and the flowers would all be white and all the men and women would look like walking corpses. Without color in the flower what would the bees and painters do? If all the grass and trees were white, it would be like winter all the year round.

It is the iron in the leaves that enables the plants to store up the energy of the sunshine for their own use and ours. It is the iron in our blood that enables us to get the iron out of iron rust and make it into machines to supplement our feeble hands. In both animals and plants iron is the carrier of energy, just as in the form of trolley wire or third rail it conveys power to the electric car. Withdraw the iron from the brain, as indicated by the pallor of the cheeks, and we become weak, faint and finally die. If the amount of iron in the blood gets too small, the disease germs that are always attacking us are no longer destroyed, but multiply without check and conquer us. When the iron ceases to work efficiently we are killed by the poison we ourselves generate. Counting the number of iron-bearing corpuscles in the blood is now a common method of determining disease. —The Independent.

IN RHINE LAND.*



CATHEDRAL OF MAINZ, ON THE RHINE.

Mr. Miltoun's handsome book gives us an admirable account of the chief cathedrals and churches in the Rhine Valley, with eighty pictures and diagrams. Some

* "The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine." By Francis Miltoun, with eighty illustrations from original drawings, by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

of the legends connected therewith are of romantic interest. The text is authoritative and scholarly. The illustrations were done from sketches upon the spot by Miss McManus, who is recognized as one of the foremost illustrators. An excellent map accompanies the volume.

The river Rhine was the great road by which the Roman civilization entered northern Europe, and the Rhine Valley

has been the scene of some of the most notable events in history. Here were the sees of many of the prince-bishops and archbishops of mediaeval times, and the whole region abounds in stirring historical associations. The book is a handsome holiday edition.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in these old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph

of human achievement; the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit: the one, the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind; the other, the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions of the Northern soul. These clustering columns; these dim, forest-like vaults; these long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-colored robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.*

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



THE AUTHOR OF "THE TRIDENT AND THE NET."

An unwise and very foolish mother has prepared for years the ruin of her son, and when that ruin stares her in the face, she possesses not one single weapon with which to fight the direful calamity. The boy's father is dead when

the story opens. His family (a Marquisate) is fourteen hundred years old, and they inhabit a vast and ancient castle, seated high on the rocks above the ocean, looking unflinchingly into the full face of every furious storm, and glorying in every golden sun-ray and in its vast and fragrant woods and gardens. So vivid are the pictures of the whole environment that the reader hears the tempest and is regaled with the out-breathing odors of forest, and one wonders where the author found her fine English style, being of Breton birth and being married in Austria when only fifteen.

Everything seems to be favorable for the development of a great, manly character—one thing is wanting—a good mother; but La Marquise is a weak, vain, selfish woman, with no settled principles, unstable as water, and with an almost inconceivable pride. She teaches her son no lesson of self-denial and self-government. With a vast wealth she now pampers and caresses him, then scolds even with blows, till the lad's love finally turns into hatred. The boy is brave and fearless, with great pride of family and race, firmly believing that no nation can possibly be so great as his own Celtic race, delighting in the beauties of nature, and passionately loving his horses and dogs. The book abounds in bright seascape and landscape and Breton customs and manners of the people.

* "The Trident and the Net." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 550, with eight handsome pictures in color. Price, \$1.50 net.

PASTOR WAGNER AT HOME.



PASTOR WAGNER.

The little world about each of the members of Pastor Wagner's congregation must be a bright, clean and cheerful one. They seem to have a feeling that the mission is theirs; they have a pride in it, and do not feel merely as if they were part of some huge ecclesiastical organization, so great as to be ponderous, and so general as to be useless. In such a Church the working people of Paris would be lost; it would mean nothing to them. But the little hall on the Rue des Arquebusiers is for them a second home. They have made it, and it has remade them.

When I arrived at the hall the other day, it was half full of a busy swarm of women tying candles on a tall Christmas tree, which stood at one end of the room, decorating the branches with ribbons, and attaching bags of candy and presents to the topmost limbs. The place was brimming with laughter and good nature, and all was hurry, so that when the little ones arrived they would find things ready for them. Every few minutes a knock was heard at the door of the outer room, and in a moment would enter a workman or woman with an armful of presents, or at least some further supply of colored ribbon. Finally the chairs were all covered with modest gifts, and fruit, and multi-colored baubles for the tree. It was

so different from the ordinary scene in a mission at Christmas time! Here no shining equipages stopped at the door and no fur-clad, high-born ladies stepped from them, to be followed by maids loaded down with costly presents. The gifts came from the members themselves, and many sacrifices had been made to buy them; but a happier, more glowing set of Christmas merrymakers was surely never seen than those poorly-clad mothers, getting ready for their children's coming.

