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HEART-LEAF ARNICA—*Arnica cordifolia*.



PURPLE HEDYSARUM—*Hedysarum boreale*

WHITE HEDYSARUM—*Hedysarum boreale* var. *albiflorum*.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1906.

MOUNTAIN WILD FLOWERS OF CANADA.*



MESSRS. GINN & COMPANY, the great educational publishers of Boston, Mass., and our own Methodist Publishing House in Toronto, are issuing a very sumptuous book on the Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains. The accomplished author has made a very thorough study of this fascinating but difficult field. She has followed these wildlings of the mountains to the most out-of-the-way recesses, has studied lovingly their habits, and presents a scientifically classified account of their genera and species. The most important outstanding feature of this sumptuous book, however, is its splendid illustration. It has no fewer than one hundred full-page plates, exquisitely reproduced from nature. They are a triumph of the engraver's art, and reflect great credit on the Grip Engraving Company, of Toronto, by whom they were executed. The author made herself an expert photographer in order to get accurate studies of the shy and lovely flowers, procured a very expensive outfit, and conveyed it to seemingly inaccessible places. These illustrations are, therefore, much more accurate than any

* "Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada." By Julia W. Henshaw. Octavo. Cloth, \$2.00 net. Colored frontispiece and one hundred engravings. Pp. 500. Toronto: William Briggs.

that could be made by pen or pencil, and form an absolutely unique collection, such as commands the admiration of all students of our lovely Canadian flora.

During the course of a short walk in any direction among the mountains, one may gather many exquisite flowers, for he is not obliged to wander far afield in order to find blossoms of every hue; acre on acre of yellow and scarlet and blue—giant lady-slippers, delicate heliotrope, geraniums, forget-me-nots, and columbines. Here are pink garlics, harebells swaying in wild waywardness, veronicas looking up with their wide-open blue eyes, heathers, red, rose, and white, amethyst asters, and sweet-scented orchids—all mingling their perfume with the shining leaves and waxen petals of the rhododendrons, and the great snowy chalices of the globe flowers.

As this book is intended more for the use of the general public than for botanists, the flowers described are classified according to color, and without special reference to their scientific relationships, for the first attribute that attracts the traveller's eye is invariably color. An accurate scientific note, as well as a clearly-worded description, accompanies each of the three hundred plants indexed in this handsomely bound volume; while the exquisite full-page pictures (one hundred and one in number) which illustrate the text are magnifi-

cent reproductions of the original photographs taken by Mrs. Henshaw in the mountain regions.

should have been done as you have done—it is more than I could have hoped. The beauty of the photo-



LARGE PURPLE HEAD-TONGUE—*Panemon Menziesii*.

Professor Macoun, our distinguished Canadian botanist, says of this book: "That the work

graphs, the absolute correctness of the groupings of the flowers, the concise and yet complete descrip-

tions, make it easy for even the visitor of a day to identify all the plants he is likely to see. Your choice of English names, when such had not already been given to our alpine flowers, is excellent."

This book is a simple and popular guide, and description of the flowers that bloom above the clouds. In turning its pages we breathe the fresh air of the mountain slopes. We inhale the fragrance of the mountain gorses, green and golden, and note the beauty of the campanulas and the gentians. We are reminded of the sweet saying of the nature lover:

"As if on living creatures,
Where'er my eyes do fall,
On bluebells and on daisies,
I say, 'God bless you all.'"

The specimen pages which we present are not by any means the best contained in this book, because a number of more beautiful flower groups which we had selected had to be forwarded to Boston for the American edition.

It adds immensely to one's enjoyment of a holiday, especially among the mountains, to know the wild flowers that bestud the ground and cling to every coign of vantage among the rocks. Many of us are like the little girl whom Newell, in one of his cartoons, represents, who, turned loose in a poppled field, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, the flowers, they are so wild." We rejoice in the nature study prevalent in our schools, which will do so much to add to one's appreciation of the beautiful and to the joy of life.

Ruskin has done much to interpret for us the beauties of mountain and muir, of forest and field. This is what he says about the flowers:

"Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them

as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace.

"Yet few people really care about flowers. Many, indeed, are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, caring for it as a child cares about a kaleidoscope. Many, also, like a fair service of flowers in the greenhouse, as a fair service of plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in them, though even these in the nomenclature, rather than the flowers; and a few enjoy their gardens.

But, the blossoming time of year being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns. Some time ago a keen-sighted and eccentrically-minded friend of mine, having taken it into his head to violate this national custom, and go to the Tyrol in spring, was passing through a valley near Landeck with several similarly headstrong companions.

"A strange mountain appeared in the distance, belted about its breast with a zone of blue, like our English Queen. Was it a blue cloud, a blue horizontal bar of the air that Titian breathed in youth, seen now far away, which mortal might never breathe again! Was it a mirage—a meteor? Would it stay to be approached?—(ten miles of winding road yet between them and the foot of this mountain)—such questioning had they concerning it. My keen-sighted friend, alone, maintained it to be substantial;—whatever it might be it was not air, and would not vanish. The ten miles of road were overpassed, the carriage left, the mountain climbed. It stayed patiently, expanding still into richer breadth and heavenlier glow—a belt of gentians.

"It has been well shown by Dr. Herbert, that many plants are found alone on a certain soil or sub-soil in a wild state, not because such soil is favorable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed.

"The first time I saw the Soldanella Alpina, it was growing of magnificent size on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of Geum Montanum, and Ranunculus Pyramæus. I noticed it only because new to me—nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds;

LARGE PURPLE ASTER—*Aster conspicuus*.

and, as I descried it, piercing through an edge of avalanche which in its retiring had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burnt by recent fire. The plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts,—but it was then that I com-

prehended its ideal character, and saw its noble functions and order of glory among the constellations of the earth.

“Minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain,



SERVICE-BERRY—*Amelanchier alnifolia*.

with the bloom of the nearer fields and casting softness of plummy mist along their surfaces [far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells, all a-chime.

• “Gather a single blade of grass, and

examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-



LARGE PURPLE FLEABANE—*Erigeron salsuginosus*.

for example of Nature's workmanship, made only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven,—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And

yet, think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak,



NORTHERN GENTIAN—*Gentiana acuta*.

scented citron, burdened vine there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.
"Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the

Swiss lakes to the roots of the lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching



RED MONKEY-FLOWER—*Mimulus Lewisii*.

boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of

everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, 'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.'

Even the little mosses and lichens,



WHITE BOG ORCHIS—*Habenaria dilatata*.

Ruskin shows us, have their mission and their message.

“Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth are the mosses, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of

pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich

ALPINE VETCH—*Astragalus alpinus*.

enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the rock spirit could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful

brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered like the flowers, for chaplet, or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.



RED-STEMMED DOGWOOD—*Cornus stolonifera*.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us: when all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the

bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

"As in one sense the humblest, in another the lichens are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in loveliness, they neither blanch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them,

YARROW—*Achillea lanulosa*.

slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them slow-pencilled, irisdyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its en-

durance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like, on the

stone, and the gathering orange stain, upon the edge of yonder western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

It is especially in his description of mountain glory and mountain gloom that Ruskin is at his best. Note the following graphic picture:

"Let the reader imagine first the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeable incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive of this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges, and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens, and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of green sward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air,—and he will have as yet in all this lifted world, only the foundations of one of the great Alps.

"And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change; the trees which grow heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain, assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree; the flowers which on the arable plains fall before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier

fellowship and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

"The three great functions of mountains—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth, are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountains, which in nearly all ages of the world men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are in reality sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our idea of fearlessness and sublimity from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge-unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism:

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains;

"Thy judgments are a great deep.

"Mountains are to the rest of the earth what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty,—yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This then is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose; and between these is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan heads to Heaven, saying, 'I live for ever.'"

CENTENARY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



THE burly and brusque Dr. Johnson once, in complimenting a court lady on her beauty, said he hoped that she would become old and wrinkled and worn. When the indignant dame vigorously protested, he replied, "I am only wishing for you a long life, with that which it inevitably brings."

Had the sweet-souled Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived till 1906, she would have reached her hundredth year. Better far that she should pass away in her prime, and be remem-

bered only as one of the sweetest singers and saintliest souls God ever made. Her genius is embalmed in her undying verse, and she wears for evermore a crown of fadeless asphodel.

Robert Browning, her gifted husband, was slow in coming to his kingdom. He was emphatically the "poet's poet"; he was, while he lived, the writer for the few. But, sure of himself, he insouciantly writes, "O British Public, ye who like me not," and went on placidly issuing volume after volume, till he equalled in bulk the great Shakespeare himself, with the calm assurance of a Roman author—"Non Omnis

Moriar." Now, no English poet, save the greatest bard of time, has so many enthusiastic students, or is the subject of such commentary and elucidation.

Elizabeth Barrett, on the contrary, won her way to the world's heart at once. Her "Cry of the Children" stirred the soul of the nation, and made it redress the wrongs done Christ's little ones in factory and mine. Her poems of love and of religion, which in her thought were one, were a new interpretation to millions of the loftiest ideals of their souls. In this centenary year her undying gift to the English-speaking world is everywhere made the theme of thought and study. We therefore bring our wreath of praise to lay upon her tomb.

"Not a finer genius ever came into this world, or went out of it; not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever followed the name of man or woman after death." These lines were written concerning "the most inspired woman of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues or flourished in any land or time."

The early years of Elizabeth Barrett's life were spent at Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire. Here she lived until she was twenty. She never had a childhood—'twas dropped out of her life in some way, and a Greek grammar inlaid instead. Of her mother we know little. She glides a pale shadow across the diary pages. Her husband's will was to her supreme; his whim her conscience.

Edward Moulton Barrett had a sort of fierce, passionate, jealous affection for his daughter Elizabeth. He set himself the task of educating her from her very babyhood. When

six years old she studied Greek, and when nine made translations in verse. Mr. Barrett looked on this sort of thing with much favor, and tightened his discipline, reducing the little girl's hours for study to a system as severe as the laws of Draco. Of course the child's health broke. From her thirteenth year she appears to us like a beautiful spirit with an astral form; or she would, did we not perceive that this beautiful form is being racked with pain. A fall from her horse seriously injured her spine and made her a life-long invalid. Being thus cut off from out-door life, her passion for reading increased; she studied the great poets, and "ate and drank Greek and made her head ache with it." To spur her on and to stimulate her, Mr. Barrett published several volumes of her work—immature, pedantic work—but still it had a certain glow and gave promise of the things yet to come.

One marked event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett occurred when the Rev. Hugh Boyd arrived at Hope End to take Mr. Barrett's place as tutor. The young girl was confined to her bed through the advice of physicians; Boyd was blind.

Here was at once a bond of sympathy. The gentle sightless poet relaxed the severe hours of study. Instead of grim digging in musty tomes they talked; he sat by her bedside holding the thin hands (for the blind see by the sense of touch), and they talked for hours—or were silent, which served as well. Then she would read to the blind man and he would recite to her, for he had blind Homer's memory. She grew better, and the doctors said that if she had taken her medicine regularly and not insisted on getting up and walking about as guide for the blind man she might have gotten entirely well.

In that fine poem, "Wine of Cyprus," addressed to Boyd, we see how she acknowledges his goodness.

" Ah, my gossip ! you were older,
And more learned, and a man !—
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids, ran
Both our spirits to one level,
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer-sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

" Now Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day !
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance in your way !
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sate in the chamber
And the poets poured us wine ?"

Mr. Barrett's fortune was invested in sugar plantations in Jamaica. Through the emancipation of the blacks his fortune took to itself wings. He had to give up his splendid country home—to break old ties. It was decided that the family should move to London. Elizabeth had again taken to her bed. Four men bore the mattress on which she lay down the steps; one man might have carried her alone, for she weighed only eighty-five pounds, so they say. She lived for years a life of seclusion.

"Mrs. Browning had three school-masters," writes W. E. Lead, Books, Grief and Love; and the greatest of these was Love. The first was ever with her; the second came in her fifteenth year, and stayed a quarter of a century; the third became head-master in 1845. Early in her teens she began to graduate in the School of Sorrow. In an autobiographical letter to Mr. Horne, she says that she nearly died at fifteen; and there are several varying accounts of a riding accident that for ever put an end to her riding and, for many years, even to her walking. It was a year or two later when her serious illness began, and it was caused by a

strain when attempting to tighten her pony's girth. When she was twenty-two her mother died. A few years later they had to leave their beautiful mansion with its pleasant surroundings.

Her natural shrinking from publicity is expressed in these words to a friend: "All my favorite passages in Holy Scripture are those which express and promise peace, such as, 'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always and by all means;' 'My peace I give unto you;' 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Edward Barrett devoted himself to his beloved sister with unwearied devotion. During a visit to Torquay he was drowned before her eyes while taking a sail on a yacht. More than three weeks passed before his body was recovered. The suspense and shock almost put an end to his sister's existence and "gave a nightmare to her life for ever." In the heart-rending pathos of "De Profundis" she gives some idea of what this loss was to her. But her faith sustained her, so that she could say,

" Through dark and dearth, through fire and
frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

With returning health she resumed her literary labors, and about this time wrote "The Cry of the Children," which was inspired by reading the report on "The Employment of Children in Mines and Manufactories." This poem appealed so strongly to all humane Englishmen that it is believed to have hastened the passing of the bill in Parliament restricting the employment of young children.

John Kenyon, a literary friend of Miss Barrett's, wrote a few bright little things, but his best work was in the encouragement he gave to others. He sought out all literary

lions and tamed them with his steady glance. No doubt John Kenyon sincerely admired Elizabeth Barrett, and prized her work, and she was grateful for his kindly attention and well-meant praise. He set about to get her poems into better magazines and find better publishers for her work. He also brought his friends to call on Miss Barrett; and many of these friends were men with good literary instincts. The meeting with these strong minds was no doubt a great help to the little lady, shut up in a big house and living largely in dreams.

Much of the time Miss Barrett lived in a darkened room, seeing no one but her nurse, the physician, and her father. The brilliant daughter had blossomed in intellect until she was beyond her teacher. Loneliness and solitude and physical pain and heart-hunger had taught her things that no book recorded nor tutor knew. Her father could not follow her; her allusions were obscure, he said, wilfully obscure; she was growing perverse.

Edward Barrett's daughter, she of the raven curls and gentle ways, was reaching a point where her father's love was not her life. Her fame was growing; some one called her the Shakespeare of women. First her books had been published at her father's expense; next, editors were willing to run their own risks, and now messengers with bank-notes waited at the door and begged to exchange the bank-notes for MS. John Kenyon said, "I told you so," but Edward Barrett scowled. He quarrelled with her to ease the love-hurt that was smarting in his heart.

Poor little pale-faced poet! earthly success has nothing left for thee! Thy thoughts, too great for speech, fall on dull ears. Even thy father, for whom thou first took up pen,

doth not understand thee, and a mother's love thou hast never known. And fame without love—how barren!

"My family," she writes, "had been so accustomed to the idea of my living on and on in that room, that while my heart was eating itself, their love for me was consoled, and at last the evil grew scarcely perceptible. It was no want of love in them, and quite natural in itself; we all get used to the thought of a tomb; and I was buried, and that was the whole. But God knows what is within, and how utterly I had abdicated myself and thought it not worth while to put out my finger to touch my share of life. Even my poetry, which suddenly grew an interest, was a thing on the outside of me, a thing to be done, and then done! What people said of it did not touch me. A thoroughly morbid and desolate state it was, which I look back now to with the sort of horror with which one would look to one's graveclothes, if one had been clothed in them by mistake during a trance."

A voice said in a mastery while I strove . . .

"Guess now who holds thee?"

"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but
Love."

Elizabeth Barrett was thirty-seven. John Kenyon had turned well into sixty, but he carried his years in a jaunty way. The physicians allowed Mr. Kenyon to visit the Darkened Room whenever he chose, for he never stayed so very long, neither was he ever the bearer of bad news.

Did the greatest poetess of the age know one Browning—Robert Browning, a writer of verse? Why, no; she had never met him, but of course she knew of him, and had read everything he had written. He had sent her one of his books once. She had referred to it in one of her own. He surely was a man of brilliant parts—so strong and far-seeing! Mr. Browning had expressed a wish to see her. Mr. Kenyon would fetch him—doctors or no doctors.

Now Robert Browning was not at all of the typical poet type. In stature he was rather short; his

frame was compact and muscular. His features were inclined to be heavy; in repose his face was dull, and there was no fire in his glance. He wore loose-fitting, plain grey clothes, a slouch hat, and thick-soled shoes. At first look you would have said he was a well-fed, well-to-do country squire. But did you come to know him you would see that beneath that seemingly phlegmatic outside there was a spiritual nature so sensitive and tender that it responded to all the finer thrills that play across the souls of men. Yet if ever there was a man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, it was Robert Browning. He was clean, wholesome, manly, healthy inside and out.

The love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett was a resemblance of the Divine Passion. Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground! This man and woman had gotten well beyond the first flush of youth; there was a joining of intellect and soul which approaches the ideal. They met, looked into each other's eyes, and each there read his fate; no coyness, no affectation, no fencing—they loved. Each at once felt a heart-rest in the other. Each had at last found the other self.

That exquisite series of poems, "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"—which are rather confessions from her own heart—the purest, the tenderest confessions of love ever written—were all told to him over and over by the look from her eyes, the pressure of her hands, and in gentle words (or silence) that knew neither shame nor embarrassment.

"If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
'I love her for her smile . . . her look . . .
her way
Of speaking gently . . . for a trick of thought

That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—
For these things in themselves, beloved,
may
Be changed or change for thee,—and love, so
wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me
for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that, evermore
Thou may'st love on, though love's eternity.

"I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say,
'Take it.' . . . It only may
Now shade, on two pale cheeks, the mark
of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs
aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the
funeral shears
Would take this first, but love is justified,—
Take it, thou, . . . finding pure, from all
those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

"A heavy heart, beloved, have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn
As the stringed pearls . . . each lifted in its
turn
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes
apace
Were changed to long despair, till God's
own grace
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me
bring
And let it drop adown thy calmly great
Deep being! Fast it sinketh as a thing
Which its own nature doth precipitate,
While thine doth close above it, mediating
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished
fate."

As for poor Edward Moulton Barrett—he raved. He tried to quarrel with Robert Browning, and had there been only a callow youth with whom to deal Browning would have simply been kicked down the steps, and that would have been an end of it. But Browning had an even pulse, a calm eye, and a temper that was imperturbable. His will was quite as strong as Mr. Barrett's.

What helped Miss Barrett to the final determination to take her fate into her own hands was the fact that, though the doctors had ordered her to Italy for the winter as the only hope of a restoration of health, and although Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer on art, had offered to take charge of her on the journey, her father obstinately refused to consider the idea. This strangely heartless indifference removed her lingering hesitation. She had no idea that his anger against her for the step she took would be so unyielding as it proved to be. So it was just a plain runaway match. One day when the father was out of the way they took a cab to Marylebone Parish Church and were married. The bride went home alone, and it was a week before her husband saw her, because he would not ask for her by her maiden name. At the end of the week the bride stole down the steps alone, leading her dog Flush by a string, and met her lover-husband on the corner. Next day they wrote back from Calais, asking forgiveness and craving blessings after the good old custom of Greta Green. But Edward Moulton Barrett did not forgive. Old men who nurse wrath are pitiable sights. Why could not Mr. Barrett have followed the example of John Kenyon?

Kenyon commands both our sympathy and admiration. When the news came to him that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were gone, it is said that he sobbed like a youth to whom has come a great, strange sorrow. For months he was not known to smile, yet after a year he visited the happy home in Florence. When John Kenyon died he left by his will fifty thousand dollars "to my beloved and loving friends, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, his wife."

Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning started for Italy, and in Pisa they at first resided, but later chose Florence as their home. For many years, with intervals of absence, they lived in that beautiful city, in the romantic old palace, Casa Guidi, which will always be associated with the gifted husband and wife. They passionately identified themselves with the cause of Italy, and their home was a meeting-place for the patriots who were working to free their beloved country and unite the nation.

The delicate invalid recovered her health marvellously in this atmosphere of love and happiness, and she often had to chide her husband for his exuberant satisfaction and triumph whenever she was able to accompany him on a longer expedition than usual, telling him that he must not behave as though it were something phenomenal to have a wife who could walk. Her joy and pride in him are expressed with touching naiveté in everything she wrote.

The birth of their little boy, the "Penini" of the letters, would have filled up their cup of happiness save for one thing. Mr. Barrett obstinately refused to forgive his daughter, or to notice in any way her repeated letters, and this was a sorrow which was to last her life. Death took him from her unreconciled. This circumstance, and the memory of that other bereavement, which had darkened her life for so long, made England seem an alien land to her. She attached herself with all the force of her passionate nature to her adopted country.

A sympathetic writer thus describes her last days:

"The activity of the spirit was too intense for the delicate frame that enshrined it. Day by day the earthly vesture seemed to wear thinner. Those who saw her in Rome dur-

ing the last few months of her life speak of the extreme fragility of her appearance, the tiny figure with the wonderful eyes and long curls shading the wide forehead, and the little thin hand that fluttered like a bird in the clasp of yours. Her life was a sweet and passionate song, that stopped at last for want of breath to sustain it. Her family always thought it was the death of Cavour, in a moment critical for the fortunes of the new kingdom of Italy, that gave her her death-blow. 'That noble soul who meditated and made Italy,' she wrote, 'has gone to the diviner country. If tears or blood could have saved him he should have had mine.'

"Her death was the fit close of such a pure and tender life. Even at the very last she knew not that the end was so near, and smilingly chid her husband for his anxiety. She passed away in his arms, in such peace as lingered for long, a consoling reflection, in the minds of those who had lost her and who otherwise would have mourned too bitterly. 'God took her,' so Browning wrote to her dearest friend after all was over, 'as you might lift a tired, frightened child out of the dark into your arms and the light.'

On the wall of the Browning residence, Casa Guidi, the city of Florence placed a marble slab upon which is inscribed, in letters of gold, "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in her woman's heart united the wisdom of the sage and the eloquence of the poet, with her golden verse linking Italy to England. Grateful Florence placed this memorial."

"If ever poet was thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Christ it was Mrs. Browning. Her thoughts, her faith, her life, were intensely spiritual and essentially Christian.

In her essay on the Greek Christian poets she says:

"We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature as it touched other dead things. We want the sense of the saturation of Christ's

blood upon the souls of our poets that it may cry through them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the sphinx of our humanity, expanding agony into renovation. Something of this has been perceived in Art when its glory was at the fullest."

Mrs. Browning's was one of the purest and most spiritual souls that ever dwelt in mortal body. It gleamed on her countenance like a lamp through an alabaster vase. It breathed in her verse like the breath of heaven. We wish we had room to quote from her "Confessions," "Loved Once," "Catarina to Camoens," "Cowper's Grave," and other poems, that seem to have strayed outside the gates of heaven. Take this tender sonnet for an example:

COMFORT.

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums thy hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus in sooth
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for
evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before."

Her words, which were sung at her husband's funeral in St. Paul's, and at Miss Willard's, at Evanston, are the most fitting close to this imperfect sketch:

"And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

Who doubts that flowers bloom
For ever in another realm;
That far beyond the darkened tomb
No storms the patient spirit whelm;

That mind and heart both purified,
From every crushing sorrow free,
And in the flames of sorrow tried,
Live on throughout eternity?

HOW TO BECOME A BILLIONAIRE.*



FIFTY years ago a man in the city of New York worth \$200,000 was considered rich. Then came the army of millionaires. After they had stormed the city and captured its standards of value a man whose wealth could be quoted in less than seven figures was considered poor. And now the only rich man in New York is the billionaire.

Do you know what a billion dollars means? It means, if invested at five per cent., an income of \$136,986.30 a day for every day in the year!

One of our most active workers at the Half-Way Settlement is a billionaire. He is interested in our aims and ideals. That is why he is willing to grant me an interview. As he shuns publicity, I withhold his name.

"Is it true," I said, "as currently reported, that you have made the greater part of your wealth out of your holdings of Equitable and Mutual Life stock?"

"That is exactly true," he answered, "and I have never been more glad to acknowledge it than at the present time. Only, for heaven's sake, do not begin these words with capital letters. If these words 'equitable' and 'mutual' and 'life' are to be restored to their true and beautiful significance, they must be decapitalized, which would be equivalent in some cases to decapitalizing the stockholders. I have, indeed, made my wealth out of the process of shareholding, and very largely out of

my relations with other equitable and mutual shareholders, but you cannot understand this unless you understand my method of bookkeeping."

"What is the peculiarity of your bookkeeping?" I asked.

"It is a system of my own; it is algebraic rather than arithmetical in its method. It deals with equations and proportions rather than with fixed quantities. The ordinary bookkeeping is simply a process of addition and subtraction. It is good enough, as far as it goes, to measure values in a crude way, but it would not answer my purpose. My bookkeeping bears the same relation to the market value of property that idealism does to materialism in philosophy or art. The market value of property is often but a crude caricature of the actual value. The faded book-mark my mother gave me would not be, in the conventional bookkeeping, an asset at all; in my bookkeeping it figures high. There are no values so genuine as those that are purely sentimental, for sentiment constitutes a large part of the value of life.

"The trouble with the ordinary bookkeeping," continued the billionaire, "is that it deals almost entirely with nominal values, only incidentally with real ones. The ordinary bookkeeping expresses value in symbols of money, but money is only a certificate of wealth, and must not be confounded with the real thing. It is a peculiarity of the dividends which I receive on my stock that they are paid, not in *certificates* of value, but in *actual wealth itself*.

"Ask many men how much they are worth, and they will count their stocks and bonds, which simply show what their property would bring in

*Abridged from "An Interview with a Billionaire," in the New York Outlook for April.

the market. These are only nominal or potential forms of wealth, and must not be mistaken for the real thing. There are people who prefer to get rich in this way. They have a certain environment of comfort and luxury, but beyond this their wealth is largely a matter of bookkeeping. They have mines which they have never worked, railroads upon which they have never ridden, horses which they do not drive or ride, books that they do not read. It is undigested wealth. Then there are the misers who hoard their certificates. That is what I call stagnant wealth; it does not circulate in the community nor in their own lives.

"As to my method of bookkeeping," said the billionaire, "you can form a better idea of it if you will step into my private office." Here I counted five large ledgers. "These," he said, "are my stock ledgers."

He took down one. It was entitled "Inherited Stock."

