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RURAL ENGLAND—THE COTTAGE BY THE MERE.



CHERRY-BLOSSOM VIEWING.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1904.

## JAPAN IN WAR TIME.



IN the emergence of Japan from the obscurity of ages to a place in the very forefront of civilization is verified, as has seldom been verified before, the prediction, "A nation shall be born in a day." Not merely in the art of war, although that unhappily is the criterion by which scientific progress is largely measured, but in the arts of peace and industry the progress of Japan is remarkable. It is to Japanese bacteriologists that medical science owes the discovery of some of the most deadly bacilli of disease and the anti-toxins and therapeutic agents by which they can be overcome. In marine and civil engineering the Japanese have little to learn from the very foremost nations of Europe.

In educational science and methods they have adopted the most approved principles of Western learning and pedagogy, and have given them an adaptation to their own needs which makes their universities and colleges among the best in the world. Every village has its school, and in literacy Japan is ahead of some of the oldest nations of Europe. Austria, Italy, Spain, and especially Russia, are far behind this new-born nation of the East in ability to read and amount of reading matter which its people absorb.

VOL. LX. No. 7.

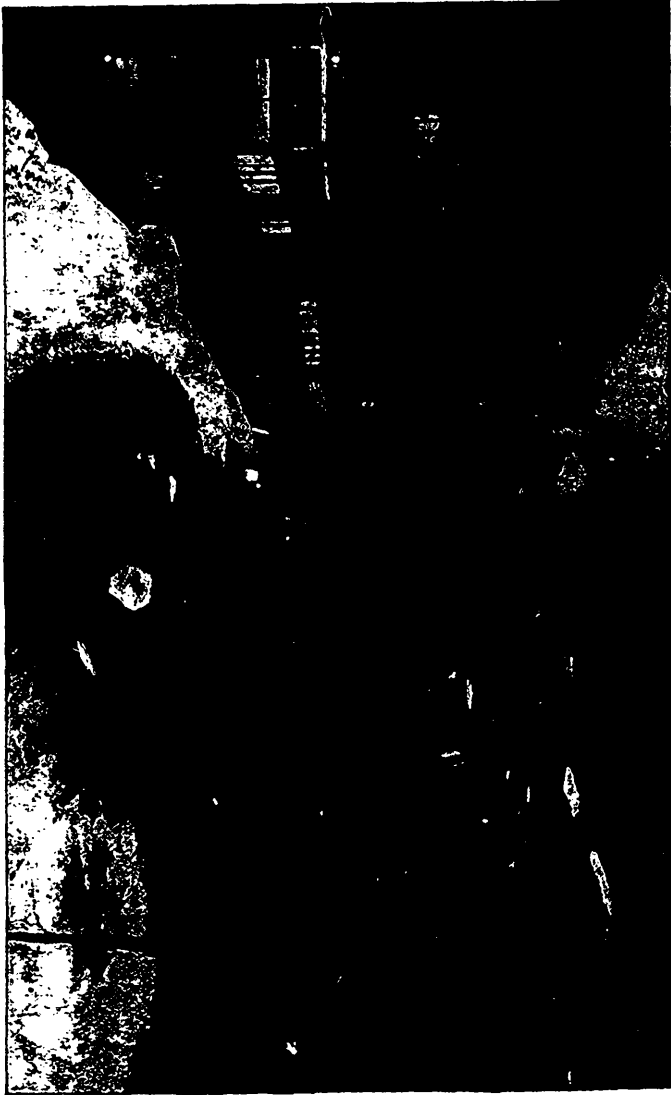
Their military prowess has fairly startled all Europe. The range and precision of their artillery fire, the tremendous force of their high explosives, the high strategy exhibited in the field, their steadiness under fire, the valour and reckless daring of these pigmy troops, seem all the greater by contrast with their colossal Muscovite antagonists, especially with the famous Cossacks, whose name and fame have been a word of terror to the nations. The scientific skill and advanced humanitarian character of their Red Cross and ambulance department have won the admiration of even their antagonists. In banking and finance they have little to learn. They have accomplished immense internal improvements, railway construction, and the like, with a less national debt than any nation in Europe. The parliamentary methods and system of responsible government of Japan shows her not only incomparably ahead of her colossal Russian antagonist, but abreast of the very foremost nations of the world. And yet but fifty years ago it was a hermit nation almost like the Koreans of a decade ago, or the Thibetans of to-day.

The Medical Record, of New York, one of the world's foremost scientific periodicals, has this to say about the hygienic methods of the Japanese, to which they in large part owe their physical and mental predominance:



The Japanese have taught the Europeans and Americans a good lesson and quenched in some degree the conceit of the Caucasian in his superior capacity to do all things. Even in the matter of diet, our long cherished theory, that the

yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains, consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare,



A GARDEN AT OJI.

energy and vitality of the white man is largely due to the amount of animal food consumed, must undergo revision. The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on the earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and

fish, eggs, vegetables, and fruit; for beverages they use weak tea without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an Eng-

lishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily, in divided doses.

Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest

of the good effects on the body and mind of temperate living. They are a cool, calculating people, and have come to an appreciation of the fact, that if their ambition to be a world power is to be consummated, they must be in condition,



MILITARY REVIEW, HIMEJI.

stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength, and this method is sedulously practised until it becomes a part of their nature.

The Japanese race is a striking example

mentally and physically, to show that they are adapted to such a position. They have proved that a frugal manner of living is consistent with great bodily strength—indeed, is perhaps more so than the meat diet of the white man. As

to the water-drinking habit which is so distinctive a custom with them, it is probably an aid in keeping the system free from blood impurities, and might be followed with advantage in European countries, to a far greater extent than is

mirable volume by Ernest W. Clement, published by McClurg & Co., Chicago, and our Own Book Room, Toronto, as in our judgment the very best compendious account of

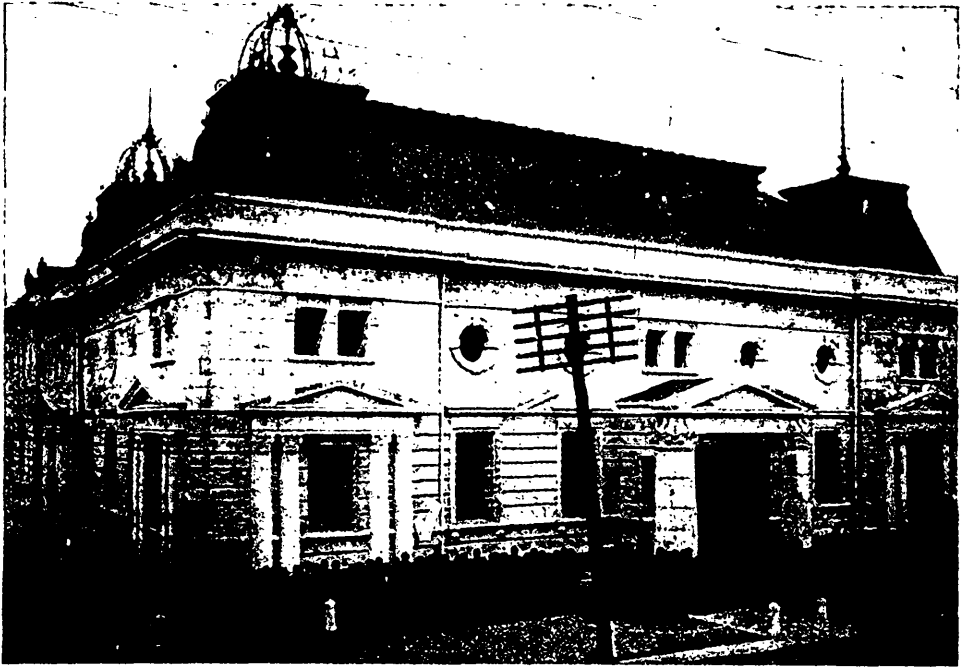


OSAKA CASTLE.

at present the case. Hydropathy and exercise seem to be the sheet-anchors of the Japanese training regimen, and judging from results, have been eminently satisfactory.

We referred recently to the ad-

this remarkable transition and transformation with which we are acquainted. From this book we make some further extracts, illustrated by some of the admirable engravings which it contains.



FIRST BANK, TOKIO.

In the case of the Japanese, a first and lasting impression is that of minuteness. The empire, though called Dai Nippon (Great Japan) is small; the people are short; the lanes are narrow; the houses are low and small; farms are insignificant; teacups, other dishes, pipes, etc., are like our toys; and innumerable other objects are Lilliputian. Pierre Loti, the French writer, in his description of Japanese life, draws extensively on the diminutives of his native tongue. The saying that they are "great in little things and little in great things" contains some truth. But it must, in fairness, be acknowledged that, of recent years, the Japanese have begun to display a remarkable facility and success in the management of great enterprises. They are out-

growing this characteristic of small-

ness, and are even now reckoned among the "great world powers." The Japanese are famous the world over for their politeness and courtesy; they are a nation of good manners, and, for this and other qualities, have been styled "the French of the Orient." From morning to night, from the cradle to the grave, the entire life is characterized by unvarying gentleness and politeness in word and act. Many of the expressions and actions are mere formalities, it is true; but they have, by centuries of hereditary influence, been so far incorporated into the individual and national life as to be a second nature.

Another prominent and prevailing element of Japanese civilization is simplicity. The people have the simplicity of nature to such an extent that the garb of nature is not

considered immodest. They find delight in the simplest forms of natural beauties, and they plant their standard of beauty on a simple base. They enjoy the simplest amusements with the simplest toys, which, cheap and frail, may last only an hour, but easily yield their money's worth and more of real pleasure. They find the greatest happiness in such simple recreations as going to see the plum blossoms or cherry flowers, and gazing at the full moon. They succeed in extracting more solid enjoyment out of life than any other people on the globe.

And this leads to another impression and characterization of the Japanese people as merry, light-hearted, and vivacious. Careless, even to an extreme; free from worry and anxiety, because easily satisfied with little, and because inclined to be excessively fatalistic, they succeed in being happy without much exertion.

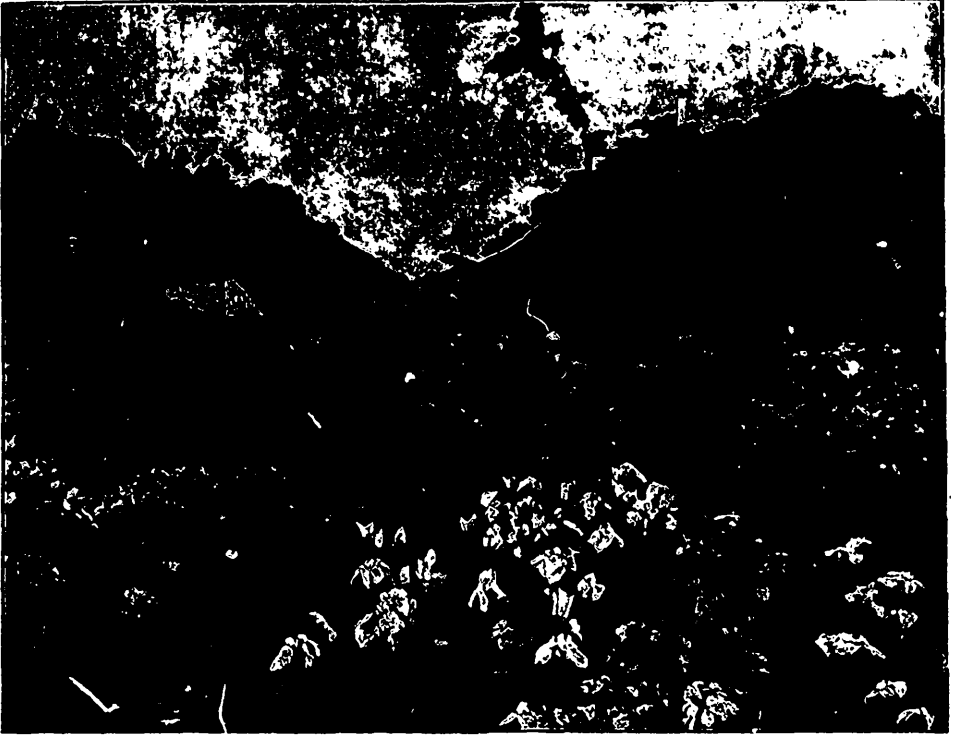
The Japanese are, however, extremely stoical in belief and behaviour, and can refrain as rigidly from manifestations of joy or sorrow as could a Spartan or a Roman. Their nervous system seems to be much less sensitive than ours. Without the least sign of suffering they can experience the severest torture, and without a word of complaint they receive adversity or affliction. "Shikata ga nai" ("There is no help") is the stereotyped phrase of consolation from the least to the greatest loss, injury, or affliction. For a broken dish, a bruise, a broken limb, a business failure, a death, weeping is silly, sympathy is useless; alike for all "Shikata ga nai."

The following paragraph pictures graphically the contrasting characteristics of Japanese and American women:

It is said that the habitual ser-

enity of Japanese women is due to their freedom from small worries. The fashion of their dress never varies, so they are saved much anxiety of mind on that subject. House-keeping is simplified by the absence of draperies and a crowd of ornaments to gather dust, and the custom of leaving footwear at the entrance keeps out much mud and dirt. With all our boasted civilization, we may well learn from the Orientals how to prevent the little foxes of petty anxieties from spoiling the vines of our domestic comfort. If American housekeepers could eliminate from their lives some of the unnecessary care of things, it would probably smooth their brows and tone down the sharpened expression of their features, though it is doubtful if many of us would enjoy the extremely simple bed shown in our engraving. It is just a single pallet laid down on the matting. The pillow is somewhat like a lady's muff stuffed with cotton, or it may be a piece of wood three inches high and ten inches long and placed under the neck. In the day-time the bedding is kept in a closet or "push-put-in-place," as it is called.

The Japanese are, by instinct, a very unselfish and generous people. These two seemingly synonymous adjectives are purposely used; for the Japanese possess, not only the negative and passive virtue of unselfishness, but also its positive and active expression in generosity; they are not merely careless and thoughtless of self, but they are careful and thoughtful of others. In fact, their philanthropic instincts are so strong that neither excessive wealth nor extreme pauperism is prevalent. These two traits had their origin, probably, in a contempt for mere money-making and the lack of a strong desire for wealth. The mer-



FLOWER VIEWING IN JAPAN.

chant, engaged in trade—that is, in money-making pursuits—was ranked below the soldier, the farmer, and the artisan. No sordid views of life on a cash basis were held by the Japanese, and not even the materialism of modern life has yet destroyed their generous and philanthropic instincts. They are as truly altruistic as Occidentals are egoistic.

The Japanese are commonly criticised as being imitative rather than initiative or inventive; and it must be acknowledged that a study of their history bears out this criticism. The old civilization was very largely borrowed from the Chinese, perhaps through the Koreans; and in modern times we have witnessed a similar adoption and imitation of

Occidental civilization. However, there have been indications of late years that the Japanese mind is developing inventive power. Originality is making itself known in many really remarkable inventions, especially along mechanical lines. Rifles, repeating pistols, smokeless gunpowder, guncotton, and bicycle boats are a few illustrations of Japanese inventions. Moreover, many of the Japanese inventors have secured letters patent in England, Germany, France, Austria, and the United States. In scientific discoveries, too, the Japanese are coming forward.

The Japanese are pre-eminently an æsthetic people. In all sections, among all classes, art reigns supreme. It permeates everything,



FLOWER FESTIVAL, JAPAN.

great or small. "Whatever these people fashion, from the toy of an hour to the triumph of all time, is touched by a taste unknown elsewhere."

The national spirit is excessively strong in Japan, and has been made powerful by centuries of development. Every Japanese is born, lives and dies for his country; loyalty is the highest virtue, and Yamato-damashii (Japan spirit) is a synonym too often of narrow and inordinate patriotism. But the vision of the Japanese is broadening, and they are learning that cosmopolitanism is not necessarily antagonistic to patriotism.

The artistic perceptions of these ingenious people have commanded the admiration of mankind. Their

bronzes, pottery and lacquer work have a delicacy, a refinement of finish, and sometimes exhibit a grotesque imagination that make them coveted objects for private collectors or great museums. Their artistic nature is especially shown in their landscape gardening, whereby they make a tiny plot present a great variety of picturesque scenery and adornment.

Their love of nature is shown in their flower festivals, of which they have one for every month in the year. When their noble and beautiful cherry trees are all abloom, the people go by thousands "cherry-blossom viewing" into the country, as shown in one of our full-page engravings. Two of our smaller cuts illustrate also their devotion to



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN JAPAN.

floriculture and their artistic perceptions. Their decorative skill is shown also in their religious processions, in which flowers, fruits, gaudy lanterns, and similar devices make a very brilliant display and in which the little folks take a very prominent part. The strength and dexterity of the Japanese acrobats and jugglers illustrates also their virile and vital athletic capabilities and ambidexterity of manipulation.

One of the most extensive travellers and keenest observers of modern times, Mr. George Kennan, whose books have made his name a household word, gives in *The Outlook* his recent impressions of Japan as follows:

The scenery of the Inland Sea, with its mountainous environment,

its archipelagoes of islands, its deeply indented coast-line, and the innumerable clusters of tile-roofed houses that fringe the shores of its sheltered harbours and bays, has long been famous for picturesqueness and beauty; but the weather, when we passed through it, was so dark and rainy that we received only misty impressions of steep hill-sides, cut into hundreds of small cultivated terraces: high mountain ridges whose crests were shaggy with the dark foliage of pines; white lighthouses standing on small rocky islands, or crowning the promontories; and great expanses of smooth green water, dotted with the white or yellowish sails of innumerable schooners, sampans, fishing-boats, and clumsy, high-sterned,





CHILD ACROBATS IN JAPAN.

lateen-rigged junks which looked more like the caravels of Columbus or Vasco da Gama than anything of modern construction.

The amount and variety of the shipping on the Inland Sea strikes the new-comer with amazement. In the 240-mile stretch between Shimonoseki and Kobe we must have passed thirty or forty steamers, including the transports, hundreds of large sailing vessels of all sorts, and sampans, junks, and fishing-boats enough to pack New York Bay solidly from the Battery to Sandy Hook. Again and again, at intervals throughout the day, I counted from fifty to a hundred vessels in sight at one time; and in the harbour of Kobe, when we arrived there, we found no less than twenty ocean-going steamers. Japan will never lack hardy, daring, and accom-

plished sailors to man her war-fleets.

The entrance to Tokio Bay is defended by three low but extensive modern forts in the channel, as well as by powerful batteries on the shores, and it is more than doubtful if a hostile fleet could get within shelling distance of Yokohama, even if the Japanese warships were out of the way. The approach to the city is not particularly striking in scenic effect; but the great number of vessels of all sorts that are constantly coming or going give to the broad sheet of water an interest that it would not otherwise have.

My experience in custom-houses has not been invariably pleasant, but if they were all like the custom-house of blessed memory in Yokohama I should enter them with hope and confidence, if not with

positive joy. The polite Japanese officials not only "chalked" typewriters, cameras, field-glasses, and all hand-luggage without inspection or question, but promptly sent three trunks, a valise, and a large bamboo telescope-case to our hotel, without opening them, and without even asking us to make a "declaration." Whether this leniency is intended to encourage tourist travel, or whether it is only an indication of the friendly feeling that the Japanese have for Englishmen and Americans, I do not know; but it is a thing for which I feel sincerely grateful.

My first impressions of Yokohama are separable—and, indeed, must be separated—into two widely different classes: viz., on one side, those that relate to a European city of modern buildings, luxurious clubs, beautiful private residences half hidden in greenery, clean macadamized streets, and hotels where guests in evening dress eat their dinner to the music of a band; and, on the other side, those that relate to an Asiatic city of low, tile-roofed shops with signs in big white Japanese characters on blue cotton cloth; sluggish canals filled with sampans and junks; temples from which comes the intermittent throbbing of tom-toms and drums; tall flagstuffs from which the wind blows out huge coloured, air-inflated fish with hoops for mouths; Japanese women in dark kimonos and bright sashes, hobbling along on high wooden clogs with babies on their backs; bare-headed coolies in the dark-blue, white-barred uniform dress of the trade guilds; bared-legged jinrikisha-men in inverted bowl-shaped hats, trotting past with full-grown

passengers in large-sized, two-wheeled baby carriages; Chinamen, Hindus, and Japanese natives of all sorts, coming, going, chattering, laughing, and gawking in little groups to gaze at the highly coloured pictures of the war displayed in front of some photographers shop or news stand.

The patriotism of the Japanese people strikes even an American as something extraordinary and phenomenal. I have seen women stick little cotton flags in the fists of the babies on their backs, and stand for hours beside a railroad track, waiting for a train-load of troops, satisfied if they could only throw a package of cheap cotton towels into an open window, or even wave their handkerchiefs once to the men who were going to the front. Soldiers who bid their friends or their families good-bye bid them good-bye for ever, with the expectation and the assurance of death. Three or four years ago an English lady living on the "Bluff" in Yokohama received a letter from a Japanese boy who had been employed in her house as a servant, and who had gone to Korea with the first reserves. After giving her some news of his health and his movements, he concluded by saying, in quaint and imperfect English:

Please remember, that though I will die, Nippon Teikoku [Great Japan] should have victory and honour.

(Signed)

Youth who unfear death,  
HIRO YAMAMOTO.

Of such "youth who unfear death" are the armies of Japan made up, and behind them is the flaming patriotism of a proud, brave, and united people.

Home is not the stately palace  
With its acres stretching far;  
Home is not the cottage under  
Those outspreading branches yonder—  
Home is where the loved ones are.

Home, when all the tasks are ended,  
May be on some distant star,  
Or it may be where the clover  
Scents the breezes blowing over—  
Home is where the loved ones are.

## A KEYSTONE OF EMPIRE.\*

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

A mighty Keystone shouldering up the span  
 Of a gray arch of Empire, while below  
 Threatens a torrent black and fierce of flow  
 That ill-wrought masonry uncouth of plan.  
 All strange, dissimilar stones the quarry can  
 Yield, East or Southward, in a helpless row  
 Let ponderously their great bulks inward go  
 And lean upon it, bearing like a man.

Pray Heaven it hold! and when Time crumble it,  
 May naught unworthy take that high command  
 But granite strengthened by the shock of seas.  
 And thus true centred, well and firmly knit  
 Austria, by ages honoured, still withstand  
 And crush the turmoil of the centuries.



It will "hold," because it contains something besides "granite," better and stronger—the most all-conquering thing in this or any other world.

People talk of slumbering volcanic fires, and coming eruptions; but one may safely affirm that these will never burst forth in the day of Francis Joseph I., the Beloved. Through the entire dual empire, from Tyrol to Buda-Pest, not once did I hear a censuring word of this "Keystone of Empire." The unvarying verdict was: "*Der Kaiser ist unser Vater. Er ist unser Pater Patriae.*" "The Emperor is our father. He is the father of the Fatherland." Like our late Queen Victoria, and our present Queen Alexandra, he is almost worshipped throughout his dominions. It never entered the heads of his people to blame him when things went wrong, knowing that he was powerless in the midst of so many conflicting elements.



AUTHOR OF "A KEYSTONE OF EMPIRE."

We have before us, on the whole, a highly important book, although the writer draws, at times, too much upon her imagination, and is sometimes unjust, especially to the Empress Eugénie, who could never have had "*in petto*" all of which she accuses her. She has to learn that a monarch does not govern a "mob," but the people, and that the right to rule is founded upon the will of the people, and upon his own will, at least, to make the people happy.

\* "A Keystone of Empire.—Francis Joseph of Austria." By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

Francis Joseph's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, buidled well in his training, and she knew how to choose her agents to serve her in this



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH IN HIS ROBES OF STATE.

—From "A Keystone of Empire."

important work. The study of his education shows the completeness of the plan to fit her idolized son to be a great sovereign.

We leave the early history of "Franzi," which is nearly half the book. The year before his accession to the dual throne and empire, the sagacious and prudent Archduchess hurried her son to the seat of the Italian war at Verona, to the care of the aged Field-Marshal Radetsky, to

escape a direful danger at home, the blandishments of a coquettish blonde beauty with black eyes, and thus, on the field of Santa Lucia, the heir-apparent had his first baptism of fire, and the beauty waited.

This is the prelude to the first act in the imperial tragedy. In December of 1848, in the grim fortress of Olmutz, a storm of wind and snow raging without in the



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

—From "A Keystone of Empire."

black darkness, the weak and suffering Emperor Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his heir, declaring him of age, the ripe age of eighteen!

Not alone in nature raved the bitter tempest; but a perfect frenzy took possession of the citizens of Vienna, threatening to engulf the entire social and political fabric. Fearful scenes were enacted, and the Minister of War, Count de Latour, was savagely murdered by a maddened throng in the streets by the War Office.

The seismic wave had swept onward from the upheaval in Hungary. Kossuth was dictator—the great patriot. Fifty years and more ago he fled to England, in 1852—thence to the United States—and he made a short visit to Canada. He died in Turin.

Andrassy fled, a price upon his head, and many other patriots.

Almost half a century later, when Kaiser and Andrassy were both aged and grey-haired, and the great and powerful minister had become indispensable to the Emperor-King, Franz Joseph said in a moment of confidence: "How glad I am, Andrassy, that I did not hang you in 1849!"

Never upon youthful shoulders was laid such a burden, out of sight greater than the task of Sisyphus, or the labours of Hercules, as rested upon the eighteen-year-old Emperor.

The empire possesses neither geographical unity, national unity, nor natural frontiers. It is a very mosaic of races, and a polyglot of languages. There are four distinct races, the Slavic, the Teutonic, the Ural-Altaic, and the Latin; the Slavic being subdivided into the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Poles, the

Ruthenes, the Slovenes, and the Servo-Croats. In all we have sixteen rival peoples, ready to fly at each other's throats, with all their different dialects—and, besides, a million of Jews. We have two distinct governments, two parliaments, the reports of nineteen ministers, the army of a million strong, of which the Emperor-King loves every soldier, and of which he is the Commander-in-Chief. Besides all this, he is the head and chief of the archducal family, whose duties he finds no sinecure.

All these inharmonious parts have not been welded together. They live side by side without commingling. Their interests conflict. There is no common national bond, as in France or the United States. How, then, is it possible for one sovereign to satisfy all these rival claims?

It is an historical phenomenon, the long duration of the power of the House of Habsburg, sprung from their ancestor, Rudolph of Habsburg, one of the most remarkable men of his own or of any other age. One cause of this is the long connection between the Habsburgs and the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany. This, in turn, is owing partly to their unyielding tenacity of grasp, and their frequent strong viability. There were giants among those old Electors.

Another cause is, that while the empire contains scraps only of other nations, it contains the whole of the Magyar nation. The possession of Hungary has more than once saved the Austrian power from breaking in pieces. It is an ancient kingdom with known boundaries, which have remained nearly unchanged for centuries, now free and independent.

These are some of the causes of Francis Joseph's power. His un-

usual character has not been fathomed. He has a great, noble, magnanimous heart. Where there is trouble, by famine, flood, or fever, there you will never fail to find him. He talks with the poorest and humblest, and all the languages and dialects of his empire are one to him—he knows them all. He is there for his people—and they know it. Two days in the week in Vienna, any subject may have a private audience with the Emperor-King, and none dare intrude.

Not the entire loss of the Italian provinces, not the destruction of army after army, not the overwhelming defeat at Magenta, at Solferino, at Sadowa, or, as the Germans sometimes call this latter, Koniggratz, have broken his dauntless spirit, or robbed him of the perfect sympathy and love of his subjects. I confess I cannot find any such case in the whole realm of history.