In came the sturdy pastor himself, followed by two sturdy daughters and his little son. He was immediately assailed on all sides with questions as to "What should be done with this?" and, "Who was to get that?" and, "Wouldn't he come and look at this object?" and, "What did he think would be best to do in such and such a case?" With his genial face lighted up with appreciation and honest human enjoyment of the festive activity about him, the pastor answered quickly each question in turn, and then sat down at the table to read his letters. There was a long, thick envelope with "White House" printed on the upper left-hand corner, and this he did not open, but put at once into his inner pocket.

"I could not help noticing that envelope," I hazarded. "May I ask if you and President Roosevelt often write to each other?"

"No, not often," he replied. "He has been good enough to write once or twice, recently, to tell me of some new effect of my books in your country, but these letters have been marked 'private,' and I cannot tell of their contents. I shall never forget what President Roosevelt has done for me, and my feeling when I learned that he read my books to his family around his own fireside. It is splendid to be of use—of use—of use! It is the best one can do in the world, and it is that that explains the success of our work here.

"We expect to leave this hall soon—as soon as we have enough money to build another place. I have selected a piece of ground in this same neighborhood, but ground is very dear in this part of Paris, and we have not yet enough money. We have forty thousand dollars—money we have raised by our own efforts, and that will go a long way towards what we want.

In another year we shall have a larger hall, and own it; but I do not want it too large. We must not run the risk of growing out of ourselves, so to speak. The mutual profit in our case depends on our keeping close to one another, and that cannot be done if we become too many. But we do need more room, especially for our Sunday-school and the sermons on Sunday mornings, and this we shall have."

The pastor said he had received no money at all from American friends. Not that he expected it, but he thought proper to deny the statements made to the effect of Mr. Wanamaker's having subscribed fifty thousand dollars to his enterprise.

"I should never refuse money for our

cause," he said, "that would be wrong. But I believe that, as in the past, so in the future, we shall have to depend on our own efforts. That is the way things are done, and we shall succeed all the better for it."

Our conversation could not be prolonged, for a group of happy children poured in through the door, and in another moment the pastor, the keynote of whose character is cheerfulness and the love of children, found himself the centre of a merry picture, being dragged towards the spot where the big tree stood laden with its marvels for the little people of the mission.—Valerian Gribayedoff, in *Christian Herald*.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

BY THE REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

Niagara Falls, if completely harnessed, would do all the mechanical work of the world. It would turn every wheel, easier than father ran his corn-sheller or than Bridget twisted the wringer on wash-day. That immense power has been running to waste for a long while, and the time has now come to bridle the furious steed, put on the collar, hitch him to wire traces, and tell him to "Go." And go he will, no matter if every railroad and canal boat, factory and machine shop were tugging at his heels.

Thousands of men are now at work in the hitching-up process, and are in a hurry about it, for the growlers are saying: "They have spoiled our scenic views already. Will they never stop?" But there is no help. Niagara must go to work, and do something for mankind. The hour of play is passed. The time for shouldering responsibilities began a few years ago, and man is impatient to lay hold of the unused energies now doing no good. True, a few thousand horse-power has been utilized, but that is less, in comparison with what is available, than what would be needed to turn a pin-wheel in a gale of wind.

The Falls of Niagara have for a reservoir 90,000 square miles of water, which in some places is a thousand feet deep—ample indeed to feed those awful floods. The lower gorge, through which these blue waters rush after the tremendous plunge, averages 3,300 feet in

width, and over 200 feet in depth. Over a sheer precipice of 135 feet 275,000 cubic feet of water plunges every second of time. The impact grinds rocks to powder, and they are floated away toward the distant sea. During long ages this herculean force has dug a canal by the slow process of erosion, averaging more than three-fourths of a mile in width, and over seven miles in length. It is claimed that the Falls are receding at the rate of one foot a year, and are gradually draining Lake Erie, making that body of water the shallowest of all the lakes drained by these giant falls. A calculation has been made by some one, showing that Niagara has been at work digging that long narrow gorge for 36,000 years. This unused force has a great mission for man than this generation will see. It must do something for the race. Man must have light, heat, and power, and Niagara has these in unknown quantities, if only she can be compelled to deliver them up.

The Niagara Falls Power Company has now twenty-one monster alternators (dynamic electrical generators) that will deliver 105,000 horse-power for much-needed commercial purposes. Each one of these great machines has 5,000 horse-power, and may run singly, be coupled in pairs, or all may go "tandem," producing a voltage equal to several thunderstorms rolled together.

The Niagara Falls Power Company, on

the Canadian side, is now putting up the greatest electrical plant in the world. It consists of nothing less than ten 10,000 horse-power alternators, which will generate 100,000 horse-power; and, if necessary, all the machines on both sides of the river can be coupled together, and produce an energy represented by 205,000 horse-power.

