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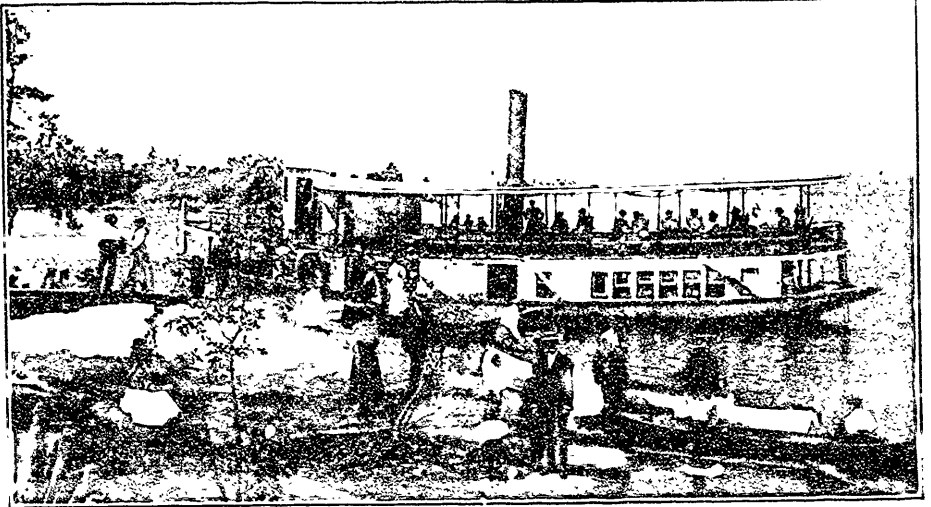
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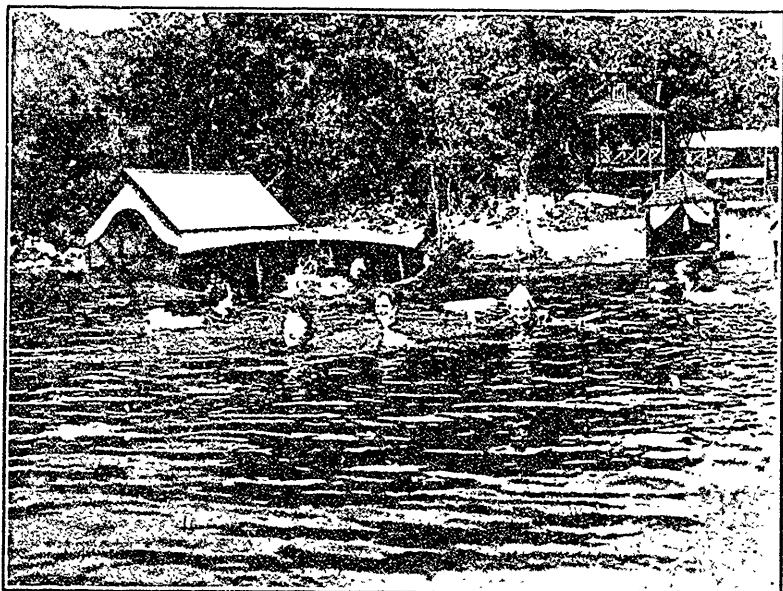
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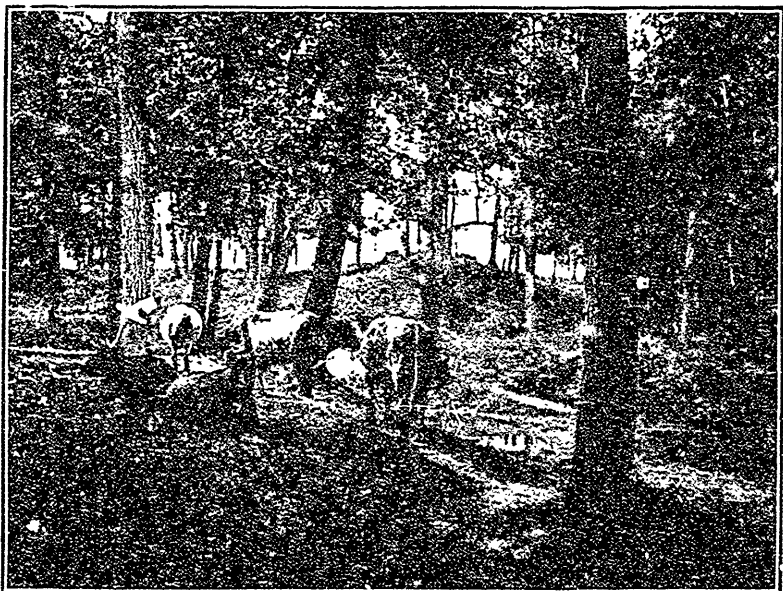
MUSKOKA THE STEAMER'S DAILY CALL.



MUSKOKA—A SCENE AT A PRIVATE REGATTA.



THE SWIMMING SCHOOL.



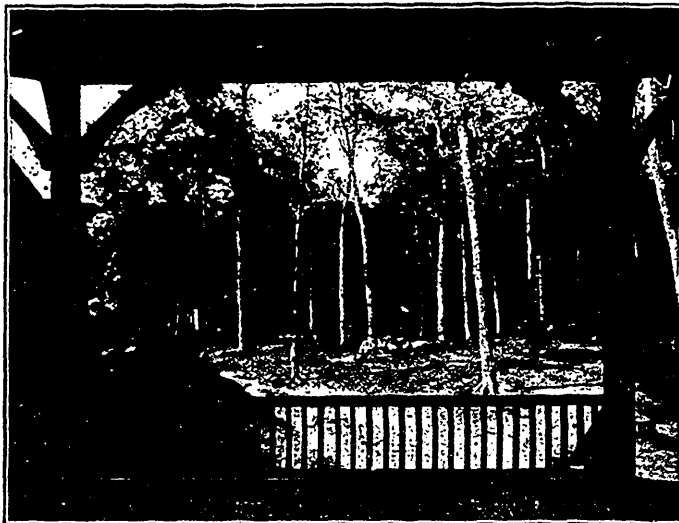
WOODLAND PASTURES.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1906.

THE PLAYGROUNDS OF CANADA.

MUSKOKA HIGHLANDS.



MUSKOKA—A VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF THE "ROYAL MUSKOKA" HOTEL.



THE gospel of play is being more and more recognized as essential to physical health. In our strenuous modern life an interval of rest and recreation is often the best investment one can make. We will do more and better work in a year for a few weeks' holiday, and we will continue to do it longer. Even the bow of Achilles cannot be always bent. It must be unstrung sometimes. Pre-

mature breakdown will often follow unremitting toil.

The best form of recreation is to get back to the heart of nature—to its green, cool silences; to its peaceful lakes; to its dim old forests. We are highly favored in Canada with many such places. None need go far for sylvan solitudes. One of the most delightful of these is the far-famed Muskoka Highlands.

The word "Muskoka" is derived from the name of the great chief of the Hurons, "Musaquodo," signifying "clear sky," and the district well



"ROB ROY," OFF HUNT'S ISLAND, LAKE MUSKOKA.

merits its name. Situated 1,000 feet above sea level, its altitude produces a modifying effect on the sun's brightness, and the climatic conditions are most enjoyable. Muskoka is a district. This means it has not as yet been given the conventional form of municipal government, but is directly under the control of the Provincial Legislature, thereby presenting the charm of an unsettled territory, while at the same time its many towns and villages afford the conveniences of more thickly settled localities, such as postal, telegraph, telephone and railway service, etc.

The district, to which the general term of "The Highlands of Ontario" has been popularly applied, is one of many hundred square miles in extent. In general formation the same ruggedness which characterizes the great Laurentian range, of which it forms a part, is to be observed. It is thickly wooded with stately pines, giant hem-

locks, fragrant balsams and wide-spreading maples. In fact, every variety of tree life is found to grow here in glorious profusion.

It consists of an elevated plateau, containing over eight hundred lakes, varying in size from thirty miles in extent to mere miniature lily ponds connected with the larger lakes by rivers or rivulets. The waters of most of these lakes are dark and soft, and teeming with the gamiest of fresh-water fish—maskinonge, salmon-trout, black bass, pickerel and perch. The darksome shores, densely wooded and fringed to the water's edge with pine, cedar and other evergreen, are still the haunt of deer, hare, grouse, porcupine, foxes and fur-bearing animals, while even yet, in the more solitary wilds, the lordly moose, the wolf and the black bear are still to be found.