"You will see," said the billionaire, "that a large part of my wealth was inherited. Some of it has been in the family for centuries. The original deeds have been lost. Not exactly, either. The original *deeds*, I suppose, have really been preserved, but the *doers* have been dead so long that their names have not been recorded; and it would be difficult to say in many cases to which one of my one thousand grandfathers I am indebted for some of these special bequests. My little boy has among his playthings a number of blocks which he uses for building purposes. On each of the cubes there is a letter. Now, it is easy to tell where the blocks came from, for his aunt bought them at a toy store; but to tell where the *letters* came from is a different task. They are a part of our family symbols. You will not find a Chinaman or an African or an Indian with just

these things in his household stock. They came down through our family branch. They are of enormous value, and it was no fool that invented them; but it is almost as difficult to tell how we got them as to tell how our ancestors came to walk on their hind legs instead of on all fours."

One section of the book was entitled "Interest-Bearing Stock."

Under this head I found a long series of entries, among which were Marathon, the Parthenon, the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Greek Drama, the Coliseum at Rome, St. Peter's, the Cologne Cathedral, the Louvre, the British Museum, the Mayflower, Bunker Hill Monument, and a great number of other items, followed by algebraic symbols.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you are drawing dividends from all this stock?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"

"But how do you establish your ownership?"

"Nothing is easier if you make the proper distinction between exclusive ownership and shareholding. People would rightly set me down as insane if I claimed exclusive ownership in any of these things, and there would be a great protest from all the legitimate heirs; but I should certainly be insane if I surrendered any of my rights as a *shareholder*. There is not a civilized court in the world that would not sustain my claim. My dividends from this stock of inherited wealth are as certain as any dividends in the world. They are 'gilt-edged.' They might be called 'dividends of civilization.' They are not paid in cash, but in something better—in enjoyment, in sentiment, in knowledge, in beauty.

"One essential element of wealth many people have not discovered—that is, that we can share the better part of our wealth with others with-

out becoming poorer ourselves, and that we may share the wealth of others without impoverishing them. It is easily explicable when we give up the idea that wealth is absolute or exclusive possession, but simply an unselfish form of shareholding.

"My inherited wealth," said the billionaire, "is not something which separates me from my fellow-men, but something which links me to them. I have never understood why wealth should make men exclusive. All true wealth radiates, is centrifugal, distributive. Under the conventional view of inherited wealth the fewer heirs the better; but under the true view the more heirs the more people are enriched, and therefore the more is wealth multiplied."

I asked my friend what was the meaning of the algebraic symbols in the stock ledger.

"Oh, that is a peculiarity of my bookkeeping; it would puzzle them at the clearing-house, but I understand it myself. It is impossible to express or even to suggest in arithmetic, especially with the dollar sign before it, the value of the Parthenon, or the Sistine Madonna, or the Cologne Cathedral, or of a thousand other things which I have entered in my inventory in the stock ledger. I simply indicate them by algebraic symbols, which suggest their historic, educational, or sentimental values.

"I, as a shareholder, draw dividends from all this stock, none of which is listed on the Exchange. But I suppose you would like to know," he said, with a characteristic smile, "how I have come to acquire some more modern forms of wealth—wealth that figures, for instance, in Wall Street, and some that does not figure there. That is listed in these other books, which you are perfectly welcome to see."

He took down the ledger marked "Collateral Stock Book."

It was a ponderous tome. He turned over the pages rapidly. The entries of stock were appalling in number and volume. Steamship, electric light, American steel, Western Union, various iron, copper, and coal mines, nearly all the most important railroads in this country and in Europe, and a vast array of manufacturing stock, filled the pages of the ledger. I was amazed at the extent of the inventory and the dividends. The billionaire noted my surprise, and said, with a laugh, "There is nothing sensational about this list. There is not one of these properties in which I am not a shareholder. I am not an exclusive owner of any one item, and have no desire to be; because, if I owned them in any such sense, they would own me, and I am not willing to place myself in the position of being owned by my wealth. But I am a shareholder *just to the extent that I use them, and I draw my dividends by using them.*

"All of these things and a thousand more are a part of the gain of history and of the development of our age. They are a part of the total stock of our civilization. I am much obliged to Robert Fulton, George Stephenson, Richard M. Hoe, S. F. B. Morse, Thomas Edison, Andrew Graham Bell, and all the rest, for making me a shareholder in their inventions. I have not had a share of stock in any of the companies organized to propagate and work these inventions for the sake of making money; what I want is the use of these inventions themselves, for they have rendered a vast amount of money unnecessary. Stop and think how much it would cost you in time and labor to do for yourself what these things do for you. You pay a cent for a daily paper. It

has taken a printing-press, a railroad, a telegraph, a telephone, a typewriter, and the combined arts of handwriting, stenography, and printing, to produce it. Grant that out of forty-eight columns only twelve are worth reading; yet, to create all the instruments and agencies necessary to collect and print and publish those twelve columns, millions of dollars were expended. That is to say, you pay one cent for the use of all those millions.

"When people say to-day that a man is as 'rich as Cræsus,' they apparently do not know what a poor man Cræsus was. He was not rich enough to travel by railroad or by steamboat or automobile. For travelling on land he was absolutely dependent upon a horse. His house was not lighted by electricity, gas, or petroleum. He was too poor to buy a watch, a pair of spectacles, or a box of matches. Not all the money he had, or could beg or borrow, would have sufficed to secure to him what are to-day regarded as necessities of life for even a poor man. He was fortunate in living in a country where nature was prodigal, but he could not command all the varieties of food at the same time which a poor man can command to-day—fresh strawberries from Florida, potatoes from Bermuda, bananas from the West Indies, oranges and fresh figs from California.

"The annihilation of distance in the days of Cræsus was secured only by a miracle, and enjoyed only by gods with winged sandals or winged steeds. It would have taken Cræsus three months, as it took some of our Puritan fathers, to cross the Atlantic; but in one of the steamers in which I am a shareholder I have crossed it in five days, eleven hours, and forty minutes; and the man who travelled by steerage got there just as quickly

as I did. If it had rained drachmas or dollars in Greece for forty days and forty nights, until the gold was as high as the housetops, Cræsus, if he had invested the whole amount, could not have purchased the speed which an Irish immigrant can buy for thirty-five dollars. What a slow figure the swiftest of his heralds would cut to-day! A message can be sent from New York to London under the ocean quicker than the news of the battle of Marathon could have been carried twenty-five miles overland when that victory for freedom was won. And this modern messenger is within the means of the average man. It costs but twenty-five cents a word to send an ocean cable. By buying from the United States Government a little picture of Washington, costing just two cents, a mother in Maine can send a letter to her boy in San Francisco or the Philippines.

"You ask me how I draw my dividends of use from my collateral stock. I draw them when they mature; when I want them; that is to say, when *I use them*. To illustrate: Last summer I secured possession of a Swiss lake and three conspicuous mountains. I have taken possession of them in just that way. Whenever I am there so that I can climb the mountains and sail on the lake, they are mine; nobody can rob me of them. When I leave them, I take a certificate of ownership with me; it is the picture I carry in my mind. As I shut my eyes and look at that picture, it is priceless."

The billionaire took down a third volume entitled "Common Wealth Assets." "Here I enter," he said, "my forms of cosmic wealth. No man can be considered really rich in this day and age whose wealth is confined to one planet, and that the planet on which we stand. Purely mundane

wealth would be absolutely discredited in the system of universal exchange if it had not solar endorsement. The greatest source of my wealth is some ninety-three millions of miles from here, a tract of space so remote that I have never traversed it except by eyesight. Yet every morning with unfailing regularity my share of the daily product of the vast cosmic furnace is delivered in golden beams and billets which make the gold of Ophir or of the Klondike seem as dross in comparison. This gold does not need to be sent to the mint to be coined, or to the jeweller's or to the goldsmith's to be worked up; it is delivered ready for use. And it is useful, not in gilding the surface of life, but in the promotion of life itself. You can store it, too, in field, barn, and cellar. It is not only pure wealth in itself, but it can invest other things with wealth and beauty. Generously diffused over the soil, it is the best known fertilizer. With wonderful energy it pumps water into the clouds for irrigation. Every beam is a sheaf of color. Night and morning it paints magnificent scenery on the cloudy canvas it has spread. It is an incalculable source of light and heat, wonderfully democratic in its beneficence; shining alike on the prince and the peasant.

"This cosmic wealth is a part of the common wealth. It belongs to all. Even the animals can draw their dividends here. No one can corner this stock of gold, or put a fence around the sun and secure a monopoly of the product to be delivered at so much a beam. And if there is anything which excites my indignation," said the billionaire, "it is when men seek to deprive others of their due and natural share of this solar wealth. In our great cities even sunshine has a market value, and the worst form of poverty is when men

and women are forced to live in slums where they contract tuberculosis and other diseases because they cannot pay for sunlight.

"The atmosphere is another form of common wealth, a part of my birthright, on which I began to draw as soon as I was born. What right has any one to deprive me of my just share of it, or to poison or soil my allotment of it? It seems to me that that is not a very dangerous form of socialism or of municipal or state control which so orders the construction of cities and houses that the individual occupying them shall not be deprived of his natural share of the common wealth, the cosmic gifts of light and air.

"Then there are the stars, which constitute my cosmic jewelry, the only diamonds and gems I possess; and the moon, which pours out a monthly supply of free silver, and lifts the tidal billow.

"There are the ocean and the great international seas, which cannot be bought up. They are a part of the common wealth. Nations may claim a strip of them on the coast, but they are a part of the highways of the world. We are all tenants in common of sky and sea. Perhaps the time will come when we shall make it impossible for one man to secure vast tracts of this earth to the utter exclusion of everybody else, and when the birthright of every individual to a share in the globe on which he is born will be recognized.

"You see, I hope," said the billionaire, "that I was right in saying that a very large part of my wealth grows out of my *relations to the mutual life*; and because it is mutual it is equitable."

"I understand now," I said, "the distinction you make between legal ownership, between a mere title to wealth and the reality of use or

enjoyment. I understand, too, the emphasis you place on shareholding, or what may be called social or corporate wealth, and your dividends of civilization and common wealth; but are there not certain forms of your wealth which are personal and which cannot be made over to others?"

"Yes," he said, "there are some forms of wealth which cannot be transferred. There are possessions which are purely individual, and they are some of the most valuable things which a man can call his own. I have another stock book in which I enter these personal assets."

He took down the "Personal Ledger."

"In the first place, there is my stock of good health. You could not list it in Wall Street or anywhere else; it has absolutely no exchangeable value to anybody else, except the companies in which my life is insured; but it is of immense value to me. I know a man who would give a million dollars at once if he could buy it. Poor fellow! he is almost bankrupt in his digestion. He could buy out Washington Market any day in the week and not feel it; but if he ate a good square meal he would feel it quickly enough. If there is anything he envies, it is the robust health of some stalwart laborer on his place who is working for the prevailing rate of wages, but who might earn forty thousand dollars a year if he could make over his breathing and digestive apparatus and other physiological appurtenances to this millionaire who is rich in gold but a pauper in health. This man parted with his health to get his money; now he would like to part with his money to get back his health. It is remarkable what a spiritual and moral quality there may be in good health; it affects one's relation to the entire universe. 'Give me health and a

day,' said Emerson, 'and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.'"

I noticed that another stock listed as a purely personal possession was his "*stock of knowledge*." But the billionaire turned over those pages rapidly and smilingly said, "I don't want you to know just how poor I am. I wish I had invested a good deal more in that direction. But I appreciate its value, if I cannot illustrate it.

"Of course *knowledge* in my system of bookkeeping is capable of double entry; it is something you can impart, and therefore you can share it with others; but, on the other hand, it is something which you cannot *acquire* without earning it. The earning capacity of people differs; but to the extent that you earn anything in this field, you must earn it yourself. It is therefore a purely personal possession. It is just here that some of the *nouveaux riches* find themselves up against a wall. They have learned how to make money, and got some additional knowledge in the process; but they have not acquired knowledge of a better sort or developed their capacity to get it. They can buy a book in a foreign language, but not the capacity to read it; they can buy a celebrated picture, but not the capacity to enjoy it; they can buy a ticket for the opera, but not an ear for music. A man's mental outfit, whether by natural endowment or acquisition, is his own; it is a part of his indestructible capital which cannot be burned nor stolen from him. It is a form of absolute wealth so purely personal that he cannot even bequeath it in his will. I sometimes regret that Nature is so inexorable in this respect, and that so much knowledge and capacity must die with the man who possesses it.

"I think," continued the billionaire, turning away from his Personal

Ledger and speaking in a positive but purely impersonal way, "that our American millionaires must, on the whole, be credited with an appreciation of the value of knowledge in its broadest sense as an element of power. One of the best evidences of this is the vast amount of money which has been given by our rich men for libraries, schools, colleges, and other educational institutions, and to encourage the pursuit of science and art.

"The millionaire of the new school has also discovered that if he cannot personally assimilate all his material wealth, he is not obliged by law to keep it. He can enrich himself by giving it away. It is not so easy a thing to do as it may seem to you. For some men it is a harder task to give away their money than it was to make it. It is very hard for some plutocrats, after having spent forty or fifty years in exercising the power of *getting*, suddenly to turn around and begin to exercise the power of *giving*. All the muscles of their benevolence are weak and flabby. Their thought has not been exercised in that direction. One of the terrible dangers of getting too much gold is that it may ossify the sentiments, and one may get a disease which I call the '*plutocratic clutch*.' It is what I may describe as lockjaw of the hand. It is a disease in which it is impossible for the hand to relax into the open palm.

"I knew a man who had this disease. The doctor said to him, 'You will never be able to open your hand till you have learned to open your heart.' An operation on the heart, you know, is a delicate piece of surgery, but by the process of psychotomy it is possible. He told me what a struggle he had to give away so small a sum as five dollars. He had to be persuaded that some-

how he was going to get some interest on this investment in heaven, and was flattered by the fact that his name would appear in the papers. He told me the story of his struggle from miserliness into generosity, and it seemed to me far more heroic than any story I know of—a struggle from poverty into wealth. He learned the hardest lesson of his life, to give for the sake of giving. Some of his gifts were necessarily public; a large number were of the left-handed kind; his right hand did not know what the left hand had done. And then he told me, with a warmth in his voice and a little moisture in his eye, that in getting his wealth he had never experienced a hundredth part of the happiness he had in giving it away."

The billionaire put up his stock books, but the title of another book caught my eye, "Castles in Spain."

"Ah," he said, laughingly, "you journalists have reduced curiosity to a fine art."

"Well," I said, persuasively, "you have told me about your possessions in France and Switzerland and elsewhere, why not tell me of your castles in Spain?"

He took out the volume. I noticed that a good many of its pages were cancelled, but some were still fresh and fair and in his own handwriting.

"This book," he said, "nobody sees but myself. It is kept in my private safe. My investment in natural scenery both in this country and in Europe is a form of investment in real estate. But my castles in Spain are not what you call '*real property*.' Nevertheless, I am accustomed to regard them as one of the most valuable of all forms of personal wealth. These castles are of my own architecture and my own building; they have a peculiar fascination for me. I do not have to get permission from the Building Department

to put them up. I do not insure them, because they are safe from damage by fire and water. They have a habit of dissolving now and then, but they generally fade away so gradually that you do not know that they are gone.

"What to some people is the capital defect of these castles is to me their supreme excellence; that is, that they are purely imaginary. They can be reared in a night and are ready at once for occupancy. There is nothing more valuable for the creation of wealth and happiness than the faculty of imagination; because with it you can create wealth out of material which is absolutely devoid of market value. There is no grander resource for a nominally poor man than, by a mixture of hope and imagination, to be able to change his condition and environment. If he is not architect enough to do this himself, by the investment of a dollar he can secure the services of Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Dumas, Van Lennep, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Sophocles, Euripides, or Homer. Or, if he likes some more modern literary architect, he can easily find one who will create a new environment and atmosphere for his mind, so that he can secure one of the fundamental conditions of happiness, *the capacity of escaping from yourself*.

"How poor the world of literature and life would be if it were not enriched by the imperishable creations of the imaginations and the visions of the seers! And in these days the man who is nominally poor can buy them almost as freely as the millionaire, and there are public libraries that now form part of the common wealth."

The billionaire paused and looked at his watch. I took the hint.

"I have not begun," he said, "to get through my catalogue of the

sources of wealth. I have not mentioned the wealth of friendship, the joy of work, the incalculable resources of affection, and scarcely touched on the treasures of memory. But you have some idea now of my method of bookkeeping, and can calculate the value of some of these things in life without any help from me.

"Do not quote me as saying anything against money or the men who have the capacity for getting it. When society is somewhat better constructed, we shall have more money, not less; and perhaps it will be better distributed. But the great advantage of my form of bookkeeping and of estimating values is that a man can be a billionaire on a very small amount of money."

As I took up my hat to leave I cast a glance at a few shelves of books which the billionaire had in his counting-room. They were most of them devoted to political and social economy.

"I am not tied up," he remarked, to any particular school of political or social economy. A man who becomes a doctrinaire in this comparatively unexplored field is soon lost in a maze of crude technicalities, and may become a Philistine before he gets through. But I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge my indebtedness to this volume." He took down a little book, with a title neatly lettered in his own hand: "Josephson's Galilean Economics." "It is based on the gold standard, you see: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' One of its fundamental principles is: *To him that hath shall be given*. That is a recognition of the capacity of the individual to enrich his own personality. Every treasure which he has secured only makes it easier to secure something still higher and better.

"Other principles are: *A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth.*

"*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*

"*He that loseth his life shall find it.*

"It is a book of parables and precepts. The principle of reciprocity on which its social economy is based is well enunciated by one of the followers of Josephsson: *Let every man*

bear his own burden. That is a recognition of individual duty. And then there is the reciprocal principle: *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*

"A man who follows Josephsson," said the billionaire, as he took my hand, "has laid up his treasures where moth doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

"LOVED ONCE."

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I classed, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds,—the welladay,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sober farewell, the welcome mournfuller;
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words—"I loved ONCE."

And who saith, "I loved ONCE"?
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love foresee,
Love through eternity!
Who by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called LOVE, His noble crown-name,—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved ONCE."

Nor ever, the "Loved ONCE,"
Dost Thou say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend?
The cross and curse may rend,
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once."
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, "We loved them ONCE"?

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light?
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colors fade,
And all that is not love in me, decayed?
Such words—Ye loved me ONCE!

THREE JEWELS.

BY FLORENCE W. PEBRAS.

1. Faith: A Pearl.



Who does not love a pure and perfect pearl?
Come hither, friends, and feast your eyes on mine.
What years of growth, what strenuous tempests' whirl,
What long immersion in the deep sea brine,
United to produce its flawless form!
My pearl is Faith. Years of experience,
In sorrow's sea, crossed by the angry storm
Of harshest trial, drew my jewel hence
From the dark mysteries of deepest thought,
To rest on purple of renouncing wrought,

2. Hope: A Sapphire.

Hope is a sapphire, all may own its light;
Perchance it dropped from heaven's clearest blue,
When shone the cloudless sun, the waves leapt bright,
And on the list'ning larkspur hung the dew.
It came with unexpected happiness,
And undeserved joys that cannot die,
Pledges of future undreamed blessedness,
Tokens of gracious love from the Most High.
Bed it in white of childlike memory
And few can match its radiant purity.

3. Charity: A Ruby.

Out of the great, warm heart of Christ it fell,
When He commanded, "Love thy fellow-man
Even as thyself"; no words its value tell,
'Tis many times the diamond's costly span.
Ruby of charity, more than the rest
Of intellectual, moral, mental worth,
Spirit of brotherhood, the loveliest, best,
Strongest and holiest tie of all on earth,
Frame it in love to God—the finest gold—
This talisman shall pass to bliss untold.

Pakan, Alberta.



THE TRAGEDY OF A PALACE.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



THE VILLA OF THE PETIT TRIANON.



THE old story of a Russian countess, in her opera box, weeping over the poor on the stage who suffer from cold and hunger, while her own coachman sits outside almost benumbed, as he waits for his mistress—it is a story that has its counterpart in the closing years of the life of

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The spectacle of a king building himself a little mill in a far-away corner of his palace gardens, and going away at times to play that he is a miller grinding corn in his dusty garb while his people hunger for bread—it is a picture over whose pathos one cannot but linger.

The tourist finds himself suddenly in this daintiest and saddest bit of Versailles about which history has said so little. It is a pity that the average traveller has such scant time to

give to Versailles. It does not yield its secrets to the hurrying westerner who has just hastened from the glare of gay Paris to "do the place" in a few hours. Versailles has its secrets. But as in so many Old World places you must pause awhile and get the atmosphere ere it unfolds them to you.

Versailles has been described as "the stateliest monument to dead pleasures in the world"; "the pleasure palace of the most insolently luxurious court in history since the fall of the Roman Empire"; "the matchless folly where the French monarchy when drunken with power went to lay its foolish head in the laps of its mistresses."

The great parks and galleries of Versailles engross the time of most visitors, but it is in that pathetic bit of beauty, the gardens of the Petit Trianon, that we would fain linger. You have looked at the furniture of Marie Antoinette, standing desolate and stately in the villa yonder. You



THE "TEMPLE OF LOVE."

have found her little personal possessions ticketed and forlorn in museums. But here under the trees in this little play-garden of royalty you breathe the real spirit of the poor persecuted queen.

It is a place of rest to the soul. The geometry of gardening has been lost. The paths wander at will. Stately bits of statuary no longer stare incongruously from rough copse. Nature has been let work her own will. The place is restful, not so much for what it contains as for what has been left out.

It is a decidedly English bit of park, nothing Italian about it except the villa of the Petit Trianon, built by Louis XV. for Madame Du Barry, and serving his daughter-in-law, the light-hearted Marie Antoinette, as a refuge when wearied by the cowardice and the intrigues of the palace. On the way to this villa is the "Temple of Love" after a classic model. One finds nothing more graceful in all the parks of Versailles.

It was here in this restful bit of wood that Louis realized his peasant's dream. Among the little ponds and the low hills the little hamlet with all its imitation of peasant life stands silent and deserted. A solitary policeman guards this playground of departed royalty. You could fancy yourself a hundred miles from court. There is no extravagance here against which democracy may rage—they are only plain thatched cottages; one frequently sees more pretentious homes among the peasantry of France to-day.

The cottages are still kept in repair. There is the village dancing green where the nobles had peasant

dances and rustic games, and pictured the peace of this humble life with no cares of state to perplex.

There is the little dairy where Marie Antoinette played the part of a milkmaid, and handed the milk out of the low windows as she sold it to the other villagers. There is the mill where the royal miller played his part in the white dust. The wheel is still hanging in the waters of the little lake.

"Here a man and his wife gathered their friends about them and played for a while at the harmless jest that they had been born peasants instead of princes and nobles. Here we can climb up under a clump of trees and throw ourselves on the clean grass and look with musing eyes at the toy mill and the thatched cottages, and breathe a sweet air without a taint of putridity. It is a place to wish that the inevitable Revolution had caught some one else on the throne of France except a high-strung Austrian princess and a mild-mannered locksmith who,



DAIRY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

by great ill-fortune, got into a royal cradle."

They played a part they knew not. It was a stern game with peasants, too. And the peasants were making ready for it even then in the lowering faubourgs of Paris. There were women there, too, who were preparing for their part in the play. Their faces were dark and threatening. They kept on knitting! knitting! knitting! Click! click! click! went the long needles around the red strands of the Jacobins' caps, red as the blood that soon shall flow.

But the beautiful queen as yet has no troubled dreams. She returns from her dairy cottage to her children in the palace across the park. Says Carlyle:

"Meanwhile the fair young queen, in her halls of state, walks like a goddess of Beauty, the cynosure of all eyes; as yet mingles not

with affairs, heeds not the future, least of all dreads it. Weber and Campan have pictured her there within the royal tapestries, in bright boudoirs, baths, peignoirs, and the grand and little toilette; with a whole brilliant world waiting obsequious on her glance; fair young daughter of time, what things has Time in store for thee? like earth's brightest appearance, she moves gracefully environed with the grandeur of earth: a reality, and yet a magic vision; for, behold, shall not utter darkness swallow it! The soft young heart adopts orphans, portions meritorious maids, delights to succor the poor, such poor as come picturesquely in her way; and sets the fashion of doing it; for, as was said, Benevolence has now begun reigning."

But France is not to be appeased with the charities of a queen. France has come to herself and demands freedom to place herself beyond the need of charity, freedom from unjust taxation, freedom from the burdens under which her people groan and starve.



LOUIS' MILL.

One is inclined to feel in reading the history of Marie Antoinette that the tragedies of her life were caused not so much by an incapacity to feel for the sorrows of others as by an incapacity to see them. She remains throughout, the beautiful, pleasure-loving girl that Louis brought away from an Austrian palace, light-hearted, fond of dress and gaiety, but with a sense of royal dignity withal, yet ever drifting on in life's pleasure-boat—touched by any sorrow that crossed her path—yet blind! blind! blind! to suffering, bleeding France. The soft, glossy leaves of the park at Versailles have veiled the sight; their gentle whisperings in the breeze have drowned the dull murmurs of the storm.

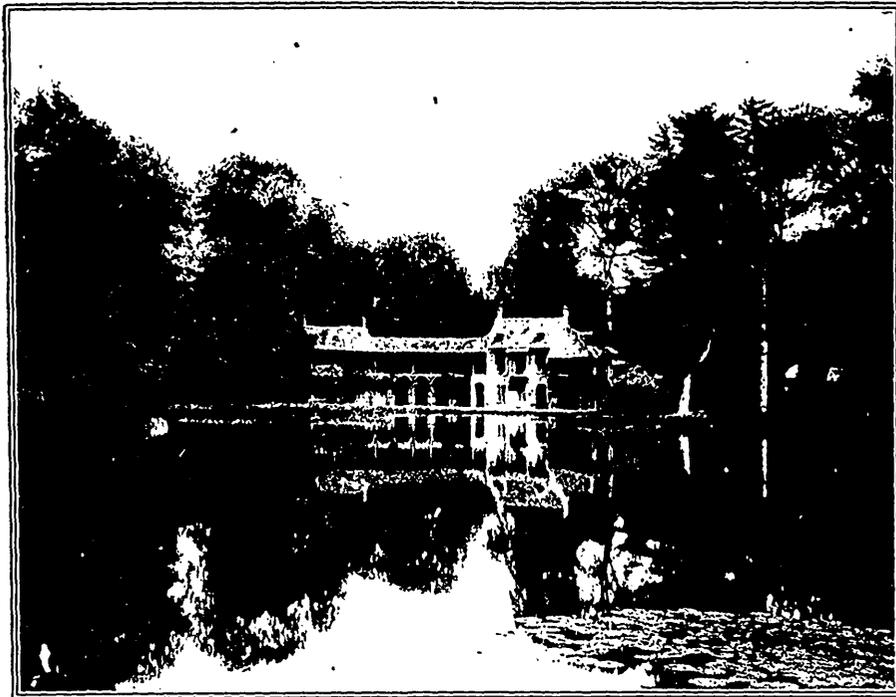
But one morn, one dull, dark October morn, the storm breaks about her chamber. The curtain has risen. The lights are on. The new play has

begun. And she is queen. But it is no dairy-maid's comedy now. The jest is grim.