One may still see him going alone and unattended through the streets of Vienna, rising before the sun, bending over his desk like any of his clerks, toiling without solace or hope of anything brighter than to sleep finally among his peers in the royal crypt of the Capuchin Church. Broken-hearted he certainly is, but courage and fortitude he will lay down only at the tomb, and fear and he are total strangers.

One might, at the first glance, find the elaborate descriptions of toilettes and jewels in this book overdrawn, but these are possibly needful to give a true picture of the gay, brilliant, and magnificent imperial court of Vienna. Ostentation and pleasure move hand in hand in the "Keystone of Empire" as in the "Martyrdom of an Empress."

And now a new act in the drama unfolds. In 1854, on the 24th of April, the Emperor-King and the

“White Rosebud of Possenhofen,” were wedded in the beautiful chapel of the Hofburg in Vienna. The bride of seventeen is unapproachable in loveliness, in her sweet innocence and purity of soul, fresh from the dewy parks and gardens of her birthplace. Both have found the genuine *coup de poudre*, and the bride is loyal and true through all to the bitter end.

Now comes the test of the character of Archduchess Sophia. Had “Madame Mère” taken the young and trembling girl to her heart, what woes would have been prevented! But she had no heart for Elizabeth, for in truth the Archduchess thought that no mortal woman was worthy of her son. She will brook no rival. She will be first with her imperial son. She ignores the eternal law for cottage and for palace: “A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife.”

This fiery hatred of Sophia for her young and beautiful daughter-in-law was all the more astounding when it is remembered that she was Elizabeth’s aunt, the full sister of her mother, Duchess Ludovica, in Bavaria, one of the most sympathetic of the princesses of Europe, full of rich natural gifts, and of great sagacity and amiability. Beginning just here we see the greatness and self-reliance of Elizabeth’s character. She begins to educate herself. Alone, as she speedily finds herself to stand, she learns a number of languages, both dead and living. She masters the very difficult Magyar language, and speaks it with her Magyar people, and they adore her for her love of them, for her marvellous beauty, for her splendid horsemanship, unequalled in Europe, and I hear they are about to order equestrian statues of her for Hungary.

She learned Greek and spoke it well, also Latin, besides French,

Italian, Spanish, English, and many more. She studied numerous subjects, devoured poetry and the classics of various tongues. Besides, she knew and loved nature, and was a fine musician. Her fondness for flowers was a perfect passion. Francis Joseph loved Elizabeth deeply, nevertheless estrangement and reconciliation succeeded each other. There were different causes. Calumny and gossip did much, and Sophia herself, it was said, did not disdain to “carry tales.” Then foolish and thoughtless flirtations did great mischief, and pierced Elizabeth’s heart with countless thorns.

Would I had space to describe a visit to the lovely Palace of Laxenburg, the Austrian Chenonceaux, built in a lake. A continuous avenue of noble trees leads to it from Schonbrunnen. I picture to myself now the stately red deer in the park, the black and white swans, and the lilies on the lake, the blue herons, standing first on one leg and then on the other—never on both—on the shore, the great tower, the tourelles, turrets, and terraces, casting quivering shades in the water, the myriads of flowers, the exquisite *charmilles* (hedges of yoke-elm trees), the rare treasures in the interior.

In this fairy-like retirement the imperial pair enjoyed their second honeymoon, after the awful battle and defeat of Solferino, and this is beautifully described in the “Key-stone of Empire.” The husband laments past occurrences, assures his young wife of his love unchanged, and vows lasting fidelity. Alas, this was before the long estrangement and her flight to Madeira, with no reconciliation till just before the Hungarian coronation in 1867.

Elizabeth has left many proofs of her generous and magnanimous

nature. The *Volkstuchen* (People's Kitchens), in Vienna, are a lasting memorial of her kindness. Over ten thousand people dine in these daily for the sum of two groschen, equal to five cents, breakfast and supper for one. It seems impossible; but it is the great numbers that compass this.

I may mention here, that the Empress was sister of Prince Karl Theodore, of Bavaria, the great oculist and philanthropist, founder of the celebrated hospital where the poor are cared for and loved by the great-hearted prince and his loving wife.

The marriage of Archduke Rudolf, the Crown Prince, the only son of the imperial pair, though they had three daughters, two still living—the Archduchesses Gisela and Marie Valerie—to the ash-blond-haired Stephanie of Belgium, brought them both untold sorrow. I was in Austria at the time of the wedding, but I must not give rein to my pen to tell of all its wonders, and of the underlying apprehensions, of which few knew then.

When their little daughter Elizabeth was about four, the Crown Prince, at his father's request, attended the Polish ball—in 1888 it was—a brilliant social event of the Vienna Carnival. There Rudolf met Marie Vetsera, the daughter of Baron and Baroness Vetsera, a young girl of nineteen, of surpassing beauty. He immediately commanded her to be presented to him, chatted with her, and finally invited her to waltz with him. This ended in the tragedy at Mayerling, the double suicide, the most awful tragedy of modern times.

A sealed letter was found in the death chamber, addressed to the Emperor, Rudolf's father, one to his mother, the Empress Elizabeth (the contents of which are un-

known), and a short note of two lines, to say good-bye to a friend. Marie Vetsera also left two, to her mother and sister, unsealed, written in pencil, during a short absence of the Crown Prince from the *salon*, when she drank the poison. Rudolph had nothing to do with her death, as has been absolutely proven by the letters.

For the remaining years of her existence Elizabeth of Austria was pursued by a shadow, from which she incessantly fled. Unrest and terror haunted her. She read, was read to; she hunted in England and Ireland; she visited the Riviera, where she walked from morning till night; she climbed mountains; visited Algeria; built in the lovely island of Corfu—where the unhappy Agrippina the Elder, A.D. 20, sought heart's-ease and did not find it—her famous Greek Villa, Achilleon. In its wonderful gardens she set up a monument to her lost son, Rudolf, and to her favourite poet, Heine, and these were removed later to her then home, Schloss Lainz, when Achilleon was abandoned. Elizabeth did not find the place of rest. And all—oh, the mystery of undying love!—was cut short by the savage hand of an anarchist on the shores of Lake Geneva. "Who by searching can find out God?" Now the golden head and lovely form and face rest in the silver-gilt coffin, beside the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolf, until the trump of doom shall awaken all the sleepers of the earth.

Now find for me, if you can, a more pathetic figure than the saddened, grey-haired Kaiser, the man kneeling beside her coffin to sob out his sorrow and his farewell. The world looked on and listened with bated breath.

A master-poet will arise, a Goethe, a Schiller, perchance a Canadian,



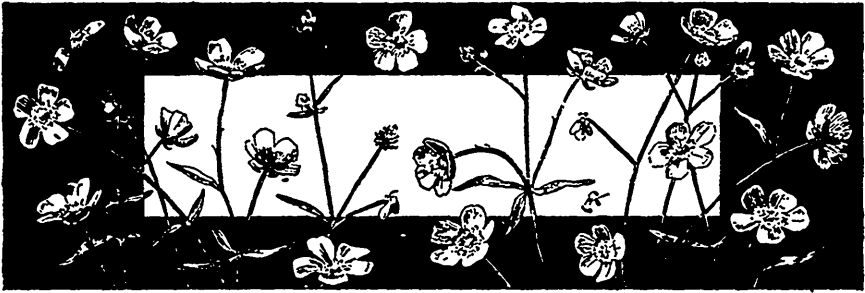
and this imperial tragedy will find due record, but not yet. The time is not ripe. Only a few know the truth. Idle surmisings and imaginings are useless and wrong. They will not do. It must be historic. The true inwardness of poor Crown Prince Rudolf's trouble and his consequent violent death shall one day be told. Had he but held himself free from entanglement! Meanwhile, sweet Pity, drop the curtain in silent awe before such woe as this.

And when the "Keystone" falls out of the Arch, God will have his man ready. He never failed yet, and

what shall happen then will be in His inscrutable decrees for the uplifting and liberation of the human race from every sort of thralldom, the race that He has ransomed with the life-blood of the Anointed One.

The martyrs waded through flood and fire, nations have suffered their martyrdoms. It is wise to leave events in the hand of Omnipotent wisdom. However much men may worry and fret, God's plan nevertheless, shall be accomplished.

"God's greatness flows round our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness His rest."




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#### WAR.

In the beginning was I born,  
With man from out the dust ;  
And presently, from Earth upturn,  
Came Cruelty and Lust.  
Always, the vassals of my will,  
They twain go with me still.

Where'er my flashing sword they see,  
Where'er they scent my breath,  
Quickly they follow after me,  
Bringing despair and death ;  
Yet still the mighty wear with pride,  
My liveries, crimson dyed.

Once, long ago, in ages gone,  
When man seemed as the brute,  
I looked with dread to wisdom's dawn  
And virtue's ripening fruit :  
Now sages wreath my brow with bays,  
And poets chant my praise.

And once, in little Bethlehem—  
Once only, not again—  
Peace wore a royal diadem ;  
But I could trust to men,  
And crucified upon a tree,  
Peace is a memory !

—Lippincott's.

## THE DEACONESS IDEAL.\*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.



**E**MERSON says rather artlessly at the beginning of one of his essays that for a long time he had desired to write that discourse on compensations. So for many years I have thought some time to write or speak or say something about ideals.

I think one reason why the thought has been postponed until this late day is that at different times in my life the things I should have said were altogether different from one another. There are some truths that seem to come to us like a flash in some moment of insight. There are others that we must dig out for ourselves, through years, perhaps, of hard experiences. And there are some, I doubt not, that will never be fully revealed in this life, but, partly apprehended here, will reach over into the other life for their full revelation.

Whether or not my conception of what our ideals mean to us belongs to this last class or not, I cannot say. I only know that there is a wide difference between my present thought and my childhood's grasp of the subject. I remember a school essay, written in my very callow girlhood, on "The Real and the Ideal." In this I compared the dreams and visions of youth with the stern realities of life, very much to the disparagement of the former. In fact, I believe I swept the whole subject of ideals away with a magnificent flourish as wholly unworthy

of consideration. Life was real, and it behoved us to grapple with its actualities. Ideals were like the butterflies that might flutter about the head of the man with the hoe; the real things were the hoe and the dirt.

But growing older, and a trifle wiser, I perceived that our ideals might after all have something to do with our achievements. Possibly they might be a kind of pattern, or copy, like the line written by the teacher at the top of the page in our copy book at school. Of late I have even begun to believe that an ideal may be something more than an airy flutter of wings in the air above us—something more even than a copy set at the top of the page of life for us to follow, getting farther and farther away from as the years go by; an ideal may be both of these things, and more. It is a force which of itself helps to mould and shape our lives. It is the silent worker chiselling at our character and our fortunes, in silence and darkness. "We are assimilated by our ideals." What we are is what we long to be, more or less imperfectly worked out. Without an ideal, nothing ever existed or will exist. Not a picture was ever painted, not a house was ever builded, not an engine ever throbbled, that did not exist first as an idea in the brain of some man or woman. The copy may fail to reach the ideal, but that is the fault of circumstance or of character. The real thing, after all, is not the copy, but the ideal itself.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Somebody said, writing a biography of John Jacob Astor: "It was with him in the end

\* An address given at the commencement exercises of the Toronto Deaconess Training School, Toronto, May, 1904.

just as he had seen it in the beginning. The working life of day does not more strongly enter into the vision life of night than does the schoolboy's dreaming form the realities of the grown man."

Then our ideals not only shape our own lives, but they influence our judgments. How many realize that in their judgment of others they betray the greatness or the meagreness of their own lives. A woman lived for weeks in a Deaconess Home in the capacity of dress-maker and always declared that deaconesses only entered the work to better themselves and really had an easy time of it. "Why," she would say, "all they have to do is to visit around. They don't have to get up and begin work at eight o'clock, and stitch all day. Humph! I'd like to be a deaconess myself." But she isn't.

Another woman lived in the same Home, associated with the same women, and said: "It is the most beautiful work I ever saw. Those women never think of themselves, but only of the good they can do."

Can you not see the difference was in the two women? Those who have felt their own hearts respond to the cry of a world's sorrows and have longed to comfort and to save, they will not need many words or arguments to make them understand the ideals the deaconess follows after; while those whose lives centre around themselves, who live only to build up for themselves fame or fortune, would not understand—would not be convinced—had one the eloquence of a Cicero.

"What think ye of Christ?" has ever been the world's great touchstone of character, and in our judgment of any unselfish and Christ-like movement we judge ourselves, and from that judgment there is no appeal. So, when one

says to me, "I don't see anything in this deaconess work," I only say, "No? Then you are no seer"; and to another who says, with a hearty handshake, "God bless you; you are doing a noble work," I say in my heart, at least, "God bless you for a good man or woman."

So I have come to believe that, irrespective of what the deaconess really is, and how very human and full of frailty her efforts may be, if she has succeeded in bringing back to the Church an almost forgotten ideal, a higher standard—though it be only a standard—she has justified her place and presence in the world. She will be a blessing, not in what she is, but in what she aspires to be.

I used to think it my duty to be for ever telling good people that deaconesses were only women, and offering my affidavit that there were no wings sprouting from their shoulders, but I believe now that it was a rather unkind thing to do. But when some dear, sweet-faced woman, who has lived all her life for others in some quiet little country village, tells me how glad she is to have lived to see a real live deaconess, and what an inspiration it has been to her to just look upon my white ties, I understand it perfectly, and fervently hope that her ideals may never be shattered, but that she may live and die thinking so, just for the blessing it is to her.

There are no giants in these days; perhaps there were never giants; perhaps there were only stories of giants. Yet the whole world may have reached a higher altitude because there were these stories.

The greatest and grandest hero of all fiction is Jean Valjean. I doubt if ever a real man lived so magnificent, so sublime a career. But what if there did not? We follow him, an ideal hero, through the years of his wronged and tor-

tured life. We see how the little Cosette grew into that life, how all the living tendrils of affection and mother-love, and wife-love and child-love, all these that he had never known, wrapped themselves around her—her only, the one joy of his shadowed life. Then we see him tear her out of his life with his strong right hand and place her in the sunshine, loving—but not loving him—happy, careless, forgetting—and himself going on in darkness doubly dark now, doubly alone now with those torn and bleeding heart-strings, and we say, That was grand, that was like Christ. What if there were no real Valjean and no real Cosette? The ideal Valjean has reached a thousand with his shadowy hand into a thousand lives and lifted them out of the dark of selfishness a little nearer the sunlight of Christlike-ness.

The world could better spare a hundred flesh and blood men than this one child of Hugo's brain.

So it matters about our ideals. If questioned, there are a hundred ideals here to-night, according to the minds of the people.

But it seems to me that of the deaconess work, far more than it matters what are the outward forms in which this work is embodied, it matters what is the spirit of the movement, the pattern, the ideal, to which we aspire. The machinery of management, the ceremonial of initiation, the width of the phylacteries, are of value just so far as they are an expression to the world of this spirit and this ideal, and no farther. With the deaconess, as with every one else, the ideal is the real thing after all.

But if we were looking to-night for the ideal deaconess, we should doubtless find as many as there are types of people who construct them. The devoted young theological stu-

dent who speaks of them as "those saintly sisters whose works of mercy make them ministering angels in the dark places of earth," has his ideal clearly fixed—a saintly smile, an immaculate costume, a few tracts—these are its essential ingredients.

Rather more practical was the ideal of the Chicago pastor of one of our aristocratic churches, who pleaded the very great need his church had for a deaconess. She should keep the church register, look after recalcitrant contributors, and copy his Sunday sermons—a deaconess who understood shorthand and typewriting much preferred.

I chanced to get my first year of experience as a deaconess in a church and city where this was the first experiment in deaconess work. We all learned many wonderful things in that year. The newly organized ladies' board regarded the deaconess as a new and remarkable labour-saving device. You had only to press the button and the deaconess would do the rest. Whenever any of them should hear of a case of sickness anywhere in the city, especially if there were seven children and a drunken father, they would straightway send the address to the Deaconess Home, and settle back complacently to see what would happen next. I well remember one stormy evening at about nine o'clock a message came from one of the board ladies. She had heard that there was a sick woman living on the corner of Desplaines and Water Streets, and thought a deaconess had better go and sit up with her. I went. I found the corner. I discovered, if my lady had not, that there were four angles to that corner, and every angle had a house, and every house had a first flat, second flat, and basement, both front and rear. My woman lived in

the last one investigated. But when at last I had located her, I learned that she had run into her next-door neighbour's for a little visit.

There are women still living who believe that if they need a housemaid, a cook, or a washerwoman, they only have to ring up the Deaconess Home and give their orders. We hear from them occasionally.

One summer a pastor in a rural village, feeling that he needed a month's rest during the summer, wrote to the Home to know if there were not a deaconess there who would like to take a vacation in the country. She could come out and occupy his parsonage, take care of the garden, mind the chickens, see callers, and preach the Sunday sermons. He did mention, as a concession to feminine frailty, that if she desired, the afternoon appointment five miles out in the country, might be taken up. Just what kind of an ideal woman it should be who could take up as a recreation the work from which he needed a rest, I have not yet been able to understand.

But if church and pastor, and even ladies' boards, sometimes fail to quite grasp the highest significance of this order, where shall we look for its true ideal? Where, indeed, save to the source from which its inspiration came? Those who founded the movement were wise when they went to the life of the world's greatest missionary, and culled from his words one of his most characteristic expressions as the motto of our order: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." In these words we find the true deaconess ideal.

First of all, we find in it self-forgetfulness. "We preach not ourselves." Perhaps this quality is far more difficult to achieve—perhaps the lack of it is far more mischiev-

ous than we have imagined. The fact that we are an order, a set-apart organization, tends to self-consciousness; the training tends to self-consciousness; the costume tends to self-consciousness. There must be strong natural tendencies the other way, or else a strong and overmastering passion outside of self to overcome this tendency to introspection.

If I have anything to criticize in a work that commands the true loyalty of my heart, after eleven years of acquaintance, it is this condition, that the effort to push the interests of the work, to bring it before the public, has all tended toward a certain posing. Most happy is the novice, who after her months of training, during which there have been instilled into her mind all the rare virtues which are supposed to appertain to the vocation she is entering, can find herself arrayed in a fresh and spotless new uniform, with its white ties looped for the first time under her chin; and not assume, however unconsciously, a primness of demeanour, a set expression of countenance which is supposed to consort with great moral and spiritual attainment.

The remedy for this is to be found at the feet of the Master. Looking to him, how insignificant are our sacrifices, how unworthy our best efforts! Yet giving and serving for Jesus' sake brings with it wonderful inspiration and develops a strength and skill that do not accompany the common duties of life.

One of our deaconesses stood one evening with a physician beside the bed of a sick woman and babe.

"She must have a trained nurse," said the doctor. "Her life depends upon the most careful nursing through the night."

There was no trained nurse to be called on, so the deaconess went

out into a pouring rain and travelled miles on her quest for a nurse to come in the emergency, knowing that even when the nurse was secured she would still have many more miles to travel on the morrow in search of the wherewithal to pay her. At last, late at night, she returned with the uniformed nurse, who was to receive \$15 a week for her services. They went into the poor little home where the sick woman lay.

"What did the doctor say was the matter with the woman?" asked the nurse, as she looked at her.

"Measles, with pneumonia."

"Measles! It's smallpox. If you like to stay here and risk your life you may, but I shan't."

And she whisked away, leaving the deaconess alone with the double responsibility. The doctor came in the morning and looked at the sick one.

"Yes, she will live. You have done nobly," he said, in answer to the anxious inquiry of the deaconess.

We cannot at first love the degraded as we ought for their own sakes, but we can love them "for Jesus' sake." And as we come to know them better we shall come to see the divine in even the humblest. I have found myself bowing in humility of soul before some tow-headed scrubwoman because of the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice I see in her.

One of the worst nights of the last winter a woman came to the Mission about nine o'clock, asking for one of the deaconesses. A heavy snow had been falling all the afternoon, blocking the street-cars and obstructing traffic all over the city, and then the mercury was falling rapidly. The woman carried a puny baby in her arms, and a boy of four clung to her skirts. There had been some domestic cataclysm,

and she was out on the streets without shelter. Would we take her to the Home of the Friendless? It was a problem. The institution named was three or four miles across the city, and street-cars were uncertain. The baby was really ill, and the mother had not been long off a sick-bed. The weather was growing more inclement every moment.

At last we bethought ourselves of a widow who lived with her one child in an alley basement but two or three blocks away, and who we supposed had a spare bed. We went and presented our petition that she should take in the mother and her children until Monday.

"Oh, yes, Miss H—," was the quick reply, "I'll be glad to do it. No, you needn't pay me nothing. I'll be glad to do it for you."

But there were traces of recent tears on the woman's face. Questioned as to their cause, they burst out afresh. Coming home from her day's scrubbing she had lost her pocket-book, and with it every cent of her week's earnings. She had no meat in the house, no sugar, no tea. Just a bit of dry bread and a few potatoes; and it afterwards transpired that she had sold her spare bed. Yet this woman was willing, at the cry of need, to share her last crust with her neighbour, and to sleep on the floor that the stranger might have a bed. When the homeless party were guided through the drifting snows to that low basement door, there went with them an ample basket of provisions, and a strong-armed janitor carrying a folding cot. But do you wonder that I have learned of the poor how to give?

Here, walking your Toronto streets, as the people pour out of your beautiful churches on Sunday, it would seem as though all the world were Christians and mostly

Methodist. But in Halstead Street Mission, in Chicago, and doubtless in many parts of your own city, we have quite another world around us. One always has there the sense of tremendous power misdirected and going wrong. Children swarm the streets and gather about the Mission doors, dirty, ragged, and unkempt, yet full of all the r-tencies of life. The future is with them, yet there is no uplifting influence in their lives. Jacob Riis tells of some children who were playing in an alley in New York, when all at once there was an outcry. A terrier dog had strangled a little girl's kitten. The child came running to her mother, and, pointing to the dead kitten, cried out in grief and indignation, "There, mamma, a perfectly good cat, spoiled!"

Thus in the boys and girls around us we see good men and women spoiled for lack of high ideals.

Ideals must be humanized to appeal to such. Christianity as they see it in the lives of men and women is all of the Christianity they know.

I was returning one evening from a round of calls, tired, and longing to be alone. Franz, a little white-faced, blonde-haired German boy, had been following me about all the afternoon from place to place, trudging by my side as I walked,

and lingering about the doorsteps while I talked to those within.

"Well, Franz," I said at last, "you had better run home now and get washed."

Franz disappeared, but in an incredibly short time had overtaken me again. His face might not have been clean, according to sanitary standard, but it was ceremonially clean, at least. He accompanied me to the door of the church, where we paused at the foot of the stairs leading up to my little room on the third floor.

"Now, Franz, you had better run home to your lunch," I suggested. He looked up, his little face wistful and disappointed. Then a light broke through the gloom.

"I'll mit you up the stairs go," he answered.

So we went up together. Again I suggested lunch. But Franz had his lunch with him. From his shirt-front he drew a dried bun and began munching it. That settled it. We shared the contents of my lunch-box together, and Franz was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

When we give ourselves to Christ's little ones, bringing something of brightness and good cheer into their lives, they will put their hands in ours and "mit us up the stairs go."

## ANTICIPATION.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Where His own with Jesus reign,  
Where is felt no touch of pain,  
Where earth's loss, changed all to gain,  
Rich return doth bring;  
Where are none by care oppress,  
Where none vainly long for rest,  
Where the ransomed, ever blest,  
Hallelujahs sing;  
Where there ne'er is nightfall known,  
Where no wild winds wail and moan,  
Where, from the eternal throne,  
Living fountains spring;

Toronto.

Where all hearts from grief are free,  
Where no taint of sin can be,  
Where, across the crystal sea,  
Dulcet harp-tones ring;  
Where meets friend with friend of yore,  
Where life's conflicts all are o'er,  
Where is never, never more,  
Any hurtful thing;—  
There, O there—death's power o'er-cast,  
And the grave's dread darkness past—  
Our glad souls shall be, at last,  
With Christ, our Saviour-King!

## ORGANIC UNION OF CHURCHES.\*

BY THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.



THE Christian common-sense of the nineteenth century is persuaded that many of the divisions of the Church are unnecessary, and therefore hurtful, no matter how many subsidiary advantages may seem to result from them; and if hurtful, if a hindrance to the development of the highest types of Christian character, then sinful. The union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada was not brought about by our coming to unanimity on the points on which we had formerly differed. Ministers and people generally had come to feel that the only sensible course was to forget past conflicts and agree to differ on all those subjects that had led to conflict, and on a good many others that were emerging. So, too, the union of the Methodist Churches did not imply intellectual agreement on the points on which those Churches had formerly differed. Not at all. This union, like the other, only proved that there is such a

\* Just twenty years ago this Magazine contained an article, prepared at our request, by the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, on the subject which then as now engaged the profound thought of earnest-hearted men. Dr. Grant was somewhat in advance of many wise and good men in all the Churches in his thought on this subject. What an advantage it would have been to our common Christendom had the union which he advocated taken place a score of years ago! What a disaster it would be if it be much longer delayed! If it were important and necessary then, the importance and necessity are much greater now. The very success and prosperity which the providence of God has brought to our country and our Churches

thing as Christian common-sense, and that in spite of vigorous protests it is beginning to have some influence on ecclesiastical organizations.

Naturally enough, such triumphs of the principle of union are leading men to hope for triumphs much more signal, and even to dream the dream of faith that all things are possible. Thanks to our environment we are now in advance of the Churches in the Motherland and even in the go-ahead United States. Is it possible that Canada is to lead the van of the Church on this line, and to demonstrate that there is a more excellent way than that of ceaseless division and subdivision on the ground of what is called "principle."

The phantom of uniformity misled Rome, and the phantom of unanimity misled Protestantism. The Catholic League would not tolerate heresy in Europe. In Germany, Lutherans and Calvinists hated each other, for the love of God, sometimes more than they hated Romanists, and persecuted one another bitterly whenever they

makes this union which he advocated a more imperious need.

Dr. Grant was another of the patient watchers on lone towers who saw the far-off morning dawn. But his vision, we believe, will before long become a fact. Alas, that he is no longer with us, to aid with his wise counsels and Christian statesmanship the organization of a catholic Church of Canada with its wider outlook, its deep spiritual insight, its more efficient service for the King! Thank God for the prospect of a fulfilment of his prayer. We may in an accommodated sense apply to this movement the words of the hymn,—

"Which kings and prophets waited for,  
But died without the sight."



got the chance. In Holland, the contra-Remonstrants stamped out the Remonstrants, all unmindful of how sinful had seemed to them the stamping-out process by Alva. In England, Laud considered that it was for the glory of God to pillory and crop the ears of the Puritans. The Presbyterians of the Long Parliament eagerly passed laws taking away the civil rights of Congregationalists. The Scottish Presbyterians were still more resolute for "the truth." In vain did Cromwell entreat them—"Dearly beloved, I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus Christ to think it possible that you may be mistaken." The Congregationalists in their turn asserted their *jus divinum* and were as bitter against the Quakers; and though the Quakers lacked opportunity, I would not venture to affirm that human nature in them was radically different from what it was and is in everybody else.

All this, and a thousand times more, in the name of Jesus Christ! All this by men so great that I offer no objection when their admirers declare that they were bigger-brained, bigger-hearted, and holier than we. It was no more shame to them that they were not wiser than their time than it is a shame to the St. Lawrence that it is smaller at Brockville than it is at Montreal. The shame is ours when, with the records of history before us, we still satisfy ourselves with building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous, so proving that we are the children of them which killed the prophets. The shame is ours when we anchor ourselves to the dead past, and refuse to recognize the progress of humanity, and the facts and necessities before our eyes. O ye hypocrites, says the Lord, sighing deeply in His spirit, ye can discern the face of the sky; but

can ye not discern the signs of this time?