Islands and points can be secured and summer cottages erected at small



MUSKOKA RIVER, JUST ABOVE RAGGEDTY RAPIDS.

cost. The mean daily temperature for five years was about 66 degrees, while the thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees or falls below 45 degrees.

The elevation of this region is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and this, combined with the rocky nature of the soil and the proximity of so many pine forests renders the climate remarkably healthful. There is no better place for neurasthenic patients and persons suffering from physical and mental overwork, or other debilitating influences. Consumptives do well under proper medical management; many being entirely cured, while others meet with considerable improvement.

Many persons prolong their visit to Muskoka through September and even into October, indeed the glory of the lakes is then at its best. The poplars and birches flare on every island and hillside. The red maple

burns like a funeral pyre, the Indian summer lingers long among these lovely isles. The sombre pines seem more sombre still amid the autumn glory with which the season ends. The stately blood-red cardinal flower gives place to the crimson berries of the haw and scarlet leaves of the dying maple.

We get our first glimpse of the clear waters of the Muskoka Lakes at Gravenhurst, a town of considerable importance, which, on account of its healthful surroundings, has been selected as the location of two large sanitariums for consumptives, the first institutions of the kind in Canada. A large percentage of the cases received at these institutions are discharged cured, and many others, more advanced, probably, are so benefited that their lives are indefinitely prolonged, to the comfort and enjoyment of themselves and friends. This speaks



A GOOD TARGET.

volumes for the healthfulness of this region, which is characteristic of the entire Muskoka District.

The train proceeds to Muskoka Wharf, one mile distant, where are found moored alongside the splendid steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company. This company maintains on the lakes a fleet of ten modern and up-to-date steamers, ranging from the natty, swift-running steam-yacht "Charlie M." to the stately flagship "Medora," capable of carrying hundreds of passengers. Then there are steamers which take up excursion routes, dodging in and out among the islands, threading their way through narrow and intricate channels, revealing to the visitor rare scenic beauties unseen from the decks of the regular liners.

From Muskoka Wharf, the starting-point, to Port Carling, the junction of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, the

distance is twenty-one miles; from the same starting-point to Rosseau, the head of the lake of this name, it is thirty-three miles, while the farthest point on the three lakes, Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph, is forty-five miles from Muskoka Wharf; the width of the lake varying from channels a few hundred yards across to open stretches of water about six miles wide.

Shadow River, one of nature's gems, at the head of the lake, will alone repay the tourist for the entire journey up the lakes. With its deceptive shadows and reflections, it is nature "holding the mirror to nature." One of our cuts is a reproduction from one of the latest photographs taken on this lovely river, which will give a slight conception of the clearness of the waters that reflect objects in such life-like truthfulness.

The Muskoka Lakes contain be-

tween four hundred and five hundred islands of every shape and size, ranging from one of over 1,100 acres, in Lake Rosseau, to those containing but a single tree, or a rock rising sheer from the water's edge. The most numerous, however, are densely covered with pine, balsam, cedar, birch, maple, oak and other varieties of tree life.

Many of the islands, on which have been erected handsome dwellings, are the private property of wealthy Americans and Canadians, but there are hundreds of choice little spots on which any party is at liberty to take up their abode for the season.

The radiant and ceaseless loveliness of Nature's ever-changing panorama is seldom more appreciated than in the midst of these lakes,

"Countercharged
with diamonds plots of dark and bright."

Muskoka is noted for the number and variety of its hotel and boarding-house accommodation situated at various points along the lakes. From these the visitor can select a place to suit his taste and purse. There are comfortable farmhouses, and scores of cleanly, well-kept hotels offering good, substantial food and endless variety of other attractions. The prices range from the modest fee of \$3 per week up to those of greater pretensions. The Royal Muskoka Hotel was erected in 1901 at a cost of \$170,000 by the Muskoka Navigation Company, to supply the ever-increasing demand by tourists for strictly first-class accommodations.

The first pleasant impression made by the "Royal Muskoka" upon travellers sailing up the lake is deepened upon the nearer approach of the boat to the island. One notes with pleasure the soft grey stucco walls, timbered across with dark wood, under its red-tiled roof, the deep, cool verandahs,



FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

which command lovely views of lake and islands. Not the least attraction of Muskoka is its remoteness from the noisy traffic and din of cities. All is beauty, quiet; and a new sense of life is soon felt as one drinks in the pure, bracing air that is so apparent to the new-comers.

The lover of solitude has no difficulty in finding the most exquisite spots in these fragrant woods in which to dream away the time or read in quiet. For the more socially inclined there are the great wide-winged, air-swept, shady verandahs, with their superb command of the loveliest views, and for all there are sports—canoeing, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, and water trips up and down the lakes.

As a hay fever resort, Muskoka is unexcelled, and thousands of sufferers



MUSKOKA—FISHING IN THE RIVERS.

are unaware that there is entire immunity from the disease here. As the flowers and grasses whose pollen aggravates the disease are not to be found in this rocky region, the direction of the wind is immaterial. During the past season hundreds of hay fever sufferers from the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, the Southern States, and many of the cities and towns of Canada, were located throughout the region, and all speak in the highest terms of the immediate relief obtained from this malady.

Owing to the high altitude and pureness of the dry atmospheric conditions, perfect immunity from malaria is also assured.

For the hunter and angler the Muskoka Lakes District is a paradise; deer, bear, fox and partridge being numerous, while the gamiest of trout and bass and the weightiest maskinonge are the delight of all who tempt its waters with rod and line.

The three prime factors that will

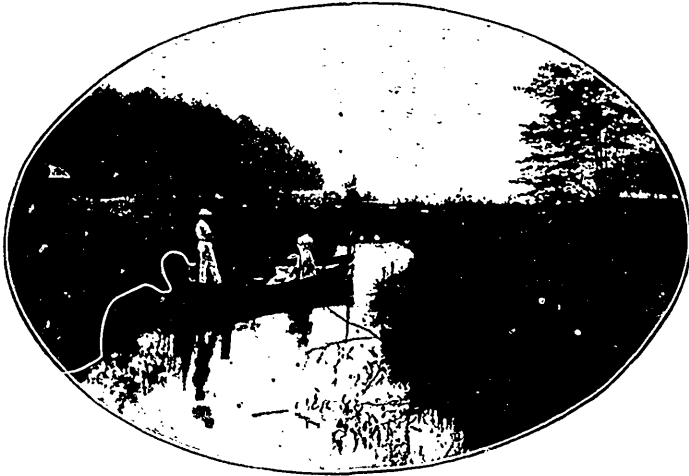
support deer hunting for many years to come, are: Protection to deer by the new, dense undergrowth which is replacing the cleared timber tracts; a license system which compels recognition of the close and open seasons; and game-wardens who respect the Government and enforce the law. Instead of decreasing, the deer are increasing in number throughout the district.

In its rivers as much as in its lakes lies the beauty of Muskoka. The Maganetawan is reached fifty-eight miles north of Muskoka Wharf, at Burk's Falls, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and opens up another and entirely new region to steamboat navigation, to the tourist and particularly the sportsman, who can get with comparatively little trouble to a district which has hitherto been accessible only to those with ample means and time. The Maganetawan River is equidistant between the Muskoka Lakes and Lake Nipissing, and drains a surface of about 4,000 square miles.

Some idea may, therefore, be gathered of its magnitude and of the possibilities for canoeing opened up by the ramifications of the numerous tributaries and their connected lake enlargements.

One of the most noticeable features of Muskoka life is the "shopping." You do not go to the store in Muskoka, but as in the case of Mahomet's Mountain, the store comes to you, and never was any village general store so stocked with the delicacies and necessaries of life as those of the welcome and well-

known "supply boats," of which there are two plying on the lakes and calling on all the hotels, cottages and camps, delivering goods and taking orders as your butcher and grocer does in town. The stores are shipped at Rosseau and Port Carling, and distributed thence over the lakes. The daily "supply trips" are often availed of by parties desiring a pleasant sail on the lakes, the boats calling at many islands and passing through channels and scenes of beauty rarely, if ever, reached by the larger boats.