In the gray October morning the howls and shrieks from two hundred thousand throats rouse her from her slumbers. It is a mob of women as well as of men, the women who were knitting in dark, angry Paris. They beat against the gratings. They break through chains and bolts and bars. The white cockade is lowered. The palace must surrender. The tricolor flag of the patriots is raised.

Both Louis and Marie Antoinette went out upon the balcony and faced the angry sea of heads that surrounded them. The feelings of the crowd were assuaged for a time. Versailles was patriotic. But—

"The king to Paris!" one voice raised the cry. Yes, that was what the mob wanted. And so began that enforced drive of a king and queen to



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S COTTAGES.

their capital. They left Versailles. It was a historic moment. Never again did the beautiful queen play the dairy-maid at the Petit Trianon. The miller's wheel was silent ever after in the little lake.

The heads of the murdered guards were borne before them on their ride to Paris. And with them marched the great mob of women loudly declaring there was no longer any fear of famine now for they were bringing with them "the baker, and the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy."

Standing there among the trees of the Petit Trianon you review the subsequent events in the life of the fair, kind-hearted pleasure-loving woman, whose sun went down at noon. You recall that flight from the Tuileries on the night of the 20th of June, the

shortest night in all the year, and the most terrible race to run. Once outside France the royal heads would be safe. Marie Antoinette had for some time counselled flight, but Louis had his sense of kingly dignity, and it was some time before he consented to be a fugitive king.

The flight was vain. Under the brightness of late stars in the little village of Varennes the royal flight was checked. Even then the royal couple do not seem to have realized their danger. They partook of the homely refreshments of the village and were easily turned back toward Paris and persecution. They seem yet like actors taking their part in a play that they think will at all events end well.

One of the most stirring and tragic



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

episodes of the closing days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette was the brave but futile defence of the Tuileries by the hired soldiers, the Swiss guards, staying almost to a man at their post while king and queen fled. Carlyle thus describes the scene:

“Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuller. What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, is that, of this poor column of red Swiss, dispersing, into blackness and death! Honor to you, brave men; honorable pity, through long times! Not martyrs were ye, and yet almost more. He was no king of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of shreds and patches: ye were but sold to him

for some poor sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honor to you, O Kinsmen; true-born were these men: sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, but not to thee, O Burgundy!—Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion; not for Thorwaldsen’s sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite Mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks.”

This monument shown in our cut is profoundly impressive, especially as lit up at night by strong electric light. The strong reliefs and black shadows

and the dark pool below and swaying vines upon the rock haunt one's memory for ever.

There were twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers who thus fell in defence of a king not their own. The dying lion, hewn out of the solid rock, his side transpierced with a barbed shaft, still guards the lilled shield of France—faithful unto death.

In the days that followed when the discrowned couple were kept as prisoners in the Temple they were comparatively cheerful. From the neighboring windows people watched them taking their daily walk in the garden with their children. They played their daily game of draughts, and the queen's laugh was heard at times. One almost cries out: "Oh, that Marie Antoinette could have been some good commoner's light-hearted wife instead of a queen! Oh, that so much simple gaiety and good-will should be crushed beneath a tumbling throne!"

But the woman who played so lightly her role in life was wakened one day. One can hardly bear to read the account of that hour and three-quarters, when she and her children sat clinging to Louis for the last time before they took him out of their presence for ever.

The end for herself was not far off. Carlyle describes it thus:

"On Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone-walls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here answering for her life.

"Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as one plays on the piano.' She bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution,

which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils herself in calm words. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. 'Have you anything to say?' The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and *it will be Eternity and Day.* Silently she withdraws to die.

"Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had. The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; gray before her time: this is the last Procession: Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed forces were on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*: she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride.

"To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"

HENRY ALBERT HARPER.

BY LOTTIE M'ALISTER.

" My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

" All-arm'd I ride whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."



Sang Sir Galahad. Live for ever Sir Galahad! prays every lover of the most chivalrous of knights. Ever and anon, amid the sordidness, bustle, and dust clouds on life's highway, a glimpse of the white armor of the bright boy-knight is granted in answer to the fervent petition. Earnest listeners catching the echo of good King Arthur's voice, reverently repeat: "God make thee good as thou art beautiful."

On Parliament Hill, at Ottawa, there has been erected a monument in honor of the memory of Henry Albert Harper. It was cast in the mould of heroism and purity as symbolized by the figure of Sir Galahad. It has been accepted by the Dominion Government as one of its national treasures. One ideal, at least, has been realized. An explanation of this stately monument standing so proudly in our capital, in a position to catch the eye of the most careless cosmopolite, involves a pilgrimage, mental or physical, to a lonely grave on a obscure hillside overlooking the village of Cookstown, Ontario.

Over four years ago Henry Albert Harper sacrificed his life in an endeavor to save Miss Bessie Blair, who, while skating on the Ottawa River, skated into an opening in the ice. The girl was heroic, and begged

young Harper not to encounter certain death. But in his soul had been planted the great *Ought*, that comes to full fruition only in eternity. With the question, "What else can I do?" on his lips, he plunged to his death. The act was not his making. It was but his revealing, just as the crisis in the life of Christ revealed to the world Joseph of Arimathea.

The conception of the monument is not a conception of a single act. It breathes of the harvest of many acts—character. Harper spent most of his early life in the town of Barrie. He was a graduate of Toronto University. To the hour of his graduation he seems to have made no definite choice of a life vocation. He tried an insurance agency for a year, and also made several attempts to enter journalism before he succeeded. On discovering that the world did not feel any acute need of his services, he set himself manfully to the task of making himself necessary to its onward march.

His journal is a faithful photograph of his inner life. On the temple at Delphos, in letters of gold, was inscribed: "Know thyself." This young man of twenty-one, in an age given over to the worship of materialism, sat down and seriously took stock of himself thus:

" I am writing this record of my thoughts and actions in order that I may be better able to understand myself; . . . I shall endeavor to be at least honest with myself, and



Yours faithfully
Henry A. Harper.

hope that the use of this book may help me occasionally to sever myself mentally from the associations of the world and retire within myself. My hope is that some day I may be able to become acquainted with my own individuality, and discover what is the first essential and object of my existence. And by what standard shall I measure success, so as to discover whether it is real and after all worth striving for? . . . It is necessary that a man be a philosopher, as well as a lawyer, or a carpenter, as the case may be, if he is to be happy."

The question of vocation, becoming companion to his own shadow, haunted his path. It would be well for Christendom if it could, without compromise of conscience, add to its fireside mottoes: "Our family never ask questions." There is a grim humor in this excerpt from his journal: "To-night we have some friends coming, a minister and his wife. They will probably ask me

what am I going to do? I am sick of that question."

He eventually began his journalistic career on the staff of the London Advertiser, filling a temporary vacancy. He also worked for a time on the London News. Then came an opening on The Mail and Empire. In 1899 he became city editor of the Montreal Herald. On the establishment of the Department of Labor by the Dominion Government in 1900, Harper was appointed associate editor of The Labor Gazette, the official organ of this new department.

This field of labor proved to be the fitting arena for the exercise of his peculiar endowments. The bright sky of this year was clouded by the death of both father and mother. These clouds proved to be the soft cumulus clouds that tarry with the season of fulfilment that enriches granaries, rather than the hope-destroying clouds that bespeak the dearth of winter.

His parents' deaths were separated by only six days. The son's pen-picture of father and mother is sublimely simple. Their lives explain much in his character. The flower turns to the attractive light and power of that sun, whose kiss confers on the little worshipper fragrance and beauty. He records:

"Though 'out in the world' in a measure, since I left home for college, the little home group in Barrie remained the centre of my life. The chief reward of success was the 'well done' from the kindest father and most loving mother who ever lived. . . . They passed away together into the hereafter with unflinching eyes and with a nobleness and truth of heart which won them the respect of all good men and women who knew them in life. . . . I did not reach home until the morning of father's death. . . . A frank, straightforward man; his life open as a book; his heart kind, with the true love of a Christian. . . . At the end, conscious of it, he gazed before him towards the face of God, as one ready to appear before the judg-

ment seat. A healthy, honest, wholesome man, he was to me father, brother and friend.

"And my mother. How often has her clinging kiss muttered a prayer as I left home, and impressed a welcome as I returned. . . . Calling us around her, in a voice greatly weakened, she uttered her heart's wish in a simple sentence—'I want you all to be good, so that you may meet me There.' I am naturally rather disposed to be cold, I fear, but in that moment the depth of that mother's love came to me as never before, and the sublimity of her faith burst upon me. From that day dates a new epoch in my life."

Perhaps nothing could give a better index to young Harper's outstanding characteristics than a selection from his diary, written in the summer of 1901. Although his work at this time was in the city of Quebec, his love of the great outdoors took him to Kingsmere, twelve miles from the capital, for residence. While reading our quotation keep the fingers well down on this beautifully moral pulse. Have a care to notice how regularly and easily the healthy moral blood courses through his being. Notice how precisely the minute vessels unload their precious cargoes of purity, and reload to carry away anything that might clog, or create degraded bioplast for the physical, moral, or spiritual man. A Sunday morning climb to the top of the Kingsmere mountain provoked the citation:

"Here I am having church all to myself in this majestically beautiful spot. It was a hot climb, for it was a sweltering morning, but I am amply repaid.

"I had a five minutes' conversation with a red squirrel, on my way up the mountain. He was a little nervous at first, but became reassured, climbed down the tree trunk, until he was ten feet from me, and looked me in the face steadily as I prattled away to him. The little fellow felt like myself, he could not imagine vicious intentions in such a place.

"A delightful breeze is making music in the tree-tops, a bird with a clear yet sympathetic note—I cannot describe the note, and



THE SIR GALAHAD MONUMENT AT OTTAWA
*erected by the public to commemorate the
Heroism of Henry Albert Harper.*

don't know the name of the bird—is leading in a medley of wood sounds infinitely refreshing after a hard week's work.

“If men could only get to a mountain occasionally and look down upon the world in which they live and move and have their being, there would be less diletantism, less worship of forms, institutions, baubles, and lath and plaster. The foot-hills when last I saw them from here, were rich in the full color of maturity. To-day they are strong in the deep refreshing green of youth. They are happy. Everything around me is happy, and I thank God for it all.”

Discussing with a friend the unhappiness and lack of appreciation that marked the lives of many men of genius, he records:

“I took the ground that this unhappiness was often more apparent than real; that the greatest happiness in sensation was that of the soul satisfaction which must come with the beautiful expression of a great truth, that no great work came by chance, but rather that the thought was first real and vital to the artist; that however much, humanly, he might feel the want of appreciation and physical satisfaction, his pleasure must be ecstatic at finding an expression for his best self, his inner life.

“These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.”

Henry Albert Harper endeavored practically to answer the question, “For he that loveth not his brother

whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" His journal tells the story:

"I was returning home one night after a social evening, when I saw a young man in the hands of a policeman. He was what some people would call a 'bad boy': kept rather doubtful company, and was under arrest for having raised a disturbance during a drunken row. Well, I managed to get the boy, who was about eighteen years of age, out of the cells on bail, and, in company with a fellow who had been 'painting the town' with him, I undertook to take him home. I contrived, after some time, to get rid of his 'pal' and, as soon as the boy was sober enough, I undertook to find out whether he had a conscience. . . . I discovered that he had; and the boy opened his heart to me. . . . From the frank manner in which he meets my eyes when I now see him occasionally, I believe that he has thoroughly reformed. That night as I went home, I knew that one prayer had not been in vain."

Along the same lines was the work of "The Stonecutters," a society he helped to promote after leaving the university. Its work and aims are revealed in these words:

"We went to old Thomas Mahoney's, where we worked hard from about 8.30 to 11 p.m., sawing and splitting wood. . . . I shall try to follow up the acquaintance with a view to discovering to what causes their poverty is due."

No doubt many parents were helped over one of the most difficult phases of parenthood, that is, assisting the child to make a suitable and congenial choice of a calling for life, by a series of articles published some years ago in *The Mail and Empire* under the title, "What to Do with your Boy or Girl."

Harper must have taken note of the number of boys and girls broken on what is too often a mere "wheel of fortune." The articles referred to were the result. They were widely read and discussed, but very few guessed that the friendly lift by the

way was given by a young man just twenty-four years of age.

In his work in connection with the Department of Labor, one can feel a heart beating in sympathy with humanity. He wrote:

"I spent most of the day in the Library of Parliament, reading up the provincial acts concerning mining. The thing which impressed me, as I read, was the uninviting nature of the task of the miner, cut off from the light of day, hewing away in the bowels of the earth; exposed to the danger of cave-ins, explosions, and a living entombment, as the result of carelessness on the part of his employers, or his associates, or the will of nature. How can such men, if they are crowded down almost to the margin of subsistence, develop a roseate view of life! Ever facing almost terrorizing conditions, they must become brave, sturdy, self-reliant and earnest enough, but how can they fail to be out of sympathy with the shams, hypocrisies and dilettantisms of modern society!"

Of the conventional social round he concludes:

"With many people here in Ottawa, I fear the social round is becoming an end in itself, and therefore a danger. I am coming to the conclusion that if a man is to wield any influence worth while in this world, he has to cut this folly out of his life. The past fortnight has shown me how impossible it is for a man to do what the social world expects of him, and do justice to himself."

A glance here and there at the tenderness of home ties, as they come to the surface, should bring the blood of shame into the rouged cheek of this *blasé* old world, that ever seeks to hide even the semblance of a real heart, while with upturned, tear-filled eyes it applauds the painted counterfeit in literature and on the stage. In a home-speeding letter he wrote:

"My dear L—, I am becoming more and more convinced every day that the most important duty we have is the moulding of our character. . . . It is by bringing ourselves into closer contact with the highest thought that we are going to be enabled to obtain

high-mindedness and purity ourselves. There is a world of truth in the statement, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' . . . I have a picture of you—a copy which W— enlarged from a little 'Sunbeam' of you, with a big white hat, you remember—in a gold frame over my desk. It is much admired, and I am proud to introduce it as my sister. As I look at it, I can see my dear little sister, bright, happy and devoted, and now I don't want to think of her with any unnecessary cares. . . ."

His outlook on social and political questions was so other-worldly that the ward-heeler and crass politician, if they comprehended them at all, would treat them as a joke or an idle dream. He advocated the study of Political Economy as a part of the High-School curriculum, and wrote:

"I am becoming more and more convinced that the true rulers of the nation are outside of our parliaments or our law courts, and that the safety of society lies in informing those who form public opinion. . . . For myself I long deplored the foolish worship of this or that set of political machinery by apparently well-intentioned men. . . . The fallacy of political panaceas; and the vital importance of improving the individual morally and encouraging him to elevate his ideals! What a splendid thing it would be if every labor agitator, every demagogue, every member of parliament, every professor, teacher and minister, and, in fact, every one who

exerts an influence upon the public mind, could realize and act upon the truth which came to Alton Locke after his life of bitter trial: 'My only ground was now the bare realities of life and duty. The problem of society—self-sacrifice, the one solution.' . . .

"There have been, doubtless, splendid rich men. When these reach that state when, of their own sweet will, and of deliberate choice, they are prepared to go sell all that they have, and give to the poor, then they have reached an attitude of mind and heart which enables them to distinguish between semblances and realities, to deliberately select the latter, and so realize the greatest happiness, the Kingdom of Heaven."

From the hour of his mother's translation, when all things became new, to the last hours of his life, he kept the spiritual man out in the sunshine, and there was the vigor of daily growth. So it has come to pass that the sod that covers thy casket, brave, honest, truth-seeking soul! cannot hide the bright secret of thy life. The grasses above thy grave are whispering it to the winds, the green leaves are applauding, and young manhood, whenever he catches the gleam of thy white armor, will rally to the Standard of Righteousness.

London, Ont.

FLOWER OF THE BLEEDING-HEART.

(Dielittra.)

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

God's hand has shaped each little flower
That forms of earth a part,
But with what tender love for us
He framed the Bleeding-Heart!

Those tiny gems with light aglow
Strung on their slender spray,
The spotless lamb, the tender dove
No fairer are than they

Our Saviour's Sacred Heart, we know,
Broke for us on the Tree,
But, oh! what Love Divine has set
This sign for you and me!

Pakan, Alberta.

He has ordained, to lift our hearts
From life's fast fleeting scene,
That, in the simple things of earth
We glimpse the truths unseen.

The outward sign must still precede
The hidden, inner grace,
Until we know as we are known,
And see with unveiled face.

O, Bleeding Heart! thy steadfast lamp
Of truth still light for me,
To point these wandering feet of mine
On to Eternity!

A BRIGHT PARSEE GIRL'S LIFE-WORK.



MISS SUSIE SORABJI.

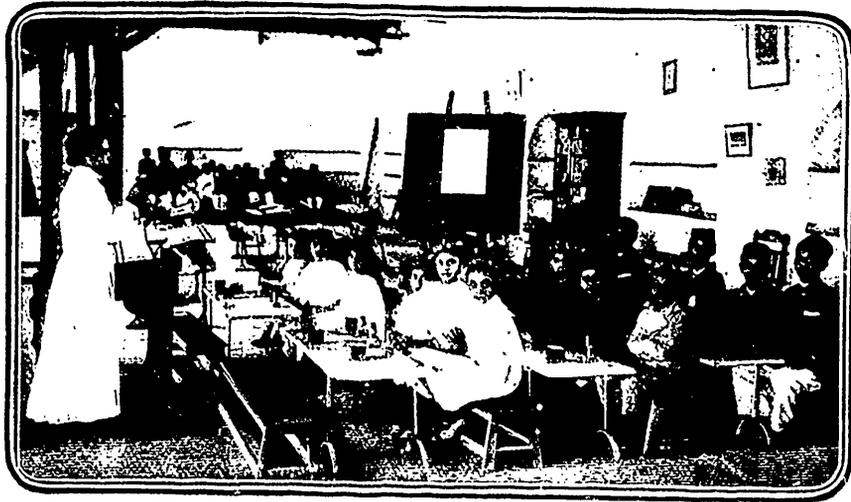


HERE has recently been visiting Canada Miss Susie Sorabji, a remarkably gifted young Parsee woman of Poona, India. Though young, she has already won high honors and official recognition in India as a pioneer educator, and as the introducer in that country of kindergarten methods. She is the daughter of a Christian Parsee family, her father having become a convert and missionary at

eighteen years of age. Her story is thus told in the Christian Herald:

A few years ago Miss Sorabji stood alone in favor of kindergarten teaching. She was opposed, even to the point of gentle ridicule, in the India Government reports. Nothing daunted, she planned to break down this opposition and succeeded so well that to-day kindergarten teaching is compulsory in the Government schools.

There is no kindergarten training-school in India for the Government or the mission teacher, but Miss Sorabji



PARSEE CHILDREN AT THEIR KINDERGARTEN LESSON.

permits teachers to come and sit in her schoolrooms while her classes are in session and observe the methods in use there. These teachers are detailed once a month in turn to this work of observation. Miss Sorabji's methods are strikingly original, and her exercises, with the words and music accompanying them, are composed for the occasion. In her airy, bright kindergarten, the little human plants thrive amid joyous surroundings. The walls are hung with gay charts and fine pictures that lift the little hearts nearer to God, of whom the whole kindergarten speaks. The great world of nature, too, is opened up to the little child, into whose heart are being dropped, through the medium of song or story, of dramatic representation, of artistic picture, seeds of religion, truth, virtue and loyalty.

The little ones take special delight in the nature study; they watch with joy the evolutions of the caterpillar and grub, the beetle and wasp, secreting and jealously guarding their specimens all over the school. When it is time for the kindergarten games, away

run the little people to the teacher, who holds in her hands gay roses, and poppies, forget-me-nots and daises, all cut out of crinkled paper and at least a foot in diameter.

"Let me be the rose?" asks one, while yet another pleads to represent the poppy. When all are satisfied the schoolroom presents a gay scene indeed, the little dimpled faces peeping out under the gorgeous flowers, which the children wear as head-dress.

The story-hour is one of the most joyous in all the day. To vest the mother-earth, the great ocean billows, the soft downy clouds, with personality, is to the little Indian child quite natural; and the story of a dewdrop or the glittering stars is as real as the familiar one about "the little boy around the corner." Then, in order that the little mind might have some form of expression, pencils and scribbling books are produced, and quaint representations of the leading object in the story grow under the little pencils. No effort is ever depreciated, but all are encouraged.



THE BABIES ENJOY THE "STORY HOUR."

The story of geography is a delightful game to the little ones, taught as it is under the trees, where a great relief map of India makes mountains, rivers and table-lands actualities. They sail their tiny boats in the blue waters of the Arabian or Bengal seas, touching at the various ports, and loading them with the produce of each district. Here they have miniature bales of cotton, or there packets of tea, rice, jute, or timber.

Another instructive study is dramatized history. One boy is William the Conqueror, while the others are his barons, serfs, etc. The battle of Hastings has been fought r any times in the garden of the schools of Poona.

Turning grammar into a game is another marvel that Miss Sorabji has wrought. One pupil is Mr. Noun. He has sisters and brothers. The common Nouns are undignified and noisy. The proper Nouns give themselves airs and graces. Miss Verb has lively and active brothers, and quiet, passive sisters. And so on through the entire grammar.

It is both pretty and amusing to

see these little people—the girls in white wrappers and nightcaps—hushing, rocking, scolding their baby dolls to music, and finally putting them to sleep in their little cradles. "It isn't play any more," you say, as you watch the sweet, earnest faces bending tenderly over the cribs. The tiny mothers are in earnest now, and it is with almost a start that they are recalled, by a crashing chord from the piano, to march round the room, and end the morning's exercises by the kindergarten song, "How many miles to Babyland?" "What do they do in Babyland?" sing the wee warblers, and the answer comes back, "Dream, and wake, and play," etc., but the humorous is reached when they sing, "What comes after Babyland?" and immediately, with little fists thrust in their eyes, they sing, "Books, and schools, and nasty rules." The little laughing faces that look up to be kissed when the song is ended, however, show that in this kindergarten at least, "Books and schools and nasty rules" find no place.

Beside having the management of

the Victoria High-School, founded by her mother more than a quarter of a century ago, and of her own Mohammedan, Hindu and Parsee schools, Miss Sorabji frequently lectures before large and distinguished audiences, composed of both Christians and non-Christians. So highly do the learned Mohammedans value her educational work that an offer has been made by them to give her supervision of a large school in Bombay, with the privilege of teaching the Bible. This concession was made because she has made it an invariable rule never to teach or lecture without speaking for the cause of Christ.

Miss Sorabji has the only Parsee school in India where the children may be taught the Bible truths. It is in behalf of this school, recently established on an independent basis, that she has visited this country.

The little chapel of Bethany Mission in Bleecker Street, New York, was filled with a strangely mixed audience a few months ago. Black-eyed, swarthy-skinned Italians sat next blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little Irish lads and lassies, while here and there appeared the earnest, happy faces of the children of Ham. There were many children there, because they were to hear Miss Sorabji tell about the little East India boys and girls. She told, in simple language, the story of the founding of the schools at Poona, India, for educating the little Brahmin, Mohammedan and Parsee children; how upon the site of the little hut, where she used to gather the



“WHAT DO THEY DO IN BABYLAND?”

children about her, there now stands a beautiful schoolhouse, erected by kind Americans, who gave her the money when she was here a few years ago. She told her audience she had come again to plead for the children of India.

After the address, a little negro girl, who had been a most attentive listener, solemnly and earnestly confided to the writer, her intention of being a missionary just as soon as she grew up, “And I’m going to India,” she added.

Just as Miss Sorabji was leaving the chapel, after having shaken hands with almost every one, a woman whispered something in Miss Sorabji’s ear. “That was a five-dollar bill the woman put in my hand,” said Miss Sorabji, while her eyes glistened into tears, “and she whispered to me that it was from the ‘mothers of the tenelements.’ Ah! such gifts as that almost break my heart!”

In many a heart on Easter Day
There is a tomb;
Close shut by stone and seal of grief,
Enwrapped in gloom.

Dear Christ in heaven, on Easter Day,
From Thy far throne
Send angels down to break the seal,
Roll back the stone.

CHARLES LAMB.*

BY F. J. BROWN.



CHARLES LAMB.



IN the group of writers who combined to render the opening years of the nineteenth century one of the most glorious periods in our literary annals—in the group which comprised Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Byron and Shelley, Scott, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt and Landor—there was no more charming personality than that of Charles Lamb. A luminous and original critic, a delicately humorous and oftentimes pathetic essayist, a brilliant wit—it is not as such that he appeals most strongly to our sympathies: it is rather as a man and a Christian.

Scarce any one more generous and true-hearted in his friendships, more unselfish and devoted in his family relationships, more pure-minded in the world, and more, unaffectedly and childlike sincere in his religion, has ever lived. He was a genius, with the special temptations to which genius is

*"The Life of Charles Lamb." By E. V. Lucas. In two volumes. London: Methuen & Co., 1905. Abridged from *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

liable; yet he, like Milton, "the lowliest duties on himself did lay." He was a hero in those tasks of life in which it is most difficult to be heroic. And it was because he was such a man that his name becomes more fragrant as the years pass by.

Lamb was not a writer whose personality can be separated from his work. The author reveals the man on every page, and a fairly full biography could be compiled—even without the aid of his contemporaries—from the numerous personal details which he has himself given us. He was born in the year 1775, the youngest of seven children, of whom three only survived. His father was a clerk in the employ of Mr. Samuel Salt, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, who took great interest in Charles, and helped him in many ways. His mother was a confirmed invalid from his childhood. His brother John was twelve years older than he, and his sister Mary, who acted the part of mother and sister both, was two years younger than John.

He was born, as he tells us, and passed the first seven years of his life, in the Temple; its churches, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river,—these were of his earliest recollections. Before he had reached his eighth year he had got the rudiments of education—"pothooks and hangers, and a little of his native language"—from a Mr. Bird, who kept a day-school for boys in the neighborhood of Fetter Lane.