Instead of harmonious development, then, Church history presents us with a picture of repeated disruptions. Intolerance has begotten new Churches, and the divisions once made have become stereotyped from mere use and wont. Christendom accordingly presents not one Church, but many, apparently hopelessly divided. The Greek Church represents the first four centuries. Rome represents mediævalism, and Protestantism the life of modern society, with its spirit of endless inquiry and investigation, its readiness to make experiments, its fearlessness and restlessness, based upon faith and hope. The Greek Church is a petrification of orthodoxy. By the Vatican decrees Rome has perfected the hierarchical system, and rendered herself impregnable to attacks from without. Consequently we cannot touch Byzantium or Rome. Those imposing organizations are only solidified by the assaults of rival organizations.

But they cannot escape the inevitable. They can no more keep themselves from the influence of the regulative principles of modern society than a man can keep himself from the influence of the atmosphere, and internal solvents will succeed where external assaults are worse than powerless. These solvents will do their work, in spite of spiritual inertia and ecclesiastical anathema. Neither Constantinople nor Rome, neither Wittenberg, Geneva nor Canterbury, is a copy of the mother Church of Jerusalem. The general Protestant position is that every Church of Christ is apostolic, but that there is not a Church on earth whose polity is a transcript of the Apostolic Church, and that it is as absurd to suppose that the Church

of the future should be exactly like the infant Church as to hope that a man would be exactly like a baby.

And what of the future? The future belongs to Protestantism, if it can solve one great problem. It must reconcile freedom and authority. It must satisfy the demand of the intellect for liberty and of the heart for unity. So far, its variations have been its glory and its shame. They have given point to the wit of Voltaire and the argument of Bossuet. But they have saved Christianity, in Britain and America alike, from the infidelity of Italy and France and the Statolatry of Germany. Denominationalism has been the weapon with which we have gained liberty in the Church, as party was the weapon with which we gained it in the State. But now that liberty has been gained, now that it is generally admitted that a Church must be elastic in polity, that it possesses the inherent power to revise its government and adapt it to changed circumstances, and that there must be room in a living Church for variety of opinion and variations in *cultus*, may not the weapon be laid aside? Or must the sword devour for ever?

Is every conscientious difference of opinion and every new outburst of zeal to be forced either to suppress itself, or to crystallize itself, even against its will, into a new and hostile organization? Is there to be no prospect before Protestantism but that of continued and stereotyped divisions, until the idea of unity is lost from the minds of men, and it is declared in the teeth of Scripture and reason that Jesus Christ never meant that His Church should be one? Spoils, traditions, names, inertia, keep political parties in existence after their work is done. Let us hope that there is little or nothing analogous to the spoils

system in connection with our denominations. Tradition, Protestantism professedly rejects. At its birth, the invocation by the Church of the great names of fifteen centuries could not keep the Reformation from the living Christ. And the power of the Holy Ghost should enable us to triumph over inertia, stupidity, and all the other forces, negative and positive, that are usually enlisted on the side of doing nothing.

Let us now ask, which of the Protestant Churches in Canada are already so closely allied, so really one in race, language, spirit, doctrine, polity, modes of worship and procedure, that they might be looked to for the initiation of a union movement? To begin with, there is nothing to keep Congregationalists and Presbyterians apart. The fact that they exist as separate Churches in this country, with distinct institutions, agencies, and missions, shows how completely we are the slaves of names and tradition. Again, if the Baptists would, as regards the mode of baptism, imitate the freedom which, according to "The Teaching of the Apostles," prevailed in the early Church, and would, as regards the subjects of baptism, give liberty to Christian parents, who from their own relationship to the Lord believe that their children are "holy," to dedicate them to Him in baptism and accept His gracious promises sacramentally on their behalf, there is nothing to keep us apart. It is clear that a united Church must, with reference to disputed points, be based on liberty. It must be comprehensive. Certainly, baptism with water is a small thing, and it is almost ludicrous that a Church should be based on the notion that a hog'shead rather than a handful of water is absolutely essential in administering the ordinance. Bap-

tism by and in the Spirit is what we all need.

So far, there ought to be little difficulty, and yet it strikes me that there will be still less when we come to the Methodist Church. Undoubtedly it differs from us in polity and doctrine. So much the better, for thus we shall be able to test what the principle of union is worth. The Methodist polity is essentially Presbyterian, as Dr. W. B. Pope, of Didsbury College, points out in his Compendium of Theology, now a favourite text-book in Methodist seminaries. In consequence of the recent union in Canada, the feature of superintendency has been added—a feature congenial to our system, one that we need, and one that would bring us into line with the great Lutheran Church. We had superintendents in John Knox's day.

As to doctrine, I hold with Dr. Briggs, of Union Seminary, one of the two managing editors of *The Presbyterian Review*, that a true Reformed Church must include evangelical Arminians. His words, in the April number, in an article on the question of the admission of the Cumberland Presbyterians to the Alliance, strike the right key-note. "Arminianism," he says, "is historically one wing of the Reformed Camp. In other words, the Reformed Churches broke into two hostile camps, Synod-of-Dort Calvinism and Arminianism. In our judgment, the Alliance has no other historical and consistent policy than to recognize and to admit to its fellowship the Evangelical Arminianism. This recognition has already been given to the Continental Churches which are Evangelical Arminian. . . . We look forward to the time when the Church of Christ shall be one."

What gives point to this language is that the Alliance took the action

here recommended. Dr. Briggs goes on to quote from a letter of the late distinguished Henry B. Smith, Professor of Theology in Union Seminary, to a Methodist clergyman as follows: "What is it that keeps Methodists and Presbyterians apart? Is it anything essential to the Church or even to its well-being? For one, I do not think that it is. Your so-called Arminianism, being of grace and not of nature, is in harmony with our symbols. It is a wide outlook, which looks to an ecclesiastical union of Methodists and Presbyterians; but I am convinced that it is vital for both, and for Protestantism and for Christianity *vs.* Romanism in this country, and it is desirable *per se*. I am also persuaded that our differences are merely intellectual (metaphysical), and not moral or spiritual; in short, formal and not material."

I do not care to add anything to those weighty words. It is becoming clearer to the Christian consciousness that the Bible includes the two sides of truth which have been seized upon by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches respectively. Holy Scripture asserts unmistakably without attempting to reconcile, man's free-will and God's sovereignty. Presbyterianism, too, asserts both truths, but it utters the first in a whisper and the second with a trumpet. Methodism, too, asserts both, but it takes the trumpet to the first truth, and gives us the second in a whisper. Christians are coming to think that the Bible way is the more excellent way.

And what of the Anglican Episcopal Church! Who can help honouring that grand historical Church, now so full of life? But until it settles whether it belongs to the Reformed camp, that would give it eager welcome, or to the hierarchy, that laughs its pretensions to

scorn, it is useless to talk union to it, however willingly we may interchange courtesies or co-operate in special departments of work. One thing is very clear to me, and that is, that we have no right to upbraid it with being unwilling to unite with other Protestant Churches, until we who have accepted unreservedly the principles of the Reformation have accomplished union among ourselves. It will be time enough to think of the second step when we have taken the first.

But why, it may be asked, should we take this first step? Why? "God wills it" was once conviction potent enough to set Europe on fire, to make men, by the tens and the hundreds of thousands, madly eager to sell houses and lands, in order that with red cross on banner and shield and shoulder they might go forth, crusade after crusade, and pour out their heart's blood on the burning sands of the East, if perchance thereby they might win for Christendom Christ's grave. Why, is it asked? Because God wills it. The doors of universal heathendom are open for the first time since Christ gave the Church its marching orders. The Macedonian cry is actually world-wide, now for the first time. Dare we say that this Providence imposes no obligation on the Church? Dare we be satisfied with use and wont in presence of this stupendous fact?

Besides, modern society demands a new demonstration that Christ is living, and that His Church is able to discern the signs of the times. Social questions are pressing upon us, before which all our verbal differences sink into insignificance. Democracy has gained the victory over all its enemies so completely that its omnipotence, if not its right, is questioned by nobody. And the question now is, what will democracy do with its victory?

That depends on whether Christianity can take hold of and pour its spirit into democracy or not. It can do so only by reorganizing itself, only by realizing its own ideal. Democracy will rather have the rudest realities than the most ancient and most elegant shams. It will not accept as Christianity cushioned pews and half a dozen competing sects up town, and a mean-looking mission chapel with half-starved missionary down town. It will not accept words however grand, nor dead issues, nor isms that have to be laboriously explained. The Church as it was in the heart and brain of Jesus Christ must be incarnated.

The most devoted men and women within the Churches are longing to hear the advance sounded. A great thought inspires men. The call to a new movement gives new life. No longer have they to lie among the pots, no longer to abide by the stuff. They hear the Master's call, and they follow Him, fearing nothing. "Bliss is it then to be alive." See what a new thought could do even for the poor "French *sans-culotte* of '93, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of deliverance for him and his!"

The long struggles in England, identified with the name of Wilberforce, to deliver the nation from the sins of the slave-trade and then of slavery, ennobled Englishmen. They gave to every Englishman a wider conception of freedom and a loftier pride in the great name of England. Even the struggle to get cheap bread for the people, with which the much less heroic name of Cobden is identified, quickened the pulse of national feeling. Nothing in this century did so much for the people of the United States—so much permanent good, so much

to elevate and purify their national character—as the war to preserve the Union and get rid of slavery. The enthusiasm of humanity took possession of a people who were becoming hopelessly materialized. The masses were lifted up into a higher atmosphere. A nation that in sober earnest had called the dollar “almighty” threw into a gulf, apparently bottomless, countless millions of dollars, and drained its dearest veins under the inspiration of a great purpose.

So has it ever been with the Church. It becomes weak and paltry when “it walks in its silver slippers.” When signing a solemn League and Covenant that implies the pillory and the gibbet to the signers, but that is to preserve the life of three kingdoms, it glows with Divine beauty. And so it must ever be. Such an influence on

Christian character, Christian life, and Christian work would come, I verily believe, in no small measure, from a union between the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Such a union would bring us nearer to God. It would be a step towards the formation of that regenerated society for which we pray.

How can this thing be? It must come from God, but each of us can help to prepare the way, and each of us is responsible for what he is able to do. We must talk it up, write it up, preach it up. We must work for it, make sacrifices for it, pray for it. The great thought will then take possession of the heart and mind of the Church, and the Church will say that the thing must be. And when it comes to that, those who are opposed had better stand out of the way.

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### “HAVE FAITH IN GOD.”

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea  
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;  
I shall believe the Hand that never fails,  
From seeming evil worketh good for me;  
And though I weep because those sails are battered,  
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,  
“I trust in Thee.”

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return  
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;  
I shall believe it is an all-wise Love  
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,  
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,  
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;  
I shall believe the heights for which I strive  
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;  
And though I groan and tremble with my crosses,  
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,  
The greater gain.

I will not doubt; well anchored in the faith,  
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale,  
So strong its courage that it will not fail  
To breast the mighty, unknown sea of death.  
Oh, may I cry, when body parts with spirit,  
“I do not doubt!” so listening worlds may hear it,  
With my last breath.



## PIONEERING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.\*



FATHER MORICE'S COMPANIONS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.



ANADA is coming to a knowledge of itself. The first prerequisite to an intelligent patriotism is an acquaintance with the heroic history of the land in which we live. The story of the Canadian pathfinders of empire lacks no element of thrilling interest. The names of Mackenzie, Fraser, Thompson, and other early explorers are commemorated for ever by the rivers and mountains and other great features of nature. Not less noteworthy than the voyages of

Lewis and Clark within the American borders, or of Speke and Grant, of Livingstone and Stanley, are the pioneers of discovery in our own great land.

Nowhere have the difficulties of exploration been greater or the valour of the pioneers been more intrepid than in the vast regions of British Columbia, with its mountain ranges, its profound canyons, its turbulent rivers, its well-nigh impenetrable forests. The author of this handsome volume has therefore rendered important service to his country by his historical investigations and lucid and luminous record of those heroic days.

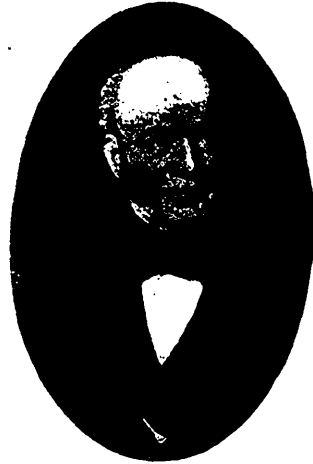
The Rev. A. G. Morice is an eminent philologist and scholar who, upwards of twenty years ago, came from his native France and took up missionary work among the Indians

\* "The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia, Formerly New Caledonia." (1660 to 1880.) By the Rev. A. G. Morice, O. M. I. With maps and illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. xi-349. Price, \$2.50.



SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

of the interior of British Columbia. He found the western Dénés—the tribe among which his labours have principally been accomplished—without a written language. He supplied this lack by inventing an original series of phonetic signs which he subsequently caused to be reduced to type, and, failing expert assistance, set up a printing press in the wilds of the interior, and with his own hands printed for the natives his now well-known “Syllabary,” and a number of



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.

books. His explorations have comprehended a large extent of central British Columbia.

In the course of his travels, and during his long residence at Stuart's Lake, he accumulated a large amount of original information, not only in manuscript form, but from the verbal accounts of important events by eye-witnesses and their immediate descendants. As a consequence, the present work contains many important historical details that have hitherto been unpub-



DANIEL W. HARMON.



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.



A CARRIER FISHERMAN.

With one of Mackenzie's "machines" in the background.

lished. As an example, it includes the first accurate account of the early years of Sir James Douglas, who was such a prominent figure in the early days of the Province of British Columbia.

This volume is a most valuable contribution to Canadian history. Its author is already known to many learned societies on account of his philological studies. The present work will bring him into

contact with a much wider circle of readers.

The romance of the fur trade finds some of its most striking illustrations in this story of adventure and achievement. The Hudson's Bay Company, ruling a country as large as an empire, sent explorers, its trappers and traders and hunters, throughout its vast extent. The most noteworthy of these was Alexander Mackenzie, a Scottish High-





FORT ST. JAMES TO-DAY.

lander, afterwards knighted for his success, from Stornoway, whose restless and impetuous disposition led him, one hundred and fifteen years ago, to explore the vast northern wilderness and the noble river, which still bears his name, one of the largest in the world, to its mouth in the Arctic Ocean. The very perils he encountered seemed but to whet his appetite for adventure and glory.

A few years later, Simon Fraser, a son of a United Empire Loyalist, explored the great river to which he gave his name. He described its awful and forbidding appearance, and in running its rapids with difficulty escaped destruction. "Our lives hung," he says, "as it were, upon a thread; the failure of a line or the false step of one of the men might have hurled us all into eternity." After a hundred years, as one rides in the Canadian Pacific

parlour car through these frightful canyons he is awed and solemnized by their majesty. How great was the courage of those early explorers who first encountered and overcame their perils!

The author gives a striking example of fidelity in the delivery of a letter within the territory of British Columbia in 1812, written by David Thompson, the explorer of the river still known by his name. It took exactly eight months and eight days to reach its destination, and had been carried by Indians of all the intervening tribes—a wonderful example of honesty and of respect for written paper.

Sir George Simpson and Sir James Douglas are two more of those builders of empire whose names are commemorated by ports and forts destined to become great cities, and whose impress upon the



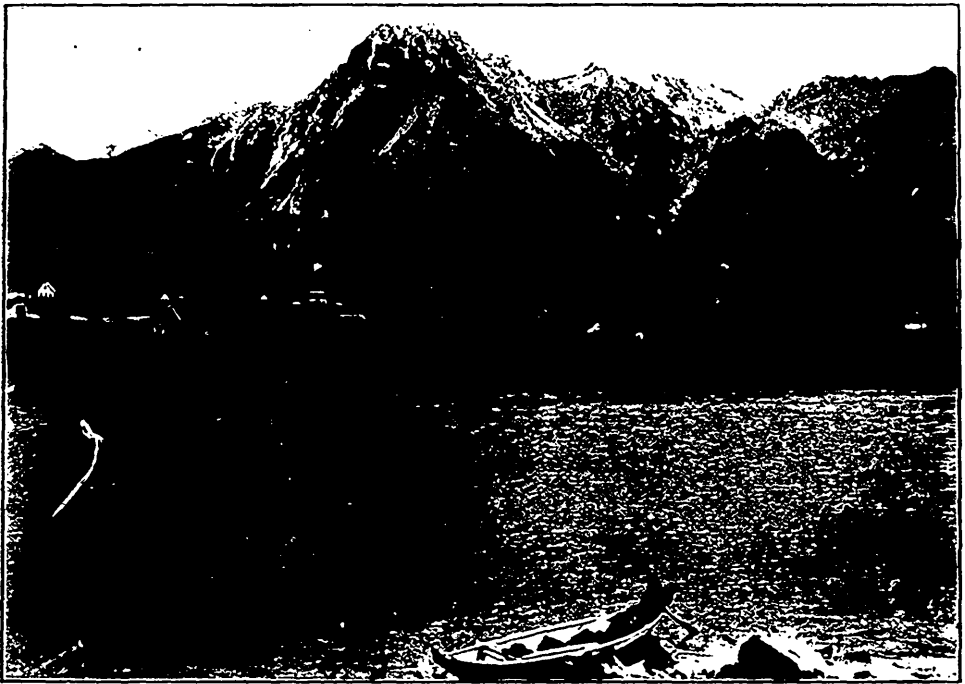
DOUBLY "CARRIERS."

early history of British Columbia marks their enterprise and character. It is an easy thing to-day to ride from Montreal to Vancouver in a Canadian Pacific Pullman car, but to traverse the country, collect peltries and distribute goods by birch bark brigades and by many a toilsome portage, was quite another story.

The indomitable Scot—the McBeans, McDougalls, McLeods, Campbells, Frasers, and many another Highland clansman—was the most

conspicuous figure in the exploration and government of the vast region of New Caledonia, as it was called, out of which the present Province of British Columbia was evolved.

The Catholic missionaries of British Columbia were worthy successors of those who, two hundred and fifty years ago, carried the Gospel to the wilderness wastes of older Canada. While the financial aid granted missions by the Hudson's Bay Company was given chiefly, as



ROCHER DEBOUË AND THE SKEENA RIVER.

might have been expected, to the co-religionists of the majority of its officers, yet the spiritual needs of its numerous servants, who were almost all Catholics, were by no means overlooked. The Roman Catholic missionaries were ever welcome to the different forts, and it is to them that the Christian civilization of the North American Indian is largely due. "I am a Protestant, as was my father," writes Malcolm McLeod, "but we can bear no other testimony on this point. The priest and the trader have in this case gone hand in hand, and commerce has in this instance been handmaid to religion."

The appalling degradation of the native tribes is strikingly set forth in some of these pages, and in bringing about the transformation of character which has in multitudes of cases taken place, the

Catholic missionaries have been the allies and fellow-helpers, and often the forerunners, of the Protestant minister.

A graphic chapter is entitled "Gold *versus* Furs." It describes the discovery of the yellow metal and the prodigious excitement that followed. As early as 1856, or Bancroft says 1852, the Indians found the shining dust, but the Hudson's Bay Company, to prevent their employees from abandoning their posts for the more exciting, and generally more lucrative, occupation of gold hunting, laid every possible restriction upon mining.

Nevertheless, in 1858, a shipment of the precious metal reached San Francisco. Soon an invasion of old-timers from California flooded the country. With them came the inevitable whiskey trader, who found ready sale for the firewater at five



CARRIER AND CARRIED.

dollars per bottle. The white men offered to purchase his whiskey at his own price to keep it from the Indians. This offer he declined, "so, the miners taking the law into their own hands, marched down to the boat one morning with their guns at full cock, and while a few of them stood guard over the captain, the others broke in the heads of the casks and emptied the whiskey into the Fraser River, giving Captain Taylor an hour to get out

of sight, which he lost no time in doing." The Indians, who outnumbered the whites ten to one, were greatly incensed, and only the arrival of Governor Douglas saved whites and Indians from bloodshed.

The enterprise of the little colony of British Columbia in building the famous Cariboo waggon road along the stupendous cliffs of the Fraser and Cariboo Rivers was relatively as great as that of Canada in building the Canadian Pacific.



FORT M'LEOD.

The discovery of gold in Cariboo created an epoch in the history of the country. "New discoveries followed one another in quick succession, until the Cariboo mountains, which so far had known hardly any other sound than the hoot of the owl, with the occasional stamp of the deer and the shrill notes of the Carrier's love-song, were now alive with the thump of the miner's pick and the rattle of his rocker."

These discoveries culminated in 1861 in the finding in Williams Creek of the richest gold-fields in the world. Many claims yielded from \$20,000 to \$60,000 a year, and one man, named Cameron, amassed \$150,000 in gold dust. Nuggets from six to eight ounces were found. One mining camp realized one hundred and eighty pounds of gold in one day, another took out one thousand four hundred ounces in six days and one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six ounces the following week. The last amount was equivalent to at least \$30,000. One man, a certain Cunningham, realized nearly \$2,000 a day during the season, and Diller's

claim produced the enormous amount of one hundred and two pounds of gold, or almost \$20,000, in one day. In 1870, \$400,000 was obtained from Williams and other creeks by about twelve hundred persons, or over \$33,000 for each.

Of course, famine-prices resulted. The postage on a half-ounce letter from Victoria to the gold-fields was \$1. Potatoes sold for \$90 a hundred, a meal of bacon and beans cost \$2.50, three eggs cost \$2, a small local paper sold at \$1 a copy.

Yet a miner's luck was exceedingly precarious, and miners' waste made ducks and drakes of the hard-won gold. The story is well known of a man, who having made \$30,000 or \$40,000 in Cariboo, wasted the whole sum in champagne, "where-with he treated all persons present, as well as the neighbours and passers-by, and crowned his exploit by smashing with twenty-dollar gold pieces a costly mirror hanging in the bar-room.

"Others, who deserved a better fate and were instrumental through their discoveries in making large fortunes, died poorer than the very



STUART LAKE MISSION.

(From a photo taken shortly after 1873.)

latest arrivals at the diggings to which they gave their names. Witness the discoverer of Williams Creek, the German William Dietz, who shortly after his good luck in Cariboo was living in Victoria, broken down and dependent on charity. One of his companions, a Scotchman named Rose, met with an even less enviable fate, having died of starvation in the woods after attempting to record his sufferings on his tin cup, on which he scratched a few broken words."

The overland gold seekers from Canada endured incredible hardships. On foot or by raft, the McMicking party from Queenston travelled one thousand nine hundred miles by way of the Thompson, Quesnel and Fraser Rivers, and many of them were drowned in their treacherous waters.

E. C. S. Scholefield, Esq., Librarian of the Legislative Library, Victoria, B.C., writes the publisher as follows of this important book: "I have to congratulate you on obtaining Father Morice's MS. for publication, as this material is undoubtedly of the greatest value historically. Indeed, the book will be one of the most important ever published relating to British Columbia. I have the honour to know Father Morice personally, and have also some knowledge of the difficulties he has overcome in the preparation of his work, and for these reasons I particularly hope that it may prove as great a success as it deserves to be. The work deals with a very interesting period in our history, and apart from its value from an historical point of view it cannot but prove interesting—nay, fascin-

ating—to all those who love authentic narratives of the experiences of those hardy pioneer explorers and traders who first visited the great interior of British Columbia, or New Caledonia, as it was called at that time.”

James Bain, Esq., LL.D., Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, writes: “The contribution which Father Morice has made to the study of the folklore and philology of the western division of the Déné people has been recognized both in Great Britain and France as of the highest value. As a missionary he has also been interested in the social condition of his people and in the changes caused by inter-

course with the whites, especially with the officers of the Hudson’s Bay Company. In the ‘History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia’ he has been permitted to use the documents, hitherto unpublished, in the Archives of the Government, and has thrown light on the character of such men as Sir James Douglas and Chief Factor McLaughlin during the period of the Oregon troubles. It is a valuable and much-needed contribution to the history of Western Canada.”

The publisher has done his part well by the handsome printing, binding, illustration and folding map of this valuable contribution to Canadian history.

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### VENICE—FREE, YET FETTERED.

BY THE REV. EDWARD STRUTT.

Welcome, sweet wind from off the sunlit sea ;  
 Welcome, the gentle splash of rippling waves ;  
 This freedom, breadth, and fulness speak to me,  
 More than the drone of priests, of grace that saves.

Behind me Venice lies—free, yet enslaved—  
 Her civic liberty is bought with blood ;  
 Usurping tyrants she has nobly braved,  
 Of life and treasure poured a mingled flood.

This record, cast in bronze, confronts the main,  
 Beneath the statue of Italia’s king—  
 Behind, a lion gnawing at his chain,  
 In front, a lion free, with outspread wing.

When wilt thou break the sway of Papal Rome ?  
 When wilt thou throne the Christ as thy heart’s King ?  
 When offer to His Word a lasting home ?  
 When to the wind His flag of freedom fling ?

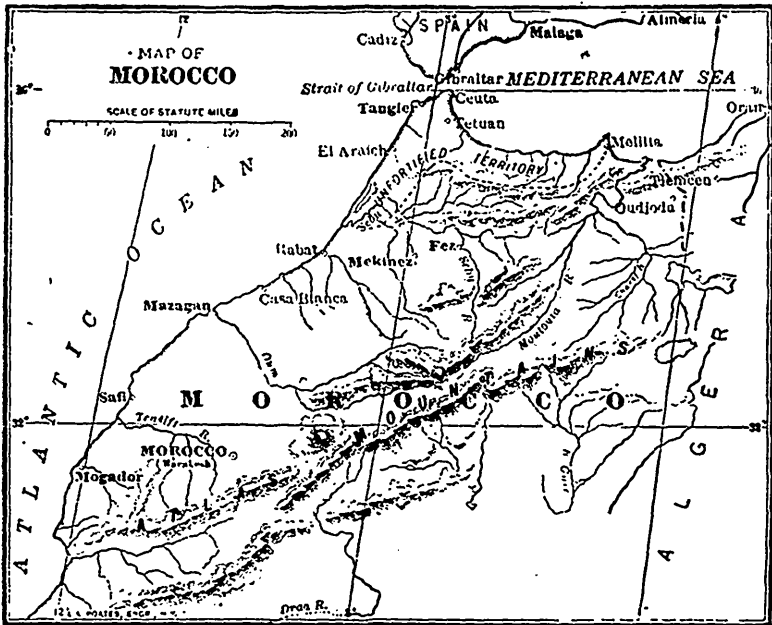
Within thy churches breathes a tainted air,  
 Loaded with incense, stirred with soulless speech ;  
 How canst thou all this gaud and glitter bear,  
 With purer, nobler things within thy reach ?

Wake, “Lion of St. Mark,” and feel thy chain !  
 Bid Judah’s conquering Lion burst thy bands ;  
 On riven fetter plant thy foot again,  
 And greet Christ’s freemen with uplifted hands.

’Tis Easter Day, and resurrection power  
 Is close at hand for all who long for life ;  
 Oh that to Venice there may come the hour  
 Of this best freedom, with all blessings rife !

## THE MOROCCO CRISIS.\*

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.



NE of the most important results of the agreement between England and France will be the opening up of Morocco. For centuries the Moors have managed to keep their country closed to all the world, and even to-day, with the exception of a few consular officials and a dozen or so missionaries, there are no European residents living in the interior. At Tangier, which is the diplomatic capital of the empire, the representatives of the foreign Powers reside, including a Consul-General for the

United States of America. The result of this exclusiveness has been that the country has never progressed. It remains to-day in the same state of self-contented ignorance as existed a hundred years ago, and actually is far more backward than it was when, after their expulsion from Spain, the Moors returned to Morocco, bringing with them the remnants of their arts and learning. The great universities of Fez and Marakesh, renowned even in the capitals of Europe as seats of learning, have become the merest echo of their former selves, and to-day are remarkable only as the hotbeds of intrigue and fanaticism, the centres from which the educated Moors—if such an expression can be used—disseminate their ideas and their sedition among the impressionable tribesmen.