MUSKOKA—A NAPHTHA LAUNCH IS VERY USEFUL TO SEARCH OUT PLACES WHERE HUNGRY FISH ABOUND.

WORK-DAY PRAYERS.

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER.

God of Love, God of Work! Touch me with fire!
 For the dross within me, fill me with ire!
 So with pure passion I cleave to my Star,
 Speed my work, daily, toward the mark—far!

God of Love, God of Work! Breathe in me—air!
 Blue and breeze-swept spaces brighten my care!
 So each swirl of effort leave my hand calm,
 So each heart meeting mine only feel—balm!



AN OPERATING ROOM OF THEATRE DESIGN.

LIFE IN A HOSPITAL.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



CONVALESCENT.



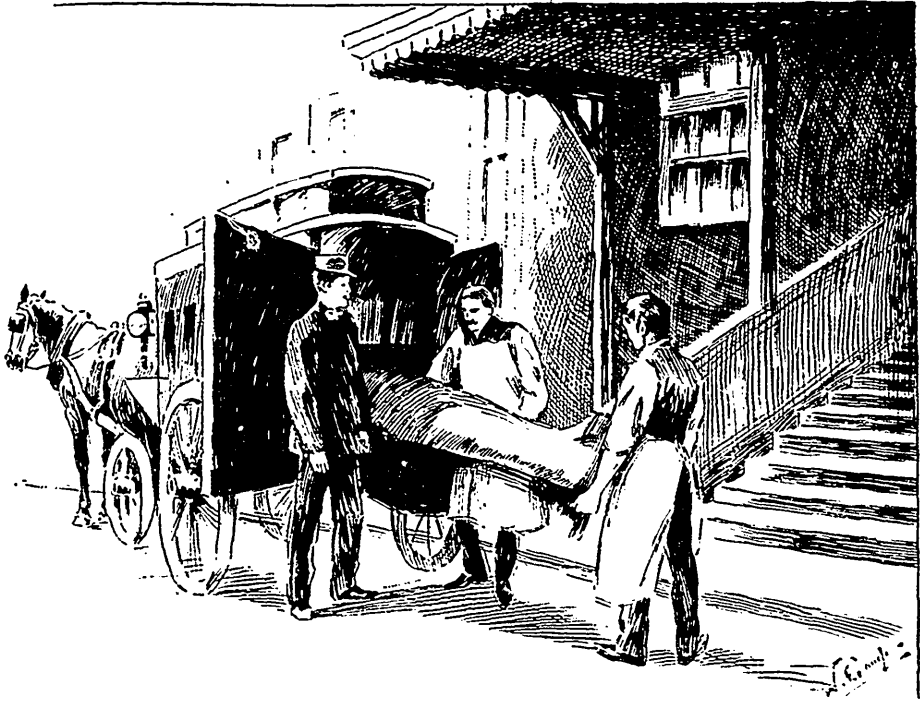
SUN-BRIGHT sky, a dash of robin song and the freshness of bursting buds in the air of the April morning. It was one of the days when you feel like quoting that line of Browning's:

“Oh, the wild joys of living!”

A day when there are springs in your feet and you want to bound along the street

like the small boy and give a “hip-hip-hoorah!” without knowing why. Perhaps I carried something of this feeling in through the great doorway of the Toronto General Hospital, and consequently viewed things through optimistic spectacles.

I had stood without often and looked at the many-windowed outlines of the City of the Suffering. I had even visited patients in the regular and orthodox way. But now by special permit I was to see hospital life



THE PNEUMATIC-TIRED, NOISELESS VEHICLE.

in every-day dress—like as it is in the great public wards when visitors are not there to look on.

“I am just going on my regular morning round,” said the matron, into whose hands Dr. Brown courteously committed me. “You will find the work at this early hour just being done up, the sweeping and bed-making.”

“Oh, do you sweep every day?”

“Three times a day.”

“Three times a day!” I almost screamed. “But doesn’t it grate on the nerves of the patients?”

“The very sick ones are screened.”

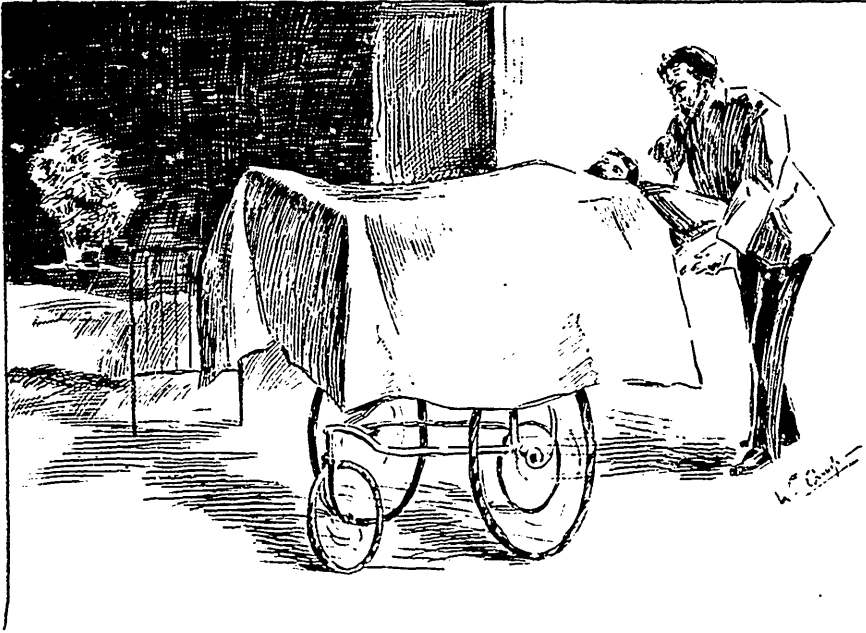
I moralized a little under my breath at the cruelty of institutions where the sick had to suffer from dust and broom. It was absurd! Unbearable!

But a little later, when I saw sweep-

ing as it is done in a hospital my feelings were appeased. The broom in a trained hand was as different from the noisy swishes of the charwoman as anything could be. No noise, no dust. Just a soft, soothing movement over the smooth floors.

We went up to the public wards on the top flat. At each ward we stopped and the nurse in charge appeared to give her report. A’s temperature had risen. B had spent a quiet night. C had been restless. I wondered how long it took to acquire the “hospital voice” that says every word distinctly yet in a tone that is not heard three yards away.

Whilst the nurse was given her instructions I wandered among the cots. This was a ward of convalescents. The sun was streaming in; the air breathed through with the fresh-



MOVING A PATIENT IN A WARD.

ness of spring. Some of the patients were sunning themselves by the windows. Others sat up in bed writing letters or reading. Others still lay quietly on their pillows. Truly a field for human study. Some of them spoke but little English. Many of them were better housed and fed than they had ever been in their lives before.

Men's surgical ward, women's surgical ward, medical wards, semi-public, semi-private, I tried to keep the various kinds in mind as I went around.

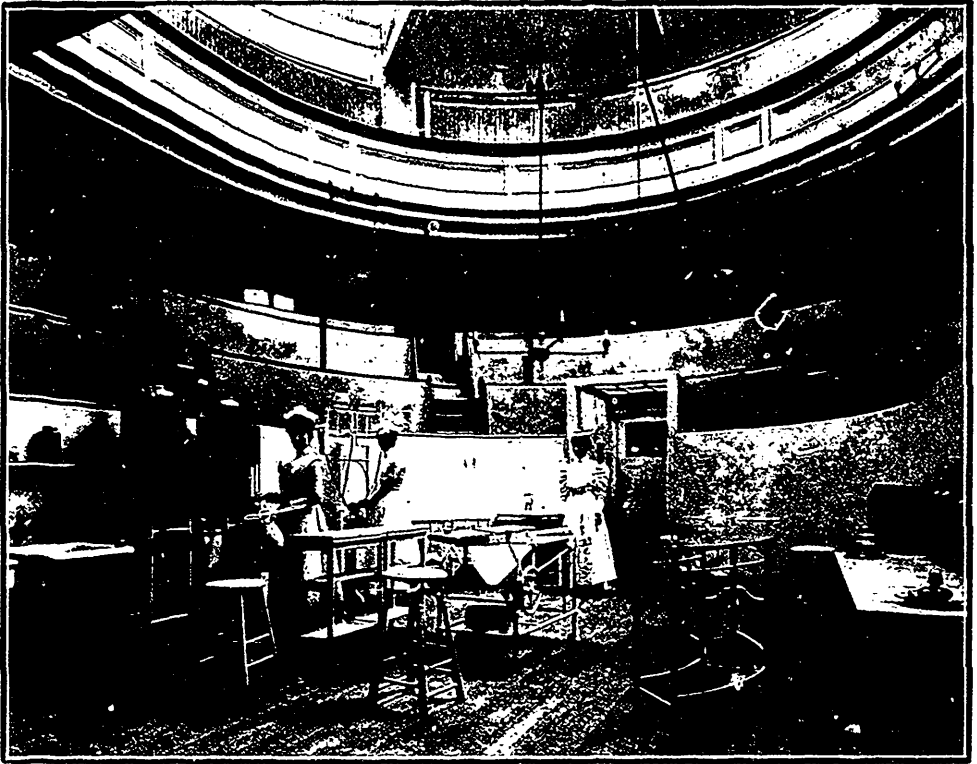
"The semi-public really doesn't mean much," explained the nurse. "It simply means that you can have your own doctor. But as we always have the very best doctors on the staff, there is not very much in that."