At that age the offer was made to him, probably through the influence of Mr. Salt, of a presentation to Christ's Hospital. The family was poor, and needless to say the offer was gladly

accepted. Here Charles remained for seven years—seven of the happiest years of his life, and notable above all for the beginning of his life-long friendship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He left school in 1789, when in his fifteenth year, with an accurate and considerable knowledge of Latin, some acquaintance with Greek, and a keen taste for the literature of his own country.

Soon afterwards we find him a junior clerk in the South Sea House, where his brother John was employed; but in 1792—again through the kindness of Mr. Salt—he obtained promotion, in the form of a clerkship in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His father's intellect had now become impaired—for there was a strain of madness in the family—and although his old employer allowed him a pension, it was on Charles that the burden of the household rested. The elder brother seems to have been somewhat gay and selfish, and he troubled himself little about the affairs of the family.

In 1795, when Charles was twenty years old, the household removed to Little Queen Street, Holborn; and it was there in the following year that the awful tragedy of his life occurred. His sister Mary had inherited the mental weakness of her father; and, intelligent, tender and womanly as she was when in good health, she was all her life subject to temporary fits of madness. Hitherto, indeed, she was not known to be dangerous; but on the 23rd of September, while Charles was absent from home, a sudden frenzy came on. She seized a knife which was lying on the table, stabbed her invalid mother to the heart, and wounded, though not severely, her father.

Charles came home and disarmed her before further harm was done; but with what horror the young man must have contemplated the scene one

need not attempt to say. The *Times* of a few days later tells that an inquest was held, when a verdict of insanity was of course returned. Mary was removed to a private asylum, and there she soon recovered sufficiently to understand the terrible nature of her deed.

The young man's mind was now bent on making provision for his sister. He loved her dearly. Owing to the mother's ill-health, she had, as we have seen, been even more than sister to him, and in her sore need it was his one ambition to repay her. She feared being sent for life to the Bethlehem Hospital—"Bedlam" as we know it—or some similar institution; but Charles was determined that this should not be. The total income of the household, counting the father's pension, was not more than £180; and the cost of maintaining Mary at the private asylum where she was at present staying could not be less than £50 or £60 a year. But the young man was prepared to forego this, and more, for his sister's happiness. In the letter last quoted he goes on to say: "If my father, an old servant-maid, and I can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go into a hospital."

A few months later he showed a still tenderer regard for his sister, and a still nobler spirit of self-sacrifice. The father having in the meantime died, and Mary having somewhat recovered, he made arrangements with the proper authorities for her release, pledging himself to guard her for the future. Henceforward, until his death, the brother and sister kept house together,—he tenderly solicitous for her welfare, she equally conspicuous in gratitude for his almost unparalleled devotion. The fits returned at frequent intervals throughout her life, but never again with any

disastrous result. They were usually preceded by forewarnings, and when these appeared he took her, "a willing patient," to the old asylum, until the frenzy was past. The friendship of brother and sister was thus described by Wordsworth after Lamb's death:

" Her love
Was as the love of mothers: and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself

" O gift divine of quiet sequestration !
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and to the thoughts of others
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your *dual* loneliness."

Mary collaborated with Charles in some of his works—notably in "Mrs. Leicester's School," and in the "Tales from Shakespeare," and proved that she also had no mean literary gift. She survived her brother by twelve years, dying in 1847.

It was about the time of the tragedy that Lamb had his first and last serious love affair. We know little of the girl, and practically nothing of the circumstances under which the incident occurred. To use the words of Canon Ainger, "all that we know for certain is that Lamb, while yet a boy, lost his heart, and that whether the course of true love ran smooth or not, he willingly submitted to forego the hoped-for tie, when a claim upon his devotion appeared in the closer circle of his home."

Turning now to Lamb's literary activity, we may note that already, in the spring of 1796, the first-fruits of his genius had appeared in the form of four sonnets, which were published in a volume of poems by Coleridge. To a further volume of Coleridge's poems, published in the summer of 1797, were added other sonnets and occasional verses by Lamb—fifteen pieces in all.

In the following year was issued his little story of "Rosamund Gray," the first of his works that contains any indication of his real greatness. The story is an altogether impossible one, but "it is redolent," says Ainger, whose opinion as a critic is worth quoting "of Lamb's native sweetness of heart, delicacy of feeling, and undefinable charm of style." Shelley exclaims, "What a lovely thing is 'Rosamund Gray!' How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest parts of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?" "Rosamund Gray," however, was not altogether unappreciated by the public, and brought a profit of a few pounds. To the same year belong those pathetic verses, which are perhaps the best known of all Lamb's poetry, those about "the old familiar faces":

" I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

" I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
her:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

" I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly,—
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

" Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my
childhood:
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

" Friend of my bosom, thou more than a
brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's
dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces:

" How some they have died, and some they
have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are de-
parted,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

The friend of the third verse, by the by, was Charles Lloyd: that of the fifth, Coleridge.

There can be no doubt that at this period Lamb's real literary ambition lay in the direction of dramatic authorship. In 1799 he submitted "John Woodvil," a five-act tragedy in blank verse, to the criticism of his friends, Coleridge and Southey; and in spite of their unfavorable opinion he afterwards sent it to John Kemble, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The work was not accepted, but two years later he published it in the form of a small book. A second attempt was the farce "Mr. H.," which was produced on one occasion only (in 1806) at Drury Lane. It was a dismal failure; and, indeed, it is clear to every reader that neither tragedy nor farce had any real worth as dramatic productions.

During the intervals of more serious work, Lamb was writing for the newspapers. The *Morning Post*, The *Chronicle*, and The *Albion* retained him to do jokes and personal paragraphs at the rate of sixpence each. Six jokes a day was the stipulated *quantum* for The *Post*—a number which might easily be rattled off spontaneously when the mind was in the humor for them; but somewhat difficult, as he remarks, to produce to order every morning, six days a week. "No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like that!"

But in 1806 he found more congenial employment. For the sum of sixty guineas he undertook, in conjunction with his sister, to produce a series of tales from Shakespeare adapted for the use of children; she was to do the comedies, he the tragedies. The book was an immediate success, and a second edition was soon required. No persons could have been found better able to perform the difficult task. Both were steeped in the Elizabethan drama, and their com-

mand of pure and simple English "enabled them," says the critic already quoted, "to write down to the level of a child's understanding without any appearance of condescension. . . . There is, indeed, no better introduction to the study of Shakespeare than these Tales—no better initiation into the mind of Shakespeare, and into the subtleties of his language and rhythm."

Soon afterwards was issued a series of "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare," with notes by Lamb. These notes, with the essay on Shakespeare's Tragedies which appeared in 1809, contain some of the most luminous examples of his criticism, and their publication marks an era in our literature. It was the era of revived interest in Elizabethan poetry—of return to the better and truer models of that period. Right through the eighteenth century, the poets contemporary with Shakespeare had been little more than names; and the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself had been so little appreciated that every common playwright had felt himself at liberty to revise and "improve" his dramas. The criticism of Lamb, followed by that of his friends Coleridge and Hazlitt, vindicated for ever the place of the Elizabethan writers in our literature, and rendered such freaks of editorship henceforth impossible.

But Lamb had not yet found the place for which his genius most perfectly fitted him. It was not until August, 1820, when the first of the "Elia" Essays appeared in the new *London Magazine*, that his most characteristic work—the work which ranked him once for all with our immortals—began. The first series, comprising some twenty-five essays, was published in book form in 1823; the second, comprising twenty-four essays, not until ten years later.

It is in vain to attempt to define the

charm of these celebrated essays; as well might one attempt to define the bloom of the peach or the odor of the violet. The English is perfect, and the crown of its perfection is its simple ingenuousness. Sometimes quaintly imitative of Sir Thomas Browne or Izaak Walton, oftener like no one but himself, Lamb wanders on discursively from thought to thought, from memory to memory, as a river winds its way through level plains, moving slowly on by luxuriant meadows and overhanging flowers.

His style is one which touches without incongruity an almost infinite variety of subjects. Sometimes recklessly droll, sometimes delicately allusive, sometimes reverently treating the most solemn themes, or passing, in the same essay, from instructive criticism to playful banter—mingling, as is the privilege of true humor, our laughter with our tears—the essayist assumes many moods, and is always admirable.

The "I" of personal experience, personal like or dislike, is scarcely ever absent; but it is never the "I" of pure egotism; indeed, this constant self-revelation, or pretended self-revelation—for one can never be sure how far the author is to be taken in earnest—is the most delightful feature of the essays. What is more charming in our literature than the personal reminiscences of "Mackery End" and "Old China," or more touching than the simple confidences of the essay entitled "Dream Children"?

Even such personal matters as eating and drinking become etherealized in Lamb's alembic, and details as to his favorite dishes, which from other men would simply offend, are from him altogether pleasing. In one instance the use of the personal pronoun resulted in serious misapprehension. The so-called "Confessions of a Drunkard" were taken to be a representation of Lamb's actual history.

The Quarterly Review, always hostile to the author, spoke of the essay as "a fearful picture of the consequences of intemperance, which we have reason to know is a true tale"; and the slander was often repeated. Unfortunately Lamb, always fond of convivial society, was not so temperate as he should have been, but he was—as Mr. Lucas proves—far from being a drunkard; and he was much pained that these "Confessions" were understood too literally.

Where all are excellent, it is perhaps almost an impertinence to single out any essays for special commendation. Those, however, who are beginning their acquaintance with Lamb, may be advised to read, besides the essays already referred to, those entitled, "The Two Races of Men," "My Relations," "Imperfect Sympathies," "Witches and other Night Fears," "Grace Before Meat," "A Bachelor's Complaint," and "Modern Gallantry." The "Dissertation on Roast Pig" is too well known to need mention.

Lamb retired from the East India Office in 1825, at the age of fifty, with a pension of £450 a year. He had long coveted this release from official duties, and one might have hoped that many years of literary activity lay before him. With the exception, however, of a series of short papers on "Popular Fallacies," which appeared in the following year, he produced nothing more of importance. The remainder of his days were spent in retirement with his sister at Enfield and Edmonton. He died peacefully on the 27th December, 1834, leaving behind him, as Landor said:

"That worthier thing than tears,
The love of friends without a single foe."

"Oh, he was good," exclaimed Wordsworth, "if ever good man was!"

No sketch of Lamb would be com-

plete without some account of his personal characteristics. He was very thin, and distinctly below the middle height, his head being somewhat large in proportion to his body. His face was oval, his nose aquiline, his features pale and intellectual. His hair was long and black, with a tendency to curl. Clad in a tight-fitting, clerk-like suit, he might have passed, says Hood, for a "Quaker in black." Patmore speaks of his Rabbinical appearance—"at once striking and impressive." But it is of his soft brown eyes that his friends tell most affectionately. They imparted a sweetness and gentleness to the countenance "which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on it." He was troubled with an inveterate stutter, but this rather increased than diminished his charm as a conversationalist.

"Lamb," says Hazlitt, "always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen sentences as he does." He himself, writing of "Elia" as of a departed friend, tells how "his conception rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest impromptus had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation."

Like other sensitive people, he shone most among his intimates, and no one ever won the esteem of worthier friends. Strangers often misunderstood him, nor did he trouble greatly to be understood by them. Carlyle, who met him once or twice, was very unfavorably impressed. On one occasion he writes in his diary: "Charles Lamb I sincerely believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know." So ferocious a criticism is a conden-

nation of the judge rather than of the victim.

Some of Lamb's bon-mots have been preserved by his biographers, and one or two of these may be repeated here, "Charles," said Coleridge on one occasion, "I think you have never heard me preach?" "My dear boy," replied Charles, with his inimitable stutter, "I n-n-never heard you do anything else."

Some one was speaking of a cool action on the part of the Duke of Cumberland; Lamb, with a stutter which this time was probably not involuntary, asked: "What else could you expect from the Duke of Cumberland?"

Wordsworth, in his somewhat superior vein, was discussing Shakespeare's indebtedness to his predecessors, and observed that with the old "History of Hamlet" before them, others might have adapted it to the stage. "Oh," cried Lamb, "here's Wordsworth says he could have written *Hamlet if he'd had the mind!*"

It was Lamb who called Voltaire the Messiah of the French nation—"and a very proper one, too." And one would be sorry to doubt the authenticity of the reply which he is said to have made to his official superior, when admonished for his late attendance,—“Ah, yes; but see how early I leave!”

Perhaps it may not be amiss to quote, in conclusion, the amusing "Fragment of Autobiography" which Lamb wrote soon after his retirement from the East India House:

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th of February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountant's Office, East India House; pensioned off from the service, 1825, after 33 years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*). Below middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with

no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion ; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches ; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit ; which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but no drinker ; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry ; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamund Gray,' a dramatic sketch named 'John Woodvil,' a farewell ode to Tobacco, with sundry other poems and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously chris-

tened his 'works,' though in fact they were his recreations. His true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some 100 folios. He is also the true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own name. He was also the first to draw the public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakespeare,' published about fifteen years since. In short all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

"He died—, 18—, much lamented.
"Witness his hand, Charles Lamb. 18th April, 1827."

THE CEASELESS VIGIL.*

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Ps. cxxi. 4.

Lo ! night is here : From darkened space
The slumb'rous shadows steal,
With gentle touch on drooping lids
Tired eyes in sleep to seal.
And none need fear to lay them down,
For ONE still vigil keeps :
"He, watching over Israel,
Slumbers not, nor sleeps."

But, while the many take their rest,
Others there are who wake
And long throughout night's weary hours
For morning light to break.

*[A hospital nurse was wont in the intervals of her night watches to look from the balcony of the ward over the sleeping city beneath, and derived great comfort from the thought of the unsleeping care of God, especially as presented to her mind in the words, "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps," which even the cathedral chimes seemed to her to repeat as they sounded the hour. The incident suggested this poem to the author, who has herself long known from personal experience the sleepless nights of invalidism.]

Toronto.

Yet all who stay their minds on Him
This thought in comfort keeps :
"He, watching over Israel,
Slumbers not, nor sleeps."

Still others are there who the night
Must spend in journeying far,
Through deep defile, o'er rugged peak,
And where thick perils are.
But His becloved this knowledge sure
Dauntless in danger keeps,
"He, watching over Israel,
Slumbers not, nor sleeps."

Nay—do they sleep, or do they wake
To suffer or to grieve,
Or to toil on while others rest—
He none doth ever leave.
"Twixt all His own and evils all
His sheltering wing He keeps,
And, "watching over Israel,
Slumbers not, nor sleeps."

The showers are gently falling on the hillside and the plain,
The grass is slowly sprouting and the buds are out again ;
The crow is northward flying and we hear the robin's cheer,
And our hearts are once more gladdened, 'tis the springtime of the year.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'MULLEN, B.A.



One can rightly understand the Russian problem to-day who has not formed a fairly accurate estimate of the religious condition of her masses. The aim of this article is to present as brief and as accurate a picture as we can of the Russian people from the religious standpoint.

Of the one hundred and ten millions (approximately) who form the population of European Russia, probably over eighty per cent. belong to the Greek Church and its off-shoots, and this article will apply exclusively to them, although many of its statements would apply with equal force to others than those who are members of the Orthodox Church.

The Greek Church is the official or state Church in Russia, and in creed, polity, and culture, it is remarkably similar to the Roman Catholic Church. But the Church itself is not the subject of our discussion, but rather the people whom it has led or misled.

The question is, "What has the Church done for the millions of the Russian people?" For answer we point sadly to the manifest spiritual stagnation of this vast empire.

One of the Russian historians, Kostomarov, says the Russians of to-day are very much like their ancestors of the seventeenth century, of whom he writes: "They were remarkable for a state of such complete religious indifference as has no parallel in the annals of Christian nations."

Another, an American, writing but last year, reports as follows: "There is no real belief in the Church or the Church's God. Most educated people are indifferent; some go to church as a matter of habit; most are free thinkers; while the workmen and peasants follow blindly a creed of dead formalism, superstition, and ignorance."

This opinion, however, is stoutly combated by others, who aver that there never was a nation more religious than Russia. The reader must draw his own conclusions from the evidence that is available. As to the religious observances of the people there can be no question. In this respect the people are wonderfully pious.

"The towns are adorned with churches and convents. Every public event is celebrated by the building of a church. Every house has an altar and sacred pictures; every child his guardian angel and baptismal cross. A Russian fasts every Wednesday and Friday, prays early and late, regularly attends mass, confesses his sins, pays devout respect to sacred persons and things, makes pilgrimages to the tombs and shrines of saints, and has the phrase 'Slava Boga,' ('Glory to God'), continually on his lips. The holy picture (the *icon*), with the lamp burning before it, is found and worshipped in the corner of every room, in the street, over gateways, in offices, taverns, steamers, railway and telegraph stations, and the knapsack of every soldier contains a copy, carried, not as a work of art, but as an aid to devotion."

And as we see vast crowds of peasants prostrate themselves in the presence of one of these holy images, we realize that the religious element is indeed present in large degree in the Russian people.

Russia is religious, exceedingly re-

ligious, but her religion knows no touch of spirituality. It is cold and powerless and dead. A spiritual ice-age has held her in its chilling grip for a thousand years, and her numerous altars might well be dedicated "To the Unknown God."

Along with this spiritual paralysis there prevails an amount of ignorance and superstition so great that progress has been rendered almost impossible. Probably amongst the adult peasants not more than twenty-five per cent. can read or write, and in the dense ignorance that accompanies this superstition flourishes as in its native soil.

The untutored peasants believe most firmly in all kinds and classes of demons, wood spirits, river spirits, and household spirits, that must be propitiated or they will work some mischief. If sickness comes the sorcerer is just as apt to be called in as the doctor, and he is really more feared than the priest. This is a survival from the heathen days, and bears rather startling testimony to the shallowness of their Christian civilization.

We find also that the worship of saints is well-nigh universal. When it thunders, to the untutored peasant mind it is Elijah driving in his chariot on the clouds. It is the same saint who sends or withholds the rain, and in time of drought it is to St. Elias that the distressed peasant appeals.

But Elias is not their favorite saint. That post of honor belongs to St. Nicholas. In connection with this saint-worship there has developed a body of legendary lore that reveals to us, incidentally, the real mental and spiritual status of the peasant.

For instance we have St. Nicolas complaining to a priest, who, in a fit of anger, had struck the *icon* with his keys, that he had by the blow

nearly cracked, not the *icon's*, but St. Nicolas' own head. So closely in the peasant mind are the saint and his *icon* connected.

In the legend of "St. Elias and St. Nicolas," we are told the story of a peasant who was very devout towards St. Nicolas, but paid no attention whatever to St. Elias. This was resented very much by St. Elias, and one day, as the two saints were passing the man's green and promising fields, and St. Nicolas was rejoicing in the man's good fortune, St. Elias gave vent to his ill-humor, and asserted that he would see to it that the crops were a failure.

St. Nicolas felt sorry for his worshipping, and, slipping away quietly, advised the peasant to proceed at once to the priest of St. Elias' chapel and sell the growing crop to him. The peasant did as he was bidden.

Some time after the two saints again passed that way, and St. Elias pointed with some degree of pride to the ruined fields. "Did I not destroy his crop for him?" he exultantly demanded of St. Nicolas. "Well," said St. Nicolas, "the crop is gone, but, unfortunately, the peasant had previously sold it to the priest of your own chapel." Elias looked blank. "Is it possible? Well, I will make that crop twice as good as it was before."

Again the cunning St. Nicolas hurried to his peasant friend. "Go at once and buy back your crop from the priest." Again the peasant obeyed, not without considerable profit to himself. But Elias learned of the transaction, and at once suspected St. Nicolas of telling the peasant what he had said. Again he avowed his intention of getting even with the peasant, but this time would not say what he intended to do.

The crafty St. Nicolas then betook

himself to the peasant and ordered him to go at once and buy two candles, one as thick as his wrist; the other as thin as a straw, and to be on the road at a certain time with his candles. There the two saints met him. "Where are you going?" they asked. "To church," he answered. "For what are the candles?" they inquired. "Well," said he, "the big one is for my kind friend and benefactor, St. Elias; the other is for St. Nicolas." So he pacified the offended saint, and averted further trouble.

This is but a fair sample of the legends that circulate amongst the peasantry, and its childishness and low moral tone are all too true an index to the mental and spiritual poverty of the people. The saints they pray to are but peasants, slightly exalted and manifestly human. As might be anticipated, the peasant's theology is of the crudest, and good and evil seem strangely mixed.

They believe in a personal devil, who is represented as being busily engaged in dragging men to hell, and yet they look upon this as his business, and believe he cannot help it, and owe him no grudge on account of it. After all he is a pretty good devil, and if you treat him well he will not be unmindful of it, nor ungrateful. They have an exaggerated idea of his power, and actually make him a partner with God in the creation.

In such a theology there is scant room for enlightened views, and reverence would gladly draw a veil over their treatment of sacred things. God, the Father, is usually ignored, but when mentioned seems to be a heavenly autocrat, a hard taskmaster of great power and indisputable authority, but a being devoid of mercy and destitute of tenderness,

who utterly fails to appeal to our hearts.

On the other hand, Christ is represented as the poor man's friend and deliverer, who is always on the side of the oppressed, but his mission seems to be mainly to see fair play amongst men, and the atonement and its regenerating power are entirely overlooked. The spiritual note is absent. Salvation, as we understand it, has no place in such a theology, and the witness of the Holy Spirit is a thing undreamed of.

What about the clergy? In all lands they should be the spiritual guides of the people, but we have in Russia only another sad illustration of the blind leading the blind.

The Russian clergy is divided into two classes—the "Black" and the "White." The "Black" are the monks who live in monasteries, often richly endowed. The "White" are the inferior or married clergy, wholly unendowed, save that in rural districts they possess some freehold land for farming purposes. Their chief sources of revenue are the fees that come from baptisms, burials, weddings, and special masses.

These are the men who constitute, or should constitute, the people's spiritual counsellors and guides, their trusted friends, their most honored helpers; but, if ever the people respected their clergy, the day has long gone by, and between the pastors and their flocks there yawns to-day an awful chasm. The reason is not far to seek. The people are poor and oppressed, and the Church has, unfortunately, ranged itself on the side of the oppressor.

To-day in Russia the Church is numbered amongst the great reactionary forces, that are striving ineffectually to smother the age-long discontent that misery has begotten,

and all the sullen, silent opposition of one hundred million people is face-to-face with autocracy, army, police, and Church, with the prospect that, when the swelling waters of discontent have reached their final limit, and the dam at last gives way, the fury of the bursting flood will sweep away both Czar and Church.

What has placed the Church in such an unenviable position? Mainly two things—the people's poverty and the priesthood's greed. The peasant who desires the priest's services can always secure them—for a consideration. Sometimes the peasant in his extreme poverty—landless, penniless, friendless—is unable to pay the sum demanded, and the children remain unbaptized, and often, we are told, the dead remain unburied, because the priest has not received his fee.

So is it any wonder that these shepherds of Christ's flock are universally regarded as being after the fleece rather than as caring for the flock? One writer says bitterly, but all too truly: "The Churches are no longer houses of prayer, but houses of plunder."

But, you say, if the people have no respect for the clergy, why do they still seek their services? Alas, this poor, threadbare religion, with all its gorgeous pomp of ceremony and its accompanying spiritual paralysis, is the best they have, and in their ignorance and misery they still cling to it, for after all it is their only revelation of divine things.

Is the picture dark enough? And yet it falls far short of the still darker reality.

But is there no light? Are there no signs of dawn in this long black night? Thank God there are. What are these signs? We have said little about the Bible so far. Why? Because, to the great mass of the Russian people, it is still a sealed

book. Nearly one hundred years ago three Englishmen formed in St. Petersburg a branch Bible Society, but they had barely succeeded in issuing the whole Bible in Russian before the Society was suppressed by the government as "a revolutionary association intended for the overthrow of thrones and churches, of law, order, and religion, throughout the world." This gives us official Russia's estimate of the tendency of the Word of God, and, undoubtedly, from her standpoint, she was right.

Forty years afterwards the Society was resuscitated, only to be again suppressed in 1884 A. D. Fortunately, the New Testament was allowed to circulate, probably because they did not dream their people would read it. And in its peaceful pages dwells a power that overturns thrones and systems, and everywhere and always makes for human freedom, and without blare of trumpets or roar of cannon, but all the more effectually because so quietly, brings in liberty, equality, fraternity, in a grander, truer sense than red republican ever dreamed.

The rise of the Stundists, who are the Russian Protestants, came from the study of the Gospels. The different bodies of Russian evangelicals, as we may appropriately call them, are really the result of the circulation of the Word. Who are the Stundists? "The Autobiography of a Southern Stundist" gives a graphic and accurate answer to this question as showing us a typical case.

The writer of the autobiography had been a serf, and, of course, a member of the Orthodox Church. He knew but little about religion, save that he was a sinner, and in his heart there sprang up a great yearning to become a godly man. But how? He knew nothing about conversion, and had no means of finding out anything.

At first he thought, "I'll ask father;" but his father was as great a sinner as himself. Should he ask the priest? Alas, he also was a man of blemished life. What then? He remembered some prayers his mother had taught him, and for a while he seemed to get some little comfort from repeating them, but there was no power in their ceaseless repetition to make him a godly man; and yet he persevered. For five long years he wept and fasted and prayed, often rising up at night to pray in anguish of soul for a relief that never came.

Then he made up his mind to go to the monastery at Kieff, and see if possibly within its walls he could find the peace he sought. Hopefully he made his way thither, only to find that the monks themselves were shameful sinners, and there was no help for him in them. Back he came in deep despair. His last hope had failed, and he feared his brain would give way under the terrible stress and strain of the unending struggle.

At last, when thirty-seven years of age, some one handed him a copy of the Gospels, and, as the poor serf slowly spelled out its message, light broke into his darkness; and when his weary soul, with its burden of sin, came face to face with the Christ of Calvary the burden rolled from his shoulders for ever, and the unutterable peace of God came into the heart that had been tempest-tost so long.

This is but a typical case, and how marvellously it resembles the experiences of the early Methodists, only Russia's awakening is a century and a half later than that of the Anglo-Saxon world.

And yet the same rapidity of move-

ment, that in one hundred years carried Methodism round the world, has shown itself in this Russian *Stiinda*. Every convert learns to read, and in turn becomes a centre of evangelization. The movement only began about 1870 A.D., and in less than twenty years it was estimated to number several millions of adherents.

"No religious movement in Russia ever showed half the same power of contagion;" and still it spreads.

Perhaps this will partly answer the question, Can the Russian peasant be reached by the Gospel? He surely can. There lies in the serf-like masses, beneath the silent sadness of toiling millions, asleep under the dull apathy of the down-trodden poor, a capacity for enthusiasm that centuries of religious darkness and ages of grinding poverty have not destroyed, and, when the enthusiasm is transformed into evangelistic zeal, it will set all Russia ablaze. What will happen then? Who can say?