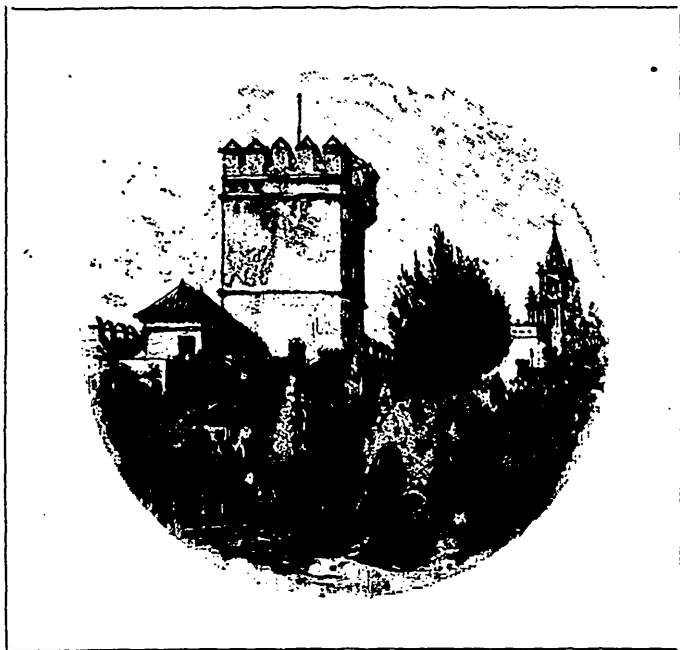
\* The writer of this article is the London 'Times' correspondent in Morocco, and is a very well-known traveller, explorer and author. Reprinted from The Independent.



The population of Morocco is bound together by no ties of patriotism, the whole system of the country being tribal, and it would take a great effort to call together the various tribes to wage war upon outsiders. A sudden fear that their policy of centuries—the policy of exclusiveness—was likely to be forcibly broken down by “infidel” Christians, and that their religion,

of the breaking up of an old empire which has successfully withstood the introduction of civilized methods for so long. There were also internal considerations, and these internal considerations threatened danger.

The present Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Abdul Aziz, who came to the throne in 1894, is a young man of only some twenty-five years of age.



AT TARIFA.

A Spanish town opposite Tangier. From the custom of taking toll at this old port of entry we get the word “tariff.”

a strict form of Mohammedanism, would accordingly be interfered with, might be sufficient to stir the population to a “Holy War,” but even if such an improbability came about, quarrels would speedily break out between the various tribes, and anarchy prove the result.

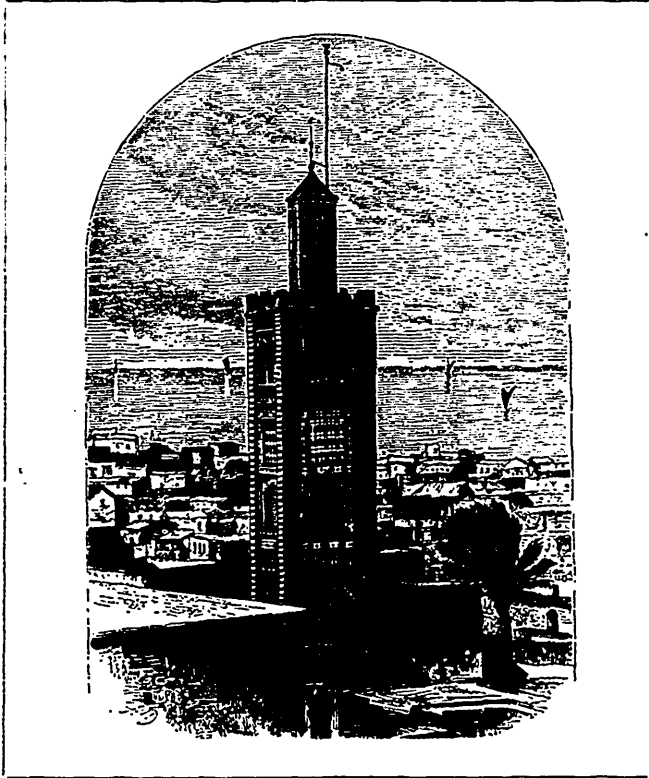
A natural and highly commendable desire to adjust the outstanding questions of England and France has not been the sole cause

He was always spoken of by his father as the member of his family who he desired should succeed him upon the throne, for the succession does not necessarily pass to the eldest son. In this case the Sultan has certainly one brother older than himself, if not more. Ascending the throne as a young boy, he passed immediately into the tutelage of a powerful Vizier, Si Ahmed ben Musa, who kept the youthful sover-

eign in the background and ruled the country in his name. Cruel, greedy of gain, and conservative as he was, it must be allowed that Si Ahmed held the country together in times of great difficulty. In 1901 he died, and the Sultan emerged from the palace—an unknown quantity—to take upon himself the reins of government. It was soon appar-

adverse criticism of his fanatical subjects. Mulai Abdul Aziz filled his palace with every kind of European luxury and invention. Electric lighting and photography took his fancy, and he spent large sums of money on both.

So keen was the competition among his entourage to remain in favour by supplying him with new



TANGIER, THE CHIEF CITY AND SEAPORT OF MOROCCO.

ent that he was a youth of considerable intelligence, but weak in his decisions. He at once showed proclivities toward the inventions and discoveries of civilization. There were many men about him who recognized that an easy method of gaining his favour was by pandering to his tastes, although these tastes threatened danger by incurring the

toys that his commission agents invented a hundred methods of pleasing him, while at the same time filling their pockets. Cameras of gold, automobiles and motor cars—in a country where there are no roads—wild beasts, and every kind of extravagance were ordered from Europe and dispatched to the court. The fortune left by his father, the



BAZAAR IN TANGIER, MOROCCO.

confiscated savings of the dead Vizier, the very revenues of the country, were spent on every kind of unsuitable and useless luxury.

The fanaticism of the people was aroused, and in the autumn of 1902 rebellion broke out. An army was hurriedly called together, but the Sultan's entourage consisted of men of no capacity, whose one object was to continue making money. The rebellion increased. The horde of tribesmen which in Morocco is called an army was defeated, or, rather, fled at the sight of the rebels. The treasury was emptied and money was borrowed in England, France, and Spain, and spent uselessly. The Sultan could only pay the interest on his foreign loans

by raising further moneys. His cheques drawn on the custom-houses could not be paid, and still the rebellion continued. The state of affairs became a veritable anarchy, and the Morocco question loomed to the fore.

It was at this precise time that the visit of King Edward to Paris and President Loubet's return visit to London had brought about the good relations which so happily exist nowadays between England and France. It was decided to include the question of Morocco in the list of matters to be discussed. France possessed in Egypt certain rights which she so used as to cause constant difficulty to the Egyptian Government. It was decided to re-

adjust these rights, without, of course, France abandoning them. In return England withdrew all opposition to the French Government taking in hand the reorganization of the finances, army, and

International Law these provisos extend to the subjects of all and every power.

The task that France has set herself is no easy one, for she has specifically agreed to restore order in



STREET IN TANGIER, MOROCCO.

administration of Morocco, provided such rights as British subjects possessed in the country should be respected, and the form of Moorish Government—in fact, the “status quo”—should not be altered. By the “favoured nations” clause of

Morocco. There is no doubt about her civilizing influence—she has given examples of it in other parts of the world, and she has had a vast experience in dealing with Arab Mohammedans, both in Algeria and Tunis—yet it is no easy matter to



MOORISH BRIGAND.

restore order in and reorganize a country which is in a state of anarchy, especially when the population, from the highest to the lowest, objects to being "reorganized," and is quite content to continue living in a state of anarchy.

That the Sultan and his Government will acquiesce in the French proposals there can be little doubt, though there is as little doubt that they look upon this intervention with no small feeling of dislike. But the fact that the court has granted its acquiescence to the scheme is only the very beginning of matters. The want of money, at present painfully felt at the capital, will be met by a loan from the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas, and this will tend to soothe the Viziers, whose salaries have not been paid for a long time. But the general population will have no share in this money, and therefore the loan will not soothe their feelings; on the

contrary, the stipulation that the customs-houses are given as guarantee will increase their distrust, both of their own Government and of the French.

That France will move very slowly is quite certain. There will be no immediate attempt to open up Morocco; on the contrary, the French Government will refuse to grant facilities for any enterprises which may render too apparent the hand of the "infidel" Christian. A commencement will be made with the finances. The Sultan's creditors—many and clamouring—will be paid. The foreign loans—a million sterling altogether—will equally be settled, and France will remain, as her position entitles her, the sole creditor. Instructors will be sent to drill the troops, for in spite of the statistics in European almanacs and such like, the Moorish army does not exist. There are a large number of Maxim guns, and no one to fire them. Needless to say that these Maxims formed part of the goods brought to Fez by the Sultan's commission agents. One consignment of thirty-six arrived within the course of a very few months! Probably the chief instructors will be French officers, but there is no doubt that France will make use of her Algerian subjects, co-religionists of the Moors, and, therefore, less likely to excite ill-feeling and jealousy. It is extremely doubtful whether any attempt will be made to reorganize the administration of the country for a long time to come. Bad as it is, it would be preferable to leave it bad for a period than to raise up another rebellion by undue haste.

But these matters affect the French. What is more important to the subjects of other powers is the question of trade and commerce. The writer has lived many

years in Morocco, and can boast some knowledge of the country and its possibilities, and he has no hesitation in saying that he believes that French intervention in Morocco will mean a large increase of trade for all nations and all peoples. The manufacturers will send their goods with more confidence than has

which so much has been said and written, but at the same time Morocco cannot fail to be prosperous. Its agricultural possibilities are very large. Its climate is excellent, and its population are by no means averse to work. Given those items, the prosperity of the country can be assured.



MOORISH CHIEF, MOROCCO.

been the case in the past, and the absurd restriction on trade will be gradually removed. Harbour improvements and means of communication inland, both badly needed, will be brought about, and Morocco trade should go forward by leaps and bounds. The writer does not believe in the untold mineral wealth of the country, of

There is no need to speak of the betterment of the miserable condition of the people—that will come about by Morocco's contact with civilization. At present nothing could be more wretched than the manner of life passed by the inhabitants of a country where not only is there no security for life and property, on account of the raiding pro-

pensities of the tribes, but where the people have also to fear the still more pressing evil of a corrupt and cruel officialdom. It will be France's duty to bring some little happiness into the lives of the Moors, and there is no doubt that she will accomplish her task.

There are two powers in Europe to whom the terms of the Anglo-French agreement with regard to Morocco must be causing considerable annoyance. They are Germany and Spain. It has long been the desire of a large section of the German colonial party that when eventually the Morocco question came to the fore their Government should insist on claiming some portion of the country. They had even gone so far as to pick out the richest and best districts for themselves, and during the last few years the German press had repeatedly urged the point, while a German-Moroccan society was formed in the Fatherland solely to keep the public and governmental attention fixed upon the question. But the agreement has dashed their hopes to the ground. There have been a few attempts to urge their Government to protest, but Germany's position at the present moment is not one that can allow her to risk a quarrel with both England and France.

As to Spain, her pretensions perhaps are better founded. She certainly has small territorial possessions in Northern Morocco—Ceuta, Melilla, etc.—but her incapability of governing her own country in a manner that gives satisfaction even to her own people did not tend to render the other powers prepared to see her extend her territorial possessions in Morocco. The race hatred between Spaniard and Moor, existing throughout so many centuries, would alone render most difficult any attempt on her part to keep

order in that country, nor are her methods of government such as commend themselves to the Governments or the subjects of other powers.

Spain is one of the richest countries in Europe, yet her resources remain almost untouched, largely from the supineness of her own people, who won't work them themselves and allow no one else to work them for her. Yet the Spaniards will be no losers by the French intervention. Morocco will be opened up to her labourers, and no doubt they will flock into the country as soon as public works commence, for the Spaniard is almost the only European who can perform manual labours in the climate of Morocco. In Western Algeria there is a large Spanish population, amounting, I believe, to eighty thousand, who live in a far better condition and are far more prosperous than under their own Government at home. Many Spaniards at Tangier, while regretting, for patriotic motives, that Spain has been excluded from territorial aggrandizement in Morocco, do not conceal their feelings that personally they prefer to be under the jurisdiction of the French.

France has, by the terms of the agreement, still to consult with the Spanish Government and to consider their interests, but it is extremely unlikely that any material benefit will accrue to King Alphonso's Government, or any material territory be added to his dominions.

There is but one detail more of the agreement to which reference must be made, and it is a most important one, for it guarantees the neutrality of the Straits of Gibraltar. The two signatory powers, England and France, mutually agree not to allow any fortifications to be erected on the Morocco coast between Melilla, in the Mediter-

anean, and the mouth of the Sebu River, or the Atlantic—that is to say, a distance in either direction of over one hundred and twenty miles from the Straits of Gibraltar. This solution of the difficult question of maintaining the “status quo” of the Straits seems highly satisfactory, and should quiet the fears of the Mediterranean powers that France’s intervention in Morocco might mean the closing of their exit to the ocean.

Briefly, the Anglo-French agreement regarding Morocco should bring peace and prosperity to that country and an increase of trade to all the nations that have dealings with it.

“A shadow of the old Moorish pirate history fell across the present,” writes Dr. Du Bose, in the Epworth Era, “when it was reported that Mr. Perdicaris, a wealthy American, and his stepson, a young man named Varley, an English subject, had been kidnapped by a notorious and powerful Moroccan bandit called Raisuli, and was being held for ransom. The capture of Perdicaris was exceptionally sensational. He is a millionaire, and has large interests abroad. A strange fancy, it would seem, led him to build a sumptuous palace at Tangier, the capital of Morocco. While at a banquet, surrounded by his family and friends, he was set upon by the bandit and his retainers and borne many miles into the mountains of the interior, where he was held for weeks. Immediately on the announcement of the news of the kidnapping, the United States dispatched warships to Tangier, and demanded of the Sultan of Morocco, Abdul Aziz, the release of the prisoners. The Sultan, who is only nominally a sovereign, having no army or navy to speak of, would



TATTOOED WOMAN OF MOROCCO.

have been glad to comply with the American demands, but was powerless to compel obedience on the part of the bandit. Raisuli seems, in fact, to be a sort of independent chief, with an army, or at least an armed force, of his own. Raisuli agreed to release the captives on receipt of \$70,000, an indemnity for his high-handed proceedings, the humbling of his enemies, and his own confirmation in the chieftainship over a wide territory. So feeble was the power of the so-called Emperor that that all these demands were granted.

“This incident has brought Tangier into the circle of current interest. It is one of the old and unique cities of Northern Africa, and may in the new history of Africa become important. Tangier is the heirloom of seven civilizations—Punic, Roman, Moorish, Gothic, Portuguese, Dutch, and



English. In some sort its history covers more than two thousand years. It was first built by the Carthaginians, who called it Tingis. It fell finally to the Romans. The Goths, who conquered Spain and the whole North of Africa, then became its masters. After the Goths came the Arabs, who probably changed the site from the original area chosen by the Carthaginians. The Portuguese in their fifteenth century triumphs, possessed the city. The English, who took most of the Portuguese maritime empire, did not miss Tangier, which they held for twenty-two years. After a time the Moors were left to themselves.

France now maintains an indefinite suzerainty over the adjoining Moorish States, and the Sultan of Morocco is but a snail of a king.

"Tangier has about twenty thousand inhabitants, and an unimportant commerce. Its market is supplied by small sailing ships from Spain, and by camel and donkey trains from the interior. The nightly encampment of these trains outside the city gates is a distinctly Oriental picture. The streets of the city are narrow and dirty. There are many mosques and a Roman Catholic cathedral in the city, and the outlines of these sometimes make pleasing pictures."

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#### THE ROAD LEADS HOME.

O pilgrim, as you journey, do you ever gladly say,  
 In spite of heavy burdens and the roughness of the way,  
 That it does not surely matter—all the strange and bitter stress,  
 Heat and cold, and toil and sorrow—'twill be healed with blessedness,  
 For the road leads home?

Home! the safe and blissful shelter where is glad and full content,  
 And companionship of kindred; and the treasures early rent  
 From your holding shall be given back more precious than before.  
 O, you will not mind the journey with such blessedness in store,  
 When the road leads home.

O, you will not mind the roughness nor the steepness of the way,  
 Nor the chill, unrested morning, nor the dreariness of the day;  
 And you will not take a turning to the left or to the right,  
 But go straight ahead, nor tremble at the coming of the night,  
 For the road leads home.

And often for your comfort you will read the guide and chart,  
 It has wisdom for the mind and sweet solace for the heart;  
 It will serve you as a mentor, it will guide you sure and straight  
 All the time that you will journey, be the ending soon or late—  
 And the road leads home.

—*Christian Advocate.*



## CHRIST AS WORLD GOVERNOR.

## CANADA'S PRIVILEGE AND DUTY.

BY C. S. EBY, D.D.

A sermon preached at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, June 12th, 1904, from Isa. ix. 7: "Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever."



IN its literal sense this has not been fulfilled; nor can it be. In its real sense, the development of spiritual principle, it is steadily moving on to fulfilment. Its record is in the volumes of history written, now being enacted before us on the great world stage

and displayed before us by every daily paper.

In the early part of the Bible we are told that God created the heavens and the earth, all things in the earth, vegetation and animals. He then gave these over into man's hands, to subdue, to develop. Nothing was complete, but everything was to be developed into completeness, and especially man himself, the peoples and nations of the earth, to develop into the perfectness of heaven.

All history tells of the struggle of God with man, the success of men who have worked together with God, and the slow process by which divine government is becoming the ruling power among men.

Men think that what they see and handle is the important—that bricks and mortar, and enthroned power, authority, rule, force, are the lasting things. We have to learn that the only force that lives and will live for ever, the mightiest force to create empires and stamp

the ages, is thought, ideals. A great authority in Europe said some years ago, "What the students, the young men of to-day, think, that will all Europe be to-morrow." "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is no more true than that as the mass of voters are thinking to-day, such will be the real national life for years to come.

Our text, one of the grand sweeping visions of that prince of statesmen, yes, politician, Isaiah—for religion and citizenship were one—is the seed that was planted in prepared ground 2,679 years ago, the seed of a divine ideal, the seed of a divine purpose for man to work and develop among a handful of people, and then in the fulness of time to cover the whole earth. That old, old thought is what we have yet to study and to understand, then to work out in our lives, individually and through our living and voting, to work into the public life of our country and of the world.

Once we thought of other nations as God-forsaken children of the devil, food only for destruction, excepting as a few might be got out of the fire by missionary effort.

We are getting to see more and more that every nation, every people that ever lived and grew, had some task to perform for God, some ray of light from the throne, some influence of the Spirit to profit withal, to use for self-development and then to hand on the

result to others. They rose as they developed the divine idea of righteousness—they fell as they used the result in low, sordid developments of earth, sense going into sensuality or into devilishness.

These nations perished, but their thoughts went on as seed for others. Israel at that time stood in the midst of a world full of activity. Egypt, grand and hoary; Babylon, schoolmaster of the world; Nineveh rising in splendour; the Medes and Persians, hunters and farmers among the mountains; Greece, brightly thinking her first philosophy and singing her first songs; Homer not yet born; in what was some day to be Rome, Romulus and Remus were boys. Every one of these nations became world-powers, gave to the development of man some impulse, and passed away.

On that rocky crag stood old Jerusalem—small, rent, ruined by Ahaz, the priests and princes all turning away from God, from the one thing for which they came into existence, as the preachers of God for the nations. Israel had nothing else to teach the world, nothing in commerce, nothing in art, nothing in letters, nothing in statesmanship, nothing in industry. She had to learn from others everything. But one vineyard was given to her to plant and water and develop, and nourish, and transplant, and try to understand and tell out—a something for which the whole world was preparing, and without which the whole world would have perished long ago in absolute rottenness.

And that was a something of which only a few in Israel had any conception, only a few magnificent men with divine outlook, or a few, perhaps many, humble-minded, honest peoples who took the word as meaning what it said—while the

great mass of well-to-do, self-satisfied people lived in what was just before their eyes, in the sordid and the sensual.

And what was it that was seen by the sun-crowned men of outlook, seen by the humble and contrite and believing few? It was the one great fact that the God of Abraham, the Jehovah of Moses and the prophets, was the Lord of all nations; that He ruled in righteousness, by means of men who would become, like Him, righteous too; and that the time would come when the divine idea of righteousness would be embodied in kingly form, with an army like Him, and be manifest as "Wonderful-Counsellor," leader of statesmen, literature, all government; "Hero-God," the "Mighty One" who should be superior to all national heroes of earth, the conqueror of nations, until all nations should submit to His sway, and the new heavens and new earth of righteousness appear!

The "Prince of Peace" was He to be, to destroy instruments of destruction, to stay the wars of nations till earth shall learn war no more. That kind of government was to come, to stay, to develop without end, until all earth should submit, and it should be embodied in a King.

Eight centuries or less pass away. The old Israel has had many a change—the northern tribes vanished, Judah went into exile and came back, religion had hardened externalism into the expectation of a King-Conqueror!

What has happened? Preparatory to the coming King, the Medes and Persians swept away the Chaldeans and fell before the Greek. The Greek covers the civilized world with language, literature, intellectual forces and inspiration, creating a machinery at least for the

highest kind of thinking. Rome has risen into power, has wrested from the Greek political supremacy, and ruled the world with an organizing genius unknown before. The material and intellectual centre of the world was now in Europe.

But there in old Judah there comes also a culmination. As a state it comes to an end. As a people they are about to be scattered to the four winds. A young man sits on a little mount, around Him a few disciples, many women and common people and children. He points out the few steps leading from poverty of spirit to perfection of God as the qualification of citizenship in His kingdom. He tells them how to become partners with the King and to rise above the narrowness of earth-bound men, and shows them how to work it out in love, applying the principles of heaven to conditions of earth.

These teachings grappled with Greek thought and with Roman organization, and in a few centuries were master of both. The heaven was working. The mass of heathenism was in process of change, though much heathenism was mixed with the Christianity of the dark ages; yet the Christ idea was doing its work, with raw and rough material, to be seen in the fulness of time.

Pass over eight centuries or more. The Roman Empire has fallen to pieces; the modern nations of Europe are shaping for modern development; the deluge of barbarians from the north had swept away the civilization of the ancient world. After some centuries of confusion, tyranny, growth of popery, and struggle of empire, the nations of Europe were coming into civilized form. It was in the night, "the midnight of the Dark Ages," when a tremendous crisis came. The

Latin races, heirs of the ancient world, throttled by the papacy, chose the way that resulted in decay.

But in the wilds of a little island, then the back-door of Europe, a young lad of noble blood was taught by a truly Christian mother the fundamental truths of the gospels, until he was thoroughly imbued with their principles—saving, uplifting, constructive of a new manhood, of new nations, of a new world. That lad was called later on to rule over a small section of the island. Driven to flight by the enemies of his country, he dedicated himself, his land, to God and righteousness.

The boy's name was Alfred. What was it that makes us call him—after one thousand years—Alfred the Great? Not so much that he drove back the Danes and gave peace and unity to England, but because, at the most momentous crisis—creative start—of the world's modern history, he made a choice, and through his leadership England made a choice, which rendered it possible for God to use that little feeble gathering of rude tribes to prepare a people to lead the world into a new and higher development, to be the mother of many nations—the teacher and leader and moulder of the destinies of half the nations of this planet a thousand years later. And if her children would be but faithful to the principles of Alfred, and to the principles of Alfred's God, that power for good will never wane, but ever on the throne of her sea-girt isle, England may sit amid the widening circles of her children—her children's children—not only of her blood, but gathered to her principles from all races of the earth, to watch the onward roll of benediction, until all nations and kindreds and peoples

and tongues shall recognize one Lord, one faith, one baptism into one brotherhood of peace and goodwill the wide world over.

Two or three factors are necessary in God's providential order in the uplifting of the world to higher ideals and to higher realization: a new world-start; a new blend of peoples; new ideas, fruit of the old; a new kind of man; a new and better world.

You can trace the development from Egypt with mighty beginnings, now seven thousand years ago, through Chaldea, China, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Anglo-Saxondom, which will put its mark on the twentieth century, Canada coming on to stamp the next century with a vastly higher type still, if we are but true to our possibilities.

Every one of these ages and nations has a special characteristic dependent on the dominant race, dominant ideas, the rise of leaders! So in the British world. The Celt had wonderful qualities for poetry, eloquence, religion, and war. Driven to Wales, Ireland, the Scottish highlands, they were a splendid element to sweeten, enrich, inspire, but lacking in leadership. Angles and Saxons, with every energy for industrialism, commerce, missionary zeal, enterprise, home-making, were wanting in imperial outlook. Then came the Norman, who sat in castles ruling old England with strains of Roman world-ideas, King, Lords, and Commons resulting, moulded each by the other, becoming after seven hundred years an irresistible world-force for the last three centuries.

The great middle-class of England, of all Britain, gave itself soul and body to the Gospel. The Reformation was followed by Puritan victory for freedom; and that was

followed by Wesley's revival into high spiritual enterprise and the uplift of half-heathen lower classes.

But the Norman, the aristocratic element, the ruling element in England, has never been really Christianized. Its imperialism is still pagan at heart, based on militarism and force. Religion is a matter of state rather than of heart and life. This is the defect in old England which we must not transplant into Canada.

The old Puritans, who protested against this rule of the aristocrat, landed on Plymouth Rock with purer ideals, the ideals of old England, minus the pagan imperialism, promising a more Christian rule. The United States is the result, free to develop the very highest and splendid results. But the deluge of an alien element, awfully lower than the British people, has given them a tremendous mass of difficulty, which I cannot trace. But the United States, as a result, stands for an age of commercialism as heartless, as devilish, as the age and curse of militarism. Commercialism, industrial wars of competition, trusts, tariffs, strikes, lock-outs, labour hosts and capitalistic plutocrats, will mark the century's greatest social and economic wars.

In Canada, with vast extent and boundless resources, there may be the birth of a still higher type of nationhood. We have none of the handicaps of old England, none of the handicaps of the United States. If we have grown slowly it has been a blessing. If we can get more men and women from the Old Land, as well as retain our own children, and then develop under the influence of the Christian advantages we have, the ideal born in old England and New England will come to fruition here in Canada.

What then shall be characteristic

of Canada, with transplanted ideals from the Motherland and the new ideals growing therefrom? Men will try to plant every cursed worn-out thing that is to be found anywhere—militarism, commercialism of the selfish kind, plutocracy, mobocracy, etc. All these are among us in the seed. But over all, under all, through all our Canadian development I see growing up, struggling against odds, ignorance and stupidity, and there to stay—and, please God, to conquer—an unusual moral energy, an energy which quietly faces difficulty, and which, if properly led, will be invincible.

In foreign lands scattered Canadians are quietly winning for us a good name, and frequently coming to the fore where moral energy is in demand. What led our boys in South Africa to outclass the old veterans of the Old Land, to out-march them, out-endure them, on to Paardeburg, to the very camp of old Cronje, when that veteran general gave up in despair? Simply a moral energy born in Canadian homes, with blended blood of cleaner races, inspired by the moral ideals of old England, without a love for war as a business, but with a love of imperial freedom that turns the ploughboy into a soldier, and turns the soldier into a hero, and sends the hero back to the quiet home work of Canada! Most magnificent of all!