"The laundry bill must be quite an item for an institution like this," I ventured.

"Yes, over \$500 a month."

At the end of each of the public wards was usually a private ward at the rate of \$10.50 a week, which is considerably less than the private wards on the ground floor. To the uninitiated eye it is sometimes hard to distinguish the face of the woman from that of the half-grown girl on the hospital pillow. The housewifely lines of care have been somewhat obliterated; the days of dependence and being cared for have painted their child-picture on the brow right there among the lines of physical suffering. Even where the emaciated limbs and semi-transparent and shrivelled hands told their story, there was an expression of quiet and content that one did not always find, perhaps, on that brow when it was struggling, half-faint, under the burdens of Poverty Flat. Here and there a screen sheltered some very sick one from view.

We descended to the lower floors among the white sheets, some parted,



MAIN OPERATING THEATRE, TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Photo by Dr. N. A. Powell, Surgeon to the Hospital.

some closed, that separated the semi-privates. Accommodation here is at the rate of \$8.50 per week, and is sometimes preferable for a patient who does not like being in a ward all alone.

Did I say something about springs in the feet, and the glad April morning? Well, the glad April morning was there all right outside the windows—but the springs in the feet? Alas! There were stairs in the middle of the building and stairs at each end of the building, and annexes to the building and stairs to the annexes, and outer buildings with more stairs, and the matron had the most sublime way of ignoring elevators I had ever seen.

“Do you make a round like this every day, with all these stairs?” I asked, after nearly two hours of it.

“Three times a day,” she answered calmly.

“D. T.’s,” she said significantly, as we crossed a balcony and peered through a glass door. “We’ve no one in there to-day.”

The clinic-room, where outside patients come and are treated free, was another spot of interest. Here one often finds an interesting group surrounded by a circle of medical students.

Our General Hospital has a new and daintily finished apartment just completed for patients with nervous troubles. We passed through that



HOUSE-SURGEON BANDAGING A PATIENT'S HEAD.

while the nurse gave some orders to the workmen who were cleaning up the debris. Her last call was in the baby ward. No suggestions of illness here. Just little white cots ticketed with the name of *Baby Bunting* or *Baby Billings*, as it might be, and the little outcries of young life.

"Here is where I always want to linger," said the nurse, as she uncovered a little face here and there and took a peep with those great tender eyes of hers.

The next visit was to

The Operating Theatre.

"I—I—I don't think I can stand it to see an operation," I faltered. "Oh, I'm sure I can't! I know I can't!"

"Oh, we'll sit near the door, and we can leave the moment you feel faint."

So I ventured, thinking I could at least see the preparations. We looked down from the gallery onto what I had beforehand given the appellation, the *Arena of Terror*. But lo! there was nothing to terrify. The patient had not yet been brought in. Just a hush and a high temperature—and a suggestion everywhere of whiteness, science, and absolute cleanliness. Ah; this was not bad at all. I gave a sigh of relief.

Several nurses waited below in sterilized white gowns, and with hair tucked snugly away under white kerchiefs. The great copper sterilizers



EXAMINING AN OUTDOOR PATIENT.

shone like red gold. On one side on a small table was neatly ranged a row of instruments. The physicians entered, several of them. They had just sterilized their hands, and touched nothing in the room. Their long white sterilized gowns were put on them by the nurses, as also the rubber gloves previously sterilized in a basin.

"But do they operate in rubber gloves?" I asked in consternation. "I should think they would be awkward."

But the next moment I saw the hands shine pink through the thinness of the rubber. Every wrinkle was smoothed out by the deft fingers of the nurse. They looked like hands

with a coat of reddish tan rather than with rubber gloves.

Since our picture of the operating-room was taken it has become customary to cover the heads, mouths and noses of the physicians in charge of an operation, lest any dandruff or germ contaminate the wound.

These were the helpless moments of the physicians. The nurses tied the last band and knot, and they submitted like great children. Those nurses likewise who were to handle instruments or work about the patient wore rubber gloves, and had their mouths covered.

The final moment had arrived. Doctors and nurses sauntered up and

down waiting for the patient. The warmth of the atmosphere, the parading up and down of those white-gowned figures, with nothing of the face visible except the eyes above the white flap, gave one a feeling of being in some far-off Hindu temple where strange rites were about to be performed. This impression was heightened by the dusky shade of the rubber-gloved hands.

The operating table was run in, the patient under an anæsthetic, and likewise swathed in white, entirely covered, except a few inches of the face, where the incision was to be made. I looked up at the ceiling for a few minutes to gain strength. But behold! when I looked down again Science was doing her work as daintily in her white robes as though surgery were the most æsthetic occupation in the world. A great basin, in which the absorbents were being rinsed, bore the only signs of the knife. There was no splash or stain upon the white-swathed patient. A finger wound was often more repulsive.

Many pairs of rubber-gloved hands moved over the face of the patient with never a clash. When a hand needed another instrument there was a hand ready just above it with the instrument required. With seemingly a hundred instruments there was no confusion, no handing out of the wrong one, no delay to rectify mistakes. Everything moved with the precision of clockwork.

A horrible thought made me shiver. What if I should drop that unsterilized pencil I was toying with over the gallery into that little world of stillness and sterility below? Stillness? No, it was not all still. For the physician in charge explained his movements several times to the students who lined the gallery seats. This was evidently an operation on a patient from a public ward.

There was a little quiet shifting of white garments about the patient, the emptying of a few basins. It was all over. Like a visitant from the world of life again, a blue-robed nurse appeared to claim her charge. That touch of blue in that ghost-world of whiteness was like a revivifying breath.

"Have you been down in the basement?" asked Dr. Brown, as we were about to leave.

Our next visit was accordingly below stairs. Here truly was a new phase of hospital life—the great busy underground world of the institution. If there was quiet above ground there was clatter enough below. Here the meals are cooked, the dishes washed, the food stored. Dinner was just about ready. Great roasts had just been taken out—roasts of such gigantic dimensions, it seemed to our astonished eyes that her bovine majesty had almost stepped into the oven bodily. There were great vessels of vegetables boiling, too.

"You know, we have not only between three and four hundred patients to feed, but also our nurses and our help."

We went into the dish-washing room, where the dishes pass through the great machines; then the meat room, where a freshly killed beef hung, along with other supplies; the room with the canned goods, and, lastly, the root room, with all manner of vegetables.

Returning home, we dropped into the room of a friend, who had been "comfortably" sick for a day or two in a nice house on a nice street. The air of the room was so much worse and the suggestion of sickness so much more apparent that we paused on the threshold, and decided the luxury of being sick at home had not all the advantages. Even public wards had their compensations.

The Hospital by Night.

My next visit to the hospital was at night. The lights were out in many of the windows. The night superintendent was just about to start her round. So I went again on the two hours' journey of stairs and corridors and wards.

"We do not use the elevator at night," explained she. "There is always a certain amount of noise about it, and the patients imagine it's an emergency, something happening."

So we mounted the four flights to a convalescent ward in the west wing.