These great works are not the only ones demanding attention, for other companies have access to the old canal which furnishes abundance of water for the many turbine wheels below the Falls. New York City has a plant of 40,000 horse-power with which to run the surface and elevated cars, and the number of these monster electrical generators is simply marvellous. Civil engineers are at work, and have nearly finished registering every known waterfall in the United States, and soon all the used and unused force in streams will be known to the Government.

"Yes, sir, you can see the dynamo-room, presently," said the superintendent, as he touched the button, "and I will put you in charge of my assistant electrician, Mr. C. S. Saunders, who will show you around." A bolted door opened by a mysterious touch, and we entered a long, wide, high room, where to-day is generated more curbed lightning than in any other spot on earth. Jupiter Tonans never bottled up such blistering thunderbolts in all his classical life as are here generated and sent on missions of mercy for needy men. Great steel tubs these dynamos look like, big as brewery vats, buzzing around there in a long row, generating electricity.

"Monster dynamos," these are, in very truth. Eleven feet six inches in diameter, fifteen feet high, each making 250 revolutions a minute, which means two miles a minute. And 105,000 horse-power seems to be all the power one need expect from these generators. And so they run in pairs, or all may be coupled together, with a combined strength that would burn a hole in the sky, or with the X-rays tickle the toe of the man in the moon.

Buffalo, some twenty-five miles distant, has long been calling for some one to send up power from old Niagara, and now she has her answer, for the company at the Falls replies: "You can have just

all you want." How strange it is that a puny hand can span an insulated cable, through the copper heart of which runs a force that can light all the lamps, run all the trolley-cars, furnish power for scores of factories, and do the heavy drudgery of a far-off city! It is possible now to send tremendous energy wherever wanted. We may expect that in the near future smoky Pittsburg, hazy New York, and grimy Chicago will all clear up, and this noiseless force, when fully harnessed, will do all their heating, lighting, and manufacturing.

The tail-race to all water power is as important as the bulkhead. The one is the complement of the other. If, then, the power house at Niagara is above the Falls, there must be a way of carrying off the water, once used, as fast as it comes from the turbines. And so, at immense cost, and through years of labor, the company dug a stupendous outlet for the waste water from the power house. It is 7,200 feet long, 18 x 21 feet bore, and can take away a stream of water measured by a hundred thousand horse-power or more. This tunnel is lined with four rings of the best hard brick, backed with rubble stone and Portland cement, and at its mouth has the bottom lined with sheets of steel. It shoots out a good-sized river into the gorge, and lets the sight-seers at the bridge know that something is going on up stream somewhere, of which this is the outcome. And although this river runs under a city there is no sound or tremor, and its presence is not discernible.

The workmen put in 16,000,000 brick, 60,000 cubic yards of stone, and 19,000,000 cubic feet of timber, as lining for this great bore; enough material to build a large city. And this is but the beginning, for other tunnels and canals will be dug, and the forces of Niagara thus harnessed will set in motion the running gear of cities far and near, Buffalo, Toronto, Hamilton, and many others. There are cars now being constructed under a contract to make from 100 to 150 miles an hour. Think of business men taking supper in New York, breakfast in Chicago, doing a full day's business in Chicago, then going to bed on an easy couch and waking up in New York!—Abridged from *The Epworth Herald*.

O you that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound.



THE SURRENDER.

—Westminster Gazette.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Punch represents Hodge and Giles as supremely indifferent to party politics, being entirely engrossed in their own interests and especially in the health of "thic ther' pig," but Hodge and Giles are not such fools. They are keenly alert as to wider interests than these.



THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

Giles: "I don't know which on 'em I shall vote vor. They both bin round 'ere, an' neither of 'em can tell I wot's the matter wi' thic ther' pig!"

—Punch.

A good many changes are likely to take place in principles of administration, notably in the employment of coolie labor in South Africa. The revolt of the Non-conformist conscience against what they regarded as the virtual slavery of the Chinese coolies for the benefit of the Jewish mine owners of the Rand was shown in the announcement of the new premier that slavery must cease. He seems to think that the British lion does not look any better for having his mane twisted into a coolie's pig-tail, so off it goes.



BRITAIN'S "LABOR" CABINET MINISTER GETTING TO WORK.

The Right Hon. John Burns: "I can take off *this* coat just as well as any other."

—Punch.



ELIMINATING COOLIE LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir H. C.-B.—"We had better have a bit of this pigtail off, Mr. Lion—it doesn't suit you at all."

Mr. Lion—"Quite right! It's Lyttelton's doing, I've never been comfortable with it."

—Westminster Gazette (London).



SURVEYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

The Independent comments as follows on the political results of the change of government:

Already the new ministry has stopped the importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa. That seems to mean that they do not wish that the British Empire shall enter into partnership with the milords of the gold and diamond mines to cut down the wages of the laborers, white and black. If they want workmen they must enter the labor market and get them as other people do, or go without. The world will not suffer for a little less gold and a few less diamonds. Meanwhile there will be liberty given to the people of the Transvaal to rule themselves, and we may fairly expect that the great South African empire will be made a self-ruling colony, as free as Canada or Australia, within a few years. That is the way to create loyalty, for loyalty hangs on liberty.

Next must go ecclesiastical privilege in England and Wales, for really it is the principles of disestablishment that are in the saddle. One is amazed to see how many Dissenters were among the candidates for Parliament. There were 155 Nonconformist candidates, most of whom were elected. The number is extraordinary when we consider that the

prestige of both wealth and rank is with the Established Church. And the Free Churches are the very heart of the Liberal party and its vital force.

The first thing that the victorious majority will do is to overthrow the authority of the Church in all state-aided schools. No longer shall the rector rule, and no longer shall the choice of teachers be limited to members of the Anglican communion. The Liberal party will not exclude religious teaching—it has not yet itself learned that a church is humiliated that asks the state to do its business of religious teaching—so we presume that it will not take the new Parliament long to send a bill to the House of Lords which will free the schools from religious control, and allow any denomination that chooses to enter the schools and teach its tenets to its own children.

But that is only the first step. Next comes the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. That is final. Wales will have no less. Anything more than that we cannot for the present expect, although certainly the Liberal party will be looking to disestablishment in England, and the Laborites will be one with them in this. The cloud already looms large, and the Anglican Church



POOR WITTE!

Witte: "Don't strangle me. If you do we shall both fall off."

—Kladderatsch, Berlin.



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,
PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN.



A. J. BALFOUR, EX-PREMIER.

sees the storm coming, and has just begun to make ready for it by initiating a new plan of self-government.

Then there is the great question of Irish Home Rule. But that will not be the immediate aim. It is likely to be made a part of a great system of local self-government, by which, under the name of Devolution, Parliament will be relieved of most of its local business, and local legislation will be extended to by small local parliaments, one for Scotland, one for Wales, perhaps two for Ireland, and two or more for England. Devolution is Home Rule writ large and Latin. But that will have to be studied

and worked out with care, and will take time, probably after another election and another mandate by the people. For this election is not carried on any real positive programme of principles, but on a negative one.

The most prominent, if not the principal question has been that of free trade versus protection; and the people have decided that they will have no change of policy. So this election has not decided what the people want done, but



WILY WILLIAM.

He runs with the hounds and holes with the hares.
—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



THE GREAT FREDERICK AND THE
LITTLE WILLIAM.

William II.: "I have taken every opportunity to hoist myself up to his height, but I fear I shall never equal him."

—La Silhouette, Paris.

rather what they do not want done. Before such a great question as either the disestablishment of the Church of England or a new system of local parliaments is presented for action, the people will have to give their will at the polls. Already we see what is coming. The issue must be fought out.

I. N. Ford, the New York Tribune's London correspondent, describes the results of the polling as nothing less than a social revolution under constitutional forms, by which men who have been carpenters, shipwrights, steelsmelters, sailors, engineers, mechanics, pitmen and

cation; they have conducted trades union journals and written articles for the most thoughtful reviews, and most of them are fluent speakers with fine talents for the management of men. . . . They have been masters for twenty years without knowing it; and now at last they understand the resources and power of labor organization in politics. Since the Reform Act of 1832 Parliament has represented middle-class England. It has suddenly become a more democratic body, under the control of working England.



"AN UPPISH PERSON."

even newsboys are sent to Parliament in place of university men, baronets with large estates, shipowners, manufacturers, bankers and the sons of earls. They may not be working at their trades now, but they have sprung from the toiling millions, and their election in such numbers is a triumph for democracy. Nor do they lack training for public life. They have made their mark as trades union organizers; they have presided over labor congresses; they have brought about amalgamations and federations of allied trades; they have been aldermen and councillors in municipal politics; they have been delegates to international arbitration and socialist congresses; they have been experts in technical edu-

In a recent message to his people the Kaiser described the attitude of Germany as "correct toward all the powers, and friendly toward most." On this incident Punch makes the cartoon in which the Kaiser is regarding with a very supercilious sniff the cordial relations of sturdy John Bull and La Belle France. La France suggests, "That is a very uppish sort of person, is he not?" and John Bull retorts, "This, I suppose, is his correct attitude towards us both."

"THEY MAKE A DESOLATION AND
CALL IT PEACE."

Premier Witte and the Czar, in surveying for the reorganization of parliamentary government, find the quakings of the ground and revolutionary explosions rather disturbing elements, or, to change the figure, as shown in a German cartoon, the premier finds it a very delicate operation walking on the tight-rope and bearing the burden of the unpopular Czar.