What Canada wants is leadership, leadership that will understand the times and their dangers, the means in our hands to meet the dangers with real divine advance; that will plan and lead with a view to the century ahead of this, when the world will have grown weary of militarism, of selfish competitions, of industrial war, and will be ready for a civilization that is moral because Christian. Then

will Canada come to her own, in an age ready for moral magnificence and spiritual triumphs of the kingdom of God on earth as in heaven.

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by for ever ’twixt that darkness and that light.

“Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,  
That, like peaks from some sunk continent, jut through oblivion’s sea;  
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry  
Of those Crises, God’s stern winnowers, from whose feet earth’s chaff must fly;  
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.”

But never in the world’s history is the lesson more clearly written in sight of heaven and earth that Jesus Christ is the central source of all authority in heaven and upon earth, that the man or the nation that will not serve Him shall perish, and that the man or the nation that will serve Him shall rise in proportion to the reality of their service, rise to share with Him in His work of ruling the world, conquering till every thought be brought into subjection unto the obedience of Christ Jesus, the Lord, until every nation and kindred and tongue shall accept His law of love and do His will on earth as it is done in heaven.

Surely that is clear, and it is clear also that no nation has really, as a nation, accepted Christ. Why do we still in Canada bow the head to hide our blushes as we are reminded of corruption in politics, in finances, in social life both high and low, with Churches having less practical influence in government

than saloons, God served with lip service, mammon worshipped in fact.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,  
And, albeit wandering outcast now, I see around her throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong!"

And when shall Truth, with her angelic bodyguard, really become victorious? When shall the Crucified One be in reality Lord of all? Just when our ideals, our energies, harmonize with His; when our religion loses its selfish, self-centred salvationism and becomes Christian, Christlike; when our Churches produce a perfect all-round type of manhood after the pattern of Christ conceived on the idea that Christ is King of Love; when love is law of heaven and of earth just as much as heaven, love with iron in it, love that will obey the central command to the citizen, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"; a religion that will produce men with all the faith of Cromwell's Ironsides, and all the tenderness of Jesus Christ, that will produce the men without whom Christ will never come to his own,

the men that Canada needs to-day as leaders, as voters, as preachers, teachers, workers. Give us men!

"Give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,  
and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honour, men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking:  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife,—lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!"

We know that the King has come, that He is becoming not only *de jure* but *de facto* "King of kings and Lord of lords" amid the peoples of earth. The rapidity with which His government shall increase, both intensively in human character and extensively in the widening influence of His ideas on world-politics, depends on the loyalty of His people to His Person and His Word, fearlessly applied amid all the conditions of earth. And in that even the lowliest has a vital share.

## UNITY.

BY E. BOAL.

High on the mount the Master stood and taught.  
The spirit-fire from His omniscient eye  
Into a bond of unity had wrought  
The listening throng, that stood expectant by.  
His gracious words fell on dry hearts like rain,  
Commingle Truth and Beauty evermore;  
His healing presence banished sin and pain,  
And cleansed lepers did their Lord adore.  
One Church, one hope, one Christ, one glorious heaven  
One world where dolorous sin may be forgiven.

West Montrose, Ont.

## “WHY PRAY?”

BY THE REV. FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., B.D.,

Author of “The Miracles of Unbelief, etc.

### II.



IF God be, indeed, our Father, our Creator, our Preserver, our Redeemer, can there be any doubt as to what should be our feeling toward Him? Surely all parents are agreed as to what is the worthy attitude of their children towards themselves. Is it not, necessarily and always, grateful, respectful love? Does any man wish his child to become a thankless prodigal or a heartless doll? The “worthiness” is all and only on the part of those who, towards God, never for one second in their lives think of such a thing as applause, but ever cherish lowliest love, well knowing how the Bible is perfectly clear from beginning to end, that to “praise God” is to reverently adore Him who is at once the infinite Ruler and the eternal Father. Such an attitude of heart, moreover, is not only worthy in regard to God, but equally so as regards ourselves.

But, again, here is another strange objection. Our friend says that he thinks that “even if there be any benefit in prayer, it is bought too dearly at the price of a decrease in our self-reliance. I do not think it is good for a man to be always asking for help or for benefits, or for pardon. It seems to me that such a habit must tend to weaken character.”

Will, then, any doctor affirm that to breathe deeply in pure air, as a habit, is to weaken the lungs?

If he will say “Yes” to that, we may accept such a statement as is here quoted. But never until then. Rather, to look at this notion carefully, but for a moment, is to see how misrepresenting it is. Indeed it is not only absurd in itself, but flatly contradictory to history, diametrically opposed to observation, utterly at variance with the experience of many here present, and contradicted entirely by the writer himself. For what does he acknowledge? “The act of prayer gives courage and confidence in proportion to the faith of him who prays.” When he prays “he is rousing up his dormant faculty of resistance and desire for righteousness.” Is that weakening character? So far as we know anything of human nature and human life, surely that is the kind of influence upon character which, above all else, in modern England and indeed throughout Europe, this generation needs.

As to the past, what is the name of the strongest man in English history? Is it not one to whom we owe our most glorious liberties, Oliver Cromwell? It may be questioned whether any stronger man is to be found in the whole history of civilization. But what do we read concerning him? I refer you to Green’s “History of the English People.” Listen to what is there said about Cromwell: “Cromwell spent much time in prayer with God before the storming of Basing House.” This, we know, was typical of his general procedure. And what about his men? “The regiment of a thousand men which Cromwell raised



for the Eastern Counties, and which soon became known as his 'Ironsides,' was formed strictly of men of religion." "A lovely company," he called them. No blasphemy, drinking, disorder, or impiety was ever suffered in their ranks." Were they, then, weaklings? If one may discern the signs of the times, what is wanted more than ever in modern England on the side of truth and righteousness, is a host of men as "weak" as Cromwell's Ironsides and their leader. For verily, if these our valiant forefathers were made what they were by prayer, and you and I have the social as well as the spiritual weal of our land at heart, then I submit that on the testimony of history the very best thing we could do would be to turn Manchester—aye, and all England, too—into one vast assembly for genuine prayer.

Prayer the weakener of character! Well, indeed, may we avow that such a thought is contrary alike to experience and to observation. Find me in all England a man, or a woman, or a child, who as the result of true prayer has been morally weakened. Alas! too well we know that, throughout the land, those who give earnest Christian workers so much trouble and sorrow and anxiety, as they long to save and bless them, are the weak-kneed young men and young women. "Weak-kneed"—not merely in character and morals, but in character and morals because they are weak-kneed elsewhere. For they never pray. But if they prayed, in sincerity and truth, they would not be what they are.

*Laborare Est Orare.*

Yet again. This writer says that "work is nobler than prayer, and far more dignified." I deny the contrast. The assumed an-

tagonism is false. Is there any antagonism between energy and health? Shall we say that "energy is much nobler than health and far more useful"? Is it! Can you find human energy anywhere of which the essence is not health? It may be unhesitatingly affirmed that the very soul of all the noblest work that is done in this land of ours to-day is prayer, and the noblest workers are those who know most of the worthiness of prayer.

But in another strong statement—which I quote because I know too well it typifies the attitude of thousands—our friend says concerning himself, "I never pray, and I never feel the need of prayer." What is this, then? Logic—or testimony—or what? If this be testimony, and if the principle of the testimony be valid, then I submit that it must be valid in other matters. Let us try it. "I never wash, and never feel the need of washing." "I never read, and never feel the need of reading." "I never think, and never feel the need of thinking." No; and in each case we may add, you never will, on such lines. I urge that the logic, in all these instances is as fair in the sentence quoted. What, then, is the worth of such testimony, which, alas! is only too true of many? It is merely to the effect that this writer is, on this subject, entirely disqualified to give any opinion. Is the man who never learns music, who has never touched a note and has no ear for harmony, the man to send to any journal to be its musical critic? Is it reasonable?

What, then, is this testimony? In the kindest way possible one must say that such a testimony as this is simply the prejudiced confidence of ignorance. Nay, further, one is bound to add that at its best—to put it as gently as plainly—this is merely the cry of an ani-

mal. Any cow looking over a gate in the nearest lane, can say the same—"I never pray, never feel the need of prayer." What it all comes to is the 49th Psalm—"Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish." Such an estimate is confessedly ancient, but it is much truer than some of the things we hear to-day. For this word—"Man that is in honour"—the honour of possible communion with God—expresses the difference between the man and his horse. My child is "in honour," for my child can commune with me, and my dog cannot. When, therefore, a man says, "I have nothing to do with this communion, I know nothing about it and never want to know," we must say, with all kindness, but with all plainness, that he is trampling on his honour and bringing his human nature down to the level of the brute.

#### *Does Petition Avail?*

But after all, it may be urged, there is another matter. Does petition actually avail? If we agree that it is not unnatural, that it is not unscientific, that it is not unworthy to pray, it yet remains to ask whether any real answer or advantage follows upon prayer. That is a question we must now briefly consider. The final appeal undoubtedly is to fact. Yet not to facts indiscriminately. For at the outset we must distinguish between two directions in which petition may avail. Real answers to prayer may be subjective or objective, that is, they may come to pass either within us or without.

Now, as to the answers from within, our good friend confesses that there may be subjective effects as the result of prayer: "The woman who weeps may relieve her overcharged heart. The man who prays may give himself courage or

confidence." But these, mark, are "not because God will hear or answer, but for natural reasons." The inference from this is that because the reasons are "natural," therefore they are not divine. But I deny the logic of this, and say, in reply, with the succinctness which is here inevitable, that they are rather divine because they are natural. For if there be one truth emerging now more and more clearly—though it has been in Scripture from the beginning—it is the immanence of God in nature.

This, Professor Lodge says very plainly, "is the modern lesson for theology, but it is also the modern lesson for agnosticism. This is the lesson that science has to teach theology, to look for the action of deity, not in the past alone, nor only in the future, but equally in the present." Our friend suggests and insinuates that because the answers to prayer may come to us along the recognized lines of psychological law, therefore they cannot be divine. Which is no more true than to say that because the dinner I ate awhile ago has passed into my system by physiological law, therefore there cannot be the "finger of God" in it. Whereas we must say, in the name of science as of religion, that if there were no "finger of God," there would be no nutrition at all. Physiological law is as much the working of the divine as gravitation. So, too, is psychological law. The law which decrees that a man who prays truly and sincerely shall be blessed in his own soul, through his prayer, is not the contradiction but the expression of the reality and nearness of the divine. It is the never-failing proof that the oft-quoted words are true:

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,  
And spirit with Spirit may meet;  
Closer is He than breathing,  
And nearer than hands and feet.

But real answers to prayer, it is urged, must be objective, if we are to be assured of their actuality. It does not follow, as we have seen. But we may look for a moment at the actuality and the reliability of external or objective answers to prayer. Even in this case it is not by any means necessary, in order to prove their reality, that they should be always capable of exhibition, in what one may call cartoon fashion, for the benefit of a sceptical world. Dr. Romanes was well warranted in saying: "To those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, no single proposition can be more self-evident than that the presiding influence of Providence should not admit always of scientific demonstration." If results from physical laws are always conditioned upon obedience to those laws, so certainly may well be answers to prayer upon obedience to the laws of Christ. So that Professor Tyndall's famous suggestion to set apart certain hospital wards and pray for them by way of experiment, is as unjustifiable in the spiritual realm as it would be in the physical realm for a man to seek to make ice in the hot room of a Turkish bath.

Moreover, there may well be, and doubtless are, many externally real answers to prayerful petition which may be beyond our present powers of detection or demonstration. Such scientific results as are now known in connexion with radium, or the X-rays, or wireless telegraphy, would have been incredible a hundred years ago. Yet all the time, then as now, they were real enough, had we been able to discover them. So may be now many real though invisible answers to prayer.

#### *Experience.*

But, after all, the most actual

proof of definite divine response to petition must ever come on the lines of experience. The more sure it is, often the more it is alike beyond exhibition or expression. Even as Jesus Himself ever refused to do a "mighty work" to gratify the cynical curiosity of certain scribes and Pharisees, so still we have no manner of right to call upon God to do some super-normal thing, just to oblige those who refuse or ignore other evidence of His presence. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" may well be the language of many a humble but earnest supplicant whose petition has been heard and answered. Returning health after illness is not one whit less real because it cannot be described. Nor are any of life's deeper experiences to be challenged as to their actuality, because they cannot be turned into journalistic copy or expressed in scientific formulæ. The full and final proof that God does answer prayer, on the plane of our bodily and practical life, no less than in our spiritual experience, can only come to those who pray. No man can be warmed by a fire who merely surveys it from afar through a telescope. It is as rational as religious to affirm that "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant."

There are many other aspects of the cause which cannot now be dealt with; but I do not shrink from affirming that answers to prayer, in facts as palpable, as manifest, as practical, as even scepticism can desire, are undoubtedly to be found by those who will search for them with an open mind and a respectful sincerity.

Perhaps of all such possible responses, cash may by some people be regarded as the most practical. Here, then, is a little book, published by John Wilkinson, the well-

known missionary to the Jews, which is entitled "God Answers Prayer." What is his statement?—"Let it be told for the glory of God, that the director of this Mission has never for twenty-six years been without £1 when he has needed it, and the Mission has never incurred debt. The director, though asked more than once, has never told any one but God when his personal fund was low. All need has been supplied by the voluntary offerings of the Lord's people, who have contributed during twenty-six years more than £170,000 for mission work.\*

Surely that is practical enough. Do you say that the writer is mistaken? There is no possibility of mistake. Do you suggest that he was moved by self-interest? He was not, seeing that he left everything he had to enter upon an untried and difficult work. Do you hint that it was easy work? Try it, go and learn to read and preach in Hebrew to the Jews, and see if you find it easy. But this instance is only one out of a host. We could repeat this kind of testimony again and again. Every one has heard of Mr. Hudson Taylor and his great work in the China Inland Mission.

Here is a published account—you will find it in the Rev. Andrew Murray's "Key to the Missionary Problem," p. 97—how in that mission they were in want of both workers and funds; and when they did not know which way to look, they earnestly betook themselves to prayer, asking for a hundred workers and £10,000 in one year. Before the year was out there came to them £11,000, and five hundred offers of workers. But one cannot here go into such personal

detail. There are very many such experiences, too solemnly, too tenderly true, to be exhibited in public.

### *The Great Aim of Prayer.*

Yet I must remind you, that most real answers to prayer are not necessarily those connected with the body, or with the purse, or with the business. The great aim of prayer—although the body is never forgotten—is to bring men made in the image of God nearer in character to Him who made them. And in that highest realm I venture to say that, whatever may be the case amongst merely professional Christians, or amongst easy-going "oncercs," as Mr. Gladstone called them, there is not a single devoted church in this land without definite proof of answered prayer. I question whether there is a single earnest Christian worker, who does not prove, every year he lives, with a proof that leaves him no more in doubt than of his own existence, that God is working with him, and is answering the petitions which are reverently addressed to Him.

Some one may say, however, "Yes, but what about the prayers that are not answered?" To enter upon that now is impossible. But there are times when it may be tenderly, thoughtfully, frankly, faced, and answered.

Reverting finally to the main theme before us, I reply in answer to the question—"Why Pray?"—because in the fullest, most rational as well as most human sense, it is the only natural, and scientific, and worthy, and effective thing to do, if we are to live the Christ-life on earth; and that is the life that I take to be the noblest that any man can live.

Yet let not any, even those who are striving to be Christians indeed,

\* See also the well-known history of the George Müller Orphanage, at Bristol, England.

go away with the impression that prayer is a mere duty. To say that prayer is a duty is very far from the truth. It was surely not a duty for us to breathe as we came here to-day. For all who have healthy lungs, and a body that has never been poisoned with either alcoholics or narcotics, every breath is a luxury. The man who eats only from a sense of duty, should at once consult some doctor. In health we breathe, we eat, both because we live thereby, and because we find enjoyment in so doing. That is the way to pray. Not as a duty, but as an absolute necessity, and an unspeakable comfort.

Yonder fish in the ocean could live without bringing the purifying oxygen in the water over his gills as he swims, far more easily than a man or a woman can live the Christ-life on earth without prayer. Indeed we cannot possibly do so. We pray, therefore, because we must, and should, because we may. Prayer is the very breath of our higher life. It has, moreover, to be remembered and never forgotten, that even in these great and I fear to a large extent prayerless cities of ours, the prayerless man or women is prayerless in the everlasting presence of a waiting, yearning God.

Out on yonder bracing hillside I do not pray for an atmosphere that shall invigorate me. The atmosphere is there waiting for me to inhale. Even so are the grace and peace of God ever waiting for each of us to open our hearts to their incoming. So, if there be any man who is blind to the light of God in prayer, it is not because the light is absent, but because the poor man

does not know better than to keep his eyes closed—and yet withal expect to see!

... "More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let  
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
prayer

Both for themselves and these who call  
them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—Tennyson.

The blessedness and privilege of prayer were never better expressed than in the following lines by the Moravian poet, James Montgomery:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, in deed, and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear  
The little pricking thorn;  
The hasty word that seems unfair;  
The twang of truths well worn;  
The jest which makes our weakness vain,  
The darling plan o'erturned;

The careless touch upon our pain;  
The slight we have not earned;  
The rasp of care, dear Lord, to-day;  
Lest all these fretting things  
Make needless grief; or, give, we pray,  
The heart that trusts and sings.

## A FRIENDLY MICROBE AND THE MARVELLOUS SERVICE HE RENDERS TO MAN.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK.



We live in a world of wonders, and the inquiring mind, even without the aid of a scientific training, will find endless subjects to interest it; but he who is able to peer through a microscope will open up an entirely new world which is even more wonderful than that seen with the naked eye.

To the layman, "microbe" has an ugly sound, and at once suggests disease and death; but the microbe I am going to write about does everything in his small way to drive off disease and prolong the span of human existence. This microbe is a very little chap indeed; some idea of his size may be gathered when it is stated that a square inch of space is ample to accommodate four hundred millions. Therefore a postage stamp would afford room for a family of our friendly microbe exceeding in number the population of the whole of China. That, no doubt, seems a startling statement; but the wonder increases by the fact that each one of the vast multitude on the postage stamp is endowed with a perfect organism, and lives, works, quarrels, and dies exactly the same as the creatures of a higher sphere.

Nor is this all; in order to increase and multiply his species, he can divide himself, on an average, every half-hour, and it has been computed that one microbe can, in the course of a day and a night, become the founder of a family numbering sixteen millions, or thereabouts. Those who are ma-

thematically inclined can work the sum out on this basis, and they will find that in the course of three or four days the figures run into billions, and the weight of the family would have to be estimated by tons.

Now it needs no great stretch of imagination to realize that, unless there were some check to the rapidity of increase on the part of friendly microbes, and those that are not friendly, human life would become impossible.

It is pleasant to state that in the microbic world man has very many friends. Bacteriologists tell us that there are thousands of species; but so far only about forty are known to be foes to human life. Were it otherwise man would cease to exist. True, death is the common end of every living thing, but the span of life may be greatly increased by baffling and overcoming disease. We have discovered that health and long life are incompatible with unsanitary conditions, and sanitation has become a watchword. Wherever there are aggregations of human beings, the dangers to life are increased manifold, and it is here that our friendly microbe has been pressed into our service, and allotted a task which he performs in the most perfect manner, as I will now proceed to explain.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that one of the most difficult problems our city fathers have to face is the disposal of the waste matter of towns. The pollution of rivers, the contamination of the air, and the destruction of all organic substances calculated to prove breeding grounds for deadly germs, are

questions that have long agitated the minds of our legislators, and taxed science itself. Utopian schemes have been devised by well-meaning people for the conversion of garbage into garden or orchard produce; but they have ended in disappointment. "Sewage farms" were to work wonders, and give us crops such as the world had never known before; but they have only succeeded in poisoning the land until this land has sickened, and, so to speak, died. Chemistry has tried its hand on the waste products, and has had a partial success, for it has purified the sewage, but has been unable to get rid of the *solid* residue, which is known to engineers as "sludge." A town like Manchester, for instance, has over 500 tons of sludge a day; and London, with its 200,000,000 gallons of sewage per day, yields such a tremendous amount of sludge that a large fleet of barges has been necessary to remove it to the Nore, and there dump it into the sea, until it has become a source of danger to shipping owing to its forming banks in the channels of navigation.

A German who had long puzzled over the problem of how to get rid of sludge, suddenly exclaimed "Eureka," until his family thought he had gone mad. However, he adjusted his spectacles, donned his best clothes, and hurried over to perfidious Albion with a scheme that was to turn London into a paradise. It was nothing more nor less than the conversion of the sludge into coal. For a moment or two things looked bad for the bloated colliery proprietor and the grimy, hard-working pitman. There was to be a mighty slump in collieries. But the worthy Teuton's scheme didn't pan out, and he went back to the Fatherland a sadder and wiser man.

Then up rose another daring spirit and said, "Let us set the merry little microbe to work, he'll

do the trick." The daring spirit was howled at and ridiculed; but he knew what he was talking about, and he wasn't going to be put down. He and his colleagues shut themselves in their laboratories, and had long and earnest interviews with the microbe family. They set them on the task, and watched them night and day, with the result that to-day these microbes are labouring by billions in various parts of the country, and silently but surely miraculously transforming town refuse into pure water, clear as crystal; and into gas that can be used for street lighting or engine driving.

The way this microbe business came about was owing to an important discovery of M. Louis Pasteur, the French biologist, who found that there was life without air. He demonstrated conclusively that certain microbia which were capable of setting up fermentation and destroying complex organic structures, could not draw their necessary oxygen from the atmosphere, but procured it from a substance containing that element. Whatever the substance was, whether animal or vegetable, the structure collapsed when the microbe had taken the oxygen away, and the atoms of which it was composed arranged themselves into "new groupings," to use a scientific term, thereby forming harmless, inoffensive, and even useful substances. The difference between a repellent product of digestion or disease, and an article that may be a necessary food substance, is one of structure only. That is to say, the atoms in each are arranged differently. The same elements that produce a delicious fruit may be rearranged so as to give us a deadly poison. For instance, a loaf of bread has for its principal constituent elements, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen; but these three elements may be so grouped as to form prussic acid,

one of the most deadly of poisons. There are only about seventy known elementary substances in the world; and the greater portion of this planet—including animals and vegetables—is made up of about a dozen elements. Matter, of course, cannot be destroyed. It can only be changed. A liquid can become a solid, a solid a liquid. Or a solid and a liquid can be converted into a gas. Now, were it not for our merry friend the microbe the earth would soon become covered with the dead bodies of plants and animals, and our planet would not support life as we understand it. The tiny little fellows who render us such important service are known as *Anaerobic Bacteria* (anaerobic means life without air). There are several species of them, and to breed them a receptacle that is air and light tight is necessary. A knowledge of this remarkable fact led to the construction of what is now known as the *septic tank*, as a workshop for the microbes, by Mr. Donald Cameron, the city engineer of Exeter.

The septic tank is a pit, lined with brick on concrete; it varies in length and breadth, according to the size of the town. The tank is completely covered with a concrete arch, over which is a mound of earth where grass or flowers may be grown. As soon as the workshop is ready, the anaerobic microbe, which is found in sewage, is introduced to his new quarters. As the tank is arranged to secure all the conditions the most fastidious microbe could possibly desire, he immediately increases his species by myriads of billions. Necessarily, like all living things—whether animals or plants—the microbe must have oxygen, so in goes the crude sewage of the town or village, and then the colony of labourers commence operations, and quickly carry out their allotted task. The com-

plex organic structures of the waste matter are attacked by the anaerobic navvies and broken down, and as soon as the atoms, of which these structures are composed, are set free, they rearrange themselves in new groupings, and become harmless and useful products.

Following out the strange processes that take place in the septic tank, we find that the solids are speedily reduced to liquids and gases. The liquid in the tank after the labouring microbes have completed their work, has the appearance of soapy water, almost odourless, and with the gas it represents all that remains of the sewage.

Now comes a second phase of the transformation. The complete purification of the effluent is taken in hand by another gang of friendly microbes, and the so-called filters are receptacles prepared for their breeding. These little scavengers require both light and air. They take their oxygen from the atmosphere, and if the open filters are properly aerated, and perfectly constructed, the *Aerobic Bacteria* perform the second half of the purification so successfully that in about twenty-four hours after the crude sewage enters the septic tank, the filtered effluent, like a crystal stream, flows from the filters into the river to *purify* it, or on to the land to irrigate it, and increase its fertility.

Can any fairy tale surpass in wonder this story of the work of some of Nature's scavengers? It is hard to realize that the crude sewage of a town, however large, can be disposed of rapidly and effectually by minute organisms that are only visible to the eye by means of the most powerful of microscopes, when they appear like tiny morsels of very thin string. In setting our friends to work, we ensure a healthier land, a happier people, and a longer span of human life.—*Sunday Strand*.



## A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

—Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER XXII.



THE summer slid, Bayard knew not how. They separated as so many confused lovers do in the complicated situations of our later life. He loved her too much to make her miserable; and he knew, with that dreary, practical perception of the truth sometimes granted to men of the seer's temperament, that he could not make her happy.

He wrote her: "The hour may come, and the way might clear. More incredible things have happened to men and women loving less than we. If I can, I claim you when I can. Oh, wait for me, and trust me! Life is so short; it is not easy. Sometimes madness enters into me, to fling all these cold, these cruel considerations, these things we call honour, unselfishness, chivalry to the gales. . . . Then I come to myself. I will not wrong you. Help me to bear to live without you till I see your face again."

Helen wrote him noble letters; brave, womanly, and as trustful as the swing of the earth in its orbit. It is not too much to say that few women in her place would have shown the strong, composure of this ardent girl. The relation between acknowledged lovers unbetrothed is one whose difficulty only an inspired delicacy can control. Helen's clear eyes held no shadows. Few women reared as she had been would have trusted the man as she did; we may add that fewer men would have deserved it.

Emanuel Bayard did. Her heart knew him for one of the sons of light, who will not, because he cannot, cause the woman whom he loves an hour's regret that she has believed in him utterly and told him so.

"My own perception might fail me," she wrote. "You could not. It is not my own sense of what is best to do that I am trusting in this: it is you."

When he read these words, he put

the paper to his lips, and laid his face upon it, and covered it from the sight even of his own eyes.

The date of Professor Carruth's return was set for early October. In September Bayard received from Helen the news that her mother had met with an accident—a fall; an arm was broken, and, at the age of the patient, the surgeon forbade the voyage. The Professor would get back to his lecture-room, as he must. The two ladies were indefinitely delayed in Berlin.

The winter proved a bleak one, and went with Bayard as was to be expected. The devotee had yet to learn how a woman's absence may work upon a lover; but of this, since he had no right to do so, he did not complain. Headlong, fathoms down into his work he leaped, and with the diver's calm he did the diver's duty. The new chapel progressed after the manner of its kind. Bayard had peremptorily insisted upon the severest economy of plan, demanding a building which should be a "shelter for worship," he said, and nothing more. Not a dollar went into architecture. Not a shingle went into debt. No mortgage desecrated the pulpit of Christlove Church. He built what he could pay for, and nothing more. The dedication of the building was expected to take place in the spring.

Meanwhile, his audiences grew upon his hands; and Windover First Church looked darkly at Windover town hall. Orthodoxy, decorum, property, position, gazed at gaping pews, and regretted that "these temperance movements estranged themselves from the churches."

Obscurity, poverty, religious doubt, sin and shame and repentance jammed the aisles to hear "the Christman" interpret decency and dignity and the beauty of holiness. Week after week strange, unkempt, unlettered seamen poured in; they stood sluggishly, like forming lava, to listen to him. Bayard's soul seemed that winter alight with a sacred conflagration. He prayed and wrought for Windover as a tongue of flame goes up to the sky—because it was the law of life and fire. It is

pathetic to think, now, how it would have comforted the man if he had known how much they loved him—these undemonstrative people of the sea, for whom he gave himself. The half of it was never told him. Censure, and scorn, and scandal, and the fighting of foes in the dark, he knew. The real capacity for affection and loyalty which existed in the rough, warm heart of Windover he sometimes thought he understood. He did not see—as we see now—that he had won this allegiance.