"This is always the hardest ward to get the patients to bed."

And the superintendent went about with a few little motherly admonitions to those who lingered late. Then the lights were turned out, and we left them.

In another ward there was more serious sickness and suffering. Over behind a large screen the uncertain battle of life and death was being fought. A shaded light hung near, so that the nurse could watch her patient in those still hours after midnight when the fight is hardest. The other patients saw nothing, knew nothing of the struggle. The night wind came stealing in with its soothing freshness, and the stars looked down through the open window with their promises of heaven.

We visited the other wards in turn. Here the night-cough disturbed the stillness; there the deep breathing told of sound sleep. It had seemed quiet in the hospital wards in the morning. It was doubly quiet now—the visitors gone, the lights turned low. At each ward as the head nurse appeared there was the same routine of questions and answers: the rise of B's temperature,

the quieting of C's pulse, the delirium of S. How were the typhoids? etc.

An occasional light under a deep blue shade showed where the nurse must keep watch through the long night.

Down in the private wards the lights were mostly out, or the drop light was resting on the floor at the foot of the bed conveniently within reach of the nurse, yet where it would not disturb the patient.

I said, "Good-night." I went outside and lingered about on the lawn for a while, looking up at the building I had left. It loomed there like some great dark ship against the sky, sailing the seas of night, with its freight of more than three hundred sick. What battles perchance under those blue-shaded lights before the morn! An ambulance comes gliding in at the gate. One more for the white beds yonder. Down there where the light shines in the window of one of the most expensive private wards some petted daughter of fortune opens fever-bright eyes on her pillow. Up there in the public ward above her the daughter of some alley of foulness and fetid air and sin—she, too, opens feverish eyes. Both fight the same battle. Both perchance drift near to-night—nearer than they know—to the same shore. I turned away. The all-loving Father, He holdeth them all in the hollow of His hand. What a boon that the amplest resources of medical skill and surgical science are at the service of the rich and poor alike. This, too, is the outcome of our altruism. In pagan Rome was no such hour of mercy. To-day in heathen lands the finest expression of Christly service is the hospital and the medical missionary.

"Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget."

JAPAN'S ADVANCE.

BY THE REV. DR. A. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.



It is no insult to a spirited and energetic people, and no misrepresentation or disparagement of a marvellous history, to emphasize the recent awakening and astonishing progress of the Island Empire on the eastern coast of Asia. Japan herself has lifted the beacon and set the bounds in dating recent events as of such a year of Meiji (the Era of Enlightenment), even as Christian nations reckon from the birth of Christ. What an advantage has Christianity in referring all moral and political movements and all social and national progress to a mighty reformer and instructor who is the origin, soul and energy of them all, rather than to a remarkable transformation, even a revolution, wrought in a nation by influences from abroad!

Meiji (pronounced may-ji) is decidedly a modern era, having begun in 1868, and yet as decidedly interesting to Japan as arousing her to national consciousness and introducing her to a world-wide recognition. A hermit race, exclusive and secluded for centuries, in less than forty years' transition throws open its gates to all peoples, leaps to the summit of military and naval power, and emulates the noblest kingdoms of earth in enterprise and achievement. When Commodore Perry knocked at the barred gates in 1854 there was a nominal Mikado or Emperor and a real Shogun or feudal chieftain, by whose

grace the Emperor dwelt in the palace and sat on an impotent throne. But the question arose between Japan and foreign powers: Which is to make the treaty—Emperor or Shogun? Who is to be responsible? The Japanese saw the point. The Shogun was deposed, the Emperor placed on a valid throne, and given supreme and stable authority. Thus started the nation on a career of unification and prosperity which is commanding the attention and admiration of the world.

The history of this Asiatic island empire is in many regards very similar to that of the European island empire on whose dominions the sun never sets. England had her inroads of Celts and Saxons and Danes and Normans, her Alfred and Egbert and William that compacted them into one kingdom; her feudal system, her barons, dukes and earls, her retainers, knights and squires, her vileins and serfs. She had her struggles for Magna Charta, her assertion of Parliamentary privilege, her Wars of the Roses, and her wars of Commonwealth and Crown. In her case these conflicts fill the records of centuries. Freedom and civil rights had slow growth.

Japan also had her feudal system, her great estates, her shoguns and daimios, her Samurai, retainers and serfs. She had long wars of shogun and daimios for supreme and central authority and power. She had her Jimmu Tenno and her Ieyasu. One is reminded of the houses of York and Lancaster, of Warwick and Hereford, of Pembroke, Leicester and the

Black Prince. In Britain the struggle for liberty continued for centuries; in Japan the aim was not the enfranchisement of the people, the constitution of parliaments and the establishment of courts, but rather, as a demonstration of personal prowess, the overthrow of an adversary and the supremacy of a conqueror. Hence it came to pass that what in England took centuries to accomplish, has been in some measure, through England's example, achieved in Japan in, say, two generations.

But let us say "*in some measure;*" yes, "*some little measure;*" for it is one thing to reach the legislative and judicial heights of the British people; to permeate the land with the sentiments of freedom, justice, law and administration; to establish and define rights of person and property; to secure and uphold the immunities and privileges of citizenship; to protect and stimulate public enterprise; to foster industry and trade; to lift the home to its true elevation and influence, giving womanhood its due and right position in the social domain; and to nurture education, art, science, morality and religion even to the extent to which they have been nurtured in the British Empire and under the protection and influence of a Christian civilization.

It is decidedly another thing, having the work and product of centuries to copy from, to see the advantages of institutions and forms of government which have proved themselves in long experience, and to discern the forces that have made for national progress, and to choose these institutions and select from these forces for wise appropriation and effective assimilation.

No question at all, Japan has accomplished wonders. She has utterly outstripped other Asiatic races, possibly because of her insular position,

possibly because there are not the masses of population to be leavened that throng and surge in the valleys and over the mountains of India and China; and possibly more than either of these occasions, or both together, it is another instance of God's calling a people, an instance of fulfilment of prophecy, a demonstration of a nation born in a day, a proof that it is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord; an illustration of the Divine method of setting the smaller peoples to work on the larger, as a Judæa for Babylon and Syria, a Greece for Egypt and Rome, a Switzerland for central Europe with the spirit of freedom, and a Britain for a continent and for the earth with a Christian civilization, a constitutional government, and the boundless blessing of civil and religious liberty. Surely there is nothing Divine Providence more sacredly guards than this personal freedom, this national and moral liberty. Which simply means there is absolutely nothing more sacred than personal and national responsibility. In the acceptance of Christianity and its full recognition and exercise Japan has her opportunity for the industrial, social, national, intellectual, moral and spiritual leadership of Asia.

Called on to state some of the prominent features of Japan's phenomenal advance, one has a perplexity where to begin, so vast is the contrast betwixt the Japan of twenty years ago and the Japan of to-day, and so long and rapid have been the strides of movement. The civilized nations had many and great things, and Japan was determined to have them. And she has many of them, so far as the time available could insure their start and development.

Let us begin with her schools and universities. Japan is a nation at school, a nation under drill. If one

thing more than another penetrated the Japanese mind when it sought abroad what made Europe and America mighty on sea and land, it was that the western peoples educated, the western peoples had schools and colleges, and trained the youth of both sexes for intellectual activities. The Japanese felt they must do it, and they are doing it. Preparatory schools for both sexes, boys' schools and girls' schools fill the land with the shout and glee of schoolchildren and the sports of vigorous youth. Schools of five, six, seven hundred and over are as abundant in Tokio and other cities as they are in Toronto. And why not? Where a city has over a million of population some one ought to be at school. And where there is an empire of over forty millions there is room and work for the schoolmaster. Towns, cities and villages throughout the land are as well supplied as with us under Imperial order and public provision.

And they have none of our nonsense and shame of separated religionists and favored sect in public education. The country is a unit to build up effective schools. Not even ancient religionists are allowed to distract attention and divide resources. The religion that can make its way has open field. The faith that cannot ultimately maintain itself before the public receives no legislative preference, and before free and intelligent men must bide the issue. Such a condition, if it be paganism, is better in its kind and measure than the tyranny and distraction of sectarian and sectional coercion. What a disaster that Christianity ever lost her strongholds of the freedom and light! It is the catastrophe of the ages, and remediless till the day of the restoration.