The German Emperor, at latest reports, seems to be toning down his somewhat arrogant claims at the Algiceras conference. It would be unwise to seek a rupture with France, backed as she is by the Mistress of the Seas. The Emperor's role is to keep the peace, at least till he gets his big navy constructed. This is shown in his refusing to send ships to join the powers in the naval coercion of Turkey. But the cartoonist describes it as trying to run with the hounds and hold with the hares. The ambition of the Kaiser seems to be to emulate the record of his doughty ancestor, Frederick the Great. The chief founder of the Prussian state was a ruthless and unscrupulous soldier. The Kaiser could easily find a model of much superior moral character.

The revolt in Russia for the time has been suppressed with wanton cruelty by drunken Cossacks, who ruthlessly trample the peasant folk or mow them down with machine guns and grape shot. But the end is not yet. Enceladus still struggles beneath Mount Etua, and dreadful earthquakes, convulsions and explosions are sure to follow unless a vent be found in a free and unfettered Douma—not a mere sham one which cannot call its soul its own. The persecution of the Jews proceeds relentlessly, and Russia, in crushing or driving into exile thousands of its most intelligent, industrious citizens, is repeating the folly of Spain in expelling the Moriscoes, and of France in banishing the Huguenots.

Meanwhile Great Britain welcomes the Jews in thousands to her shores, elects thirteen of their race to the new Parliament, selects representative Jews over and over again to the Lord Mayoralty of London and other cities, and even handed the administration of the empire into the hands of one of the persecuted race.

The great Gulliver of the East is waking from his sleep of centuries. The tiny Japs are disturbing his long slumbers. He is bursting the bonds of the mandarin system; of ancestor worship, which prevented the construction of railways lest the spirits of the departed should be disturbed thereby, and of many of the superstitions of the past. He is becoming conscious of his latent strength, and under Japanese leadership is drilling enormous armies which will effectually prevent his being intimidated and exploited by aggressive foreigners. The boycott of American products is a vigorous retort against the injustice of American exclusion laws, and we hope the new British Government will listen to the repeated protests against the iniquity of the opium trade.

KING CHRISTIAN.

The deceased King Christian lived up to his name. He is described as "God's gentleman," a man of simple piety, of



WAKING UP!
—C. G. Bush, in New York World.

generous soul, a democratic king. It is remarkable that the sovereign who in his early years had to teach school for a living, while his daughters—afterwards queens and empresses—made their own millinery, should become the father-in-law of Europe, with his children on the thrones of England, Russia, Greece, and his grandchildren on those of Norway and Hesse.

SUMMER EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

Mrs. E. Withrow Stafford and Miss Florence E. Withrow, B.A., announce that they will personally conduct a tour through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium during the summer of 1906. These ladies have large experience of travel through Europe with their father, the Rev. Dr. Withrow, and take advantage of the excellent arrangements which he has made for his very successful tours. Their handsome illustrated pamphlet is now ready, and will be sent post free to any one interested in the subject. Address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.

—Lewis J. Bates.

Religious Intelligence.

"THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA."

The negotiations for the union of three Churches in Canada have attracted world-wide attention. Nearly all of the religious journals, and many of the secular ones, devote much space to special comment upon this theme. These comments are almost entirely congratulatory. The Toronto Globe has rendered important service by printing the expressions of opinion by men of light and leading in the three Churches in various parts of the country. It is a surprise to find how generally these are favorable expressions. Of course there are a few doubting Thomases, a few who magnify the differences and overlook the great harmonies, who advise us to be careful and go slow; but the overwhelming consensus is in favor, not of federation, but of organic union. We have received correspondence from various parts of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with reference to an account we wrote in the Christian Herald of this great movement, and all of these are of devout thanksgiving for the leading of divine providence. We quote from the Literary Digest some of the press comment on this subject:

"An extraordinary movement, in some respects, not paralleled for several centuries," is the phrase by which the New York Christian Advocate (Methodist) characterizes the movement toward union between the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregationalist Churches in Canada. The report of the joint committee of these three denominations, just published, is described by the Toronto Globe as "the most remarkable ecclesiastical document issued in Protestant Christendom since the Reformation." All the indications seem to point to the ultimate consummation of this union, and the name tentatively chosen for the new church is "The United Church of Canada." The Interior (Presbyterian, Chicago) writes of the union planned as "the most radical and remarkable coalition of churches that has been proposed since the Reformation brought in the era of denominational divisions." Zion's Herald (Methodist), Boston, reminds us that Canada in the past has led the way in effecting denominational unions.

The Christian Advocate remarks editorially: "This experiment in each of its stages should receive the concentrated attention of the Protestantism of the world. If it succeed it will make feasible the only reasonable plan for the diminution of the number of distinct communions."