This was the more obscure to him because the tension between himself and the liquor interests of Windover was growing quietly into a serious thing, and heavily occupied his attention. And here we know that he was seldom deceived or blinded.

Of this chapter of the winter's story, he wrote little or nothing to Helen. She heard how the chapel grew, how the library gathered, about the hope of a gymnasium, the vision of a bowling-alley, the schedule for lectures; all his dreams and schemes to give homeless and tempted men shelter and happiness under the rising roof of Christlove;—all the little pleasures and hopes of the missionary life she shared, as Helen had it in her to share the serious energy of a man's life.

Upon the subject of the dangers he was silent. The extent to which these existed she could not measure. How should the summer girl understand the winter Windover? She thought of Bayard's real situation with little more vividness than if he had been a missionary in Darkest Africa. Pleasant sketches of Job Slip and Joey, little reminiscences of Captain Hap, and Lena, pretty, womanly plans for replacing the burned furniture and decorations fitted across the leisurely Continental tour by which she escorted her mother homewards. Mrs. Carruth was now quite recovered, but had developed the theory that the dangers of a midwinter voyage were lessened by every week's delay. As a result, the two ladies engaged passage in February, at the height of the gales.

It was a bitter winter. Two hundred Windover fishermen were drowned; and poverty of the dreariest kind sat sullenly in the tragic town. Bayard worked till he staggered for the women and children whom the sea bereft. Afterwards a cry went up out of scores of desolated homes which

told what the man had been and done in Windover, when the gales went down.

One night, a short time before Helen was to sail, there happened to Bayard one of those little mysteries which approach us so much oftener than we recognize them that we have never properly classified them; and may be long yet in doing so.

He had been in his own rooms since noon; for there was a heavy snow-storm on, and he was conscious of obvious physical inability to brave the weather unless the call of duty should be louder than a certain oppression on his lungs, which he had been forced of late to recognize more often than usual. It was a grey day at Mrs. Granite's. Jane was sad, and coughed. Her mother had cried a good deal of late, and said that "Jane was goin' off like her Aunt Annie before her."

Ben Trawl came sullenly and seldom, now, to see the reluctant girl.

Mrs. Granite thought if Jane could go to her Aunt Annie's second cousin Jennie in South Carolina, for a spell, she would be cured; but Mrs. Granite said climate was only meant for rich folks; she said you lived and died here in Windover, if your lungs was anyways delicate, like frozen herring packed into a box. She was almost epigrammatic—for Mrs. Granite.

Bayard had been sitting in his study-chair, writing steadily, while his mind, with his too sensitive sympathy, followed the fortunes of these poor women who made him all the home he knew. It was towards six o'clock, and darkening fast. The noise on the beach opposite the cottage was heavy; and the breakers off Ragged Rock boomed mightily.

Snow was falling so thickly that he could not see the water. The fog-bell was tolling, and yells of agony came from the whistling-buoy. It was one of the days when a man delicately reared winces with a soreness impossible to be understood unless experienced, from life in a place and in a position like his; when the question is, Is what I achieve worth its cost? burns in upon the bravest soul, and gets no answer for its scorching.

Bayard laid down his pen and paper, and looked patiently out of the window; putting his empty hand in his pocket as he did so.

His eyes gazed into the curtain of the whirling snow. He wondered how far out to sea it extended; how many

miles of it dashed between himself and Helen. It was one of the hours when she seemed to fill the world.

The snowflakes took on fantastic shapes—so! That was the way she held out her white hands. The soft trailing of her gown sounded in the room. If he turned his head, should he see her standing, a vision in purple and gold, smiling, warm, and sweet? It would be such a disappointment not to find her! Rather believe that he should, if he would, and so not stir.

Suddenly his hand in his own pocket struck an object whose character he did not at the moment recall. He drew it out and looked at it. It was the key of his old home in Beacon Street.

For three years, perhaps, he had not thought of his uncle's words: "Keep your latch-key. You will want to use it, some day."

Bayard regarded the latch-key steadily. The senseless thing burned his palm as if it were trying to articulate.

He never sought to explain it to himself, and I see no reason why we should explain for him, the subtle meaning which went from the metal to the man.

The key said, "Go!"

And Bayard went. He made such efforts as all cool-headed people make, to buffet the inexplicable, and to resist an unreasonable impression. But, after an hour's protest with himself, he yielded to the invisible summons.

"It is a long while since I have seen my uncle," he reasoned. "This may be as good a time as any other to look him up."

He dressed for the storm, and took the nine o'clock train to Boston.

It was blowing a blizzard when he arrived in town; and eleven o'clock. He took a carriage and drove to his uncle's house. The lights were out on the front of the house, and the servants asleep. Bayard stood a moment irresolute. The folly of his undertaking presented itself to him with emphasis, now he was there. He could not tell when he had yielded to any of that class of highly wrought emotions which we call presentiments, or "leadings." Impatient with himself, and suddenly vividly aware that Mr. Hermon Worcester was a man who particularly objected to being disturbed in his sleep, Bayard was about to call the cab back to take him away, when he perceived that the driver had started off, and was labouring heavily up Beacon Street, with the snow to the hubs of the wheels. Resisting no

longer, Bayard softly put his key in the lock.

It creaked a little, for it had grown rusty in the Windover salts, but the boy's key turned in the man's hand, and admitted him loyally into his old home.

The hall was dark, and the house still. He brushed off the snow in silence, and stood wondering what to do next. He felt mortified at his own lack of good sense.

Why was he here? And what reason could he give for this stupendous foolishness? He dripped on the Persian rugs awhile, and, finding neither enlightenment nor consolation in this moist occupation, proceeded to take off his overcoat and hang it on his own nail on the mahogany hat-tree under the stairs. When had such a shabby overcoat put that venerable piece of furniture to the blush? Bayard hung up his wet hat, too, in the old place, took off his shoes, and crept upstairs in his stockings, as he had done—how many hundred nights, coming home from Cambridge, late, in college days?

His uncle's door was closed, but to his surprise, he found the door of his own room open. He crept in. It seemed warm and pleasant—how incredibly pleasant and natural! The register seemed to be open. Oh, the luxury of a furnace! The wet and tired man crawled up, feeling his way in the familiar dark, and got down by the register. He remembered where the safety matches used to be, that struck, and made no sound. Gropping, he found them, in their paper match-box, set within the old bronze one. He struck one, softly, and looked about. In the little flare he saw that the room was just as it had always been. Nothing was changed or disturbed, except that his books had gone to Mrs. Granite's. His bed lay turned back, open for the night, as it always was; the big, soft pillow, the luxurious mattresses, the light warmth of the snowy blankets, invited him. His mother's picture hung over the head of his bed.

Bayard was about to yield to his weariness, and crawl into his own bed, thinking to see his uncle in the morning, as a sane man should, when his attention was attracted by a slight sound in Mr. Worcester's room, and something about it struck the young man unpleasantly.

Without noise he opened the door of the bathroom intervening between his own and his uncle's apartments. Then he perceived a crack of light at

the threshold of Mr. Worcester's closed door.

As he stood uncertain, and troubled, the sound which he had heard was repeated. It seemed to resemble the effort of difficult breathing, and was accompanied by a slight groan.

Then a thick voice called,—  
"Partridge?"

"Partridge always did sleep like the dead," thought Bayard. "I hope he doesn't neglect my uncle, now he is growing old."

"Nancy?" summoned the voice again.

Nancy always woke easily and good-naturedly. But Nancy heard nothing now. Bayard, afraid to shock the old man by so astounding an appearance, was moving quickly and quietly to find the servants, when something caused him to change his purpose. Apparently, Mr. Worcester had tried to reach the bell—it was one of the old-fashioned kind, with a long, embroidered bell-handle—he had partly crossed the room, when Bayard intercepted the fall, and caught him.

The gas was lighted, and recognition was instant. Without shock, it seemed without surprise, Hermon Worcester lay back in the young man's arms, and smiled pleasantly into his face.

"I thought you would use the latch-key—some night," he said, with difficulty. "You've chosen the right one, Manuel. The servants did not hear—and—I'm afraid I'm not—quite—well, my boy."

After this, he said nothing; but lingered for three days, without evident suffering, and with evident content, making signs that Manuel should not leave him; which he did not, to the end.

Hermon Worcester passed on serenely, in the Faith, and the last prayer that he heard on earth came from the lips of the affectionate nephew in whose arms he died.

Bayard had been so long out of the world and the ways of it, that it did not occur to him, till he received the summons of the family lawyer, that he would be required to be present at the reading of his uncle's will.

"As nearest of kin, my dear sir," suggested the attorney, "the occasion will immediately concern you, doubtless."

Bayard bowed in silence. He did not think it necessary to explain to the attorney that he had been, for a long time, aware of the fact of his disinheritance.

"Possibly uncle may have left me his library," he thought, "or the furniture of my old room."

He had, indeed, received the library. The rest of Hermon Worcester's fortune, barring the usual souvenirs to relatives, had been divided between Mr. Worcester's favourite home missionary associations and Cesarea Seminary, of which he had been, for thirty years, trustee.

The house on Beacon Street, with its contents, went unreservedly, "and affectionately," the testator had expressed it, to his nephew, Emanuel Bayard.

"I think," observed the lawyer, at the first decent opportunity, "that Mr. Worcester intended or hoped that you might make your plans of life in accordance with such circumstances as would enable you to keep, and to keep up, the homestead."

"But, of course," added the attorney, shrewdly reading Bayard's silent face, "that might be—as you say—impossible."

"I said nothing," replied Bayard, in a low voice.

"The place is yours, without conditions," pursued the lawyer, with polite indifference. "It can be sold, or converted into income—rented, if you please, if ever unfortunately necessary. It would seem a pity. It would bring so little. But still, it could, of course, be done."

"What do you call a little?" asked Bayard.

"Oh, enough for a small fresh-water Professor or retail grocer to get along on, if he knew how," replied the Back Bay lawyer, carelessly.

He mentioned the figures.

The house was old, and in need of repair; the furniture out of date, and worn. The probable values were not large, as the attorney said. To the pastor from Angel Alley their possession seemed to represent the shock of nature involved in a miracle.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Helen was to sail for Boston the following Saturday. It lacked three days of that date. It being out of the question to reach her, now, by letter, Bayard cabled to her:

"Will meet you arrival steamer. Future clear before me. I await you.  
"E. B."

To this impulsive message he found

himself expecting a reply. The wan missionary had burst into a boyish and eager lover. Oh, that conscientious, cruel past! He dashed it from him. He plunged into the freedom of his heart. In honour—in his delicate honour—he could win her, now.

Helen did not answer the cable message. A hundred hindrances might have prevented her; yet he had believed she would. He thought of her ardent, womanly candour, her beautiful courage, her noble trust. It did not occur to him that a woman has two natures, this for the unfortunate and that for the fortunate lover. One he had tasted; the other he had yet to know.

He vibrated restlessly to and fro between Windover and Boston, where his presence was urgently required in the settlement of his uncle's affairs. A snowstorm set in, and increased to a gale. Ten days passed, somehow. The steamer was due in twenty-four hours. She did not arrive.

Bayard had lived in Windover long enough to acquire the intelligent fear of the sea which characterizes the coast; and when the next day went, and another, and the boat was admitted at headquarters to be three days overdue, he suffered the unspeakable. It had been nothing less than a terrible midwinter gale. Wrecks lined the coast; glasses scoured it; watchers thronged it; friends besieged the offices of the steamship company. The great line which boasted it had never lost a life held its staunchest steamer three days—four days overdue.

It was like him that he did not overlook his duty in his trouble, but stood to his post, and remembered the little service appointed for that most miserable evening when he was expected to be with his people. Those who were present that night say that the scene was one impossible to forget. Looking more like death than life, the preacher prayed before them "to the God of the sea."

Now, for the first time, he felt that he knew what Windover could suffer. Now the torment of women all their lives watching for returning sails entered into his soul; those aged men looking for the sons who never came back; the blurred eyes peering off Windover Point to see the half-mast flag on the schooner as she tacked up the bay; the white lips that did not ask, when the boat came to anchor, "Which is it?" because they dared not—all this, now, he understood.

His personal anguish melted into the

great sum of misery in the seaport town.

"If she comes back to me," he thought, "how I shall work for them, my poor people!"

Now, for the first time, this devout, unselfish man understood that something else than consecration is needed to do the best and greatest thing by the human want or woe that leans upon us. Now that he took hold on human experience, he saw that he had everything to learn from it. The knowledge of a great love, the lesson of the common tie that binds the race together—these taught him, and he was their docile scholar.

Five days overdue! . . . Six days. Bayard had gone back to Boston, to haunt the offices and the docks. Old friends met him among the white-lipped watchers, and a classmate said: "Thank God, Bayard, you haven't wife and child aboard her."

He added:

"Man alive! You look like the five days dead!"

Suddenly, the stir ran along the crowd, and a whisper said:

"They've sighted her! . . . She's in!"

Then came the hurrah. Shouts of joy re-echoed about him. But Bayard's head fell upon his breast in silence. At that moment he was touched upon the arm by a beautiful Charter Oak cane, and, looking up, he saw the haggard face of the Professor of Theology.

"I was belated," thickly articulated the Professor with dry lips. "I came straight from the lecture-room." The two men leaped into the tug together, and ploughed out to the steamer.

Helen was forward, leaning on the rail. Her thick steamer-dress blew like muslin in the heavy wind. Her eyes met Bayard's first—yes, first. Her father came in second, but his were too dim to know it.

"Mother is in the cabin, dear papa!" cried Helen; "we have to keep her warm and still, you know."

His daughter's precious kiss invited him, but the old man put Helen gently aside, and asked after his old wife.

For that moment Helen and Bayard stood together. Before all the world he would have taken her in his arms, but she retreated a little step.

"Did you get my message?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Did you answer it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought it would do just as well when I got here."

"And you might have been—you might never have got here at all!" cried Bayard, fiercely.

"Have you been anxious?" asked Helen, demurely.

He did not think it was in her to coquette with a man in a moment like that, and he made her no reply. Then Helen looked full in his face, and saw the havoc on it.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she whispered; "you poor, poor boy!"

This was in the afternoon; and he was compelled to see her carried off to Cesarea on her father's arm, without him. There was no help for it; and he waited till the next day, unreconciled and nervous in the extreme. He had been so overworn and overwrought that his mind took on feverish fancies.

"Something may happen by to-morrow," he thought, "and I shall have never—once"—

He rebuked even his own thought, even then, for daring to dream of the touch of her lips. But the dream rode over his delicacy, and rushed on.

At an early hour the next day he went to Cesarea, and sought her in her father's house. It was a cold, dry, bright day. Cesarea shivered under her ermine. The Professor's house was warm with the luxurious, even warmth of the latest modern heater, envied by the rest of the Faculty, in the old-fashioned, draughty houses of the Professors' Row. Flowers in the little window conservatory of the drawing-room breathed the soft air easily, and were of rich growth and color. Helen was watering the flowers. She coloured when she saw him, and put down the silver pitcher which she had abstracted from the breakfast-room for the purpose of encouraging her lemon verbena, that had, plainly, missed her while she was abroad. She wore a purple morning-gown with plush upon it. She had a royal look.

"How early you have come!" she said.

He paid no attention to her tone, but deliberately shut the door, and advanced towards her.

"I have come," he said, "to stay; that is—if you will let me, Helen."

"Apparently," answered Helen, taking up the pitcher, "I am not allowed a choice in the matter."

But he saw that the silver pitcher shook in her hand.

"No," he said firmly, "I do not mean to give you any choice. I mean to take you. I do not mean to wait one hour more."

He held out his arms, but suspended them, not touching her. The very air which he imprisoned around her seemed to clasp her. She trembled in that intangible embrace.

"It will be a poor man's home, Helen—but you will not suffer. I can give you common comforts. I cabled to you the very hour that I knew. . . . Oh, I have trusted your trust!" he said.

"And you may trust it," whispered Helen, suddenly lifting her eyes.

His, it seemed to her, were far above her—how blinding beautiful joy made them!

Then his starved arms closed about her, and his lips found hers.

The Professor of Theology sat in his study. The winter sun struck his loaded shelves; the backs of his books inspected him tenderly. At the western window, on the lady's desk which was reserved for Mrs. Carruth, her sewing-basket stood. The Professor glanced at it contentedly. He had never been separated from his wife so long before, and they had been married thirty-five years. She had unpacked that basket and taken it into the study that morning, with a girlish eagerness to sit down and darn a stocking while the Professor wrote. He was alone when Emanuel Bayard sturdily knocked at the study door.

The Professor welcomed the young man with some surprise, but no uncertain warmth. He expressed himself as grateful for the prompt attention of his former pupil, on the joyful occasion of this family reunion.

"And it was kind of you, Bayard, too—meeting the ladies on that tug. I was most agreeably surprised. I was wishing yesterday—in fact, it occurred to me what a comfort some young fellow would have been whom I could have sent down, all those anxious days. But we never had a son. Pray sit down, Mr. Bayard."

"Professor," said Bayard stoutly, "will you pardon me if I interrupt you for a minute? I have come on a most important matter. I am sorry to seem uncivil, but the fact is I—I cannot wait another moment, sir."

... Sir, I have the honour to tell you that your daughter has consented to become my wife."

At this truly American declaration, the Professor of Theology laid down his copy of Olshausen, and stared at the home missionary.

"My daughter!" he gasped, "your wife!—I beg your pardon," he added, when he saw the expression of Bayard's face. "But you have taken me altogether by surprise. I may say that such a possibility has never—no, never once so much as occurred to me."

"I have loved her," said Bayard tenaciously, "for three years. I have never been able to ask her to marry me till now. I think perhaps my uncle meant to make it possible for me to do so, but I do not know. I am still a poor man, sir, but I can keep her from suffering. She does me the undeserved honour to love me, and she asked me to tell you so."

The Professor had arisen and was pacing the study hotly. His face was rigid. He waved his thin, long fingers impatiently at Bayard's words.

"Scholars do not dwell upon paltry, pecuniary facts!" cried the Professor with superbly unconscious hauteur. "There would have lacked nothing to my daughter's comfort, sir, in any event—if the right man had wooed her. I was not the father to refuse him mere pecuniary aid to Helen's happiness."

"And I was not the lover to ask for it," observed Bayard proudly.

"Hum—m—m," said the Professor. He stopped his walk across the study floor, and looked at Bayard with troubled respect.

"I will not take her from you at once," urged Bayard gently; "we will wait till fall—if I can. She has said that she will become my wife, then."

His voice sank. He spoke the last words with a delicate reverence which would have touched a ruder father than the Professor of Theology.

"Bayard," he said brokenly, "you always were my favourite student. I couldn't help it. I always felt a certain tenderness for you. I respect your intellectual traits, and your spiritual quality. Poverty, sir? What is *poverty*? But, Bayard, *you are not sound!*"

Against this awful accusation Bayard had no reply; and the old Professor turned about ponderously, like a man whose body refused to obey

the orders of his shocked and stricken mind.

"How can I see my daughter, *my* daughter, the wife of a man whom the Ancient Faith has cast out?" he pleaded piteously.

He lifted his shrunken hands, as if he reasoned before an invisible tribunal. His attitude and expression were so solemn that Bayard felt it impossible to interrupt the movement by any mere lover's plea. Perhaps, for the first time, he understood then what it meant to the old man to defend the beliefs that had ruled the world of his youth and vigour; he perceived that they, too, suffered who seemed to be the inflictors of suffering; that they, too, had their Calvary. Bayard felt that his own experience at that moment was an intrusion upon the sanctuary of a sacred struggle. He bowed his head before his Professor, and left the study in silence.

But Helen, who had small reverence for the theologic drama characteristic of those who have been reared upon its stage, put her beautiful arms around his neck and, laughing, whispered:

"Leave the whole system of Old School Orthodoxy to me! I can manage!"

"You may manage him," smiled Bayard, "but can you manage *it*?"

"Wait a day, and see!" said Helen.

He would have waited a thousand for the kiss with which she lifted up the words.

The next day she wrote him, at Windover, where he was dutifully trying to preach as if nothing had happened:

"Papa says I have never been quite sound myself, and that he supposes I will do as I please, as I always have."

There followed a little love-letter, so deliciously womanly and tender, that Bayard did not for hours open the remainder of his mail. When he did so, he read what the Professor of Theology had written, after a night of prayer and vigil such as only aged parents know.

"My Dear Bayard," the letter said,—*"Take her if you must, and God be with you both! I can battle for the Truth with men and with demons. I cannot fight with the appeal of a woman's love. I would give my life to make Helen happy, and to keep her so. Do you as much!*

"Yours sincerely,

"Haggai Carruth."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Early June came to Windover joyously that year. May had been a gentle month, warmer than its wont, and the season was in advance of its schedule.

Mrs. Carruth, found paling a little, and thought to be less strong since her accident abroad, had been ordered to the seaside some three or four weeks before the usual fitting of the family. Helen accompanied her; the Professor ran down as often as he might, till Anniversary Week should set him free to move his ponderously increasing manuscript on the "Errors in the Revised Version," from Cesarea to the clam study. The long lace curtains blew in and out of the windows of the "Flying Jib"; and Helen, in pretty summer gowns of corn colour, or violet, or white, listened on the piazza for the foot-ring of her lover. She was lovely that spring, with the loveliness of youth and joy. Bayard watched her through a mist of that wonder and that worship which mark the highest altitudes of energy in a man's life. It was said that he had never wrought for Windover, in all his lonely time of service there, as he did in those few glorified weeks.

It is pleasant to think that the man had this draught of human rapture; that he tasted the brim of such joy as only the high soul in the ardent nature knows.

Helen offered him her tenderness with a sweet reserve, alternating between compassion for what he had suffered, and moods of pretty, coquettish economy of his present privilege, that taunted and enraptured him by turns. He floated on clouds; he trod on the summer air.

Their marriage was appointed for September; it was Helen's wish to wait till then; and he submitted with such gentleness as it wrung her heart, afterward, to remember.

"We will have one perfectly happy summer," she pleaded. "People can be lovers but once."

"And newly wed but once," he answered gravely.

"Dear," said Helen, with troubled eyes, "it shall be as you say. *You* shall decide."

"God will decide it," replied the lover unexpectedly.

His eyes had a look which Helen could not follow. She felt shut out from it; and both were silent.

Her little dreams and plans occupied hours of their time together.

She was full of schemes for household comfort and economy, for serving his people, for blessing Windover. She talked of what could be done for Job Slip and Mari, Joey, Lena, Captain Hap and Johnny's mother, Mrs. Granite and poor Jane. Her mind dwelt much upon all these children of the sea who had grown into his heart. "Jane," she said, "should have her winter in the south." She spoke of Jane with a reticent but special gentleness. They would rent the cottage; they would furnish the old dreary rooms.

Helen did not come to her poor poor man quite empty-handed. The Professor had too much of the pride of total depravity left in him for that.

"I shall be able to buy my own gowns, sir, if you please!" she announced prettily. "And I am going to send Mrs. Granite—with Jane—to her aunt Annie's cousin Jenny's (was that it?) in South Carolina, next winter, to get over that Windover cough. We've got to go ourselves, if you don't stop coughing. No? We'll see!"

"I shall stop coughing," cried Bayard, joyously.

She did not contradict him, for she believed in Love the Healer, as the young and the beloved do. So she went dreaming on.

"I came across a piece of gold tissue in Florence; it will make such a pretty portiere in place of that old mosquito-net! And we'll make those dismal old rooms over into"—

And Bayard, who had thought never to know Paradise on earth, but only to toll for Heaven, closed her sentence by one ecstatic word.

The completion of the chapel, still delayed after the fashion of contractors, was approaching the belated dedication day of which all Windover talked, and for which a growing portion of Windover interested itself. Bayard was over-busy for a newly betrothed man. His hours with Helen were shortened; his brief snatches of delight marked spaces between days of care. Erected upon the site of the burned building, the new chapel rose sturdily in the thick and black of Angel Alley. The old, illuminated, swinging sign remained,—*"for luck,"* the fishermen said. It was to be lighted on the day when the first service should be held in the new Christlove.

There came a long, light evening, still in the early half of June. Bay-



ard was holding some service or lecture in the town, and had late appointments with his treasurer, with Job Slip, and Captain Hap. He saw no prospect of freedom till too late an hour to call on Helen, and had gone down to tell her so; had bade her good-night, and left her. She had gone out rowing, in the delicious loneliness of a much loved and never neglected girl, and was turning the bow of the dory homewards. She drifted and rowed by turns, idle and happy, dreamy and sweet. It was growing dark, and the boats were setting shorewards. One, she noticed (a rough, green fishing-dory from the town), lay, rudely held by a twist of the painter, to the cliffs, at the left, below the float. The dory was empty. A sailor hat and an old tan-coloured reefer lay on the stern seat. Two girls sat on the rocks, sheltered in one of the deep clefts or chasms which cut the North Shore, talking earnestly together. One of them had her foot upon the painter. Neither of them noticed Helen; she glanced at them without curiosity, rowed in, tossed her painter to the keeper of the float, and went up to the house. Her father was in Windover that night; he and her mother were discussing the inconceivable prospect an anniversary without entertaining the trustees; they were quite absorbed in this stupendous event. Helen strolled out again, and off upon the cliff.

She had but just tossed her Florentine slumber-robe of yellow silk upon the rocks, and thrown herself upon it, when voices reached her ear. Eavesdropping is an impossible crime on Windover Point, where the cliffs are common trysting-ground; still, Helen experienced a slight discomfort, and was about to exchange her rock for some less public position, when she caught a word which struck the blood to her heart, and back again, like a smart, stinging blow.

The voices were the voices of two girls. The stronger and the bolder was speaking.

"So I come to tell you. Do as you please. If you don't let on, I shall."

"Lena!" groaned the other, "are you sure? Isn't there some mistake?"

"Not a chance of any," replied Lena, promptly. "Do you s'pose I'd thrust myself upon you this way, and tell for nothin'? I know how decent girls feel, bein' seen with the likes of me. That's why I set it after dark,

and never come nigh your house. Besides, he's there. I warn't a-goin' to make no talk, you better believe, Jane Granite. I've seen enough o' that."

"Mr. Bayard says you are a—good girl, now," faltered Jane, not knowing what to say. "I'm sure he wouldn't want me to be ashamed to be seen with you—now. And I—I'm much obliged to you, Lena. Oh, Lena! what ever in the world are we going to do?"

"Do?" said Lena, sharply; "why, head 'em off; that's all! It only needs a little horse sense, and—care enough. I'd be drowned in the mud in the inner harbour in a land wind—I'd light a bonfire in the powder factory, and stand by it, if that would do him any good. I guess you would, too."

Jane made no answer. She felt that this was a subject which could not be touched upon with Lena. It was too dark to see how Jane looked.

"Why," said the other, "you're shaking like a topsail in a breeze o' wind!"

"How do you mean? What is your plan? What do you mean to have me do?" asked Jane, whose wits seemed to have dissolved in terror.

"Get him out of Windover," coolly said Lena; "leastways for a spell. Mebbe it'll blow by. There ain't but one thing I know that'll do it. Anyhow, there ain't but one person."

"I can't think what you can mean!" feebly gasped Jane.

"She can," replied Lena tersely. Jane made a little inarticulate moan. Lena went on rapidly.

"You go tell her. That's what I come for. Nothin' else—nor nobody else—can do it. That's your part of this infernal business. Mine's done. I've give you the warnin'. Now you go ahead."