Other Protestant sects there are, differing in methods and belief, but all active in rebuking the corruption of the Orthodox Church, and zealous in the spread of primitive Christianity as they gather it from the New Testament.

The Russian people are waking up, and the masses are slowly being educated and evangelized. Russia's night has been long and intensely dark, and still the deep shadows brood over the great masses of her ignorant toilers, but light has come at last to some, and while the regeneration of the mighty empire will not be accomplished in a day, her sun has risen to set no more.

Alvinston, Ont.

When of this flurry thou shalt have thy fill,
The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then:

The heavens repeat themselves in waters still
And in the faces of contented men.

—C. V. Cheney.

THE PULPIT AND PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



THE gradual lifting of the horizon of thought on many important questions, and the consequent influx of new ideas, have produced a dislocation of many earlier opinions, and more or less of mental uncertainty and confusion have followed as a further inevitable result. In the progress of the years many cherished systems and worlds in which men have lived intellectually and theologically have been sadly disturbed, if not broken up; and though for a time men have protested and rebelled at this rude spoliation of their prized ideals, they have finally been compelled to accept the larger outlook and the invigorating atmosphere of a truer, broadening world.

The child may have been quite content, as a child, to spend his first and innocent years in the quiet and peaceful valley, and to his youthful imagination the narrow limits of his boyish home were all he craved. The few acres of sky above him and the mountain ranges around him, which like some stern and final boundary shut out all beyond, seemed sufficient for all his childish aspirations and his most ambitious dreams. Some fatal day, however, he is led by strong and tender hands up the sides of the familiar and lofty mountain and for the first time stands in boyish wonder on the summit, to him as it were the ends of the earth—and lo! the homelike and beautiful world of life's first happy years is now no more. It is spoiled, broken, and can never be the same

again. But compensations are close at hand. The pain of parting with his vanished idol is soothed by the dawning splendors of a grander vision, of more magnificent heavens, and of a wider world. So up the sides of many a question which seemed closed and settled men have sometimes been pushed and led by a power not of earth or of time. Most unwillingly have some, who have finally become leaders, taken the first steps which led to new and far-stretching horizons and to the initiation of reforms which were to inspire advancement and bless the world.

It is grand, if not intensely dramatic, reading to review the changes which the Christian Jews experienced as the dispensation of the gospel revelation unveiled its vastness and universality of aim before their awakened and bewildered souls. Pushed up the sides of lofty ranges of venerable and cherished conceptions and traditions by the hand of an infinitely loving God, they stood at last where more glorious outlooks confronted them, and soon their narrow sectionalism was divinely obliterated, fragmentary views of God and men vanished, and the inspiring power of a new and wider faith filled their souls. Before these emancipated children of God there rose a new heaven and a new earth.

So in this comparatively recent and sudden expansion of thought the Church of Jesus is feeling a sacred compulsion to face new issues, and if possible adapt her teaching and effort to the pressing demands of the hour. Questions arising out of the providential problems of the present-day world

are earnestly awaiting attention and substantial and satisfying answers from the Church of God.

There is always the old danger to tempt and hinder men from a true and noble discernment of the signs of the times and the new responsibilities which that keen discernment and appreciation involve. That danger rises from narrowness of view and conviction, from some falsehood in thought or life, from the perilous feeling that in many important beliefs we have reached finality, and that the last inch of territory has been explored and the last word put down in some familiar creed. There is also the insufferable conceit and vanity of individual or national opinion. All these sources have been prolific in distressing blunders which the religious and secular history of the world is ready to illustrate and confirm.

The relation of Christianity to the social difficulties and necessities of the time; the complicated needs of man's life in this world; the purification and elevation of the political ideals and practices of the current hour; the redemption of the sunken, shipwrecked masses from deep and deplorable degradations; the old, old problem of taking humanity out of Babylon with all its vicious tyranny, and the bringing it to free and nobler conditions—all these are urging their claims at the door of the Christian Church, and anxiously looking for some message of alleviation, solution, and reconciliation.

Is the pulpit to remain silent in the presence of these and similar questions? To sit in peaceful and pious seclusion from such sharp and persistent interrogations is to shun and shirk ingloriously and with a shameless incompetency some of the most pressing issues of this most real and practical world. No! No! Let the Church be wide open for all that pertains to the

true welfare of mankind and prove itself faithful and earnest in its interpretation and application of the most beneficent message that God has given to the universe. Every great inquiry touching the moral and religious relations of mankind, as it rises from human lips and voices human need, has a right to stand up before our pulpits and ask for attention and some kind, strong word in reply. Every real question of life touching the conscience, public opinion—that tyrant of a modern Pharaoh, if uncontrolled—the lost, depraved masses of our great cities and the nations, and the various perplexing problems which Providence has brought to the front, have all a right to come and sit in the pews of a Protestant church!

It is utterly unchristian and amazingly weak for the expositor of the gospel of Jesus to run for shelter as if frightened by the new-comers, to play the part of some ecclesiastical statue, or simply to let these things alone and sink back into some sort of mediæval or oriental repose. One of the readiest ways for the Church to lose hold of vast and important forces of the time is to leave the impression, either by its prolonged and painful silence, its passive indifference, or want of true Christian discernment, that it is out of sympathy with the expanding thoughts and necessities of the age, or that it has no word of help or directing light for these trying, progressive, and perilous hours. It is only stating what we cannot but admit to be true, that there is already a partial, if not complete, alienation between certain sections of society and the great teaching functions of the Church, arising out of the distinct lack of appreciation on the part of the latter of some of the real difficulties and perplexities with which the former has to grapple from time to time.

The pitiable failure of the disciples

on one occasion to prove themselves equal to a trying emergency drew from the Master the words of a timely and stirring rebuke. "Then said Jesus, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him hither to me." (Matt. xvii. 17.)

A celebrated astronomer, Leverrier, observing slight disturbances in the solar system which no known causes could adequately explain, set himself to account for the phenomena, and came to the conclusion that there must be another world in a certain quarter of the heavens, a world hitherto undiscovered by science. When the telescope was turned to the particular spot indicated by him, behold! there was the unknown world. That discovery is rightly considered one of the most marvellous triumphs of human genius. So in like manner are the perpetual restlessness of the human spirit and the strange and unexpected aberrations of the intellectual and social world around us, disturbing many of our peaceful slumbers, and calling aloud for the fulness of the truth as it is in Jesus to appease the keen hunger of the passing days. We are confident that there are in the gospel scheme interpretations, solutions, and satisfactions for this many-sided requirement which some of our theological conceptions have failed to include.

"Watchman! what of the night?" What of the multitudes of human spirits tossed to and fro, often in great fury and darkness, on the rough, rude sea of their own questionings? What of the forces which rule for riot and evil and moral death on territory whose rightful owner is God, and not man nor the devil? What of the spoiling of priceless spiritual existences for whom Christ died by the colossal brigands and moral barbarians still abroad upon the earth? What of the grinding, pitiless tyrannies which

for selfish ends make it possible for submerged millions of men, women, and children to live more like dumb driven cattle, than creatures capable of a destiny that angels might desire? What of those utterly godless interpretations of the universe in which we dwell and the lamentable degradations and dangers which such soulless and abhorrent teachings involve? What of the caste bondage and class prejudices, the mocking irony of obstinate and apparently unyielding conditions of physical science, with its exaltation and glorification of law and its stern creed of heredity? What of national character and national law, and of the great gaping sores of human society, and the practical downright heathenism which again and again confront us in these Christian lands?

Surely for all this expanding thought and multiplying need, which a rapidly growing world reveals, help and inspiring messages are found in One whose supreme claim was announced in sovereign words that He came to save the world. Is it not the high duty of the Christian Church to give such questionings a place in her pulpit and sanctuary, and with eyes that look at these urgent needs and a heart that feels the keen hunger all around, to broaden her wisdom and adaptation, and in the name of her Divine Lord cast out these spirits of evil, and tenderly care for a perplexed, bruised, and suffering race?

What the age imperatively needs is the unmeasured power and blessing of a whole Christianity—a Christianity equal to the gigantic and magnificent task of saving the world. By this we mean the care for man's body as well as his soul; the ennoblement and purification of his present life as well as the preparation for the life which is to come; the saving of society from sinking into the hell of its own lusts and lies; and the redemption of poli-

tics from the meanness of making its supreme aim the enrichment of its own little parish, and the overflow of its own pocket and pantry, and the debauching of the public conscience with the most contemptible corruptions, hypocrisies, and lies. This whole Christianity thunders its message around the world in substance and spirit, if not in words, that what is morally wrong can never be politically right.

Not until these fundamental teachings are recognized in the science of government, is there much hope of the righteous nation, or of such legislation as will secure national character of the highest and noblest type. Right down into the very streets of ancient Capernaum the Son of God brought the kingdom of heaven, not as a theory or remote possibility, but as a present actual, beneficent fact.

"In a certain sense the Lord Jesus Christ secularized divinity when he put from him the ceremonial of the Pharisees and sat down with publicans and sinners. What the Church needs now to do, is to bring the spirit of righteousness into the stores and streets, along the lines of commerce, among the interchanges of trade, through the actual relations of society, and around the whole circumference of human nature and human life. There is not a solitary question of actual life and conduct before which Christ is not to be preached. And if we do not so confess Christ before men by entering in and possessing everything in His name, then we shall not preach the real historic Christ, but only a theological Christ; and we shall fail to glorify a living Christ, who alone can bid the world's passion be still, cast out its devils, bind up its broken hearts, and heal all its iniquities." There is really no phase of our nature, no need of our common humanity, no possibility of hope, or love, or sorrow, which His life does not embrace and purify and illumine. He is adequate,

and He alone, to human nature in all its variations of experience, its aspirations, its difficulties, and its ever-recurring needs. A distinguished writer, still living, illustrates this universal adaptation in the following impressive and eloquent manner:

I go along the shore when the sun hangs a burning ball in the hot sky and the tide is out. Suppose I come to the shore, at that hour, the first of mortals from the island to reach a continent's edge, knowing nothing of the daily pulse-beat of the ocean. I mark the winding shore, curved and broken and indented, seemingly without law or reason. I notice the outstretching cliffs and the deep fissures worn into the face of the rock. I see also the withering sea grasses and the stretches of parched flats. And while I stand and wonder what means the ragged waste in which a continent comes to an end, I hear the sound of approaching sea. I notice the lines of foam advancing up the beach; behold! the great ocean from all its depths goes forth to meet the shore; the rising waters eddy and play around the headlands and over every rock; the sultriness vanishes before the breeze that comes riding in upon the white-crested waves; and, at length, when the tide is full, I know how the deep answers the shallows, and the ocean was made to fit the shore, and the continent is comprehended in the fulness of the waters in which God caused the dry land to appear. I know that both sea and land were fitted to each other by the same creative power. I see the same perfect fitness between Christianity and human nature.

Christianity alone meets the whole circumference of human want, flooding all the shore of our being. Your little brooks of philosophy are not enough to cover a single marsh! Out of the deep comes the answer to man's nature. Christianity is the life—the returning tide of life—the ever fresh adaptation, morning and evening, of the eternal truth and love to the whole continent of our being. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. In Him all fulness dwells. And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

With such an outfit and such a commission as the Church of the Redeemer possesses, it is high time that the Christian pulpit asks pardon for pausing with this divinely authorized propaganda as if to pick up here

and there new pieces of something else with which to patch up a starving faith. Such conduct is at once proof of men's inadequate views of the best treasure that has ever reached our world.

The greatest social reformer in all the history of our storm-tossed and sin-cursed world was the Lord Jesus Christ, and His purposes and mission are among the permanent possessions of this changing world. It was said of His immediate disciples that they had turned the world upside down, and that saying was true. It is this deeper insight into the larger meanings of the gospel scheme and its adaptation to the universal requirements of humanity which explains the fact that already

this divine movement has in some respects conquered the thought of the world, and is now laying its mighty, regenerating, and victorious hand on those forces which are doing so much to shape the life of the individual, the nation, and of mankind at large.

Not until this whole Christianity is preached in the spirit of a sublime and absolute confidence to the whole world of human interests and affairs is there any reasonable hope of the great voices ever being heard in heaven or on earth, that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

Cornwall, P.E.I.

AT COWPER'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the hearts decaying;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish;
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.
 O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured that deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace and died while you were smiling!
 And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.
 He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration.
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God has taken.

VIOLETS.

O wind, where have you been
 That you blow so sweet
 Among the violets
 Which blossom at your feet?

The honeysuckle waits
 For summer and for heat;
 But violets in the chilly spring
 Make the turf so sweet.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

OUR EARTH'S INTERNAL FIRE.

BY FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.M.S.



THE popular notion concerning volcanoes is, that they are huge safety valves for enormous oceans of liquid fire beneath the earth's surface, which are always struggling to find vent, and when they cannot do so give rise to earthquakes. In this, as in most popular notions, there is an amount of truth, which makes it at once more difficult as well as necessary to disentangle the error. The best way to attempt to do so will be to consider briefly, though as accurately as possible, the whole question of the earth's interior.

It is quite common in these days to hear or read of the "crust" of the earth; and the general idea conveyed is, probably, that a comparatively thin layer of solid ground covers a fluid interior, in much the same way as the skin of an orange encloses the luscious juice. But such a notion requires not a little modification to make it at all scientifically true. The "crust," to begin with, is a very ambiguous term. In days gone by it was supposed to represent a rind, from ten to twenty miles thick. But many cogent reasons prevent our accepting the notion of so thin a crust upon a spherical ocean of the size of our globe. Even if we should regard such a crust as a hundred miles thick, it would be very little comparatively. If a ring be drawn around a penny with an ordinary pencil, it would more than represent a thickness of a hundred miles on such a scale.

As a matter of fact, all our geo-

logical explorations have supplied information only to the depth of some fourteen miles. And even this much is only known because in some districts, as in Wales, etc., the lowest strata are brought to the surface by nature and there spread out for us to examine. Our deepest direct borings only extend to the depth of one mile. Hence it will appear that all our surmises as to what obtains below these depths, towards the centre of the earth, are based upon inference, not actual acquaintance. These inferences, however, are none the less reliable as to certain main facts. We know without doubt that the interior of the globe is hotter than its surface, and that it is either composed of different materials from those we see around us, or else the same materials in a very different condition. It may be of interest to show why we come to such conclusions.

First, as regards internal heat. The unmistakable evidence of volcanoes is confirmed in a more quiet but more useful way by hot springs—"geysers," as they are called in some countries—which often for centuries, and at considerable distance from any volcano, make manifest the presence of underground temperature much higher than that on the surface. The Buxton springs have an average temperature of 80° F., and those at Bath 120° F. These are nearly a thousand miles from the nearest volcano, so that the source of the heat must be traced to a general rather than a local source. The most remarkable general fact, however, is the more or less regular increase of temperature as we penetrate into the

earth's interior by means of wells, or mines, or borings for scientific purposes.

Although the rate of increase varies considerably with the nature of the surrounding rocks, yet, on the whole, it may be fairly stated that for the first twenty miles of depth there is a regular rise of one degree Fahrenheit for every sixty-four feet. Now, if this same rate of increase were maintained continuously, at a depth of fifty miles we should have a temperature of 4,600°, which would more than suffice for the melting of even such a refractory metal as platinum. There are good reasons, however, for thinking that it is not so. Still, how real is the heat, even within much smaller depths, may be judged from the fact that the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, and the town of Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, are actually supplied with hot water from underground sources.

If, now, we agree that the internal heat of the globe must be very great, two questions remain for consideration. First, what are the materials of which the interior is composed? and, secondly, in what condition are they maintained?

As to the first of these, it has been ascertained, by careful calculation, that the total density of the earth is five and a half times that of water. But the materials of which the crust is formed are demonstrably only two or three times water's density. Thus it is made plain that, from whatever cause, the inside of the globe must be much heavier than the crust. What are we then to conclude from this? Well, we know from actual examination that nine-tenths of the surface rocks are composed of such elements as oxygen, silicon, aluminium, calcium, magnesium, sodium, potassium, carbon, sulphur, iron, etc. But of these, oxygen and silicon are

in great excess, making up, indeed, three-quarters of the whole. But when we catch one of those aerial wanderers which we call "meteorites," we find that they are almost wholly composed of iron. Many considerations which cannot here be detailed lead to the conclusion that our earth's interior is very fairly represented by these meteorites.

It must be borne in mind that at first, when—according to that nebular hypothesis which seems on the whole the most reliable scientific conception—our globe was flung off as a ring, and then a sphere, from the sun, it was certainly an incandescent fluid sphere. Upon this, at a temperature somewhere about 2,000° F., the crust would begin to form through inevitable surface-cooling. There would, however, be sufficient fluidity to permit of a rough sifting of the materials according to specific gravity, which would cause all the heavier metals, such as iron, to tend to the interior rather than the surface. But as the whole cooled, general diminution in volume must follow with ever-increasing pressure upon the internal portions, and probably the commencement of solidification from the centre, at the same time as the crust would continually thicken.

It is, of course, vain to pretend that we can supply a detailed programme of all that did actually take place. In regard to these matters, quite as really as in religion,

" We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see."

But in both cases alike faith, as a superstructure, may have a solid foundation of fact. We do know, for instance, that our earth is a vast magnet, and the only way of accounting for the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism is upon the supposition that there is a large quantity of iron

in the interior, both free and in combination with oxygen.

But whatever be the relative amount of the heavier metals inside our globe, the most interesting question of all is, perhaps, whether these constituents exist there in the solid or the liquid condition. Is our earth, as some assert, a ball of liquid fire covered over with a thin crust? or is it a solid sphere with an incandescent interior? Dr. Bonney has succinctly summed up the whole case in saying that "though mathematicians are not unanimous, the majority seem inclined to regard the earth as practically solid, while the idea of a rather thin crust finds perhaps more favor among geologists."

There are really three hypotheses concerning the present condition of the earth's interior. (1) That there is a fluid nucleus, enclosed in a solid shell, the thickness of which differs according to individual estimate. (2) That there is both a solid centre and a solid crust, but that between these comes a fluid or semi-fluid layer. (3) That the earth is perfectly solid, from centre to circumference.

Mathematicians have objected to the idea of a fluid globe on the ground that the phenomena of "precession" and "nutation" could not in such case be as we find them. Our limits do not permit us to enter into detail here, but half a century ago Hopkins showed that these movements "could not possibly be as they are if the planet consisted of a central core of molten rock surrounded with a crust of twenty or thirty miles thickness, and that the least possible thickness of crust consistent with the existing movements was from 800 to 1,000 miles." Lord Kelvin (then Sir Wm. Thompson) supported him, but it has since been shown by Prof. Darwin that "the precessional movement in a fluid spheroid is in some

cases the same as that in a rigid one." In regard to the tides also, it has been demonstrated that, in order that they should be as now they are, our globe must be not less rigid than steel, and that, on the whole, the mass of the earth must certainly be more rigid than a continuous solid globe of glass of the same diameter.

Yet it is possible that there may be a great deal of harmony between these apparently conflicting views. To put it paradoxically, the interior of our globe may be both solid and fluid at once. That is to say, it may be actually solid, but potentially liquid. And in this way. We know that the internal heat may—and, indeed, must—be sufficiently great to melt all the components of the crust as we find them on the surface. But a moment's reflection shows that subterranean conditions must be very different, especially at vast depths, because every inner stratum will necessarily be compressed by the weight of the outer layers resting upon it. Now pressure makes a great deal of difference to melting-point. And when we do justice to the enormous pressures which must obtain for the inner materials of the globe, we see that, whilst the heat may be far more than sufficient to turn them into liquid, under all circumstances known to us, the pressure may be such as to prevent their fluidity, and retain them in the solid although molten state.

This might, indeed, go far towards explaining some of our volcanoes. For since the whole earth is slowly but surely radiating off its heat into space, as it cools there must be some shrinking of the crust. This would necessarily give rise to what are called "tangential strains," tending to crumple up the surface into mountain ranges. But this again would mean the removal of pressure from some

underlying portions. No sooner, however, could this take place, than there would be a breaking out into liquid molten condition of some of those portions which had previously been held solid by superincumbent pressure.

On the whole, it must be confessed that, so far as our present knowledge goes, it is impossible to formulate any definite conclusion. In this, as in regard to the age of our earth, the opinions of geologists will doubtless for a long time be difficult to harmonize with those of mathematical physicists. The former incline to assert a fluid interior, and the later a solid globe.

But even here there are fundamental facts beyond controversy, and with these for the present we must be perforce content. It is quite clear that our earth is intensely hot inside, the internal temperature being altogether beyond anything of which we have experience at the surface. At a moderate depth, moreover, it is certain that "there must exist a zone at which the rocks, if not actually melted, must be very nearly at their melting-point, so that they might pass, in consequence of a very slight change in their condition, from solid to liquid, or the reverse."

In a word, it must be said that all the facts of the case, so far as we can ascertain them, in connection with the present physical condition of our globe, conspire to confirm the general modern conception, viz., that our earth, in common with the rest of the planets, was originally thrown off in the molten state from a central sun, and that it, along with the sun, is gradually but surely cooling. Some day, therefore, though it can scarcely concern us much practically to know when, this little planet of ours, that now so throbs with life, will have enacted the tragedy to which the moon seems our constant melancholy pointer. Of the cold which prevails there we can here form no idea. This only we know, that long before the temperature of our globe shall have fallen as low as that, there will be an end, not only of mankind, but of every living thing that now exists upon it. What shall be beyond this, only the eye of faith can descry. To the most intense and persistent demand of science, nature can only reply:

"Thou makest thine appeal to me,
I bring to life. I bring to death.
The spirit does but mean the breath.
I know no more."

—The Young Man.

THE NORTHERN HEPATICA.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

They brought the wild hepatica to me,
Lavender-tinted chalice, with a star
Set in the centre like a spray of spar,
Venturesome bud of spring's own witchery,
Calyxed in furs against the treachery
Of frosts and nipping winds that fain would bar
Thine entrance to the North-land dark and far
Waiting the gleam of thy temerity!
O, heavenly blossom, colored like a shell
Cast by the swell of some serener sea
Upon the shores of Earth! What message clear
Hast thou been charged with? Is it "All is well,
And in the fairer Land we wait for thee,
Doubt-troubled hearts! we are not lost, but here!"

Pakan, Alberta.

ANNA JAKOBOVNA, JEWESS.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



THE light which the Jewish doctor carried showed the dirty hospital office, with Frank Worth sleeping, wrapped in a blanket, soldier-fashion, on the floor. Apprehensively the Jew looked round him, his haggard face and bloodshot eyes working with excitement as he stood still, listening intently. But outside, the city, torn and crushed by her enemy's bombardment, was very still. The great guns on the mountain forts were silent at last, for after an eight months' siege, Port Arthur had lowered her flag on that second of January, 1905, the first fortress taken from a European power by an Asiatic one, since Constantinople was captured by the Turks.

Suddenly the silence on the streets was broken by savage shouts and yells, far off still, but evidently coming nearer, and Lazarus the Jew turned hastily to rouse his sleeping friend.

Frank Worth was a young Canadian, whom a love of adventure and an instinct to serve his fellow-men, had sent to wear the Red Cross in the hospitals of Port Arthur. From May, when Oku's victory at Nan Shan made the siege of Port Arthur inevitable, to January, when the city surrendered, Frank had seen the horrors of war aggravated by an indescribable mismanagement, which robbed the hospitals of every necessary and sent scores of the Russian Red Cross workers insane, crazed by the sight of suffering they were helpless to relieve, and maddened by overwork among men who were dying in torments.

There was a flicker of pity in the Jew's eyes as he called and shook his friend in vain. Frank's face was lined, and its skin strangely dark, as he lay there sleeping in utter exhaustion. It seemed a cruelty to rob him of the short rest which was allowed him, but the sounds of riot were growing rapidly nearer, and very roughly at last Lazarus forced him to waken. For a second Frank struggled with a hysterical desire to refuse to get up, then he was on his feet, alertly ready for orders, and Lazarus

looked at him with a grim admiration,—“Most men in his place would have broken down weeks ago,” he thought, but he only said shortly,—

“Well, and what do you hear, Frank Ivanovitch?”

Frank started. “And what ever are they getting up now in the old town, doctor?” he asked.

“The capitulation was signed this afternoon, as you know,” said Lazarus, “and until Nogi enters to take possession, it looks as if we are to have anarchy in Port Arthur. The Russian officers possibly know what they are doing,—I don't—and the soldiers are straggling from the forts to plunder the city. The party you can hear have looted a store containing five thousand six hundred bottles of vodki, and Loris, who has just come in, declares they intend to come here next, thinking to find more drink among our stores.”

“But,” exclaimed Frank, “surely you have notified the authorities?”

Lazarus' smile was unpleasant. “An hour ago they were told,” he said, “and several bodies of troops were sent to quell the disturbance—under the command of sergeants,—they have all joined the revellers. Probably the Russian officers were afraid of frost-bites if they ventured out of doors this bitter night.”

“And you think the rioters will really attack the hospital, doctor?”

Lazarus smiled again. “When men of your nation get drunk, Frank Ivanovitch,” he said, “they want to smash things, and fight every man they meet, but when the Russian peasant, who is a torpid tow-headed beast at the best of times, is mad with drink, all he thinks of is more drink. You know how many white women have taken refuge under our flag to-night, and I do not think any sentimental regard for the Red Cross will save the hospital, if the rioters really come this way.”

“I hope the Russians are not quite as bad as you think, doctor,” said Frank, cheerfully, “and if they do come here, I'll try and bluff them off,—that's about the only thing I can do.”

So Lazarus went back to his patients, and Frank, arranging with Loris, a stalwart, fair-haired young man, just now

very frightened, to let him know if any one came towards the rear of the hospital, returned to the office, where he could watch the street in front.

He had not been at his post many minutes when an inner door opened and a young girl-nurse, carrying a tray, came in. Jewish unmistakably she was, yet of that intensely refined type which we think of when we imagine the Madonna. And she had been very beautiful, a woman who made men's pulses beat faster when they saw her, and even now, with her eyes red-rimmed from sleeplessness and her skin blotched by scurvy, she was very fair in the sight of the man she came to.

"Moshe told me to bring you some coffee, Frank Ivanovitch," she said, looking down as she met his eyes.

Moshe,—Russ for Moses,—was Dr. Lazarus, and she was his sister, Anna Jakovovna. Frank had first seen her in Harbin, where she was governess at a Jewish banker's, but there they lived in different worlds, and it was only the chance of war that had made them comrades, and perhaps something more than friends.