The Presbyterian (Toronto, Canada) thinks that the prospects are bright for a consummation of the proposed union. It says: "There will be no unseemly haste; in the nature of things there cannot be. It will take some little time to prepare the basis and have it pronounced upon ultimately by the body of the people. Agreement as to the things that may be given up, and the things that shall remain, will not come in a moment, but it will come. There is an organizing power of its own in a great, structural, co-ordinating movement like this."

The Presbyterian Banner (Pittsburg, Pa.) comments as follows: "We would hardly think a union of these three Churches possible in this country, but it appears to be possible only a few miles to the north of us, and it is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes. The Spirit of the Lord, however, is not restricted by geographical boundaries and red and blue lines on the map, and what the Spirit can do there He may do here."

The Methodists in Canada number 916,659, the Presbyterians 842,016, and the Congregationalists 28,000. Thus, as The Church Standard (Protestant Episcopal, Philadelphia) points out, the new Church will enter upon its work with a membership of 1,786,676, "nearly one-third of the population of the whole of Canada."

DIVERSITY OF CHURCHES.

Those who hold that the zeal of the Churches is promoted by a diversity of denominations would find much satisfying matter upon which to ruminate, in the church statistics for 1905, as published by the Christian Advocate, New York. These statistics are for the United States only, but within its boundaries we find 134 distinct denominations, among them seventeen divisions of the Methodist Church, thirteen kinds of Baptists, and twelve varieties of Presbyterianism.

There are little sects with 200 and 300 and 600 communicants. We note one denomination with twenty-five communicants and another with eight. The River Brethren number 4,339, and are divided into three bodies. The Communistic Societies, with a following of 3,084, have six divisions. These divisions among people who believe in a community of interests. There are sects of which most of us have never heard, as the "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists," and the Schwenkfeldians.

Here is surely diversity enough to fire the zeal of those who demand such stimulus. It should be time not only to broach and discuss the matter of union, but to push it and push it through.

The most numerous body are the Roman Catholics, returned as 10,905,251, with an increase of 192,272. But they claim a great many who are no credit to any church, and of their large gains by immigration many soon lapse. Next come the Methodists, with 6,429,815 actual communicants, an increase of 101,892, or about 2,000 a week. They have 40,278 ministers and 58,659 churches. Next come the Baptists, with 4,974,047 communicants, 37,061 ministers and 52,919 churches. The Presbyterians number 1,723,871 members, with 12,650 ministers and 15,702 churches. The Protestant Episcopal, the oldest and most "fashionable" church, numbers 827,127 members. 5,209 ministers and 7,224 churches. The Unitarians report a decrease of eight ministers, and the Universalists a decrease of 359 members.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ANNIVERSARY.

The Christian Endeavor Society celebrated in February its twenty-fifth anniversary. From one Endeavorer, the zealous young pastor, Francis Edward Clark, the fruitage is now a membership of more than 3,000,000. From the one society he launched twenty-five years ago have grown 67,213 of them. Surely when Dr. Clark sat beneath that scrubby pine in Maine and wrote out the Christian Endeavor pledge, surely the Lord was with him to establish the work of his hands.

The society has become a world-girdling movement, adapted to all nations. It flourishes in China, India, Japan, Hawaii, New Zealand, Bulgaria, Egypt, Switzerland, Madagascar, Italy, Norway, Sweden, France, Russia—everywhere, in fact, one finds the young Endeavorer. It was the Spanish Endeavor girls who

were the first of their sex to enter the national university. In India the work especially flourishes. The Hindu Endeavorers on their journeys change from car to car at the stations, till they have preached to a long train full. The pioneer society in Samoa has formed sixteen other societies and sent from its membership more than one hundred missionaries.

"The Endeavorers of Turkey (chiefly Armenians) suffered heroically during the horrible massacres. The Turks do not allow them to sign a constitution or pledge, or use the terms "society" or "union," or to wear a Christian Endeavor badge, or meet except in single societies. Yet everywhere are these half-hidden bands of faithful workers—in Jerusalem and other sacred places—ready again, if necessary, to seal their devotion with their lives.

"In China during the Boxer massacres one Endeavorer was slain on his wedding day, just after his lips had repeated the solemn words, "Till death do us part." Another Endeavorer, a girl, when summoned by the Boxers, dressed herself in her best and took her Bible in her hands. "I am ready," she said. Another Endeavorer was a man of fifty, a converted opium-eater. The Boxers summoned him, and he also arrayed himself in his finest robe. "Why did you put on your best clothes?" they asked him. "Because I expected to be taken to the palace of my King." They cut off his head and then tore out his heart, to get at the secret of his courage; but they did not discover it. A day was set for the killing of all the native Christians in Foochow that did not recant, but the next Sunday ninety Endeavorers came together in a single society."