"Oh, are you sure?" repeated Jane, weakly; "isn't it possible you've got it wrong, somehow?"

"Is it possible the dust in the street don't hear the oaths of Windover!" exclaimed Lena scornfully. "Do you s'pose there ain't a black deea doin' or threatenin' in Angel Alley that I don't know? I tell you his life ain't worth a red herrin', no, nor a bucketful of bait, if them fellars has their way in this town! . . . It's the loss of the license done it. It's the last wave piled on. It's maddened 'em to anything. It's maddened 'em to murder. . . . If it come to that," muttered Lena, "wouldn't I be even with 'em!"

She grated her teeth, like an animal grinding a bone; took her foot from the painter, sprang into the fishing-dory, and rowed with quick, powerful strokes into the dark harbour.

Helen, without a moment's hesitation, descended the cliff and peremptorily said:

"Jane, I heard it. Tell me all. Tell me everything, this minute."

Jane who was sobbing bitterly, stopped like a child at a firm word; and with more composure than she had yet shown, she gave her version of Lena's startling story.

Lena was right, she said; the rum people were very angry with Mr. Bayard; he had got so many shops shut up; and other places; he had shut up so much in Angel Alley this year. And now old Trawl had lost his license. Folks said a man couldn't make a decent living there any longer.

"That's what Ben said," observed Jane, with a feeble sense of the poignancy of the phrase. "A man couldn't make an honest living there, now. But there's one thing," added Jane with hanging head. "Lena don't know it. I couldn't tell Lena. God have mercy on me, for it's me that helped it on!"

"I do not understand you, Jane," replied Helen coldly; "how could you injure Mr. Bayard, or have any connection with any plot to do him harm?"

"I sent Ben off last Sunday night," said Jane, humbly. "I sent him marching for good. I told him I never could marry him. I told him I couldn't stand it any longer. I told him what I heard on Ragged Rock—that night—last year."

"What did you hear on Ragged Rock?" asked Helen, still distant and doubtful.

"Didn't the minister ever tell you?" replied Jane. "Then I won't."

"Very well," said Helen, after an agitated silence, "I shall not urge you. But if Mr. Bayard's life is in real danger—I cannot believe it!" And she thought of the sheltered, happy woman. Such scenes, such possibilities, belonged to the stage, to fiction; not to New England life. The Professor's daughter had a healthy antagonism in her to the excessive, the too dramatic. Her mind grasped the facts of the situation so slowly that the Windover girl half pitied her.

"You don't see," said Jane. "You don't understand. You ain't brought up as we are."

"If Mr. Bayard is in danger—"

repeated Helen. "Jane!" she cried, sharply, thinking to test the girl's sincerity and judgment, "should you have come and told me what Lena said, if I had not overheard it?"

"Miss Carruth," answered Jane, with a dignity of her own, "don't you know there is not one of his people who would not do anything to save Mr. Bayard?"

Through the dark Jane turned her little, pinched face towards this fortunate woman, this other girl, blessed and chosen. Her dumb eyes grew bright, and flashed fire for that once; then they smouldered, and their spaniel look came on again.

"You ought to speak differently to me," she said. "You should feel sorry for me, because it's along of Ben. I tried to keep it up—all this while. I haven't dared to break with him. I thought if I broke, and we'd been keeping company so long, maybe he might do a harm to Mr. Bayard. Then it come to me that I couldn't, couldn't, *couldn't* bear it, not another time! And I told him so. And Ben, he swore an awful oath to me, and cleared out. And then Lena came and told."

"What was it Ben swore?" asked Helen, whose sanguine heart was beginning to sink in earnest. "This is no time for being womanly, and—and not saying things. If it takes all the oaths in the catalogue of Angel Alley, it is my right to know what he said, and it is your duty to tell me!"

"Well," said Jane, stolidly, "he said: 'If we ain't going to be married, he shan't, neither!'"

"Thank you, Jane," said Helen gently, after a long silence. She held out her hand; Jane took it, but dropped it quickly.

"Do you know the details? The plot? The plot—if there is a plot?" asked Helen, without outward signs of agitation.

"Lena said they said Christlove should never be dedicated," answered Jane, drearily. "Not if they had to put the parson out of the way to stop it."

"Oh!"

"That's what Lena said. She thought if Mr. Bayard could be got out of town for a spell, right away, Lena thought maybe that would set 'em off the notion of it. I told her Mr. Bayard wouldn't go. She said you'd see to that."

"Yes," said Helen, softly, "I will see to that."

Jane made no reply, but started un-

expectedly to her feet. The two girls clambered down from the cliff in silence, and began to walk up the shore. At the path leading to the hotel, Jane paused and shrank away.

"How you cough!" said Miss Caruth, compassionately. "You are quite wet with this heavy dew. Do come into the cottage with me."

She put her hand affectionately on the damp shoulder of Jane's blue and white calico blouse.

The hotel lights reached faintly after the figures of the two. Jane looked stunted and shrunken; Helen's superb proportions seemed to quench her. The fisherman's daughter lifted her little homely face.

"I don't suppose," she faltered, "you'd be willing to be told. But mother and me have done for him so long—he ain't well, the minister ain't—there's ways he likes his tea made, and we het the bricks, come cold weather, for him—and—all those little things. We've tried to take good care of Mr. Bayard! It's been a good many years!" said Jane, piteously. It was more dreadful to her to give up board'ing the minister, than it was that he should marry the summer lady in the gold and purple gowns.

"I suppose you and he will go somewhere?" she added, bitterly.

"We shan't forget you, Jane," said Helen gently.

The calico blouse shoulder shook off the delicate hand that rested upon it.

"I won't come in," she said. "I'll go right home."

Jane turned away, and walked across the cliffs. The hotel lights fell short of her, and the darkness swallowed her undersized, pathetic figure, as the mystery of life draws down the weak, the uncomely, and the unloved.

Left to herself, Helen felt the full force of the situation fall upon her, in a turmoil of fear and perplexity. The whole thing was so foreign to her nature, and to the experience of her protected life, that it seemed to her more than incredible. There were moments when she was in danger of underrating the facts, and letting the chances take their course—it seemed to her so impossible that Jane and Lena should not, somehow, be mistaken.

Her mind was in a whirlwind of doubt and dismay. With a certain coolness in emergencies characteristic of her, she tried to think the

position out. This futile process occupied perhaps a couple of hours.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when the Professor, with a start, laid down his manuscript upon the Revised Version. For the door of the clam study had opened quietly, and revealed his daughter's agitated face.

"Papa," she said, "I am in a great trouble. I have come to you first—to know what to do—before I go to him. I've been thinking," she added, "that perhaps this is one of the things that fathers are for."

Like a little girl she dropped at his knee, and told him the whole story.

"I couldn't go to a man, and ask him to marry me, without letting you know, papa!" said the Professor's daughter.

The Professor of Theology reached for his Charter Oak cane as a man gropes for a staff on the edge of a precipice. The Professor and the cane paced the clam study together feverishly.

The birds were singing when Helen and her father stopped talking, and wearily stole back to the cottage for an hour's rest.

"You could go right home," said the old man, gently. "The house is open, and the servants are there. I am sure your mother will wish it whenever she is acquainted with the facts."

"We won't tell mother, just yet, papa—not till we must, you know. Perhaps Mr. Bayard won't—won't take me!"

The Professor straightened himself, and looked about with a guilty air. He felt as if he were party to an elopement. Eager, ardent, boyishly sympathetic with Helen's position, quivering with that perfect thoughtfulness which she never found in any other than her father's heart, the Professor of Theology flung himself into the emergency.

It was he, indeed, and none other, who summoned Bayard to Helen's presence at an early hour of the morning.

"Helen, here is Mr. Bayard," and softly shut the door.

Helen's hearty colour was quite gone. Such a change had touched her, that Bayard uttered an exclamation of horror, and took her impetuously in his arms.

"Love, what ails you?" he cried with quick anxiety.

Arrived at the moment when she must speak, if ever, Helen's courage and foresight failed her utterly. She found herself no nearer to knowing what to say, or how to say it, than she had been at the first moment when she heard the girls talking on the rocks. To tell him her fears, and the grounds for them, would be the fatal blunder. How could she say to a man like Bayard: "Your life is in danger. Come on a wedding-trip, and save yourself!" Yet how could she quibble, or be dumb before the truth!

Following no plan, or little, expected part, but only the moment's impulse of her love and her trouble, Helen broke into girlish sobs, the first that he had ever heard from her, and hid her wet face against his cheek.

"Oh," she breathed, "I don't know how to tell you! But I am so unhappy—and I have grown so anxious about you! I don't see . . . how I can bear it . . . as we are."

Her heart beat against his so

wildly, that she could have said no more if she tried. But she had no need to try. For he said:

"Would you marry me this summer, dear? It would make me very happy . . . I have not dared to ask it."

"I would marry you to-morrow." Helen lifted her head, and "shame departed, shamed" from her sweet, wet face. "I would marry you to-day. I want to be near you. I want . . . if anything—whatever comes."

"Whatever comes," he answered solemnly, "we ought to betogether—now."

Thus they deceived each other—neither owing to the tender fault—with the divine deceit of love.

Helen comforted herself that she had not said a word of threat or danger or escape, and that Bayard suspected nothing of the cloudburst which hung over him. He let her think so, smiling tenderly. For he knew it all the time; and more, far more than Helen ever knew.

(To be continued.)

#### THE CRUSE.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another;  
And, through all the year of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother;  
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.  
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;  
Seeds which mildewed in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear it, then, and thee.  
Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?  
Chafe the frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.  
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;  
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;  
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.  
Is the heart a living power? Self-sustained, its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving, and, by serving, love will grow.

—Anon.



## LA SALLE AND HIS TIMES.\*

BY HENRY J. MORGAN, LL.D.



HE publication of Mr. Justice Girouard's "Supplement to 'Lake St. Louis,'" completes one of the most important contributions to early Canadian history that has appeared in recent years.

This, like so many other notable historical works, grew from small beginnings. At the time of the memorial celebration, in 1889, of

the Lachine massacre of 1689, Judge (then Mr.) Girouard, member of Parliament for Jacques Cartier, at the solicitation of his Lachine constituents, published three pamphlets, "Le Vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 aout, 1689," "Les Anciens Forts de Lachine et Cavalier de la Salle," and "Les Anciennes Cotes du Lac Saint-Louis." The interest excited by these pamphlets among students of Canadian history, encouraged Mr. Girouard to carefully revise them and, with the addition of a great deal of new material, to publish them in book form, thereby reaching a much wider class of readers than in the case of the original pamphlets. The work was translated into English by the late Désiré H. Girouard, son of the author, and the value of the work, to English readers, was not a little enhanced by the vigour and effectiveness of the translator's style.

Ten years after the appearance of "Lake St. Louis," Judge Girouard published this "Supplement," the excellent translation of which is due to Mr. Augustus Power, K.C., of the Department of Justice, Ottawa. The "Supplement" is an integral part of the original "Lake St. Louis," and the two volumes must be considered together.

In the interval between the publication of the first and second volumes, Judge Girouard has had an opportunity of examining many documents which were not accessible at the time

the "Lake St. Louis" was prepared, especially several additional volumes of the "Correspondance Générale," in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, which were received from Paris after the publication of "Lake St. Louis." After an exhaustive examination of these papers, Judge Girouard is able to say that they do not in anywise contradict his statements and conclusions in "Lake St. Louis"; on the contrary, they confirm it as to several hitherto more or less doubtful points.

Judge Girouard's work divides itself into several more or less definite sections, which, however, are not so distinct that they do not overlap at many points.

The most notable figure in these pages is Cavalier de La Salle—one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age; heroic, unselfish, impetuous, imbued with the broadest and truest patriotism; foremost of that splendid group of explorers and pathfinders that, pushing their way indomitably into the wilderness, carried the flag of Old and New France north to Hudson's Bay, west to the Rockies, and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

In treating of La Salle, Judge Girouard gives us an instance of the curious pitfalls into which even the most careful and painstaking of historians are liable to be led. In his "Lake St. Louis," after citing such unquestioned authorities as Margry, Sulte, and Gravier, and, finally, La Salle himself, Judge Girouard concluded that La Salle began his settlement at Lachine in the year 1666. Subsequently, a writer in the "Bulletin des Recherches Historiques" (vol. 2, p. 154) asserted that the historians were evidently mistaken, as Cavalier de La Salle "only received the dispensation from his vows (as a Jesuit), and left the Collège of La Flèche on March 28th, 1667, and that he consequently did not arrive in Canada until the summer of 1667. This correspondent submitted no proof of his assertion, and against it stood the usually conclusive evidence of contemporary documents. In 1677, La Salle himself presented a memorial to the king, in which he states that he "went to Canada in 1666, and began in the same year the village of la Chine." In 1678, a con-

\* "Lake St. Louis Old and New, and Cavalier de La Salle," "Supplement to 'Lake St. Louis,'" etc. By Désiré Girouard. Montreal: Poirier, Bessette & Co., 1893. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 546.

temporary writer says that La Salle had been travelling in North America for twelve years, which brings us back to 1666. In the "Histoire de M. de La Salle," written in the same year, we read that he left France at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two years, which again brings us back to 1666, as he was born November 21st, 1643. Finally, the "livre terrier" (rent-roll) of the Seigneurs of the Isle of Montreal shows that he obtained the grant of his land at Lachine en roture "towards 1666."

In P. de Rochemonteix's "Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle France," (vol. 3, pp. 47 and 48), is found a letter, dated La Flèche, December 1st, 1666, in which La Salle asks the Rev. Father General of the Company of Jesus to be allowed to go to Portugal to follow the theological course; which permission was refused, January 18th, 1667. He thereupon requested to be relieved from his religious vows, and this request, examined by his superiors, was forwarded to Rome in January, 1667, and was approved on March 1st fol-



RÉNÉ ROBERT, SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

Such an accumulation of evidence as this would surely be enough to satisfy the most exacting of historians, but Judge Girouard was content to leave no stone unturned that might discover evidence bearing on the point, and his search led to a very curious and unexpected conclusion. Not only were all the historians at fault, but La Salle was himself mistaken in saying that he had founded Lachine in 1666.

lowing. La Salle left the college of La Flèche on March 28th, 1667. All this, says Judge Girouard, "is established beyond doubt by the Archives of the Society of Jesus. Père de Rochemonteix cites the text of the catalogue or journal of the house. La Salle could therefore not have reached Canada before May or June, 1667, with the first ships, and he is himself mistaken when he says that he founded

the village of Lachine in the year 1666."

We are perhaps giving too much space to a point of comparatively slight importance, but it is one that curiously illustrates the difficulties that beset the path of the conscientious historian—difficulties that most of us never realize—in his tireless quest after accuracy.

In many other particulars both "Lake St. Louis," and the "Supplement" throw much new light upon the life, character, and explorations of La Salle, the actual site of his homestead at Lachine, his forts, especially that at Cataracouy (Fort Frontenac), his relations with his contemporaries, and his tragic death—treacherously murdered by his own soldiers—upon the completion of his greatest and most notable enterprise.

The early history of Lachine, and the history of the several forts on the Island of Montreal, Fort Cuillerier, La Presentation (Dorval), Fort Roland, Fort Remy, Fort Seuneville, the wooden fort of the Sauvages de la Montagne, and the fortifications of Villemarie, are dealt with by Judge Girouard in a manner that leaves little to be desired. On these, as in other points covered by his work, the learned historian has placed us under a deep debt of gratitude. His work is so exhaustive, so far as the particular questions taken up are concerned, so clear in the presentation of facts, and so convincing, that one may safely describe it as the unquestioned authority on all points concerning the early history of Lachine and the surrounding country.

A large part of both "Lake St. Louis" and the "Supplement" is devoted to the historic massacre at Lachine, and to the incident which was the direct cause of it, in the opinion of Judge Girouard—de Denonville's treacherous capture of the Iroquois at Fort Frontenac, in 1687. Judge Girouard bases his condemnation of de Denonville, in "Lake St. Louis," upon the evidence of Gedeon de Catalogne, an eye-witness. During the spring of 1687, Intendant de Champigny, at the instance of the governor, de Denonville, "invited all the Iroquois to a grand festival to take place in the month of June following, at Fort Frontenac. The better to dupe them, carpenters were employed in setting up tables and the like, a fact which did not escape the observing eye of the Indians encamped around the fort. All these

preparations were merely for the purpose of attracting the greatest possible number of Iroquois, with the view of taking them captives. A contemporary of this indescribable act of treachery (the Gedeon de Catalogne above mentioned) observes: 'On the day fixed for the festival, all the guests were seized and placed in irons.'

In the "Supplement" Judge Girouard brings a great mass of new material to bear upon this painful incident in early Canadian history, but the effect of it is merely to fix more firmly, if anything, upon de Denonville, and even upon the French court, the responsibility for a piece of treachery such as the Iroquois themselves would under no circumstances have been guilty of. For this act of the governor and his associates, the Iroquois exacted a terrible revenge—the massacre of Lachine, 1689.

De Champigny's account of the massacre, from its very brevity and reticence, is wonderfully graphic and suggestive. "The head of the Island of Montreal," he writes to the Colonial Minister at Paris, "was attacked on the fifth of the month of August by a party of fifteen hundred Iroquois, who, not daring to attack the forts, laid waste the country, setting fire everywhere, and killed and took away captive men, women, and children, on many of whom they wreaked unheard-of cruelties, the mere thought of which fills one with horror." Some of these cruelties, perpetrated upon defenceless women and children, showed such satanic malignity and cunning, that one could hardly credit them, even at the hands of the relentless Iroquois; were they not corroborated by several independent witnesses.

The Abbe de Belmont notes a significant fact, as bearing upon the responsibility of de Denonville for the Iroquois attack. "After this complete victory," he says, "the unfortunate troop of captives endured all the fury with which the most cruel vengeance can inspire captives. They were taken beyond Lake St. Louis by the victors, who, as they passed the lake, gave ninety yells to mark the number of prisoners, saying: 'You deceived us, Ononthio; we deceive you likewise.'" (Ononthio was the Iroquois name for the governor of New France.) "On landing," concludes the Abbe, "they at once lighted fires, planted posts, and burnt five Frenchmen, roasted six children,

grilled others in the ashes and ate them. They carried off the others, to be sacrificed according to the inclination of their vengeance, to Onontague, where they were made to walk a long time on a road of burning coals."

Thus ended this most tragic incident in the whole history of New France, an incident upon the circumstances of which Judge Girouard has succeeded, after tireless research, in throwing such ample light as to make his record practically the final word on the subject; "an incident which created," says the author, "so profound an impression on our ancestors that the lapse of two centuries has failed to obliterate it from the memory of their posterity, while the dying chants of its victims have been handed down by tradition, to find a place among the popular songs of the country. The plaintive voice of Cadioux, a noble-hearted 'courageur des bois,' dying of starvation on the shores of the Ottawa river to save his Indian allies from the fury of the Iroquois, will, in its simple accents, recall unto the minds of the remotest generations the struggles and perils experienced by these heroic pioneers in the civilization of our native land."

If space permitted, one might with advantage quote many significant passages from Judge Girouard's important and very instructive work, bearing upon such topics as: Agriculture in New France in the seventeenth century; the political and social life of the period; the early days of the fur trade; the vexed question of whether or not the Jesuits engaged actively in trade with the Indians in Canada—a point which Judge Girouard, after a most careful examination of all the available authorities, decides in the negative; the Lachine and other forts on the Island of Montreal; the first inhabitants of the Island of Montreal; old trading posts of Lake St. Louis; the voyageurs; Chateauguay, Isle Perrot, Isle Bizard, etc.

One cannot easily overestimate the importance of such an historical work as this of Judge Girouard's, not only to Canadians, French and English-speaking, but to thoughtful men everywhere. The present editions of both "Lake St. Louis" and the "Supplement," in their admirable English translation, should appeal particularly to English-Canadian readers. The province of Quebec has produced some of the truest and most notable his-

torians in all Canada, and it is a matter for constant regret that many of their works are inaccessible to the large number of English readers who are unable to read French. When, therefore, as in this case, a French-Canadian historian is patriotic and generous enough to take the risk of having his work specially translated into English, so as to bring it within reach of his English-speaking fellow-countrymen, he deserves every possible encouragement; especially when his work is of such undoubted value and importance as "Lake St. Louis" and the "Supplement."

In a recent letter, Sir Wilfrid Laurier paid this just tribute to "Lake St. Louis" and its author: "Votre ouvrage a dû vous coûter un travail énorme. Vous en êtes récompensé par le plaisir que vous y avez goûté. C'est une récompense encore que d'avoir fait connaître à vos contemporains un coin de terre si plein de souvenirs d'une époque glorieuse."

In commending the excellence and fulness of Judge Girouard's treatment of his subject, one should not overlook the fact that this work, involving such exhaustive research, and demanding such an unusual expenditure of time in its preparation, was done by one of the most hard-working members of the Supreme Court of Canada, and could only have been accomplished by utilizing every spare moment. Such unselfish devotion to the interests of public knowledge cannot be too highly commended. It is not, unfortunately, quite so common in Canada as in the Mother Country; but Judge Girouard may be classed in that small but notable group of Canadian public men who were also men of letters, which included such names as Haliburton, Robert Christie, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Joseph Howe, John Sheridan Hogan, J. C. Taché, Alexander Morris, P. J. O. Chauveau, Judge Baby, Judge Routhier, Nicholas Flood Davin, Senator David, Louis Frechette, Chief Justice Hagarty, Sir J. D. Edgar, Judge Mills, Judge Gray, and the present Premier of Ontario.

English-Canadians should not lose sight of the fact that the history of New France is the history of their own country, and that one of the greatest steps toward that better mutual understanding between French and English-Canadians, which we all have so earnestly at heart, is a clear



and adequate knowledge of the early history of our common country.

Monographs such as these of Judge Girouard's throw a most convincing light, from the inside, upon the life, characteristics, and ideals of the people of New France, who, it must be remembered, were the direct ancestors of the people of modern Quebec.

The aims and objects of the settlers, their customs and modes of living, the character of their government, their attitude toward the natives and toward their New England neighbours, their essentially law-abiding character (which characteristic they have maintained to the present day), these are all questions of importance, and questions upon which the people of Ontario and the other English-speaking provinces ought to inform themselves.

One cannot help being struck with the fact that, up to the present time, our American cousins have taken keener interest in the events of early Canadian history—so replete with romantic and dramatic interest, and so strikingly picturesque from a twentieth-century standpoint—than we have ourselves. This is not as it should be; and we can only remove such a blot upon our intelligence and national pride by giving the fullest and warmest encouragement to such earnest and unselfish students as Judge Girouard, when they devote their hard-won leisure to the elucidation of important and little-known incidents in the early history of our country.

In conclusion, let me emphasize once more the value and importance of Judge Girouard's work. He presents his facts with rare penetration

and acuteness; the evidence which he adduces is drawn from widely scattered sources, print and manuscript, often rare and inaccessible, and he has especially availed himself of those rich and too-little-used stores of historical treasure contained in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa; his judicial impartiality, and the force and conclusiveness of his statements, are what one might expect from a jurist of such eminent repute. His work will probably, as has already been indicated, remain for some time to come the standard authority on the particular field to which it is devoted.

What The McGill Fortnightly said of the first volume, is equally true of the second: "It is delightful reading, and the story is told in such a charming style that it is pleasant and attractive, and you are learning history without being aware of it."

The interest and attractiveness of both volumes are considerably enhanced by the numerous maps, portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations—many of them extremely rare—with which they are enriched. It should also be noted that both volumes are furnished with an exceptionally full index—a matter of special importance in works of this character.

The supplement is sold at \$4.00 a volume separately, and the publishers state that they have about 150 copies remaining of "Lake St. Louis," which they propose to bind with the "Supplement," at \$10.00 a volume. It may be mentioned that the paging of the "Supplement" follows that of "Lake St. Louis," so that the two bind into one compact book. The binding is half morocco.

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### CHRIST, THE LIVING BREAD.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his window seen,  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited:

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:

"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"

"Bravely," said he, "for I of late have been

Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."

O human soul, as long as thou canst so

Set up a mark of everlasting light,

Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,

Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night.

Thou mak'st the Heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

—Matthew Arnold.



A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE DOCKS.

## TORONTO BAY.

BY HELEN M. MERRILL.

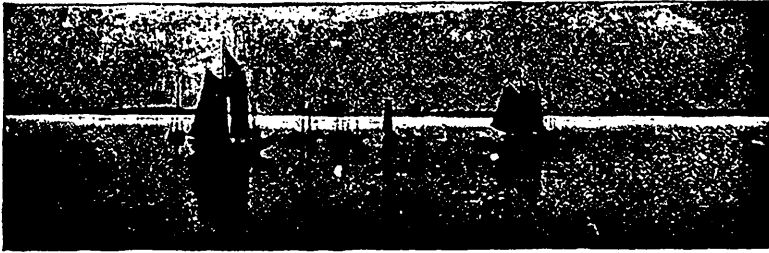


THE ships sail east, and the ships sail west.  
Out on the broad, befriending breast  
Of the inland, beautiful sea—  
The flowing, sapphire sea—  
And the gulls come in at the grey wind's call.  
The storm fire flashes, the rain clouds fall,  
Full many a mile away;  
But the strong ships weather the beating gales,  
And moonlight breaks on their gleaming sails  
Unreefed to-night on the Bay.

The ships sail east, and the ships sail west.  
And follows my heart on a secret quest  
Under the sun and the stars—  
The sun, and the moon, and the stars,  
In shadow and shine—and the oldwives cry  
“Cowheen, cowheen,” as my sail slips by—  
O whither dost sail to-day?



THE LAGOON ON THE ISLAND.

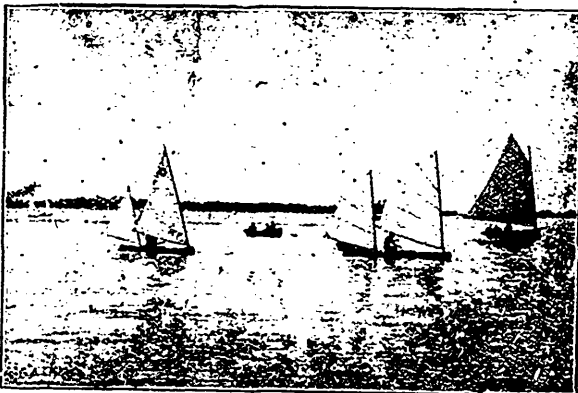


BECALMED ON THE PLACID BAY.

Under the luminous heaven yonder,  
Out by the cliffs the white gulls wander,  
And I alone on the Bay.

The ships sail east, and the ships sail west,  
With ever at heart the old unrest  
Of the people who follow the sea—  
The ancient, secret sea—  
And the idle oldwives flock and trail  
In the pathway blue of my vagrant sail,  
The happy livelong day;  
While to and fro I fare and listen,  
And ever watch for the faint, first glisten  
Of a golden prow on the Bay.

The ships of the east and the ships of the west,  
Homeward ride o'er the windy breast  
Of the glimmering, beautiful sea—  
The blue, gull-haunted sea—  
And thou and I in the violet light,  
Heart o' my heart, at the fall of the night,  
Creep out by the lighthouse way—  
While ever atrail of our white lateen  
The oldwives cry "Cowheen, cowheen,"  
Over the shadowy Bay.



A SCENE ON THE BAY.