When I lodged for a few days with one of our missionaries I could look upon two educational features of the

country with great interest. One was a students' dormitory filled with the university and middle-school men and boys under the care of the missionary (H. H. Coates) who had their religious exercises and discipline, and some of them were decided Christians. The other was a preparatory school on a campus under the hill from which my observation took place. Some five or six hundred boys and girls were in attendance, and were in full view in their drill and sports. They were marched into school from their separate divisions with the regularity of an army. Nothing could be more interesting or more hopeful for the nation. Girls as well as boys in full course of education, and as well as boys in the intervals of classes under the relief of appropriate and appointed exercise. Every town has such schools in their degree. I visited some of the middle schools with their six and seven hundred boys and youth, and when called to address them had earnest listeners. These youth are growing up in the schools by tens of thousands, and under a homogeneous and vigorous system are learning loyalty to one Emperor, and fidelity to one crown and country. Here, said I, Canadians can learn from Japanese.

Next to the middle and higher schools are the universities, of which, of course, the Imperial University is greatest and most renowned. Its buildings are of a fine order, and many of its professors are of high repute both in Europe and America. In the renovation of Japan in 1868 this wonderful and unprecedented thing took place. Daimios, feudal lords of the olden time, gave up estates, and these estates are now magnificent parks, school grounds and public resorts throughout the empire. This gives the university park and the sites of many of the middle

schools. The middle school at Kōfu occupies the daimio's castle premises, and the formidable and interesting old wall and moat are there in full evidence. The young men have at once in open view the valor of their ancestors and their sacrifices for their country's weal. Here is some explanation of the sturdy ranks that resisted Russian aggression and hurled back the tremendous battalions of the North. And from the looks of the men, nothing is surer than that, sustained in the field, they could do it again to-morrow.

These schools are all under Government regulations and inspection as to grounds, buildings, sanitary provisions, grades of instruction and qualifications of teachers, so that much may be expected of their perpetuity and efficiency. Of the universities, some of which are private foundations, one wins its laurels in one department, another in another department, thus contributing to the common stock of knowledge and national strength and renown.

We may now look at transportation and travel as another element of advance. When I visited Japan eight years ago there were no street-cars in the capital, though they had just been introduced in a few other places, and horses and carriages were scarcely to be had at any price. Jinrikshas had entire right of way, and the foreigner had to get over his first shudder when he saw that his horse was a man; a Christian and philanthropist, or even a humanist might say, a brother. For luggage, the hand cart was the mainstay, and one was ever amazed at the loads the men and women would pile on them and tug through the mud and up the hill. Very few horses were to be seen, and they so thin you could almost see through them.

All this is now changed. Several

lines of trolley-cars keep the streets in a perpetual jingle of bells. A man can ride all around the city and carry his load of satchels or bags for three or four sen; that is, two or three cents or less, a cent being worth two sen. The cars are generally packed right up to the top of the straps. The lines may not run through parks or old castle grounds, so it is not a little interesting to ride around the moats and walls and see the trees, shrubs and flowers in full display on the opposite slope. The dwarf pines and azaleas are the glory of such a panorama.

The jinrikshas have by no means gone wholly out of use, though vastly reduced in number. The same may be said of hand carts, with their egregious loads and human propulsion. There have been days when neither man nor woman was worth much in Japan. This economic feature is rapidly changing. Since the war thousands of stout horses have been brought in from Manchuria, and there is help in hauling and in travelling as well. Railways are in course of extension and construction to all parts of the empire. The road from Tokio to Kōfu bores through the mountains, traversing sixty tunnels in as many miles, and some of these tunnels are over a mile long. What ingenuity, enterprise and labor can do, these people have set their hearts to accomplish.

And they are surely feeling the strain of the war and of their enormous industrial undertakings. Money on deposit in banks brings from five to seven per cent. annual interest. On the other hand, their producing and revenue-creating power rapidly multiplies. Our mission party went through a silk factory where a thousand girls were unwinding the cocoons and spinning the silk. There is immense wealth in the country, and

capability of more, though, of course, there is poverty, and much need of relief.

What surprised me most in Japan's advance is the improved condition of women, and the brightening hope of womanhood, which is the hope and guiding star of the nation. When I was over before I saw hundreds of women tugging at burdened carts. This time I saw very few indeed. There is evidently change of sentiment as well as change of usage. Then, schools are everywhere open for girls, affording them the highest advantages of education. And, what is most significant of all, the Emperor and the Imperial Princes have ap-

peared in public procession with their wives as their companions. This is nothing less than a social revolution, and must count for much, very much, in the elevation and ennoblement of Japan.

If the baneful influences that have come upon the people from European and American examples and their evil results could be removed, and the moral and religious forces multiplied and strengthened, the day of deliverance were at hand. Truly he is an enemy of the human race that would do aught to retard the progress of such a people on the upward march to liberty and light, to nobility and virtue, to truth and God.

CANADIAN STREAMS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

O, rivers, rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree,
How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty.

A holy music, heard in vain
By coward heart and sordid brain,
To whom this strenuous being seems
Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O, unsung streams—not splendid themes
Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!
Annals of glory gild your waves,
Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams.

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves
The shores that ne'er have nourished
slaves!

Swift Richelieu, of liliated fame!
Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
Where Daulac and his heroes came!
Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour,
And, later, many a loyal name!

Thou inland stream, whose vales, secure
From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor!

And thou, small water, red with war,
'Twi'xt Beaubassin and Beausejour!

Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
What voice shall from the bastioned shore
The tale of Roberval reveal,
Or his mysterious fate deplore?

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

And thou far tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet?

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
Streams where De Salaberry trod,
Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was
slain—
Their voices are the voice of God!

O, sacred waters! not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
Ye sound us, in triumphant tone,
The summons of your high refrain.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF METHODISM IN CANADA.

BY THE REV. GEO. H. CORNISH, LL.D.



THE history of Methodism in Canada, its wonderful growth, its marvellous development, its missionary enterprise, its story of romantic incident and of heroic self-sacrifice, and the moral and spiritual influence which it has had on all branches of the Church of Christ as well as in the civil and religious development of the country is doubtless without a parallel in all the history of the past.

Methodism in Canada is the result of a burning desire to lead men to Christ, and it shows how the blessing of God is given to the simple and sincere proclamation of His word by His humblest followers. We propose, in this paper, to glance briefly at the beginning of the work in the several provinces, and then to note its grand success and its present position as the largest Protestant denomination in the Dominion of Canada.

The Maritime Provinces.

At a prayer meeting held by a few loyal Yorkshire Methodists, who had settled near Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1779, William Black, then in his nineteenth year, was converted. He at once began to give his testimony of the power of Christ to save, and to lead in prayer, and soon he had the great joy of winning several members of his family to Christ. In the spring of 1781 he made his first attempt to preach among the settlers on the banks of the Petitcodiac River, and on Nov. 10th of the same year consecrated himself to the work of the

ministry, and preached at Sackville, Dorchester and other places, with great freedom and power. In the course of eighteen days he preached twenty-four times, and many souls were saved. On May 30th, 1782, he preached at Horton, and we read: "Many cried for mercy." On June 5th he visited Windsor, and was welcomed by a few Methodist residents, whom he organized into a class. On June 11th he reached Halifax, where he preached on that and the two following days. Then, returning to Windsor, he preached in the open air, and much good was done. The work proved to be of Scriptural and permanent character, and henceforth William Black was to have the honor of being the apostle and pioneer of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces.

In 1855 the Methodism of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, with Newfoundland and Bermuda, was organized under the name of "The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America." The ministers, including probationers for the ministry, numbered eighty-eight. The membership, with 587 on trial, was 13,723.

Lower Canada (Now the Province of Quebec).

In the year 1780 a Wesleyan local preacher named Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th Regiment of British soldiers, then stationed in Quebec, preached the first Methodist sermon in that city to the soldiers and Protestant emigrants residing there. His work was much appreciated, and he continued his labors among them

until his regiment was called to return to the Old Land. We can find no further record of the work of this early period until 1799, when Lorenzo Dow was sent by Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, to form a new circuit in Lower Canada. He visited Montreal and Quebec. In the latter place he preached to a congregation of about 150, and was rewarded by seeing twenty or more stirred up to seek the forgiveness of sin.