The great conventions of this society, bringing together twenty, forty and sometimes sixty thousand young Christians in the spirit of prayer—who shall say what this means to the Church as a whole? Already sixty denominations are federated in this movement.

A MYTH DISOWNED.

Several years ago when on our way from Bologna to Venice, we travelled with four Roman Catholic priests from Baltimore. They had chosen to forego the glories of Florence in order to visit the Holy House of Loretto at Arcona. They repeated with enthusiasm the story, in which they avowed their faith, that it had been brought by the angels

through the air from Nazareth. We dis-sented from this theory and said we would as soon believe that the Colosseum at Rome had been brought by angels through the air. "And so would we," said one of the priests, "if there were as good evidence for it." It reminded us of the saying of Tertullian, "Credo quia impossibile"—"I believe because it is impossible."

But now a leading Roman Catholic authority, *The Catholic World*, a high-class magazine, published by the Paulist Fathers, New York, repudiates the whole story. It shows that it is a baseless tradition. The legend is that on the night of May 9, 1291, the Holy House of the Virgin at Nazareth was carried by angels to Dalmatia; on December 10, 1294, was again carried across the Adriatic to Ricanati, in Italy; on August 12, 1295, was carried to the top of a neighboring hill at Ancona, and later still to its present site. The first account of this translation through the air was made in 1525, or 235 years later. From this all subsequent traditions are based. The shrine of the Virgin had long existed at Ancona, around which gathered these accretions.

The *Catholic World* goes on to recite the historical evidences of the existence of the Holy House at Nazareth long after its alleged translation. Indeed, we have ourselves stood in the very house still regarded as that of the Virgin Mary. Many miracles were wrought at the four times translated shrine house. "But," says *The Catholic World*, "these no more prove the fact of its miraculous translation than the miracles of Ste. Anne de Beaupre at Quebec prove the authenticity of that special relic of Saint Anne."

If the same historical spirit that dis-owns this myth would get rid of the legends of the Holy Coat of Treves, alleged to be the seamless robe of our Lord; of the Veronica at Rome, said to be the napkin with which a pious woman wiped our Lord's face; and the many relics of the true cross, enough, it has been said, to freight a ship, it would clear St. Peter's ship of many of the barnacles which impede its progress.

The recent visit of Dr. Booker Washington calls attention to his noble work. He is the Moses of his people, leading them into a land of larger liberty and industrial independence. The gospel of



THE LATE DR. HARPER.

work, he says, is as essential as the gospel of grace. This victim of wrong is the nameless son of a slave mother, who has come up from the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance.

DR. HARPER.

The life story of Dr. Harper, the distinguished President of Chicago University, is one of inspiring heroism. Though smitten with a mortal disease, and knowing that his days were numbered, he nevertheless went on his way, working to the top of his strength, to the very last, and then serenely, calmly, having served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep. He was a youth of remarkable precocity, a graduate at fourteen or fifteen, a professor in his early twenties. When called to the presidency he laid the plans for a fifty million dollar university with scarcely a dollar in sight. But his very audacity won the sympathy of John D. Rockefeller, who furnished the millions needed for the development thus far of this great university, whose many courses and all-the-year-round studies are a new departure in college life, and furnish the eager student an opportunity to win his way through college by the work of his hands as well as of his brains.

Book Notices.

"The Christian Doctrine of Salvation." By Geo. Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Svo, pp. xi-546.

This book treats the very core and kernel of the Christian faith. Its purpose is to present a Biblical, historical and constructive discussion of the Christian doctrine of salvation. It approaches the subject first from the historical point of view. It treats of the sacrificial system, the Old Testament, prophetic doctrine, the teaching of Jesus, and that of the Pauline and Johannine writings. It criticizes the principal forms of modern theology, the commercial theory of Anselm, the governmental theory of Grotius, the modern penal satisfaction theories, and the ethical satisfaction and subjunctive theories. Part III. is devoted to the constructive development of the doctrine, the Christian concept of God, the personality of the Saviour, the nature and ends of punishment, the forgiveness of sins, the relation of Christ to mankind, his relation to human sin, the satisfaction of God in the work of Christ, eternal atonement, salvation by union with Christ, the Christian character, salvation and the kingdom of God, salvation and human destiny. "Righteousness," says our author, "includes both the goodness and severity of God, that is, it embraces at once equally His justice and His benevolence and purity. The divine righteousness, in the narrow sense of retributive justice, is radically unscriptural and incongruous with the Christian concept of God. Christ reveals God himself in his saving holy love. Salvation is primarily salvation from sin, and in salvation from sin salvation from penalty is implicit. It is not correct to say that Christ procured for men the pardon of their sins by influencing the mind of God in their favor, and so inducing Him to forgive. Christ lived, labored, suffered and died, not to make God willing to save, but to show how willing He is, and to make His eternal willingness effective, really to accomplish what God in his holy love desires to do."