## CHRISTIAN INTEGRATION A GREAT WORLD-MOVEMENT.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

There are two striking tendencies in social evolution, one towards individualism, the other toward collectivism. The cave-man of the stone age was an individualist. He did everything for himself. He made his own flint flakes for weapons. With these he killed his bear or wolf, and of its skin made rude clothing. In course of time some one acquired special skill at making flint knives and arrow-heads, and another special skill at sewing skins; so employment became differentiated—the flint flake maker or skin sewer addicted himself chiefly to that work, receiving payment in food or clothing. Thus by progressive evolution trades became developed.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might, the founder of the great family of smiths. Among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors this was the most numerous family of all, taking its name from the power to smite the iron or forge armour. In course of time became evolved the mighty collective industries of the age, with the complex machinery by which a score of men unite to make a needle, but make millions of them in a day.

So, too, in matters of religion. The polytheistic races and nations have lords many and gods many: in India three hundred millions, and not merely four great castes, but many thousands of separating castes. The Greeks and Romans had gods of the field, the garden, and the grove, of almost everything in the world. In Roman Catholic countries the myriads of saints took the place of the old gods, and the religion of Mohammed, echoing that proclaimed by Moses, was a vast improvement on polytheism. It declared, "The Lord our God is one God and Mohammed is His prophet."

The motto of the ancients was every man for himself. "Every man," said the Greeks, "is a wolf to a man whom he does not know." All who spoke in a different language were "barbaroi," or barbarians. Hence the antipathies of nations and races, which are not yet outgrown. Time was when a Frenchman was not free from

insult in London, and two years ago an Englishman was not safe in Paris.

The more earnest the character the more intense was often this religious individualism. The Scottish people, with their faculty for discerning metaphysical differences, and their intense conscientiousness, were split up into sects and sub-sects, some so small that they might almost be called *in*-sects. Wully the Webster—all the websters or weavers and shoemakers, from their sedentary employment, were great theologians and hair-splitters—was asked if there were any real Christians living now. "Weel, there's Janet and masel," was his reply, "but whiles I'm doubtfu' about Janet."

The Jewish Church was a tribal one, and the writings of St. Paul and the story of St. Peter show how difficult it was to overcome the tribal prejudices of the Jews—characteristics which they maintain to the present day.

As the minds of men were broadened with the process of the suns, collectivism came into play. The integration of nations became possible and in many cases actual. The Roman Empire welded into an external unity diverse nations, but when the power of the imperial sceptre was broken they fell apart. The Saxon heptarchy, with its ceaseless battles; like those of the crows and kites, became the United Kingdom. Napoleon forged the soldiers of many nations on the anvil of war into one great army, but when he passed into exile this enforced union was dissolved.

A true national integration was illustrated by the union of the forty commonwealths of the United States into one great nation. By the unification of the more than forty states of Germany, and the many kingdoms, principalities and powers of Italy, great nations were developed. By the federation of the provinces of Canada our broad Dominion has come into existence. Victor Hugo dreamed of a great international synthesis, which he called "The United States of Europe," and Tennyson speaks of a time

When the war-drum throbs no longer, and  
the battle-flag is furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of  
the world.

\* A paper read before the Men's Club of the Young Men's Christian Association, Toronto.

So, too, the spirit of religious synthesis and integration is a natural outcome of the social evolution of mankind. It has had its most signal illustration in our own land. A little over thirty years ago there were seven or eight distinct kinds of Presbyterians, the Auld Kirk, the Free Kirk, the U. P.'s, the Burghers, the Anti-Burghers, and others—now all happily united into one great Church. There were five or six kinds of Methodists, now all united from sea to sea. But by a higher union we are likely to see the formation before our eyes of a Church embracing three, and possibly more, of those once rival, if not antagonistic, organizations.

To this many causes have conspired. The work of the Bible and Tract Societies common to all the Churches, co-operation in anti-slavery, temperance and other moral reform work, the Y. M. C. A., the Christian Endeavour, and other interdenominational organizations, have brought us into better acquaintance with one another, and made us discover that we are all very much alike and not half as objectionable as we thought each other. Two men in a fog saw each other looming vast and portentous in the mist, but when they approached they found that they were brothers in blood and in love. So when the mists shall roll away we shall realize a common brotherhood in the common Fatherhood of God.

Our Christian hymnody has done much to unite our hearts and voices in common songs of praise. The hymns of Faber the Catholic, of Wesley the Methodist, of Watts the Independent, of Bonar the Presbyterian, of Heber the Anglican, and of Charlotte Elliot the Unitarian, are sung in all our Churches. The bonds of creeds and confessions are becoming less rigid and more flexible. As men gather in prayer around the footstool of our common Master and Lord and repeat together the words which Christ Himself hath taught us, "Our Father, who art in heaven," they realize a spiritual kinship that links our hearts and hands together. We find that the great fundamentals in which we agree are more important than the minor things in which we differ. It is not so much Christian dogma as Christian life that is being felt to be the essence of true discipleship.

The providence of God has led the Churches to realize the urgent need of union in the presence of a common foe. The opening of all lands

to the Gospel, the fields waving white unto the harvest on every side, show the madness of rivalry and antagonism among the scanty workers in this vast field. We must march forward foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, giving mutual help and support in this great and world-wide conflict. Hence the mission forces in the high places of the field act with far greater unity than those at home. The different Methodisms in Japan have a common college, a common press, a common hymn-book. Elsewhere a still wider union has taken place.

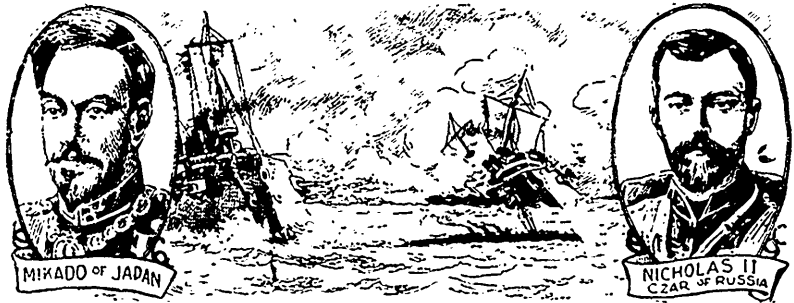
In our own land the open doors of opportunity in the great North-West and the flood-tide of immigration of many lands and many tongues create an imperious necessity for united effort to meet the needs of the day and hour. It is the most fatuous folly to import into the wide and virgin areas of that great country the petty strifes and divisions and many manifold -isms of the more crowded conditions of Eastern life. It is supreme un wisdom to plant a mission merely to head off the Presbyterians or the Congregationalists, and to scatter our forces instead of unitedly marching on to a common victory.

But there is another and higher consideration than any of these. The prayer of the Saviour was that His people should all be united as one flock with one Shepherd, and again, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The soldiers who crucified our Lord did not dare to rend His seamless robe, but cast lots for it as a whole. Yet His professed followers have not shrunk from rending the Church which is His very body by needless dissensions and schisms.

Let us cultivate more of the mind that was in Christ, more of His burning love and earnest sympathies and world-wide charity, and there will be forced upon us the conviction of the supreme duty of union in His service on earth as well as the union for which we all look in His service on high. On earth, says a Greek hymn, there are many tongues; in heaven but one.

Let us then unite and bury all our idle feuds  
in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry mutual faith  
and mutual trust,  
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother  
is most just.

## Current Topics and Events.



### WAR AND PEACE.

War, if you will,  
For those that ask it, let them have their  
fill—

But must the peasants go  
So far away from home across the snow  
To perish in a land  
Whose very name they hardly know  
And for a cause they cannot understand ?

Have they no wives  
And helpless little ones who need their lives ?  
Are they not dear to Christ  
These simple multitudes so cheaply priced ?

Earth is so wide, and they  
For whom a narrow home sufficed  
Must they be sent to die so far away ?

Yet some of them  
Have journeyed for His sake to Bethlehem,  
And kneeling where He lay,  
Offered their hearts for gifts and went their  
way ;

And now, where'er they are  
I like to think that, come what may,  
They are at peace who once have seen the  
Star.

—Hugh Macnaghten, in *Spectator*, London.

### THE WEARY WAR.

The war in the East drags its slow length along. Like some huge dragon it breathes forth fire and flame, devouring the land and destroying its peoples. A gleam of hope came over the wires in the suggestion that the Russians would surrender Port Arthur, its fort. and fleets, if their garrison were accorded the honours of war. Would that this had been true ! It would be best for both nations. It would save the slaughter of multitudes of men on both sides. It would secure to the Japs the possession of the fleet and stores which Russia would otherwise destroy. It would simplify the problem for Russia in enabling her to concentrate at Mukden or Harbin, and might prepare the way for the fulfilment of her promise, the evacuation of Manchuria, and for the close of the war. All lovers of their kind should pray God that counsels of peace may soon prevail. The sufferings of the soldiers of both armies are unspeakable—wading in sloughs

of mud beneath rains so continuous that for whole days they cannot cook a meal. Small wonder that plague and pestilence menace a peril more dire than the sword.

An unjust war is the most diabolical thing on the face of the earth. All the resources of science are employed in devising means of slaughter. The Mikado and the Czar may both be in their private capacity very amiable and peace-loving persons, but they and their advisers stand for the most dehumanizing spectacle on the face of the earth. The worst of it is that militarism becomes a passion. No hunting equals in excitement the hunting of men. The deadly ingenuity with which a floating fortress bearing well-nigh a thousand lives is sent to the bottom by a single torpedo or mine is the acme of unhallowed skill. The Russians are preparing desperate entanglements at Port Arthur for the onset of the Japs. When these are caught like rats in a trap in these entanglements they



THE JAPANESE ADVANCE IN MANCHURIA.

"This map shows the general plan of the Japanese advance in Manchuria," says the Edinburgh Scotsman, from which we copy it. "It will thus be seen that the Japanese evidently design to take the Russians in front and on both flanks. Indeed, it is persistently rumored that the force marching from Kuan-Tien already threatens the rear of the Russian position. But, as has been said, there is no certainty on that or any other point."

will be subjected to a murderous fire which shall send hundreds, perhaps thousands of them into eternity, their souls full of rage and hate. How long, O Lord, how long ?

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which through the ages that have gone  
before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

The tumult of each sacked and burning  
village,  
The shout that every prayer for mercy  
drowns ;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched  
asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,

T'hou drounest Nature's  
sweet and kindly  
voices,  
And jarrest the celestial  
harmonies ?

THE PLOUGHSHARE  
NOBLER THAN THE  
SWORD.

This continent has happily been, in large degree, free from the spirit of militarism which has made all Europe a great armed camp, which has sent the best brawn and brain of the nations into demoralizing barracks or bloody battlefields, which has made mothers weep when a man child was born into the world because of his inevitable doom to become a pawn upon the political chess-board or to be destined with his blood to make the harvest grow. Britain's insular position has exempted her from the deadly curse of a conscription under which all European nations groan and which the English-

speaking peoples will to the uttermost resist.

The extraordinary progress of the United States and Canada is largely due to the fact that they are free from the incubus of a great standing army such as in every great city of Europe has its grim, Bastille-like barracks, and its swarming troops of soldiers in the highways and byways of the land. In the last ninety years Canada has best served the Empire by developing its resources, constructing its great railways and canals, increasing its population and its wealth. We deprecate the military spirit that would convert our Sunday-schools into Boys' Brigades, our churches into arsenals where their real rifles shall be stored. An intelligent patriotism depends not on such external stimulants. In the fateful years of 1812-15 the sturdy yeomanry of Canada, when her population was under three hundred thousand, while that of the United States

was eight millions, or in the proportion of twenty-seven to one, defended its soil against hostile invasion so that not a foot of it was alienated from the Empire. Great Britain, exhausted by a war at sea and land of nearly twenty years' duration, was able to give little help—only 5,454 troops of all arms to defend 1,500 miles of frontier. The strong sons of the soil, the skilled artisans, the intelligent brain workers, possessing religious convictions and individual initiative, will be material—none better in the world—for the defence of our country should, unhappily, the need arise, without the lavishing of millions in fortifications which cannot protect, and creating a rampant militarism which can only provoke hostile sentiment among our kin and cousins along a frontier of four thousand miles. There are doubtless military virtues, but there are, we deem, nobler virtues and greater triumphs of peace. The ploughshare is mightier than the sword, the pruning-hook than the spear, and in the higher civilization of the future the implements of peaceful industry will take the place for ever of the instruments of war. God speed the day!

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

We deem it an augury of hope for the future of the American Republic that, despite the opposition of the Trusts, and of Wall Street, and of many of the political bosses, the people's tribune, Theodore Roosevelt, was selected as the Republican candidate for the chief magistracy of the United States. The common people whom Abraham Lincoln said the Almighty must greatly love, He made so many of them, had faith in the man. They believed in his incorruptible integrity and issued their mandate to the delegates to the Republican convention. Despite all wire-pulling of his opponents, Roosevelt was first, and his rivals nowhere. His runaing-mate, Senator Fairbanks, we are glad to know, is a good Methodist of Indiana, a church trustee and a man of unimpeachable character. They would make a very good team. Judge Alton B. Carter, of New York, a man of marked ability and blameless private life, is to be the Democratic candidate. The public opinion of the United States demands that those who covet foremost place shall be men whom the whole nation shall delight to honour. No drinking, swash-



HE'LL HAVE TO BE A BIRD  
To get over that new tariff fence the Canadians propose building.—Minneapolis Journal.

buckling, swearing ill-liver has now the ghost of a chance in the supreme appeal to the suffrage of the people.

TARIFF REVISION.

The American press have taken in very good part the new features of the Canadian tariff which are intended to prevent the dumping on Canadian soil of all surplus American goods. Not that Canadians have any objection to cheap goods, but it is from no love to us that foreign manufacturers sell them more cheaply to us than they do to their own countrymen. The effect would be to kill our growing industries, when Brother Jonathan would amply recoup his losses by charging all the market would bear for his wares. Theoretically we believe it would be far better if there were not a custom-house on the face of the earth, if the large number of tide waiters and customs officers were employed in productive industry, if trade were allowed to flow and find its level as freely as water. But while other countries put up hostile barriers against Great Britain and Canada, it is only just to favour us, and to reciprocate a special tariff, either high or low, of other countries. The genial cartoonist in the accompanying sketch correctly represents the situation.



## CAPE TO CAIRO.

When Stanley crossed the Dark Continent the man who would have dreamed that the Cape to Cairo Railway would have reached the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi in the spring of 1904, would have been scoffed at as a visionary. Yet trains are now running to the great falls, and in 1905 the British Association will hold its sessions at this stupendous cataract in the very heart of the Dark Continent. The dream of Cecil Rhodes, who thought in continents, of an iron way throughout the entire length of that vast region, most of it on British soil, will shortly be fulfilled. And with it shall come a free course for civilization and the Gospel. Truly, Ethiopia is stretching forth her arms unto God.

## THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Herod has been out-Heroded by the fearful slaughter of women and children in the burning of the "Stocum." The greed for gain caused most criminal neglect. The most elementary precautions for saving life were wanting, and worse than wanting. Persons trusting to the rotten life-preservers (?) sank like lead. The so-called sailors were cowardly ruffians who sought only their own safety—a disgrace to a noble calling. Yet this death-trap was licensed and inspected by official authority, and the seal of the Empire State was upon its papers. And it was no worse than hundreds of other lake and river craft in which thousands of women and children every day risk their lives. This tragedy should shake officialdom from its lethargy and make it do its duty. The danger is that not even after the steed is stolen will the door be locked. The reckless American habit of "taking risks" will continue, and ever and anon humanity be staggered by such wholesale murders—there is no other word.

Truly in the midst of life we are in death. The awful disaster by which the Danish steamer "Norge" went to

her doom in the stormy Hebrides, with well-nigh seven hundred immigrants who were on their way, full of heart and hope, to homes in the United States and Canada, is a disaster relieved by the heroism of the captain, who went to his death, and of his crew, one brave officer deliberately leaping from an overloaded boat. Had the ship but clung to the rock instead of backing off into deep water there might have been time to save every soul. No human precautions can avoid all risks, but foresight, skill, and training and cool nerves may greatly minimize the danger.

In nothing has the military and naval resourcefulness of the Japanese been more marked than by their skill in



THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

Japanese Officer (to Press Correspondent): "Abjectly we desire to distinguish honourable newspaper man by honourable badge."  
—Punch, London.

preventing the leaking out of secrets which would interfere with their operations. They have cautiously applied the strictest censorship to the small army of correspondents who followed their armies. Without threatening, like Russia, to treat them as spies—which means, we suppose, to hang or shoot them—they, with the utmost politeness, rendered newspaper enterprise quite innocuous.

## Religious Intelligence.



THE LATE WARRING KENNEDY.

By the death of Warring Kennedy has passed away one of the once most conspicuous figures of Canadian Methodism. Warring Kennedy was a typical example of north of Ireland energy and enterprise. He came to this country a poor lad, but by his moral earnestness and business ability won his way into prominence in commercial, civic, and religious life. The esteem in which he was held is shown in the fact that in his first election for mayor he received the largest majority ever recorded in the city of Toronto. He was an active member of several General Conferences, and of one was the secretary. He was a singularly genial, kindly, sympathetic man, and a zealous friend of every good cause—the Bible Society, the House of Industry, the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and other philanthropic and religious works. He carried his religion into every-day life. He was one of the most effective local preachers, class-leaders and Sun-

day-school superintendents in Canadian Methodism. He was one of the pioneers of the Methodist Deaconess movement, and till his death one of the managers of the Deaconess Home. For many years he was an active member and treasurer of the Sunday-school Board, and devoted an amount of time and toil to this work that only those most nearly associated with him knew. The City Council held a special meeting at his death, passed resolutions of condolence, and attended his funeral in a body. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-seven.

### A MILESTONE OF PROGRESS.

A marked note of the progress of the North-West was the division of the old Manitoba Conference into three new ones. The incident is thus described by the Rev. Henry Lewis in his correspondence in the Wesleyan :

"The occasion was historic. For the old Conference, so dear to many hearts, was to meet for the last time, and meet in Grace Church, Winnipeg. In membership there was an increase of 2,480; total, 25,867; Missionary Fund, \$29,729, increase, \$1,126; new churches, 27, value \$81,603; new parsonages 22, value \$42,050. The reader will see that Methodism is growing by leaps and bounds. The project so long talked of to divide the Conference is now a fact. So we have now Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta Conferences. The meeting held in Grace Church when the three new presidents addressed the congregation, was of great interest. The new Conferences have started on their career, and all are looking forward to rapid growth.

Among others of great interest at the recent Conference was the report from Alberta College, in Edmonton. Under the leadership of Rev. J. H. Riddell as principal, the Rev. college is making a record, having during its first year sent a student who has won a Rhodes Scholarship.

The corner-stone of the new Zion Church, Winnipeg, was laid by Mr. J. H. Ashdown. The church is to cost, when complete, about \$60,000. Thus another chapter in the history of Western Methodism is being brought to pass. But it is hard for Methodism to keep

abreast of the demands made upon it even in Winnipeg, notwithstanding the enterprise of good people in erecting sanctuaries.

#### THE LARGE FOR THE SMALL.

One of the noticeable features of present-day Methodism in England is the substitution of large, costly and well-equipped mission buildings for the more numerous but small mission halls of a generation ago. The old idea was to have missions near the homes of all. "But," says *The Methodist Times*, "experience has taught us that it is easier to get two thousand people into a large hall than one thousand into ten small halls, though they were near the homes of the people. When the Forward Movement began, less than a generation ago, \$25,000 was considered a generous sum to spend on a Methodist place of worship. We had only a very small number which cost about \$50,000 each. I then knew of only one which cost \$100,000, and that was the gift of a wealthy family. At present we have two central halls, which cost more than \$500,000 each, and a considerable number worth from \$125,000 to \$375,000 each."

#### PLANS FOR DEVELOPMENT OF EDUCATIONAL WORK.

President James, of Northwestern University, has broad plans for the part to be played by Methodism in the education of the future. He suggests that the one hundred and forty-four Methodist educational institutions of the States be brought more directly under the supervision of the Board of Education. He further proposes that the whole territory of the church be divided into a number of university districts, each having a university that will compare with the best institutions of the kind in the land whether such be under church or state control. Further, he proposes that each university district be subdivided into college districts, each having a well-equipped college, affiliated with, or rather an integral part of, the university; and that the college districts be subdivided into academy or seminary districts with well-equipped secondary schools in affiliation with the colleges. All this does not look like leaving education to the secular world.

#### WOMEN IN THE MINISTRY.

The subject of women ministers, and what to do with them, is absorbing considerable attention in the world of to-day and in the United States world in particular. The Congregationalist and Christian World lately collected considerable data concerning the work of the women ministers of their denomination. They inquired of home missionary secretaries and superintendents concerning the value of woman's work. Only three adverse replies were received.

The Iowa superintendent writes: "They are willing to go where men will not go. In the matter of genuine missionary service they put men in the shade"; while the Oregon superintendent replies: "They do a whole lot of things that men won't do. They work harder for their money and with less fault-finding than men. They get into the hearts of their sisters when a man cannot. They handle rough boys with more tact and wisdom than most men."

Judged by the fruits of their work, the women preachers are worthy a permanent place in the ministry. In early Methodism, and in the Salvation Army they have had great success.

The Wesleyans in England report an increase of nearly six thousand members, 5,989. "This gives cause," says *the Times*, "for thankfulness, though not for any exultation." The million-pound fund has been completed.

The article by the Rev. James Allen in last number furnishes a striking argument for Methodist union. The fact that there is so much work to do and so few to do it in many parts of our country, makes more fatuous the policy of dividing and wasting our resources in such difficult territory.

The Methodist Young People's Summer-school opened its fourth session at Victoria College on July 9, under very favorable conditions. The eloquent address on "Africa," by Bishop Hartzell, cannot fail to do lasting good. Further reference to the session will be given in our next issue.

In the fifth line of second paragraph of Dr. McLaughlin's article in the June number of the Magazine, the word "seizing" should be "saying."

## Book Notices.

"History of Socialism in the United States." By Morris Hillquit. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 371. Price, \$1.50 net.

The great question of the times is the social and economic question. In many respects it takes precedence of either the religious or political question, indeed it is a part of both. Social science is a comparatively new one. Its principles have not been established, its grammar has not been written. It is hard to find a record of its progress. Hence the importance of this book, the only one, so far as we know, that gives a systematic treatment of this important movement.

"The nineteenth century," says our author, "was marked by a period in the industrial evolution unprecedented in the annals of history. The small manufacturer of the preceding ages was swept away by the gigantic factory system of modern times." While a few men fell heir to all the benefits of the process, many skilled mechanics became mere cogs in the wheel of the industrial machine. The social contrasts of luxury and poverty became more glaring.

Socialism tries to solve the problem herein involved. It was at first a humanitarian rather than a political movement. The early socialist described the happy country of Utopia (the Greek for nowhere) as an ideal community where all wrongs were righted.

Karl Marx sixty years ago organized a new or scientific socialism. He did for sociology what Darwin later did for biology. He showed socialistic development to be an evolution of the economic tendencies of the age.

The first part of this book treats the early socialistic and communistic experiments of the United States, as the Shakers, the Harmony Society, the Oneida Community, the Owenite and Fourier experiments at Brook Farm and elsewhere, and later the Mormon organization. The larger part of the work, however, is devoted to the modern or scientific development of socialism, the International Working Men's Association and Labour Union, the Henry George Movement, the Knights of Labour and the Socialist Trade and Labour Alliance.

In Great Britain and partly in France and Italy, socialism has been manifested in municipal ownership of public franchises—which in the United States are chiefly exploited by capitalists—and in great co-operative societies for the manufacture and distribution of commercial necessities, as the Rochdale, Saltair, and other organizations.

In Germany socialism has become a strongly political organization, and in Russia it lies like an Enceladus beneath the quaking soil which heaves with the throes of revolution. Socialism inspires the moral and political enthusiasm of its advocates and has created a vigorous propaganda, both spoken and written, of its aims and objects.

"It has penetrated," says the author of this book, "into the broad masses of the American working men, it is gaining adherents among other classes of the population and is rapidly invading all parts of the country. And still the movement has apparently by far not yet reached the full measure of its development."

The socialists aver that private ownership of the means of production and distribution is responsible for the increasing uncertainty of livelihood, and division of society into hostile classes—the capitalists and wage workers. It gives the former control of the government, the press, the universities and schools. Socialism advocates the public ownership of all means of transportation and other public utilities, the revenue from which shall be wholly applied to the increase of wages, shortening of hours of labour, and cheapening of goods. It demands state or national insurance of working people; the inauguration of public industries; of a system of public credit; municipal aid in books, clothing, and food for the education of all; equal civil and political rights for men and women; the initiative and referendum.

The Socialist Labour Party demands further the abolition of all classes, restoration of the land and of means of production and distribution to the people as a collective body, the substitution of the co-operative commonwealth for the present system of industrial war and social disorder, and a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise

and full benefit of his faculties multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

With many of these demands every lover of his kind must be in sympathy. But there is danger of still further antagonizing the interests of capital and labour by the sometimes reckless conflicts between these opposing forces. The movement needs wise guidance and statesmanship. The organized society and higher civilization of the future will unquestionably embrace many of these socialistic ideas, some of which are in fact the very essence of Christianity.

The French Revolutionists were not far astray, in their revolt from tyranny and wrong, in claiming that Jesus Christ was the first great Socialist. The Church, which has ever been the best friend of the working man, who has, unhappily, in large degree forsaken her altars and her counsels, must come into more vital touch with the great working masses of mankind. Christian socialism will certainly abolish war, restrain the vulgar ostentation of wealth, promote sympathy and good-will and good work between the rich and the poor, and will raise the great proletariat who are now oppressed by the drink curse and its attendant evils, and will bring about the fair new day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

"The Makers of Canada." Sir Frederick Haldimand. By Jean N. McLlwraith. Edition de luxe. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 356.

We congratulate the publishers of this edition de luxe of this splendid patriotic series, that they have secured for this volume one of the best women writers of Canada. Miss McLlwraith has a special adaptation for her work in her intimate acquaintance with French and English historic literature, especially that of Canada. But in addition to this she has the nameless grace, the literary touch and skill, which make this book very interesting reading. She has a vivacious and picturesque style which makes the old war times of which she writes live again. It is an illustration of the broad comprehension of British polity and institutions that they enrich the military and civil service by recruits of many lands and many tongues. Thus the Commander-in-chief of the British Forces, New York,

and subsequent Governor-General of Canada, was a foreigner, Swiss born and bred, who went back to his native Switzerland to die. His life was one of strange romance and adventure. He was of old Huguenot stock, and maintained the traditions of his race on foughten field, at council board, and in the highest positions in the gift of the crown.

He entered the English army at an early age, and followed its fortunes during the American revolutionary war. He was wounded at Ticonderoga, held Fort Ontario, at Oswego, behind barrels of flour and pork, and took possession of Montreal precedent to the loss of Canada to France for ever. After varied experiences as Governor of West Florida and Commander-in-chief of New York, he became Governor-General of Canada at a critical period of its history. He made strenuous preparations for its defence, rebuilt the citadel of Quebec, and caused the first canals on the St. Lawrence to be constructed. He established also the first public library in Canada.

He promoted actively the settlement of Upper Canada, and extended succour to the United Empire Loyalists who were the founders of the new Canadian commonwealth. Much interest is given to the book by citation from old letters in the quaint spelling of the period, and by the sidelights it throws upon great personages and events in Canadian-American history, as George Gage, Sir William Johnston, and others.

"The Fatherhood of God." By A. Lincoln Shute, A.M., B.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 310. Price, \$1.00.

The pseudo liberalism of the day makes much of the phrase, "The Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man;" but it makes many unwarrantable deductions from this relationship. It is to combat these errors that this book is written. The true doctrine of the fatherhood of God in the restoration of the prodigal son to the favour of ...s Maker is set forth. This is shown to be the only basis of a true sociology. The book commands the assent of our judgment and exalts the true fatherhood of God and inspires hope and consolation. We commend it heartily to the thoughtful reader.