Lazarus was one of the many Jewish doctors pressed by the Russian Government for service at the front, and as he passed through Harbin, Anna with her nurse's diploma joined him. As she explained afterwards to Frank with an ironic smile, "I am surprised that a Christian should be surprised at me. Is it not written in your Scriptures, 'Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.' They have compelled my brother to go a very long mile, and of my free will I go with him, to make it two. I suppose a Jew may follow, if he will, the teaching of the prophet of Nazareth."

This was in the early days of their acquaintance, and Anna, trained to expect nothing but insult or worse from a Christian, watched Frank with a suspicion which saw evil in every word and action, until those long months of siege, when she forgot everything, because he was her brother's friend. The position of Lazarus was a hard one, forced to serve by men who trusted him in nothing, and Frank was really placed with him as a spy to hector and hinder him,—something which the young Canadian failed to understand, and instead he gave the Jew doctor loyal service, standing between him and a hundred insults, and thoroughly respecting that man who would declare that the Russian nation should be treated like the accursed people whom

Israel slew, with their women and little ones, in the name of the Lord, and then went and tended these same detested enemies with hands as gentle as a mother's touching her babe.

Lazarus did not trouble at the intimacy between his lieutenant and his sister; he trusted both too absolutely to think of evil, and marriage between a Jew and Gentile was such an impossibility that the thought never entered his mind. He forgot that youth and love are eternal verities, and that before there were such things as creeds or races, Adam in Paradise stood lonely among the mating-beasts, and the same law which because of the divine breath within him kept him from his dust-brethren, our animal friends, revealed to him his soul need when Eve stood before him with the glory of the sunrise in her hair.

Even in that hell which men had made of Port Arthur, Frank had seen the opened gates of paradise, and in their light waited the woman he knew the Lord God had made for him, and he loved her,—Anna, the daughter of Jacob, the Jew.

And Anna? Being a woman, she knew that he loved her, though he had never said a word, but the inherited instincts of centuries of training in sternest self-government and a pride of race which "not earth nor hell could bind" showed her reason that between her and her lover were barriers impossible to pass. But also, because she was a woman, she was unreasonable and told herself there was no danger of him ever speaking, or of her listening to him. So she sat down by the dirty stove in his office while he drank her coffee, telling herself that the sweet riot in her feelings was only indignant pity for that man who, with a long hard day behind him and another one in front, was forced to be sentry for the night. Yet it was very certain that no matter how he was overworked she would have looked at no other man with such dangerous tenderness in her eyes.

It is probable that Frank would have confessed his love there and then, had not Loris rushed in crying that the rioters were at the rear of the hospital.

The rear of the hospital was a collection of canvas covered tents and carts, where in the bitter cold of that January night, wounded men were lying on heaps of stable refuse. And towards the main building a score of drunken soldiers were stumbling, without any clear idea of where they were going, or for what, which was partly the reason why they

stopped in confusion when a young man in a dirty uniform confronted them suddenly with stern eyes.

"You drunken idiots," he thundered, "what are you doing here?"

"Please do not be angry with us, Excellency," said one of the men, looking at Frank with his childishly stupid savage face, "but the city has surrendered, and we do not know what anybody is going to do, so we were looking for the Jews, we heard some were here,—some very wicked Jews who have betrayed us all, and the Little Father,—the same ones who once killed our dear Jesus, the blessed Son of God."

"I know that if you don't want to be killed in a hurry, you had better keep out of my way to-night," shouted Frank, as the men backed away from him. "I don't care if the city has surrendered or not. I'm in command here, and I pity the man who says I am not, that's all. So now, you scoundrels, clear out."

And the men fled.

In the office at the front of the hospital the terrified Loris was saying his prayers, and Anna sat by the stove, thinking of Frank. "He is afraid of no one," she thought, "I suppose that is because he is English, or Canadian as he likes to call himself. He is freeborn, he and his fathers before him; he does not really know that any one can hurt him, so he does not fear them."

Suddenly there were men in the street outside, men who reeled against each other as they yelled, "Kill, kill the Zhbits." (Jews).

Anna cowered down in her seat. Twice before, and she was so young, had she heard that cry in Christian (?) Russia. Loris was at the door, which he had opened, and now he faced the mob, holding up the ikon of the Cross, and crying "Brothers, brothers, don't hurt us. This is a Red Cross hospital and we are all Christians. Go away and don't kill us, for Jesus' sake,—for Jesus' sake, brothers."

He finished his sentence with a scream as half a dozen of the tipsy crowd fired their rifles at nothing in particular. The bullets all flew high, but Loris fell back, and Anna sprang up, saying sternly,—

"Bar the door, Loris Stefanovitch. Remember Frank Ivanovitch's orders, and go for him."

"He is killed, I know, you Jew devil," gasped Loris as the rifles in the street again spit fire and the bullets splintered the roof above them. "Don't fire, don't fire, brothers," he cried. "There are no

Jews here, only two—I mean one—I don't—I can't find the other. Don't shoot again, and I will put her out to you. For God's sake take her and go away."

The girl struggled for a moment when he seized her, but she did not scream. It might have brought her brother or Frank to her, but they could not save her, she thought, and better to die alone than see them butchered before her eyes. Only as she was thrust violently out into the bitter cold, and the door was slammed to and barred behind her, she took out a tiny phial and slipped it into her mouth, holding it between her teeth, ready to crush the glass,—and die,—when those men with the soulless eyes should lay hands on her.

A big Cossack lurched towards her, but like a hunted cat flung among a pack of hounds, she darted underneath his hands and ran along the front of the hospital, stopping short as she came face to face with Frank. A moment he looked at her in amazed irritation, then said sharply, "What are you doing out here, Anna Jakobovna? I thought you had sense enough to know it is no place for you. Please go in at once."

Anna turned meekly to obey him and he looked at the surging mob, who stood back a little, uncertain what to do. Then one of them, crazed with drink and hate and murder, sprang forward to drag the girl-Jew back among his comrades; but Frank was too quick for him, he had knocked the man down and stood over him with his revolver levelled at the others, while Anna reached the door, which Loris had unbarred before he fled to hide himself from Frank, and went in.

"So you mean mutiny?" he said sternly.

But no longer maddened by the sight of the girl, the crowd were getting sober and frightened, only one answered boldly,

"The city has surrendered. There is no one to give orders, and we were looking for Zhits,—the enemies of God and holy Russia."

"Are you looking for them still?" demanded Frank instantly covering the speaker with his revolver.

"No! no! Excellency. Have mercy," gasped the man. "We did not know you were keeping the Zhit girl for yourself. We would—"

"Silence!" shouted Frank, in a voice that made the man before him shut his eyes and invoke the saints to help him in what he thought were his dying moments. But Frank only looked round to see that Anna was out of earshot, for

she knew English and he felt the inadequacy just then of any foreign language to express his feelings. Then for ten minutes he explained to the crowd what he thought of them in vigorous Anglo-Saxon, and the men listened to him and shivered. They did not understand a word he said, but quite sobered, each man prayed silently that some higher power would turn the rage of this man, who was evidently in authority, away from them, and when he came back to Russian, ordering them off, they shouted fervent blessings on him as they obeyed.

Frank went into the office where Anna, trembling with cold and the shock, was crouching by the stove.

"I hope those brutes did not frighten you, Anna Jakobovna," he said abruptly, feeling still annoyed at what he thought the girl's foolishness. "I hope you are not a Nihilist."

"I don't know," faltered Anna, shaken by her adventure, and startled at his question, then afraid not to tell him the truth, she added, "I am one, Frank Ivanovitch."

"I beg your pardon," said Frank, taken aback in his turn, "I only meant that all this talk of Russia needing a freer Government is nonsense; what the mass of the Russian people I have met need is a Government that will put them down—and keep them down."

"I see," said Anna, smiling, "but for all your drastic talk, Frank Ivanovitch, I should not pity Russia if you were her Government, nor would I want to raise a people from where you put them 'down'."

"I am not so sure of you," said Frank laughing. "I thought Nihilism means to do everything the powers that be forbid, like you to-night. You must have known I would never have allowed it, yet because I suppose you thought you could 'raise' those brutes outside, out you must go to them. Anna Jakobovna, you were in more danger than you have any idea of, and you must never do such a thing again."

"But Loris put me out," said Anna, looking with blankly bewildered eyes at this man who talked as if she did not know what Russian brutality was.

"What!" shouted Frank.

"You must not blame him too much, Frank Ivanovitch," said Anna earnestly. "You know his wife and her little baby came to the hospital to-night for refuge; then he is educated like all Russians to look on a Jew as outside the pale of humanity. The mob were threatening to

break in and, more perhaps to save his friends than himself, he gave me to them, like Lot who to save his guests offered his daughters to the rioters in Sodom, the night before that city's destruction."

"I wasn't raised in Sodom," said Frank grimly, "and I think it was a pity that place was not wiped out before it was."

Of Loris he did not speak again, but Anna felt sure that young man would be very sorry for his impulsive action of the night, and she was sorry for him as she looked at Frank.

"Moshe Jakobovna had no right to let you come here," exclaimed Frank at last; "he knew what Russian soldiers were, they have no business to call themselves white men. I know we may not be all that we should be, but a good woman, a woman like you, Anna Jakobovna, and wearing the Red Cross badge, could go anywhere among our soldiers or mobs, and there doesn't live a man who would not reverence you. These men are beasts."

"You forget I am a Jewess, Frank Ivanovitch," said the girl, quietly, without any bitterness in her voice. "Moshe brought me into no more danger or insult and outrage than I was in in Russia. And perhaps he thought that American war correspondent with Kuropatkin, who visited our hospitals, was right when he said that after the splendid work of the Jewish doctors, the Russian would rise above his anti-Jewism forever. You have seen an answer to that to-night. Yet before you declare the Russian peasant outside humanity,—as he has declares that we are,—you must remember that no man has more reverence for anything he is taught to consider sacred. The Saxon to-day reverences all women and believes the unpardonable sin is one against a child. But then he questions everything in the religion of his fathers and often scoffs at his church, but the Slav does just the reverse."

"The best way to raise a man like that," said the unappeased Frank, "would be to hang him."

"Yet you have many Russian friends, Frank Ivanovitch."

"Yes, among what you call the upper classes; men like Lobenko are all right."

"I think them lower than the peasants; the peasants are only 'dumb driven cattle,' and those who made and keep them what they are are surely guilty in God's sight of their sins. I know nothing against Captain Lobenko, yet it was he who excused the Jewish massacres to you, calling them the struggles of a

strong people to rid themselves of a loathsome parasite, burrowing like a tape-worm in their intestines."

"I thought it was awful bad taste for him to talk so before Dr. Lazarus," admitted Frank, "still though I have never been in Russia, I understand that most of the drink sellers and money lenders are Jews, men who live on and naturally try to increase the vice and weakness of the country whose strength they are parasites upon. It was that class which Lobenko referred to.

"And who made that class, Frank Ivanovitch?" said Anna scornfully. "According to the most reliable statistics the Jew works with diligence at whatever trades are open to him, and lives soberly and morally. Take the history of the province of Bessarabia, from which my family came. Originally part of the principality of Moldavia, it was acquired by Russia in 1878, and the persecution of its 160,000 Jewish inhabitants began. Before the annexation Jews and Christians lived in peace together, thousands of the former being farmers, living and working like their fellow-peasants on their lands. Then came the Russification of Bessarabia, with brutal cast-iron laws which were a copy of the worst side of the dark ages. My people were removed from their farms and driven by thousands into the Pale, where the narrow gutter streets and semi-subterranean houses were already overcrowded. There they herded, a congested mass, and because they saw that the people who persecuted them were as stupid as they were brutal they took advantage of this stupidity whenever they could, and so lived. You speak, Frank Ivanovitch, as though you think a drink-seller unworthy of a citizen's rights. You almost excuse a man who excused the massacres of Kishineff, yet in a Canadian book I read of a mining town in your country where a drink-seller, who could have worked at any other trade had he wished, was poisoning the life of the people. He was as bad as any Jew could be, and a band of men went one night to destroy his stock, and in some way punish him. They found no one in his house but his wife nursing her sick baby, and they went very quietly away lest they should disturb her."

"And what would you expect them to do?" demanded Frank. "I beg your pardon, Anna Jakobovna, but I was not trying to excuse Jewish massacres. I was only saying that there seemed to be a class of Jews in Russia who were not at all desirable citizens."

"Citizens, indeed," retorted Anna. "Can a man be a citizen who has no rights? But grant that Shylock in a type of a Russian Jew, Frank Ivanovitch, would you murder even Shylock with unnamable tortures? Would you justify the men who massacred his seven-year-old daughter, and flung his baby from an upper window to be caught by laughing soldiers on their lance points? And all these things I have seen—seen with my own eyes, Frank Ivanovitch."

Anna was standing up now, with a light in her great dark eyes that made them glorious, and with all the intense Oriental passion of her race thrilling in her voice she went on.

"There were twelve of us that morning of the massacre in my father's house,—that night there were only two, Moshe and I, left alive. Rivkoly, my sister, was living indeed,—the mob had taken her as they would have taken me to-night, had you not come, but she died the next morning. I, a twelve-year-old girl, was also taken by them. I have the scar of a bullet wound yet that I received then, for when some Nihilist students and workmen came to my rescue, the policeman who held me tried to kill me with his revolver, sooner than I should escape. You were startled when I told you I was a Nihilist, Frank Ivanovitch; do you understand why I am one now?

"I do not charge the murder of my people against those wretched brutes whose hands were reddened with their blood. Every Jewish massacre in Russia has been deliberately incited by the men at the head of church and state, to degrade the peasant people, whose moral rising would mean the downfall of the autocracy. Oh, I am glad to-night that the flag which sheltered my Rivkoly's murderers is lowered in surrender to a heathen foe.

"Do you, Frank Ivanovitch, white man as well as Christian, wonder at my joy? Do you know why Nippon has won in every battle of this war? It is because the Lord God has ridden on the whirlwind above her banners. He hath crowned with His wisdom the heads of her armies, He hath made them to know the hidden things of the hosts of the Czar, He hath poured out the spirit of His fury on the young men of Nippon when they rushed into battle, He hath confounded their enemy before their faces. Blessed be His holy name forever."

Anna stopped, startled at herself, for saying so much, and Frank came a step nearer her.

"You shall never go back to Russia," he cried. "Come with me, Anna. Marry me, won't you, please, for I love you."

She was too much taken by surprise to answer him, and he, seeing surrender in her eyes, caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, please let me go," she said then so earnestly that he obeyed her instantly.

"Did I frighten you, my darling?" he said repentantly. "But you love me, Anna?"

"I must not. I had forgotten. Oh, what shall I do?" she cried.

"Forgotten what?" said Frank gently.

"Everything," said the girl miserably.

"Frank Ivanovitch—"

"Call me Frank alone," interrupted her lover. "Life is too short for Russian terms of respect between you and me."

"Frank," said the girl with crimson cheeks, "we must not love each other. I am a Jew, and what would your family and Government say?"

"My family would fall in love with you themselves," answered Frank gaily; "and my Government is too busy building up an empire that shall make the rest of the world green with envy to interfere with things that are not its business. I am going to take you to Canada, Anna."

"But my family and nation?" said Anna wearily.

"Oh, I don't think Dr. Lazarus dislikes me; I'll soon talk him round," said Frank with the easy confidence of a man who has been educated in the idea that a woman is an inviolably sacred thing, belonging entirely to herself, and in a secondary way to the man to whom of her own sweet will she yields herself, her family's business being simply to consent cheerfully to what she arranges. Then he added laughing, "And as for your nation, Anna, won't you marry me at once, dear? There is an English consul at Dalny, I believe. Let us go to him and then you will be a British subject, and holy Russia can have fits if she wants to."

"I am not a Russian," retorted Anna. "I am a Jew, and as you are a Christian marriage is impossible between us. Frank, I do love you, but I cannot turn. You do not understand,—I could never, never worship the three Gods."

There was a hushed horror in her voice and Frank looked mystified.

"Worship what?" he said.

Anna looked surprised in her turn,—
"Is that not the main thing in Christianity?" she asked, "the denial of the Unity? Why, I know the words of the

invocation which you Protestants must always use at your worship:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host."

"I cannot repeat the last line," she said, then added earnestly, "You do not realize what this doctrine of the One God means to us, Frank. 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one,' is our declaration of national life and our confession of faith. We teach the words to our children and in the dying hour they are the last on every Jewish lip. I have heard them mumbled on sick-beds when the end has come. I have heard them screamed by those who were dying in agony in a Russian massacre. I have repeated them myself for some who were unconscious at the last. Frank, I can never turn,—not even for you."

"Anna," said Frank quietly, "do you believe the truth as you see it is all the truth? Do you believe that every one outside the Jewish pale is outside God's mercy, and doomed to eternal death?"

"No," answered the girl; "I believe in one God, perfect in wisdom, love and might, who said, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' I believe I have found Him, and that He leads me in the way that I should take, the way of His holy law, which is perfect, making wise the simple. I believe that I am justified in being proud, very proud; that I am of the blood of the chosen people of God; but I do not think for a moment that He is not also fond of every one who earnestly seeks Him. Moshe let me have what few of our women know, an education, and I think I have learned that men may see God in a hundred different ways, and each see right, according to the measure of their souls; and he that is nearest God is slowest to set bounds to His mercy. And as for the hereafter, I leave that all with my God. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' I am content to know nought of the future life, believing that it is God's will that I do my duty here, 'unswayed by sensual fears of future pain or hope of bliss.'"

"I wouldn't call a belief in Heaven exactly sensual," remarked Frank; "but I do think the great and only thing is to know God, 'for better fire-walled hell with Him than golden-gated paradise without.' Personally I have never given my eternal salvation a thought. I gave myself to God, who I believe revealed Himself to men in Jesus Christ, for ser-

vice ; afterwards He can dispose of me as He thinks best. I half fancy I shall go on mixing myself up in other people's rows forever. My darling, you know you can trust me never to ask you to do anything against your conscience. Won't you let me take care of you ?"

And because she was very young and a woman, Anna forgot many things she should have remembered, and did not say "No."

An hour later, Frank, with a light in his eyes that made the doctor look at him sharply, found Lazarus.

"I have asked your sister to marry me," he said without any preface, "and she has consented. I hope you have no objection."

The hardships of the siege had bleached the Jew's face to a dusky pallor, but at Frank's words a horror which was almost hate came into his eyes. Impetuously Frank pleaded his cause and Lazarus listened as one who could not hear, then at last he said slowly :

"You say you love a woman, yet you would make her a meshumad."

The Jew shuddered as he said the term of hate, and there was a loathing in his tone that made Frank flush angrily. "Would you kindly translate that last word for me," he said ; "I don't know what a meshumad is ?"

Lazarus smiled bitterly at the other's manner. "It means an apostate from the faith of his fathers," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Frank hastily, "I thought—"

"It was something worse," said the Jew, with an indescribable accent on the last word.

"I assure you," said Frank, "that I will never interfere with Anna's religion. She lives far too near God for me to presume to meddle with what really is between her own soul and her God only."

Lazarus sniffed contemptuously. "In America," he said, "I believe women neither obey their husbands nor respect them in the least ; but no woman of Israel would ever bring up her children to anything but reverence for their father's faith."

"We—that is, I—had not thought of that yet," murmured Frank confusedly, feeling shy at the thought of the children of that woman who was not yet his wife.

"I suppose not," grunted Lazarus. "I wonder if either of you thought of anything but this moonstruck idea that you were 'in love' with each other. Frank Ivanovitch, your marriage with my sister is impossible, and I would be obliged if you would promise me to give it up."

"Anna is willing," retorted Frank ; "and I promise you I will marry her the first chance I get, and if one doesn't come soon, I'll make it."

Again the terrible hate glowed in the Jew's eyes, and Frank felt afraid—for Anna, not himself. He remembered Lobenko's stories of the malice and horrible cruelty shown by Jews to those of their nation they even suspected of a tendency to become Christians.

"What do you mean to do ?" he demanded. "We are all prisoners of war here together. I have no legal right to protect Anna, and I cannot run away with her. She is your sister, and will you remember that she has no intention to give up her faith ? Her possible apostasy is a thing of the future, and the blame of causing it is entirely mine."

"If she marries you her apostasy is certain," snapped Lazarus, "and she might as well be baptized at her marriage as shortly after. But the blame and shame of the thing is mine and I am not a Christian to think that another should suffer for my sin. Two years ago when she was sixteen, the marriage-maker came to me about her, seeing she was of marriageable age. You look bewildered, Frank Ivanovitch, but in every Jewish community we have a marriage-maker, and when a boy or girl is of age to marry, he visits the parents or guardians. Sometimes they have already arranged to introduce their young people to others suitable for them. Sometimes the young people have done it themselves. But where there are large families, or poverty, or if a woman has no near relations, or is homely or poor, or very shy, the marriage-maker puts the names on his list and arranges their meeting with suitable persons. It was to our marriage-maker I went when I felt I wanted a wife, for I was too busy to look for one myself. Then he came to me about Anna, thinking that I and my Leah were both too busy with our profession and babies to look after her. But she seemed such a child to me, and then she had set her heart on going to college, so I let the matter be. I see now how wrong I was, but I thought so much of her being a Jew, that I forgot she was a woman, too, and you a man no one could blame a young maid for loving."

Frank's face lightened, but Lazarus continued sternly : "You think I relent, Frank Ivanovitch, but I tell you Anna will never be yours. When she went to her college, she took an oath which I know she will keep. There is no man on

earth whose honor I would trust more than hers, and I know she will remember what you made her forget just now. The woman-soul you woke in her remembered nothing but love, but she has given her word, and I know that if she feels she is not strong enough to refuse you, she will kill herself before she becomes your wife."

"What oath was it?" cried Frank aghast. "How dare you hold her to any such thing?—it is murder."

"Give her up then," retorted the Jew. "I would rather see her body buried in the earth the Lord God made it from than in the water of Christian baptism. Give her up, Frank Ivanovitch, if you would not drive her to suicide, for I shall tell her I trust her to keep her word."

Frank said nothing, but for two days he tried in vain to speak with Anna. By the articles of Port Arthur's surrender the Russian Red Cross workers were to consider themselves transferred to the Nipponese hospital staff, under whom they would work. The fifteen thousand men in the hospitals of Port Arthur made their services very necessary. Only the women were allowed to join the Russian non-combatants, who were following the paroled prisoners of war, Russian officers and volunteers and Government officials on their way to Dalny, and returning to their own country. And Anna joined them. Frank had sent her a long, passionate letter, and she wrote in answer:

"Forgive me, Frank, but what we spoke of is wrong and impossible. Love between us is wrong because marriage is impossible. Moshe and the note I enclose will tell you why. The Lord God bless you, and help you to forget.—Anna."

"The enclosure was an undated scrap,—*'My Anna, meet me at Chefoo three days from now. Thine, Yourie.'*"

Frank remembered Yourie Nicolayevitch Kartzow, a peculiar, petulant boy-lieuten-

ant in the Russian navy, whom he had always disliked; he did not know why. Kartzow's courage and zeal were undoubted and shortly before the surrender he had volunteered to carry dispatches in his destroyer through the blockading fleet. Evidently he had succeeded, but what could he, a Russian Christian, be to Anna? Frank went to Lazarus.

"Anna is married," said the Jew quietly; "not to a man but to a cause,—the cause of the people of Russia. I am not a Nihilist, because I think it is impossible to raise the Russian peasant, and I would not try, because I hope to see Russia destroyed from among the nations. But I gave my consent when Anna wished to join them. Kartzow, I may tell you now, is a sub-chief of the terrible section 'D,' whose members, I understand, are all sworn to kill, and be killed, for the cause. You will not betray him, because, after your confession of love to her, Anna volunteered to join them. This note is the answer she received. She has gone, not to live, but to die with this man. I do not know when or where, and I am willing, for I know that their deaths will mean some added shame and loss to Russia."

"I will go to Dalny," said Frank unsteadily. "I will save her."

Lazarus stopped him. "You know you will be arrested at once if you try to do anything of the kind. Be reasonable, Frank Ivanovitch, unless you want to be put under restraint as a lunatic."

Without a word Frank went back to his duties and the Jew looked after him pityingly. "I almost wish he could have saved her from Kartzow and me," he said to himself; "but it could not be, the disgrace of such a marriage would have been too much. Yet she is so young to die, and he is hurt, though he is of a race who do not cry when they suffer pain. He is wise to work, it is the only thing that will make us forget, when it is necessary that we must."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

No gift save of Thy choosing!

No joy Thou dost not send!

No path but the one Thou pointest out,

Dear Lord, till earth shall end!

The heart of flesh may falter,

And long for some boon denied;

But the soul hath ever its wish with Thine,
And would follow where Thou dost guide.

No gift save of Thy choosing!

No joy Thou dost not send!

No path but the one Thou bidst me tread—

Till it in heaven shall end!

BY FIRELIGHT.

BY AGNES M'CLELLAND DAULTON.



GRANNY SIMMERS, shading her face with her wrinkled hand, was flicking the ashes from the broad hearth with a turkey wing. The low sitting-room was flooded with the ruddy light of the crackling wood fire; the old brass dogs, polished by Martha's faithful hands, fairly glittered in the glow of the gushing flames that rollicked up the chimney.

The scarlet geraniums at the windows were drawn back and carefully covered with newspapers, for the night was bitter cold, and in Granny's cheery sitting-room the shades were never drawn.

Through the open door to the kitchen, above the clatter of the dishes, arose the sound of Martha's strong soprano as it droned out of key:

"She sat in the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the birds whistle and look at the moon."

Granny, satisfied at last with the tidiness of her hearth, seated herself in her low rocker and drew her knitting from her capacious pocket. It was at this moment that she heard the welcome sound of voices and the stamping of snowy feet upon the portico, and then the thin tinkle of her bell.

"My me!" exclaimed Granny, dropping her knitting and hastily smoothing her white hair back under her velvet cap; "if I don't believe that's company, on such a night as this! Martha's that took up with 'Lost Kathleen,' I don't believe she heard the bell, so I guess I won't call her, an' have the fun of lettin' 'em in myself."

Throwing her little breakfast shawl over her head, and taking up the candle, she cautiously opened the door into the hall, and tiptoed across the icy oilcloth to the front door. Here she was forced to set the candle upon the floor, as it took the strength of both hands to turn the big brass key.

"Why, if it 'tain't Granny herself!" wheezed Mrs. Keel from the depths of her nubia, as Granny opened the door

and peeped curiously out at the mummy-like figures upon the portico. "We jest thought we'd surprise you by comin' to the front door."