In the year 1811 there were five ministers in Lower Canada, and 240 members, but owing to the immediate prospect of war between England and the United States, the work of spreading the glad tidings of salvation was, for a time, greatly hindered. In Quebec, a pious sergeant of the 103rd Regiment, named Webster, preached regularly on the Sabbath, and held the society together until his removal with his regiment to Upper Canada, when a devoted merchant, named Peter Langlois, preached every Sabbath until July, 1813, when the English Wesleyan Conference sent Rev. John B. Strong to Quebec, and Rev. Richard Williams to Montreal.

Upper Canada (Now the Province of Ontario).

The first Methodist to preach in Upper Canada was also a local preacher, and a major in the British Army, named George Neal. In 1776 he preached at several places on the Niagara frontier, and organized the first class. He boldly and faithfully warned his hearers against the prevailing vices and sins of the time and place. As a result, he incurred the opposition of "men of baser sort," who pelted him with stones until the blood ran down his face. Nevertheless, soldier like, he bravely stood his ground, and was able to rejoice in the conversion of many. He subsequently

retired from the army, and became a regular itinerant, in connection with the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

In 1790, William Losee, a young man of 28 years, a probationer in the New York Conference, came to visit some of his relatives and friends, who had settled in Adolphustown. On his journey, being full of zeal for the Lord of Hosts, he preached in Matilda, Augusta, Kingston and other places, until a flame of revival was kindled and scores were converted. At the Conference of 1791 he was appointed by his Conference to Kingston, a charge which included all the new settlements from Kingston west to the Bay of Quinte and the Peninsula of Prince Edward. At the Conference held in 1792 Losee reported a membership of 165.

The Canada Conference.

The limited space afforded me for this paper forbids further detail as to the beginnings of this great work, suffice it to say that from 1790 to 1823 inclusive the Methodism of Upper Canada was under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, but in 1824 the Canada Conference was organized with thirty-six ministers and 6,150 members. In 1828, by and with the consent of the General Conference, the Methodist Societies in Canada were made a separate and independent body, to be known as the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. Its ministers numbered fifty-six and its members 9,678.

The Union of 1833.

In 1833 a union was consummated between the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada and the British Wesleyans in Upper Canada, under the name of "The Wesleyan Meth-

odist Church," with eighty-one ministers and 16,039 members.

In 1854 the missionary districts of Lower Canada and Hudson Bay, which had been continued in connection with English Methodism, became a part of "The Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada," which now numbered 254 ministers, 36,253 members and 15,389 Sunday-school scholars.

The Union of 1874.

In 1874 there was a further enlargement and consolidation of Methodist forces in Canada by the union consummated between the "Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada," the "Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America" and the "New Connexion Methodist Church in Canada," under the comprehensive name of "The Methodist Church of Canada." This union gave a total of 1,032 ministers and probationers for the ministry, 101,946 members, 1,512 Sunday-schools and 101,218 Sunday-school scholars. This led to the formation of six annual Conferences and one General Conference, which was to meet quadrennially.

The Union of 1883.

In the year 1883 another vital and important change took place in the great ecclesiastical system of Methodism, resulting in the unification of Methodism in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under the name of "The Methodist Church." The bodies uniting were:

1. The Methodist Church of Canada, with 1,216 ministers and 128,644 members.

2. The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, with 259 ministers and 25,671 members.

3. The Primitive Methodist Church in Canada, with 89 ministers and 8,090 members.

4. The Bible Christian Church in

Canada, with 80 ministers and 7,398 members.

Making a total of 1,643 ministers and 169,803 members for the united church, also 2,707 Sunday-schools, 22,434 officers and teachers, and 175,052 scholars. The annual Conferences were now increased to ten.

The General Conference,

which is a delegated body, and consists of an equal number of ministers and laymen, is the Connexional Legislature. It is clothed with large powers for the government of the Church, within certain restrictive limitation, but it cannot, nor does it attempt, to attend to the minute details of its vast system.

To the annual Conferences, which have been increased to thirteen, is assigned the duty and responsibility of perpetuating the ministry and of maintaining its soundness of doctrine, its purity of character, and of duly sustaining its intellectual and literary standing. They now have 1,802 ordained ministers and 320 probationers for the ministry, a total of 2,122.

Lay Agencies.

One of the greatest sources of the prosperity of Methodism in Canada has been its utilization and employment of lay agencies. The local preacher, the exhorter, the class leader and other earnest workers have been to Methodism like the main arteries of the body, giving life and energy in no small degree to all the workings of the organization. When in the providence of God a local preacher or exhorter moved into a new settlement where as yet there had been no ministry of the Word, he called the neighbors together and told them about Jesus and His love, and thus prepared an opening for a regular preaching service and the organization of a society.

In the class and prayer meetings the members are trained to tell freely "what great things the Lord hath done for them." The class leaders are regarded as sub-pastors, and are to nurture the spiritual life of those committed to their care.

The stewards are expected to provide for the financial requirements of the charge. The trustees have the care of all church and parsonage property, in which all the congregation have an interest, and all are expected to work together in harmony and love for the advancement of every part of the vast superstructure that it may continue "to grow unto a holy temple in the Lord."

The number of lay agents connected with the Church and Mission Boards in June, 1905, was as follows:

Local preachers and exhorters.	3,404
Class leaders and assistants...	5,807
Stewards and society representatives	16,862
Trustee Board representatives..	2,749
Sunday-school superintendents.	3,439
Epworth League presidents...	1,776
Ladies' Aid Society presidents.	1,280
Woman's Missionary Society presidents	898
Grand total.....	36,215

It has been said that statistics are dry and uninteresting, yet they are of vital importance, and serve as a data in determining the efficiency, the intelligence and the moral excellence of that which they represent. We have seen that in 1883 the members of the United Church were 169,803. In June, 1905, the number was 305,814, showing an increase of 236,011 in the past twenty-two years, or an average of 10,727 per annum after making up for all losses by deaths, removals, etc.

The numerical position of Methodism in Canada as given in the Domin-

ion census of 1901, the last taken, is far in advance of all the other Protestant churches of the Dominion, its members and adherents numbering 916,886.

Sunday-schools.

One of the first instructions that Wesley gave to his co-workers was that they should earnestly seek the salvation of the young. Accordingly he prepared "Instructions for Children," the chief design of which was to encourage them early to seek Jesus as their Saviour. The introduction and organization of Sunday-schools, now so general in connection with all churches, took place some years later, and was regarded by Wesley as "one great means of reviving religion throughout the nation." Hence the Sunday-school has been an important and growing factor in Canadian Methodism from the beginning of its history.

In June, 1905, the statistics were as follows:

Sunday-schools	3,439
Officers and teachers.....	33,716
Scholars	321,492
Scholars, members of the Church	81,526
Scholars, contributions to missions	\$29,021

Epworth Leagues.

The organization of the young people into societies for spiritual and intellectual culture, under the name of "Epworth League," or "Epworth League of Christian Endeavor," took place in the autumn of 1899, and at the General Conference of 1890 a constitution was prepared, and the leagues were recognized as a part of the organized machinery of the Church.

Starting out with the motto, "Look up, lift up, for Christ and the

Church," and with a pledge, which embodied the scriptural principles of love, consecration and fidelity to God, it is no wonder that its progress has been phenomenal.

The statistical returns for June, 1905, show that we now have 1,776 Epworth Leagues and Young People's Societies, with a membership of 70,338. These are nearly all organized for work on missionary lines. What is known as the "Young People's Forward Movement" is proving a great help and blessing to them, and is already far-reaching and widespread in its results.

During the first seven years of its history but little was done by the leagues for missions. In the year 1904-5 only \$1,600 was contributed by them for missionary work.

The Student Volunteer Movement, which had its birth about the same time as the Epworth League organization, was proving itself successful in enthusing and enlisting young men and women as volunteers for missionary work, both in the home and foreign fields, and doors were opening on every hand inviting them to meet the demands.

At this time of need Mr. Fred. C. Stephenson, a medical missionary volunteer, conceived and outlined a plan by which the members of the leagues might be led to give their co-operation, and make more effective the missionary department of every league. His plan received the hearty approval of the Missionary Board, and a vigorous campaign movement was at once inaugurated, and "The Methodist Young People's Forward Movement for Missions" was successfully launched. Since then more than three hundred students have been engaged in campaign work, and more than three thousand meetings have been held. At the General Conference of 1902 the Rev. Fred. S.