"The Growth of Christian Faith." By Geo. Ferries, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Svo, pp. xvi-368.

This book covers in large part the same ground as Dr. Stevens' "Christian Doctrine of Salvation." It treats the preparation for religion, the different schools of thought in the Christian community, the genesis of spiritual life, the advance in faith. Like Dr. Stevens' book, it reviews various theories of the doctrine of the atonement—Anselm, Abelard and more recent writers. It rejects the old forensic theory as now untenable, and develops a theory of Christian righteousness which alone dignifies and glorifies man's existence. In the final chapter the partial developments of religion in the Jews and the heathen are discussed. The author quotes Jewish authorities, showing the new and broader conceptions of Biblical truth which many leading Jewish minds profess. Dr. Max Nordau, a representative Jew, maintains their reverence for the character of Jesus, who is, he says, "soul of our soul as He is flesh of our flesh. We claim Him for ourselves just as we claim the synoptic Gospels as the flower of purely Jewish literature." Our author concludes: "The Jews' perception of righteousness may be trusted to constrain them to rest only in the revelation of complete righteousness made in Christ."

"Half-hours with 'The Methodist Hymn-Book.'" By Mary Champness. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-288.

It is in singing the hymns of the ages that we realize the meaning of the words "the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints." Our creeds divide us, says our author, but in our hymns we are one, "We are not divided, all one body we." This is strongly exemplified in the new Wesleyan hymn-book, "Methodists and Baptists, Unitarians and Romanists, 'Brethren' and Moravians (for, as Mr. Horder says, 'There is little heresy in hymns') 'in sweet consent unite their Alleluia.'" The spoils of

many lands and many tongues are gathered into this treasure house of God. From the old Greek and Latin writers of the early centuries down to the living writers of to-day is selected a noble anthology of Christian song. It adds much to the enjoyment of these hymns to know by whom and under what conditions they are written, and with what sacred associations they are fraught. This book is full of hymn lore, anecdote and incident of the scores of writers who contribute to the new hymn book. In nothing is the unity of Christendom so shown. In all the churches Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and Heber's "Holy, Holy, Holy," are sung; and in every mission field and in almost every heathen tongue into which the Bible has been translated have also been translated these hymns and tunes. The book is one of fascinating interest and a potent help to devotion.

"Arthur Moorhouse. Memories and Aftermath." Edited by J. Anthony Barnes. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-320.

This is a loving tribute to a brilliant young preacher, scholar and professor, who passed away at the early age of thirty-nine. The moulding influences of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, of Headingly and Didsbury in England, helped to make him the brilliant scholar and saintly soul that he was. The Aftermath, a gleaning of his literary work, studies of King Arthur, lectures on Elijah, and other papers complete a book of unique interest.

"Recollections of the American War, 1812-14." By Dr. Dunlop. Toronto: Historical Publishing Co. Pp. vii-112. Price, \$1.00.

The Historical Publishing Company is rendering important service by its publications on the incunabula of Canada. It is wise to rescue the records of its early days from loss or lapse into oblivion. These considerations give more than usual importance to this reprint of an old and interesting narrative of the war of 1812. Dr. Dunlop's narrative has all the vivacity of a contemporary shrewd observer, and gives one a more vivid idea

of Canada in war time than we get from the historical record.

"The Use of the Scriptures in Theology." By William Newton Clarke, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-170.

Theology has well been called the queen of the sciences, for science it is and noblest of them all. It is not likely to be outgrown. These lectures maintain the place and power of the Bible as the manual on Christianity and book of God for men. It points the way to the methods of the future, it shows how the wrong use of the Scriptures has wrought harm to theology, how the right using of the Scriptures removes all else from equality with the Christian methods, and fills theology with a Christian glory and sets the Scriptures in a place of power.

"Friedrich Schiller." A Sketch of His Life and an Appreciation of His Poetry. By Paul Carus. Illustrated. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The recent Schiller centenary found no more appropriate commemoration than the admirable papers in the Open Court, by its editor, Dr. Paul Carus. These are reprinted in this handsome tall octavo with many portraits of the Schiller family and illustrations of the great poet's life. A strong character sketch, with critical appreciation of his work and specimens of his poetry in German and in English translation, will make this to the Schiller lover a very attractive book.

"New Testament Holiness." By Thos. Cook. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 207. Price, 6d.

A cheap reprint of an important book on a vital subject.

Chancellor Burwash contributes to the Transactions of the Royal Society, 1905-6, an important paper, sixty-two octavo pages, on the founding and development of the University of Toronto. In view of the present university organization the study of the past of this institution and of the federation movement will be found of permanent importance.