"Law me, come in!" quavered Granny. "Come in, Sister Keel, and whoever else you be—everybody's so bundled up these days you can't tell 'em from a side of sole-leather. Come in, but don't make any noise, because Marthy ain't 'lowed me to come to this door since I had that spell of phthisic in the fall, an' I don't know what I'd ketch if she hears me at it; for hired help Marthy is awful bossy, but, land! she takes as good care of me as little Mary would 've. Why, if it ain't Mis' Read an' Loie Marsh—law, child! I'll never in this world get used to callin' you Mis' Trask. Come right into the settin'-room; it's cold as a stepmother's breath in this hall."

So, like a fluttering little grey hen clucking maternally to her brood, she scurried them into the brightness and warmth of her good cheer.

"Sakes alive! but that fire does look fine!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, when she had emerged from her manifold wrappings. "We could see it glowin' clear up to Minnich's corner—snow's so deep we had to go up to the Lutheran church crossin'—an' says I, 'That light's jest like Granny,' didn't I, girls?"

"Now, Sister Read, don't you be sp'illin' me," laughed Granny, bustling about to make her guests comfortable. "I don't never let down the shades for fear some poor soul might go by a-needin' a little comfort. Firelight is jest like smiles, don't cost nothin' an' does a powerful lot of cheerin'."

"Your wood fire seems so good, Granny; I don't believe there is another one in Philamacleique," said Lois, as she stood bathing her hands in the mellow warmth, a pink "fascinator" glittering with crystal beads, that had been her husband's Christmas gift to her, framing her pretty face.

"Dear child!" and Granny paused in her flurry to pat the smooth cheek, "I jest love Gray Trask every time I see that happy face of yours. It makes me think of me and John in our honeymoon, only I was such a foolish bit of a young

thing. Yes, dearie, my wood fire is good to see. Here, Mis' Keel, you take this rush-bottomed rocker, it's stronger, and Mis' Read, you take this split, and Loie's goin' to set on the old green settee by me. There, child, help me pull it up closer to the hearth. I s'pose most folks would think I was pretty extravagant burnin' wood in this stone-coal country, but John did love a wood fire—them old dogs was his mother's—an' I've got plenty of wood on the farm sp'ilin' for the cuttin', an' the Kuhn boys is glad to haul it in. Someway I can always see John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary better by the light of the logs than I can by a stove or even by a grate."

"Lawsy me! do listen to Marthy," chuckled Mrs. Keel, as high above the conversation wafted the shrill woe of Martha's plaint:

"She milked the dun cow that ne'er was before,
And though she was wicked she was gentle
for her.

Oh, my lost Kathleen!
My long lost Kathleen!
My Kathleen no mo-o-o-o-re!"

"My me, Marthy!" called Granny, as the last "no more" trailed away in a demisemi-quaver. "I ain't heard nothin' but 'Lost Kathleen' for two weeks now; do give us something cheerfuler, for we've got company."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Martha, appearing in the open door with dish-towel in hand to beam upon the guests. "I didn' dream I had an aujence, or I'd give 'em 'Billy Boy,' or 'Barbara Allen,' or somethin' with more tune; but I'm dreadful glad to see you, 'cause Granny's been pinin' for folks ever since the big snow set in."

"Hurry up with the dishes, Marthy," said her little mistress, bustling out of the green settee, "an' then take the flowin' blue chiny bowl to t' cellar an' bring up some Golden Gates. You'll find the popcorn an' the popper in the back stairway, an' give me 'Rastus's little pewter porringer from the pantry shelf for the chestnuts." Here she made a sudden dive into the big closet that flanked the east side of the fireplace, and emerged with a blue and white gingham bag. "Every fall the Kuhn boys fill this bag from John's favorite tree," she explained, as she took the bright little bowl from Martha and heaped it with the glossy brown nuts, "an' some way I

always feel as if he was near when I git it out, for John did so love nice homey times with his friends. An' now, Sister Keel, do tell us how the female prayer-meetin' went off last night. Marthy ain't let me put my nose out since this cold snap, an' I was afraid it was sech a bad night there wouldn't be anybody there."

"Well," wheezed Mrs. Keel, ponderously rocking back and forth, "I did lose my temper quite considerable last night, an' I've felt like crawlin' into a hole all day about it. That's one reason I wanted to come to-night, Granny; someway I always feel cleaner inside after I've been with you, an' I ain't the only one, either. You see, I don't believe since Miss Gray whipped Billy at school we've been in sech an upscuttle at home as we was last evenin'. Mellie was goin' to Susy Taylor's surprise party; Mart had his algebray to git; Emmie'd an awful cold in her nose an' was sniffin' around; Keel was cross as two sticks 'cause the mooly cow was off her feed an' he was havin' trouble with Stiffer about the coal bank; an' Billy was that full of devilment a body couldn't tell where he'd come down next."

"I couldn't go," broke in Mrs. Read, as she serenely turned the heel of the little blue stocking she was knitting without looking at it, "'cause Amy had coughed croupy, an' you all know what Dan is when there is anything the matter of his 'Snicklefritz'—"

"You ought to give her squills," interrupted Granny, softly; "that's excellent for an infant-baby."

"An' I couldn't leave Gray," laughed Lois, flushing. "Him and Dan are goin' over their butter an' eggs books to-night, so that's the reason I got away."

"Well, as I was sayin'," wheezed Mrs. Keel, her knitting-needles flashing in and out of the coarse gray sock, "Joel was powerful put out as soon as he heard I was goin'. 'There'll be enough bell-wethers there without you,' he grumbled. 'You'll fall on the ice an' get hurt, an' it's a good three-quarters of a mile to Jackson's. Why didn't they have it over to Dover, or in Lockport, or mebbly out to Old Town,' says he, gittin' sarcastic. Then Mart he had to chip in; he wanted me to stay to make Billy mind, 'cause his paw can't do a thing with him; but I kept right on with my knittin'. When I'd done up the supper work, and got Mellie off, an' made some onion syrup for Emmie, an' set Billy a-lookin' at the

pictures in Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'—he jest dotes on 'em—an' got Mart out at the kitchen table with his algebray an' Joel smokin' peaceful an' noddin' over the Advocate, then I put on my brown woollen hood an' tied my nubia over that, an' covered it all with my big green veil; I knowed I'd be plenty warm with my little josy coat an' my breakfast shawl an' my Bay State over 'em, so when I was all ready, I said ca'mly, 'I'm goin',' an' I went.

"I was jest clear give out carr'in' all them duds, trampin' through the snow, the wind blowin' like mad an' my asthmy gittin' worse at every step, so I was puffin' like a porpoise when I come in sight of Jackson's house, an' the first thing I see was that there wasn't a glimmer of light 'cept back in the kitchen; thinks I, 'that's funny,' but, knowin' Mis' Jackson is queer as Dick's hatband, I didn't know but what she was goin' to have us out there. So I lumbered round in the dark in their dinky little path—Sol Jackson ain't the kind of a man to shovel an inch more snow that he has to—an' I was that out of breath I didn't have no more strength than a cat when I knocked at their door; Dora opened it, an' when she see me she jest squealed out:

"'Why, Mis' Keel, is that you! You poor thing, you've come to the female prayer-meetin', an' here maw thought it was such a bad night there wouldn't nobody come, so her an' paw has gone to the Baptist revival,' says she, 'an' I'm goin' to Susy's party, an' am lookin' any minute for Tom Ramsey to come to take me.'

"'Well,' says I, as I climbed down off them steps, 'you tell your maw that if I was a Methodist I'd be a Methodist, an' if I was a Baptist I'd be a Baptist; then I clumped along home again; I was that mad I could 'a' cried. I must say Joel was as good as gold to me when I got there—made a roarin' fire an' het me up, an' made me take a big dose of Emmie's syrup, an' by the time I got to bed I'd come down enough off my high horse to feel pusley mean at gittin' in such a pucker. I wouldn't hurt Mis' Jackson's feelin's for a good deal, an' there ain't a nicer girl than Dora in Philamlaclique."

"Don't you fret, don't you fret, Sister Keel," purred Granny, softly, as she polished the apples until they shone like gold. "I'll speak to Sister Jackson.

She ain't one to hold spite, an' you surely did have a hard time. There, Loie, I'm goin' to give you little Mary's plate, an' Mis' Keel 'Rastus's, an' Mis' Read John's, for that's the best way I can show you my love. Now, Marthy, you set down on the little hassock and put the popper right over that glowy spot. If I'd 'a' knowed you was comin' I'd 'a' beat up a sponge-cake; but never mind, we've got some prime pepper-cakes saved over from Christmas; an' now ain't we nice an' cosy?"

The low room was full of cheer; the Golden Gates shone resplendent in their blue bowl; the dancing, snapping grains burst into snow, as Martha, buxom and blooming, shook the popper over the ruddy coals. Lois, shading her face with the white shawl she was crocheting, knelt upon the hearth-rug and tended the chestnuts that were roasting among the coals.

"My me!" sighed Granny, when later in the evening she had at last subsided into the green settee and taken up her knitting. "How us all settin' around the fire does make me think of the old days down in Fry's Valley, when I was a bride! Jest so the light used to make everything kind of glorified like. How many times I seen it play jest so over that old copper coffee-pot! See how it shimmers an' shakes!"

"Ain't that something new, Granny?" asked Lois, going over to the shelf and taking down the quaint old pot. "What a squatty old thing it is, an' what queer little legs it's got, an' here are words on the side!"

"Law, child, that coffee-pot is older than anybody knows of. Marthy found it the other day on the top closet shelf in the red box where I put all my keepsakes, an' nothin' would do but she'd put it out on the shelf. 'Tain't so terrible pretty, only queer and different. Do you see that dent on the side? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if that came from one of the times I kicked it over."

"Sakes alive, Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Keel; "I didn't s'pose you ever kicked anything in all your born days, let alone a coffee-pot!"

"Bring the pot over here to the fire, Loie, an' let 'em see it," said Granny, restling back in her corner. "You see, it belonged to old Grandfather Simmers. He'd come to this country from Belgium when he was a young man. He'd been in the wars with Napoleon Bonyparte,

an' he'd laid on the grounds nights with the cannons boomin' over him till he was as deaf as a post."

"Why, I've heard my grandmother tell about old Henry Simmers lots of times," broke in Mrs. Keel. "Ain't he the one that rode so tall an' straight, jest like an arrow, on his black horse when he was an old, old man?"

"To be sure, to be sure, Sister Keel. He lived to be ninety-eight, an' to the day of his death he loved to have the boys lift him up on his horse, an' away he'd ride like a sojer, proud as a peacock—the Simmers didn't come out of the dust and ashes, I can tell you. Well, that copper coffee-pot belonged to his mother, an' he brung it along to this country, so when Father Simmers—him bein' the oldest son—got married, Grandfather give it to mother. Them words is in Belgium or some kind of a furrin tongue, an' John said it was a sayin' that belongs to the Simmers. I reckon 'sted of workin' mottoes in cross-stitch with red yarn on cardboard, like 'God Bless Our Home,' an' sech, the Belgiumers put 'em on their coffee-pots—furriners is so queer!"

"Wish we could make out what it says," said Lois, as she and Mrs. Read bent over the quaint inscription.

"Well, John said it meant something like this, 'That the harder it rains the sweeter you ought to sing'; an' it always makes me think of them little Carolyn wrens Marg'ret used to tell about that she seen that winter in York State; they jest caroled sweeter an' sweeter with the cold winter rain a-runnin' off their blessed little backs, till you couldn't help join in their 'Praise God from whom all blessin's flow!'"

"I guess, Granny," said Mrs. Keel, lovingly, "you've been a kind of Carolyn wren yourself. I never forgot how you joined in 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' at John's funeral."

"Well, dear sister, there was surely never a time I needed to be nearer to Him than on that dark day. Mebby them old words on the coffee-pot did help some, 'cause many's the time John's said 'em to me when all the waves an' billows seemed sweepin' over us, jest same as they do over everybody some time in their lives, an' so we'd think of them words that had comforted so many Simmerses, an' we'd try to sing our song an' comfort each other in the wet an' rain. When Mother Simmers sent me the old coffee-pot—but there! I've got

my cart before my horse—I didn't get that pot for many a day after I'd kicked it over.

"You see, when John an' me was first married, we went to live in a log cabin that stood in Father Simmers' dooryard. There wasn't a frame house in the hull valley, nor no glass in anybody's windows 'cept father's—we had greased paper in ours. Law me! I used to think, as I walked outside in the twilight an' see them glass panes glow and glitter, there was nothin' in all the world so lovely. But if everything was poor an' plain, our homes was clean as scourin'-sand an' elbow grease could make 'em, with bright fires in winter an' posies an' vines everywhere in summer, an' good cheer an' lovin' hearts all year round, same as now.

"Father Simmers was the salt of the earth, that good an' kind an' sweet-spirited it was like sunshine to see him; but I must confess he wasn't very up an' comin', an' that tried Mother Simmers awful, as she was a dreadful hand at workin' an' gettin' on in the world. Us young folks didn't take no account of that, you may be sure, an' jest thought she was cankerous an' fussy, an' set our eyes by 'daddy,' as we all called him.

"Once when their children was little he made a fiddle all by hisself—he was that ingenious—an' in the winter evenin' he'd set in the chimbley corner an' saw away, John said, singin' old tunes an' always endin' with a long drag on the bass, an' they'd all be happy as clams—that is, all but mother—she'd jaw an' jaw till the cows come home 'bout that poor fiddle. So one night, right in the middle of 'Old Dan Tucker,' while the children was a-dancin' over the punch-eon floor, she fired up an' began agin—then, without a word, daddy jest reached in an' laid the fiddle on the back-log. John told me many a time how the children hopped up and down an' cried when the strings snapped and poor old daddy sat watchin' with tears in his eyes.

"As I said, I heard all this, an' more too, an' lovin' daddy with all my heart made me about as unjest to mother as I could be, an' I don't think I cared much if I spited her or not—though I know now she'd 'a' worked her fingers to the bone for him or any of us.

"'Course with jest John an' me I didn't have much to do in our little cabin, so I'd run over in the mornin's an' help mother with her spinnin'. I

used to stand near the hearth with the big wheel a-whirrin' an' think of John an' my little home an' be the happiest girl in the valley.

"Now, if there was anything daddy loved it was his good cup of coffee. Mother used to give it to him in the mornin'; but bein' closer than the bark on a hickory-tree, she'd set the old pot down on the hearth an' let it steep an' steep, an' then at noon she'd jest fill up the grounds. That made me an' John awful spunky at mother, an' so one mornin' when she wasn't lookin'—I can't think what put me up to it—while I was a-spinnin', I jest reached out my foot an' kicked over that pot before you could say Jack Robi'son!

"I stood there innocent as a lamb when she seen it an' was a-bewailin' her clean hearth an' blamin' the cat an' never thinkin' of me.

"But all that time I didn't feel nice an' clean in my conscience about it. I prayed all 'round it, for I knowed very well the Lord didn't have no use for that kind of doin's. After 'Rastus an' little Mary come I don't believe a day went over my head that I didn't see in my mind poor old mother down on her knees washin' up that hearth, an', oh! how I wished I'd asked her to make daddy a good cup an' not acted so like a sneak! Still, I didn't have grit enough to up an' tell mother, for someway she always scared me dreadful. So the years went on, and daddy had slipped off to heaven an' so had my two babies an' then dear John, an' still poor old mother lived on 'most bent double with age—bedridden now, but bright in her mind as a button. You mind her, Sister Keel? she lived with her daughter, Sallie Garver, next farm to Mis' Tinkler, on Goshen Hill.

"One day, Sam Kuhn, he'd been up to Philamaclique, an' comin' past Sallie's brung home to me—would you ever think it—the old copper coffee-pot for a present! He said Mis' Garver hailed him as he was drivin' by an' said nothin' would do mother but that it should be sent down, as the next day was my birthday. Well, I jest took that old squatty pot in my arms, an' I went up in the west spare an' cried an' cried; seemed as if the shame of it would choke me. I'd tried to explain to the Lord that kickin' it over had jest been fun, an' Mr. Devil he'd told me mother'd forgot it long ago an' it was best to let sleepin' dogs lay; but next mornin' I told Sam to hitch up the buggy beast to the little

green wicker, an' 'fore the dew was dried on the daisies I was drivin' into Garver's lane. I didn't want to go one bit, an' I don't think I was ever scarer in my life. 'Course Sallie an' the children was powerful glad to see me, but pretty soon says Sallie:

"You'd better run up, Polly, an' see mother; she's jest been achin' for some company, an' I'll come up as soon as I git my bread in the oven."

"It was the prettiest June day you ever seen; the window was wide open, an' I remember that Sallie's 'Baltimore Belle' was a-wavin' its blooms in at the window, an' them white roses was a-nod-din' an' a-bowin' to that white old woman in that white bed as if it had been her weddin' day.

"Her old face lighted all up at the sight of me, and when she put out both weak hands an' said, 'Dear daughter, I'm so glad to see you,' seemed as if my heart would break; an' I didn't wait a minute, but jest went an' kneeled down by the bed and hid my face in the covers an' sobbed out every word of how I'd loved daddy an' kicked over the pot an' acted a lie to her an' me a professin' Methodist!

"Not a word did she say for a long time. I couldn't hear a sound 'cept a robin that was singin' on a maple jest outside; then a weak old hand was laid on my bent head, an' her tremblin' old voice, so soft and tender I could hardly hear it, said:

"Dear Polly, I'm so glad you done it."

"When I looked—well, I don't expect till I get to heaven an' see John to ever see a sweeter look than was in them faded old eyes."

"Dear Granny!" said Lois, softly, smoothing the little wrinkled hand.

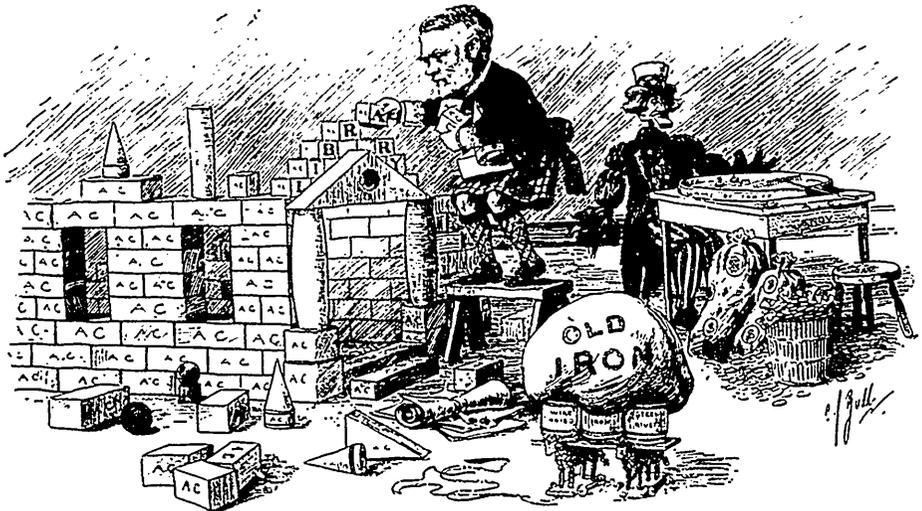
"Blessed little soul!" murmured Mrs. Read, brokenly.

"My, Granny, we've had a lovely time!" said Lois, as they all stood upon the portico, for Granny had insisted upon seeing the last of her guests, so Martha had wrapped her in a blanket. "I'm goin' to bring Gray over soon. Good-night, Granny, an' Marthy, good-night."

"Good-night, good-night! Come again soon, all of you. Don't forget the squills, Mis' Read, if Amy is took in the night. Don't worry over Mis' Jackson, Sister Keel; I'll 'tend to it. Jest see the moon shinin' on the snow! It's jest a beautiful world, that's what it is!"

"Come in, Granny, come in 'fore you ketch your death," and Martha drew her in and shut the door.—Outlook.

Current Topics and Events.



ANDY CARNEGIE AT PLAY.

Mr. Carnegie's recent first visit to Canada, and his earnest address on behalf of world-peace, have brought him prominently before our people. His generous gift of three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for a Toronto city library, and of fifty thousand for a library building for Victoria University show that this rich man remembers the poverty in which he himself was bred, and wishes the children of the poor to derive the benefit from books which was such a blessing to his own young life.

GAIN FROM LOSS.*

Men said at vespers : " All is well !"
In one wild night the city fell ;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise shone on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said :
" The City of the West is dead."

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

*Whittier's lines on the Burning of Chicago, in October, 1871, are singularly appropriate to the sad catastrophe at San Francisco.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire ;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came ;
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each cornerstone.

Rise, stricken city ! from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
The song of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled, in thy hot distress,
The primal seed of selfishness !
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous !



INDOMITABLE.
—Macaulay in the New York World.

Whittier's lines above quoted give almost as vivid an impression of the burning of San Francisco and of the gain from loss which has resulted as if they had been written for that occasion. The words of the Book of Revelation are still more adequately appropriate to this great calamity:

"Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches is come to naught."

Yet amid all this chaos and convulsion,



THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.
—Webster in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

the voice of faith is heard re-echoing the words of inspiration:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Small wonder that as they gathered together amid the ruins of their desolated city on the first Sunday after the earthquake and the fire deep solemnity came upon the minds of the people, and they recognized the voice of God in the earthquake and the fire. While vastly greater



MAN MAY BE FEEBLE, BUT HIS SPIRIT IS STRONG.
—Wilder in the Chicago Record-Herald.

loss of life has taken place at Pompeii, Lisbon and St. Pierre, yet no such destruction of property has ever occurred, except perhaps in the capture and conflagration of Rome, if even then. But out of evil has come lasting good. The splendid altruism of a whole continent, of a whole world, is evoked by this great calamity. The whole world becomes a vast brotherhood and again the words of Scripture are fulfilled, "They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." The Outlook finally says:

"We build our cities with strong and noble architecture, we call on all our knowledge and skill to create material symbols of our wealth that shall be able to defy the forces of nature, and a cyclone blows upon them and they are carried away by its breath like a child's



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Kaiser Wilhelm—"I am used to smoking pretty strong cigars, but I don't believe I can stand this one very much longer."



WILLIAM THE SILENT.

William the Talker—"It is very amusing to think that a man should become great by holding his tongue."

house of cards, or the fire creeps stealthily upon them and they burn like shavings in the furnace, or the volcano opens its mouth and laps them up with its fiery tongue, or the earth shakes them and they fall upon the ground as though smitten with hopeless terror. And cyclone, fire, volcano, and earthquake repeat the lesson we are so slow to learn, that the material is not the real, not the permanent. Its strength is fragility, its endurance transient.

"But, at the same time, indomitable courage, unshaken patience, exhaustless charity, find in the disaster their opportunity, in the tragedy their glory. They also repeat to us a lesson—that the immaterial is the real, the spiritual is the indestructible. The real tragedy is the collapse of a human soul, and, thank God, what the disaster at San Francisco reveals is the soul of a great people unshaken by earthquake, unsinged by fire.

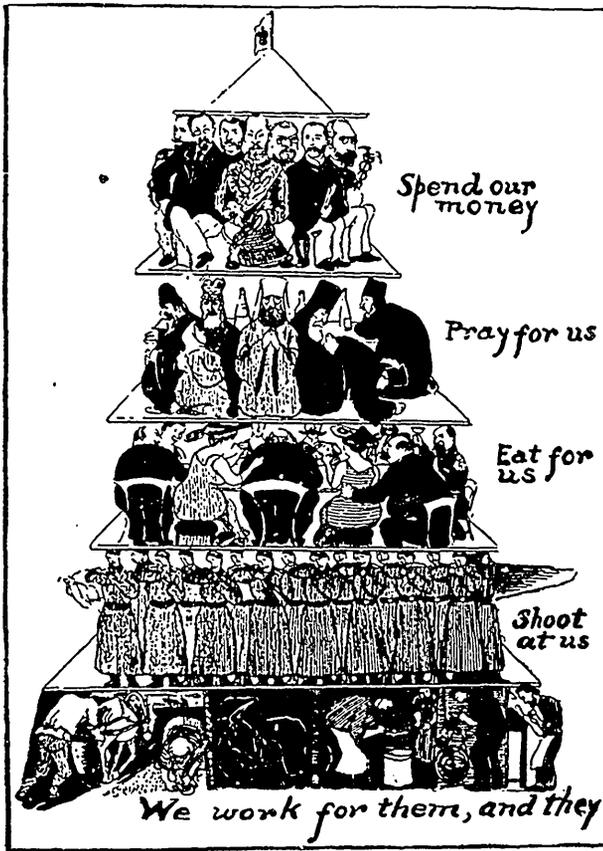
"The removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made," says the sacred writer, 'signifieth that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.' We make here no attempt to explain the ways of God. We essay a humbler task: to point out a lesson that may be learned from the earthquake

and the fire—the lesson that the glory of any nation lies, not in her material things, but in her spirit. The material things may at any time crumble to dust or be consumed to ashes; but if so, the only effect is to give her heart of courage and of charity a new opportunity for exercise. And it is this spirit which alone makes either an individual or a nation great."

THE NEW PHOENIX.

This indomitable courage that secures from the ruins of this devastated city shall rise another, stronger, fairer than before. The achievements of science can in a large degree obviate even the perils of earthquake and fire. The use of the steel framed skeleton and reinforced cement will make a structure strong, tough, flexible, that will resist even the strain of such an earthquake as that which shook San Francisco to its foundations.

Nevertheless, when the solid seeming earth, the hills "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," reel and yawn and shudder as they oftentimes have done, it makes man feel his utter insignificance in the presence of these great forces of nature.



—Russian postcard.

But the government of the universe is one of supreme beneficence after all. These transient and infrequent convulsions of the earth but make us realize by contrast how strong and stable and sure are its foundations. Over by far the greatest portion of its surface the nations have dwelt enparadised amid scenes of beauty for long ages of time, and even such convulsions as these are but the belated throes of those great movements by which it has been fitted for the habitation of man.

Our cartoons show the way in which the stricken city of St. Francis rises from the ashes and essays once more to put on her beautiful garments and erect her palaces of pleasure and temples of trade. Before the ruins are cold they begin to plan for a fairer, grander city

than before. The fire and earthquake made a tabula rasa—a clean slate, on which they can outline an ideal city with broad ways, beautiful boulevards, parks and gardens, and reorganize its political, social, and economic life. The world has seen nothing like the destruction of property—two hundred and fifty millions gone up in smoke, and a quarter of a million people reduced to poverty. But neither did the world ever see such a widespread wave of sympathy and outpouring of charity. Within four-and-twenty hours trains with provisions, tents, blankets and medical stores were on their way to the succor of the suffering. Within a week twenty million dollars were subscribed, four millions of it by the Queen City on the Atlantic for the sister city on the Pacific. These are the silver linings of the sombre clouds of disaster.

THE MUCK-RAKE.

The President's address on the muck-rake has been the subject of a vast amount of editorial writing. We recently remarked that this exposure business has been entirely overdone. The great heart of the nation is sound and honest. The selfish corporations should not be allowed to discount and discredit the whole people. The Literary Digest says on the subject: "Like the phrase 'the strenuous life,' the words 'man with the muck-rake' have become stamped upon the public mind by virtue of the President's speech, in which he spoke against magazine writers who write sensationally on public corruption. The President has no quarrel with the writer whose attack is 'absolutely truthful.' His complaint is quite other. To quote the speech:

"The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy endeavor. There



History (to Lord Milner): "Leave your shield in my keeping. I shall make it bright again."
—Sambourne in *London Punch*.

are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness; and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray."

"There is 'any amount of good in the world,' the President assures us, and it is more than wicked not to take the forces for good into account."

Another illustration of the soundness of sentiment in the United States is the manner in which the Russian revolutionist, Maxim Gorky, has been severely and suddenly dropped by leaders of public opinion. His open defiance of the social conventions which are revered in all truly civilized countries caused his refusal to be entertained at three or four of the leading New York hotels and his advocacy of the policy of terrorism by bomb and poniard has alienated even enthusiastic sympathizers with the Russian revolutionists.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

Mr. Birrell's new Education Bill has caused tremendous sensation in Great Britain. The Act of 1902 which it supercedes was one of unjust tyranny. "It was," says the *Independent*, "the greatest Parliamentary victory which the Established Church or the Church of Rome had achieved in the modern history of England. But it was to be a short-lived triumph; for the Act, with its injustice to the Free Churches, and its hampering of educational progress, was to be the beginning of the end of ecclesiastical control. It aroused the Free Churches as they have never been aroused since the Test and Corporations Acts of Charles II. were repealed in 1828. The Free Churches came into the movement. The Wesleyan Church, which is usually the most conservative of the Nonconforming bodies, was vigorously and wholeheartedly of this agitation of 1902-6—quite as much as the Congregationalists and the Unitarians, who in the past have usually led in the assaults on the privileges of the Established Church.



THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.

Mrs. Britannia: "Nearly ready, Haldane?"
Voice from underneath the car: "All in good time, mum. Thish 'ere car takes a lot o' thinkin' over!"
["I am convinced that if I do anything in a hurry, I shall do it badly."—From Mr. Haldane's speech in the House, Thursday, March 8th.]



THE GENIE OF THE COAL HOD.

If the trust once calls him forth, he will never be able to get him back again.

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

“Between 1903 and the end of 1905 over 70,000 men and women appeared at the local police courts as Passive Resisters. In most of these cases magisterial orders were made for the seizure and sale of the defaulters’ household belongings; but in 176 cases men and women went to prison rather than contribute as taxpayers to the maintenance of the sectarian schools.

“It was now the turn for the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches which had been so unjustly favored at the expense of the Free Churches, to protest.

“Both these bigoted Churches are in arms against the bill. Pastoral letters have been issued against it. Sermons in protest have been preached all over the country, and popular demonstrations on the Hyde Park order have been organized in scores of towns to assail the measure. Not since the Catholic Emfranchisement Act was passed in 1829 has the Roman Catholic Church in England been so assertive or so demonstrative as it has been since it was known that the Bannerman Cabinet was committed to this measure of reform. To-day the Government is more absolutely independent of the Irish vote than any Whig or Liberal Government has been for seventy years. Moreover, it has a mandate from the constituencies for the bill; and this fact will have due weight with the House of Lords, the influence of the Bishops notwithstanding, for the Lords have never

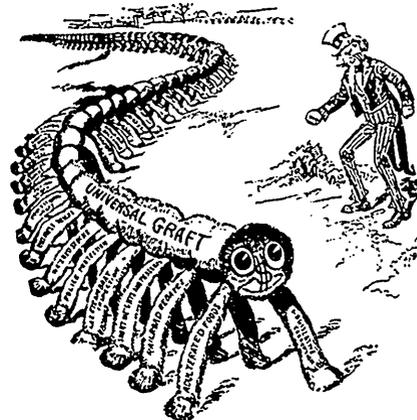
persisted in opposing a measure demanded by the country.”

Apropos of the Education Bill, the following is very appropriate:

“The rage of the sectarian storm
On hapless Mr. Birrell centres;
The Nonconformists now conform,
And Churchmen only are dissenters!”

The Kaiser of Germany has shown himself to possess more of the saving grace of humor than he has generally been given credit for. The crime of lese majeste has been hitherto severely punished. Even school-boys of tender years were imprisoned for daring to jest about the Kaiser or his august moustache. The cartoonist’s gentle art was a very perilous one in the Fatherland, and foreign cartoons poking fun at his sacred majesty were rigidly excluded. But these things probably resulted more from the superzealous censor than from the Emperor’s own will. We read that he has given positive instructions that the foreign cartoons which have recently been barred out have been admitted by the Kaiser’s special order. Of these we give two specimen examples on page 566.

The unexpected has happened in Russia. Poor DeWitte has been effectually strangled and fallen from his precarious footing on the slack rope of premiership. Whether the Czar shall fall with him or not remains to be seen. He seems dis-



THE THOUSAND-LEGS.

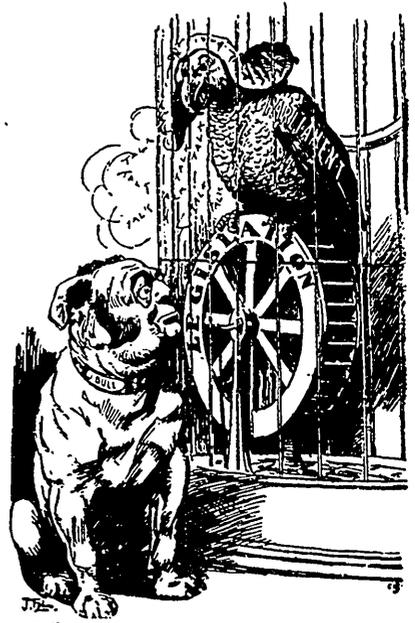
Uncle Sam: “How can I exterminate the monster?”

—From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

posed to give a trial more or less fair to the new douma. Let us hope that the liberties of the people, for which the peasant people have been struggling for two hundred years, may not be much longer delayed. With a great cost obtained all English-speaking lands their constitutional liberties—by civil war, by the blood of Russell and of Vane, by bonds and imprisonments—and it should be with sympathy that we note the struggles for similar liberty of oppressed peoples. A sign of this growing liberty is the greater freedom of the press. It is surprising to find a Russian post card so frankly criticising the government as that which we reproduce. A letter received yesterday from Russia comments severely on the despotic administration of the post office, whereby letters are often insufferably delayed, and sometimes are never received at all.

A good deal of obloquy has been thrown upon Lord Milner for his administration in South Africa. But all are agreed that he is personally the soul of honor, and however mistaken he may have been in judgment, was a devoted lover of his country. Punch represents the genius of history as offering to cleanse the blot from his 'scutcheon and transmit his name unsullied to after time.'

If there was one object on which the British people were determined, as shown by the tremendous defeat of the late Government, it was on economy of military administration. To this the War Office was pledged, but the lumbering machine set in motion by the ex-Government required a lot of tinkering before it would run smoothly with a less supply of oil and gasoline than it had been using. So Mr. Haldane, the new War Lord, is shown by Punch as tinkering away at the old machine, while Britannia more or less patiently is awaiting results. Substantial reductions, however, are promised in the near future.



[Tribune.]

ALL TALK.

The Dog: "Here, Miss P., more work and less talk, please."

[Mr. Crooks, M.P., speaking to a Tribune representative, said that too much time in Parliament is spent in discussion and not enough in action.]

The menaced industrial war in the United States between the coal barons and the coal miners has been solved, not by the yielding of the millionaire barons, but by the surrender of the often poorly paid miners, after losing a month in idleness. This is only a makeshift solution. It may sooner or later have to be settled by the Government assumption of the mines, and their administration for the benefit of the people. If this occurs, if the people rise in their might and compel such Governmental action, the coal barons will find a mightier antagonist than is the miner.

SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE.

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;

Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned swiftly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, of power
Gone in the splendor of an hour!

—Edwin Markham.

Religious Intelligence.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is still discussing affairs of moment as we go to press. Perhaps the chief of these is the matter of federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Plan of Federation already in vogue contemplates the transfer of ministers between the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with the same facility with which they are now transferred from one Conference to another.

Unfortunately, however, there is still a large percentage of the Church too prejudiced for this most reasonable and needed reform. The matter of episcopal supervision is also being discussed. It is suggested that the same Bishop remain in the same district for a term of four years. The removal of the time-limit in certain cases is advocated. Says a Methodist organ of the down-town churches of large cities:

"Experiment proves that the institutional church is the most effective for the reaching and holding of a transient population. Not every man is adapted to this character of work; and when we find one, would it not be well to make his tenure of longer duration than four years? In his case would it not be wise to remove the limit?"

A further very important matter is the plea for the consolidation of Church papers. Seventeen Conference papers are published by the Southern Church, with a membership of 1,600,000.

There can be no doubt of the wisdom of reducing the quantity to improve the quality. Other considerations are the union of Women's Societies, Foreign Missionary and Home Missionary, and the creation of a Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.

THE CHURCH AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

The relation of the Church and the laboring man is a problem that demands attention. It was a distinct advance along practical lines when in 1903 the Presbyterian General Assembly in the United States created a new department

in its organization in the interests of "labor problems." It put in charge of this work a man who, as a boy of eight, had stripped tobacco leaves in a New York basement, and from that start had risen steadily in the ranks of labor, from newsboy to machinist, until finally, entering the ministry, the Rev. Charles Stelzle became the head of a famous working-men's church in St. Louis.

Mr. Stelzle says in an article in the Sunday-School Times:

"Thousands of employers are being deluded by the vain hope that if they can abolish the labor union they will have solved the labor question. They forget that the labor union is not the labor question. If every labor union in existence were to be wiped out to-day, the labor question would still be with us, and possibly in a more aggravated form.

"It is interesting to note that while social conditions were infinitely worse in Christ's day, He did not advocate another social system. He struck at sin—at evil. He tried to change men rather than methods. The principle of Jesus Christ was ideal. He knew that the system which might meet the needs of the first century would be inadequate for the needs of the twentieth. He taught the principles which will be applicable to every century.

"The remedy that Christ proposes is not in emphasizing the rights of the poor, but in thrusting in upon the employer the thought that in the treatment of his men he is to follow the law of love and brotherhood.

"Human rights will never suffer if human duties be performed. The time has come when duty must be emphasized. The duty of the mistress to the maid, of the maid to the mistress. The duty of the employer to the employee, of the employee to the employer."

Certainly the day has come when men must recognize that "Britons never will be slaves," that one class cannot submerge another into a sort of serfdom of toil unrelieved by books, music, means of culture as well as ordinary material comforts. The "Welfare" organizations, the "Garden Cities," and other altruistic endeavors are all manifestations of the spirit of the Golden Rule.

TEMPERANCE PROBLEM IN BRITAIN.

No deputation, says the Manchester Guardian, ever had a more satisfactory interview with a Prime Minister than the 140 members of the House of Commons who are interested in temperance reform had with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. As Sir Henry pointed out, there has been nothing to equal it in the history of the temperance movement.

Mr. Balfour two years ago said that not one man in a hundred lived without taking alcohol in some form. In the House of Commons some 200 members are abstainers, including more than half of the Labor party. Recalling the Emperor whose title to fame was that he found Rome brick and left it marble, Sir Wilfrid Lawson expressed the hope that when Sir Henry came to retire he would be able to say, "I found England drunk and left it sober."

The Prime Minister said: "I can promise all of you that our measure will be an efficient measure. Of that you may be certain. It is not only time this thing was dealt with, but time that it was finished, time that it was put on such a footing that we shall not need to make any alterations for many years, perhaps for generations, to come—time that it was put on an intelligible and reasonable and logical basis, a basis which is secured by principles which we regard as inviolable. If you do that there is some hope of a real settlement of the question. You may be sure of this, that we have no other intention than to deal on a great, general, comprehensive scale with this question, difficult and thorny as it is—thorny in one sense, yes, but there is this great advantage, that we shall have the great mass of the people behind us, the mass of the people who have sent us here.

"I well remember the old days when Sir Wilfrid and those who were fighting with him were regarded as cranks and fanatics, and when I think of that time and look at this great meeting which has come to press for temperance legislation a Government which they know is only too anxious to be persuaded and supported in this direction, I thank God for the change which has taken place. No words that could be used would increase our strong feeling on the subject and our determination to go forward with it. I assure you that if you drive you will drive willing horses."

REV. DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of London, and pastor of Great Queen Street Church, Holborn, says The Guardian, came to the United States as the representative of the Wesleyan Church to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. After fulfilling his duties at Birmingham, where the Conference meets, he came to Canada to spend a few days in Toronto, preaching on Sunday and delivering lectures during the week. We are glad to be able to present our readers with a reproduction of an excellent photograph of our visitor from a recent number of The British Monthly.

Mr. Young is a Tynesider by birth. He preached his first sermon when he was but fifteen years of age, was made a local preacher the same year, and accepted as a candidate for the ministry when a little over seventeen. He has, perhaps, the distinction of being the youngest candidate ever chosen, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, his rival in this regard, being a few months older when he was accepted.

Mr. Young is well known in Canada through his books. His first was a work for young preachers, entitled, "Girding on the Armor." Others are "Unfamiliar Texts," "The Neglected People of the Bible," "The Crimson Book," and "The Enthusiasm of God,"—all made up of homiletic and expository studies and sermons. Mr. Young's preaching has unusual elements of attractiveness and helpfulness.

JUBILEE OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

May 13th ult., was the jubilee of Methodist Episcopal Missions in India. The day was celebrated in both hemispheres. In India it was a day of special prayer; in the United States an appeal was made for \$250,000 as a thank-offering.

In April, 1856, Dr. William Butler and Mrs. Butler sailed from Boston for India. It was soon manifest that the hand of Providence had been guiding in the selection for this work.

Dr. Butler threw himself into his colossal task with indomitable energy and boundless enthusiasm. He located the stations with skill, purchased property with good judgment, secured the friendship of the British officials on the ground,

obtained over \$100,000 from the civil and military officers by his personal appeals, rallied around him a noble band of helpers, and, in short, did admirably, efficiently, a work which might easily have been mismanaged with direful consequences to the Mission's future.

To-day the Methodist Episcopal Church has property in Southern Asia to the value of \$2,393,102, and members and adherents to the number of 185,258. In 1876 she had one Conference. To-day she has nine. She is preaching the Gospel in nearly forty languages, has about 100 foreign workers in these fields, 4,500 native workers, and 140,000 scholars in the Sunday-schools. She has built orphanages and hospitals, schools and colleges, and in India alone she has six printing presses sending out their hundreds of millions of pages of Christian literature. It is said that if Christianity were wiped out of the rest of the world there is enough potency in the Christianity of India to evangelize the world. It is significant that the greatest missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church is carried on in British India under the protection of the Red Cross flag that is the symbol of law and light and liberty wherever it waves.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

According to recent statistics, there are more divorces in the United States in one year than in all Europe, Australia, and the British dominions in the same time. There are two thousand times as many divorces as in the Canada, the population being only fifteen times as great. Bishop Doane, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, in an article in *Public Opinion*, draws attention to the fact that in some states there is one divorce to every eight marriages, and in one state, one to every six, and that three hundred divorces were granted in Chicago in a single day.

"This can only mean that there is widespread failure to recognize the sacredness of marriage, that it is beginning to be considered more or less as a contract which, because it is entered into carelessly, can be escaped from easily at the caprice of either party to it."

There is surely no uncertainty in the simplicity of the words of Jesus Christ concerning the remarriage of the divorced: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her."

Bishop Doane believes that public sentiment might be educated largely by the social ostracism of those who have re-

married. He calls on the leaders of society to awaken to their duty.

In the same connection, Mrs. Schoff, the president of the National Congress of Mothers, after showing that in the thirty-four years between 1867 and 1901 only sixty-nine divorces were granted in Canada, 700,000 were granted in the United States in the same period, makes this striking statement: "Seven hundred thousand shattered homes, fourteen hundred thousand broken vows, at least fourteen hundred thousand children innocent victims of the disrupted homes and who are worse than orphaned, for their parents have shattered their idea of marriage, of parenthood, and of home."

DEATH OF DR. PARKER.

The death of Dr. Parker removes from among us one of the best known and best beloved of our senior ministers. His long career was filled to the very end with deeds of love and ministries of mercy. All over this land the tidings of his death will convey a sense of personal loss to many who have felt the inspiration of his ministry. He possessed every honour that his Conference could give, was twice President and many times elected Chairman of the District, and delegate to many General Conferences. His last charge, that of hospital chaplain, was one that taxed his sympathies and energies perhaps as much as any he undertook. He was indeed a minister of grace and comfort to the sick and suffering and sorrowing. The large attendance of his old comrades at his funeral, and the tender and beautiful tributes to his memory, showed how strong and tender was the tie that knit him to their souls.

In our own land many years ago that wise educationist devised a system of religious and ethical, but not denominational instruction and prepared a manual of Christian ethics which commanded the approval of nearly all the churches. But denominational bigotry in some sections prevented its adoption. The Bishop of Carlisle urges the adoption of some such middle course in England. "I will not sacrifice," he says, "on the altar of my denominational doctrine, however sacred and sublime to me, the spiritual hope of the nation and the religious training of hosts of children whose only opportunity of learning of God and their own Divine origin and destiny is in the day school. To do otherwise is, in my judgment, not only a great national betrayal, but moral and spiritual infanticide on a stupendous scale."

Book Notices.



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

"On the Field of Glory." By Henryk Sienkiewicz, Author of "Quo Vadis," etc. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. 12mo. Decorated cloth, \$1.50. Little, Brown & Company, Publishers, 254 Washington Street, Boston. William Briggs, Toronto.

A new tale by the author of "Quo Vadis" is an event of more than ordinary interest. By special arrangement with Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who has received from Henryk Sienkiewicz the exclusive right of translating all that author's works into English, Little, Brown & Co. have published a new historical romance of great power and interest, by this great Polish author, entitled, "On the Field of Glory."

The scenes are laid in Poland, and the period is the reign of the famous King John Sobieski, just before the Turkish invasion in 1682 and 1683. Sienkiewicz has woven a wonderful romance of great brilliancy and strong character drawing, and in no book by the author of "Quo Vadis"—a story whose sale has not been equalled by any modern work of fiction—has he displayed his great genius more strikingly.

In "On the Field of Glory" he tells a charming and tender love story of remarkable intensity, and gives the reader

acquaintance with characters not inferior in vigor and interest to those of the great trilogy. The complete work is presented for the first time in this translation by Mr. Curtin, whose intimate acquaintance with all the Slav languages is famous, and whose mastery of Polish and remarkable power in interpreting Sienkiewicz have received world-wide recognition.

The recent Polish struggles for freedom, ruthlessly crushed by the massacre of Warsaw, lend a deeper interest to the story of their heroic prince. The book is dedicated to Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Sienkiewicz, by the way, has recently been awarded the Nobel literary prize of nearly \$40,000.

"The Authority of Christ." By David W. Forrest, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. xvii-437. Price, \$2.50.

This is a book which discusses the very first principles of the Christian faith—the true nature of Christ's authority over us in all that relates to our religious belief and our personal conduct. This is the problem which the Abbe Loisy says has been "la vie et le tourment" of the Church. Important chapters discuss the recognition of Christ as the Incarnate Son, Christ's Authority on Individual and Corporate Duty, and on Human Destiny. "The abiding claim of Christ to our allegiance," says our author, "is that He and He alone, by His life and pre-eminently by His death, has fully disclosed to humanity the redemptive purpose and the redemptive action of God. The adoption of the Spirit is the indispensable correlate of the historical incarnation. The measure in which we shall comprehend the true authority of Christ will be in proportion as we keep life on all its sides, intellectual as well as moral and spiritual, true to the highest."

"James: the Lord's Brother." By William Patrick, D.D., Principal Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-369.

The character and writings of James,

"the brother of our Lord," constitutes an interesting and instructive subject of study. We are not aware that it has been elsewhere so fully treated as in this volume. It is one of the first and most significant outcomes of the intellectual life of the Prairie Province. The flood of immigration and the last exports of wheat are not the sole measure of a nation's growth. The book bears all the impress of the thorough Biblical scholarship of a Scottish or German university. The author confutes with cogent argument the Roman Catholic dogma of the perpetual virginity of the mother of our Lord, argues that our Saviour grew up, as the obvious interpretation of the Scripture text asserts, in simple family life with brothers and sisters of his flesh. The writings and influence of the Apostle James receive lucid and luminous treatment.

"Hours With the Immortals." A Series of Popular Sketches and Appreciations of Distinguished Foreign Poets. By Robert P. Downes, LL.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-307.

We have had the pleasure of giving high commendation of Dr. Downes' previous work on "The Seven Supreme Poets," the great masters Homer, Virgil, Dante, and others of the august brotherhood. In this volume he treats in the same luminous manner the lesser lights of the poetic firmament, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pindar, Horace, Petrarch, Tasso, Camoens, Calderon, Racine, Schiller, Goethe, and Victor Hugo. What a galaxy of stars, even though lesser lights than the supreme seven. The author is saturated with his subject and makes us share his enthusiasm. The poetic introductions to the great bards have shown Dr. Downes to be himself a poet of conspicuous merit and therefore the better able to interpret the great masters of the ages. A most informing and inspiring book.

"The Personality of Jesus." By Charles H. Barrows. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

In these stimulating, helpful, and well-written chapters the author presents what the Four Gospels contain as to the outward appearance of Jesus; His growth and education, His intellectual power, emotional life, and will. He then considers Him as Son of man and as Son of God, and closes with a study of His personality in its relation to human char-

acter and destiny, and the personality of the risen Lord. The book is so broad and strong that it is sure of a wide reading among leaders and superintendents of Sunday-schools. The author is a successful lawyer who is well known as a former President of the Y.M.C.A. International Training-School.

"Hymn Treasures." By Grace Morrison Everett. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 133. Price, \$1.25.

The story of the hymns is a wide field and a golden. It is rich with precious treasures which yield rich nuggets. To dig up some of those is the purpose of the author. She discusses the authorship and historic associations of the ancient hymns of the Church, of those on which the doctrines of the Reformation flew abroad to all the winds of heaven, of the hymns of the Puritan and Wesleyan revival, of titled hymn-writers—of whom there were not a few, and of the many noble hymns written by women, those sweet singers who seem to get nearer to the heart of God than any others. A chapter on translations and one on tunes complete this interesting volume.

"How to Succeed in the Christian Life." By R. A. Torrey. Author of "How to Bring Men to Christ," etc. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Pp. 121. Price, 50 cents net.

This is just the sort of book that should be put in the hands of those beginning the Christian life. It will tell them how to make it a complete success. Dr. Torrey has written this from a conscious need of just such a book. Pastors, evangelists, will find it very helpful to put in the hands of young converts.

"As Jesus Passed By, And Other Addresses." By Gipsy Smith. New York, Chicago, Toronto Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 224.

The visit of Gipsy Smith to the United States, and we hope to Canada, during the current year will give a greater interest to these fervid sermons. They were delivered to crowded audiences, their purpose being to secure immediate decision for Christ. As preached again from the printed page we pray for them the soul-saving power which they exhibited in the spoken word.

"Method in Soul-Winning on Home and Foreign Fields." By Henry C. Mable, D.D. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 128. Price, 75 cents net.

He that winneth souls is wise. This is the paramount work of the Christian minister. No gifts can be too great, no zeal too earnest to compass this great work and reward. Dr. Mable is the corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, writes out of a large experience, both in the home and in the foreign field. His suggestions on immediate practical aim, the chapter on personal approach, on Christ's method, on saving faith, and kindred topics will be eminently helpful to the minister or missionary. The book is illustrated with numerous incidents, which give concrete examples of the application of the principles.

"Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns and of Sacred Songs and Solos." By Ira D. Sankey. Philadelphia: The Sunday-school Times Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-272.

The Sankey hymns have sung themselves around the world, and have been an evangelistic force, scarce, if at all, inferior to the preaching of Mr. Moody. The venerable singer recounts the story of many of these hymns, of their authorship, inspiration, and remarkable illustrations of their soul-saving effects. Many of these hymns have most sacred associations to multitudes of persons. They have often won their way into hearts impervious to other sacred influences.

"Trinity University Year Book. 1905-6." Pp. 287.

Old Trinity is proving itself a right worthy member of the confederated university, to which it is the latest, but we hope not last, addition. It has had an honorable record, and strengthens the provincial institution by its entering the ranks of federation.

"Life-Story of Evan Roberts, and Stirring Experiences in the Welsh Revival. By Rev. W. P. Hicks. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 96. Price, 6d. net.

The marvellous report of the Welsh revival is here repeated in compendious and cheap form. It reads like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles.

Olliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh, issue a sermon by the famous Alexander White, of Saint George's Church, Edinburgh, on "A Church Case in Israel," with its applications to the Free Church controversy now current—a strong, telling sermon.

The Monthly Review (Toronto, Morang & Co.) maintains its high-class character with sumptuous type and printing, and yields to the passion for fiction by running a serial novel in each number. Price, \$5.00 a year.

In our notice of Professor Winchester's Life of John Wesley in May number of this magazine, we gave the Canadian publisher as Morang Company. It should have been Macmillan & Co., New York and Toronto, that great firm having opened a branch office in this city.

A recent addition to the brief biographies issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office is that of Richard Watson, theologian and missionary advocate, a man of great learning and fervent piety.

A cheap edition is issued of a series of striking papers on Christian life and experience by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, entitled "Mistaken Signs." They have all the illuminative flashes of consecrated wit and humor of this noted writer.

Our Sixty-fourth Volume.

Just think what that means. No other Canadian Monthly has ever reached half that age. The testimony of its readers is that it improves with each passing year, almost with each month: Our next number will be, we think, the best we ever issued. It will be specially devoted to Canada and its Resources. The Dominion from Sable Island to far Vancouver, will be described in half a dozen articles, and illustrated with over forty engravings. A new serial "The Parsonage Secret," will be begun. The succeeding numbers will also be of special interest.

Let us have a thousand new subscribers and we will astonish our readers with our further improvements.