Stephenson, M.D., who had been so energetic in pushing this work, was appointed its secretary.

In 1896 the first missionary was assigned to the Epworth Leagues for support, and appointed to China. The league contributions for missions as reported in June, 1897, was \$5,126. Four years later, 1901, it had advanced to \$21,172, and last year, 1905, it reached the magnificent sum of \$38,409. At this we need not marvel when we know that the special motto of this new movement was, "Pray, Study, Give."

As a practical result of this missionary zeal, with the hearty sanction of the General Board of Missions, ninety-two district leagues have undertaken to provide, in whole or in part, funds for the support of forty-six missionaries in the home and foreign fields. Six district leagues are providing for hospital work in West China. Six other district leagues have each been promised a missionary, while nine others are asking that a missionary be assigned to them for support.

As a further practical result of this department of church work, a new class of missionary literature has been prepared and published for distribution. Classes for the study of missions and missionary fields have been organized, and summer and winter schools for the study of God's Word and missions have been held. From the large increase in the contributions to the General Missionary Fund last year, it would seem as though the whole Church was, through this wonderful "Forward Movement," being brought into greater sympathy with the great necessities of the mission field.

Educational Institutions.

The Wesleys were educated men, and they placed a high value on sound

learning. They felt that its importance to the masses could not be overestimated. Hence we find them putting forth earnest efforts to help their young converts by founding a "Charity School" for the children of the colliers at Kingswood. Subsequently another school was founded at Woodhouse Grove, for the education of the children of the preachers under his charge. This was the beginning of that vast educational system which has been developed under Methodist agencies in all parts of the world.

The colleges and schools connected with Methodism in Canada have a grand historic record. All along the years there has been a growing interest taken in efforts to advance the educational institutions of the Church, as the following list will show:

1. Victoria University, in Queen's Park, Toronto, Ont. It was founded in Cobourg, Ont., in 1830, as "The Upper Canada Academy," and incorporated in 1836, organized as a university under its new name in 1841, consolidated with Albert College, Belleville, Ont., in 1884, and federated with Toronto University in 1890, removed to Toronto and new buildings opened in 1892.

2. Mount Allison University, Mount Allison Ladies' College, and Mount Allison Academy, all at Sackville, N.B., begun in 1842.

3. Albert College, Belleville, Ont., begun in 1857.

4. Wesleyan Theological, Montreal, begun in 1873.

5. Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man., begun in 1873, incorporated in 1877, affiliated with Manitoba University in 1888.

6. Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont., begun in 1874.

7. Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont., chartered by Act of Provincial Parliament in 1877. and

opened for the reception of students in 1881.

8. Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que., begun in 1881, affiliated with McGill University, Montreal, Que., 1890.

9. Columbian Methodist College, New Westminster, B.C., begun in 1892, incorporated in 1893, with power to grant degrees in theology. It is in full affiliation with Toronto and Victoria Universities.

10. Alberta College, Edmonton, begun in 1903.

In Newfoundland, which Methodistically is connected with Canadian Methodism, there are a college, normal schools, grammar schools and 140 day-schools, which are under the control of the Methodist Church. The aggregate value of the college and school property is \$2,171,164.

Churches, Parsonages, Etc.

The number of churches is. . . . 3,600
The number of parsonages is. . . 1,335
The number of burial places is. 1,109
Value of above, \$15,067,802.

Book and Publishing Houses.

These form an extensive and highly effective denominational interest, paying their own way, and making large money contributions, year after year, to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

1. The Methodist Book Room at Toronto had its beginning in November, 1829, when a small depository was opened. It was placed in charge of Rev. Egerton Ryerson, who for five years served both as book steward and editor of *The Christian Guardian*. Up to 1874 the editor of *The Christian Guardian* and book steward were elected annually, but since the union of that date the election has been quadrennial, and by the General Conference. In 1889 the Book Room and publishing department was moved from King Street to its pres-

ent extensive premises fronting on Richmond and Temperance Streets, known as Wesley Buildings, which cost for land and buildings \$116,370. The present book steward is the Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D., who was elected by the General Conference of 1878, and re-elected by each Conference since that date.

2. The Methodist Book Room at Halifax, Nova Scotia, had its beginning in 1848. The Rev. Stephen F. Huestis, D.D., the present book steward, was elected in 1880, and has also been re-elected by each Conference since that date.

3. The Methodist Book Room at Montreal, Quebec, was opened in May, 1875, as a branch of the Toronto House, and was placed under the management of Mr. Christopher W. Coates, who is still in charge. It has done good service to Methodism in that city, in the dissemination of a sound religious literature, and is succeeding in winning its way to the patronage of the Protestant communities of the Province of Quebec.

These book and publishing houses are valued at \$443,361.

Periodicals.

First in importance stands The Christian Guardian, which for seventy-seven years has continued to carry to the homes of its subscribers interesting and valuable facts concerning all our connexional enterprises and giving inspiring items of information relating to the progress of the Kingdom of Christ. The Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B.A., was elected editor by the General Conference of 1902, but resigned on account of ill-health in May, 1906. His assistant has been the Rev. W. B. Creighton, B.A., B.D.

Next comes The Wesleyan, published in Halifax, and of which the Rev. John Maclean, M.A., Ph.D., was elected editor in 1902. For nearly

sixty-one years it has been a welcome visitor in the homes of the Methodist families of the Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland and Bermuda, earnestly contending for the faith, and advocating the educational and other interests of the Church.

The Methodist Magazine and Review is a monthly publication, under the able editorial management of the Rev. William H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C. It is now thirty-two years of age, and in its literary character, its religious influence and its beautiful and appropriate illustrations is without a rival in the Dominion.

The Sunday-school periodicals are also under the editorial management of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, who is indefatigable in his efforts to make them all first-class papers, and popular among all their readers. They are ten in number, and more than 160,000 pages of them are printed for every working day in the year.

In addition to the above, we have The Epworth Era and The Missionary Outlook, published monthly, and The Missionary Bulletin and The Christian Steward, published quarterly.

Missions.

The Methodism of Canada has been during all the years of its history a grand practical missionary agency. Only three days after the organization of the Canada Methodist Conference in 1824, it was resolved to establish a Conference Missionary Society, and the Rev. Thomas Whitehead was chosen as its first president. The income of the society during the first year of its operations was \$144.08. In 1822, two years before the society was organized, the Rev. Alvin Torrey undertook to visit the Indians settled on the Grand River, where he found an Indian reservation made up of Iroquois and other tribes, all pagan,

except the Mohawks, who, though professedly Christian, were no better than the heathens around them. Torry was commissioned by the next Conference to labor as a missionary among them. In 1824 the first church was built on the Grand River, and day-schools and Sabbath-schools were established. The Rev. William Case, who has been appropriately named "The Father of Canadian Missions," was especially interested in the Indian work, and soon a wonderful revival began among the redmen, and Peter Jones, John Sunday and other Indian youths were converted, and became successful missionaries among their people. Ever since that date there has been special growth and constant enlargement on the field, as may be seen from the following brief chronological record:

1822—Missionary work begun among the Indians on the Grand River.

1824—Missionary Society organized.

1826—Missionary work begun among the Indians on the Credit River by Egerton Ryerson.

1833—Missionary work begun at the Indian village of Saugeen.

1837—Missionary work begun at Alderville.

1840—Missionaries sent by the English Wesleyan Conference to the Hudson Bay Territory.

1851—Missions in Hudson Bay Territory placed under the superintendency of Rev. Enoch Wood, President of the Canada Wesleyan Conference.

1854—Missions in Hudson Bay Territory transferred to the Canada Conference.

1855—First Methodist missionary appointed to the French, in Quebec Province.

1858—Missionary work begun on the Pacific Coast, British Columbia.

1860—Mission work begun among the Germans in Ontario.

1868—Mission work begun in Red River Settlement, now the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

1873—Mission work in Japan inaugurated.

1881—The Woman's Missionary Society organized.

1885—Chinese mission started in City of Victoria, B.C.

1891—Missionaries sent to Sz-Chuan, West China.

1896—Mission work among the Japanese in Vancouver, B.C., begun.

1903—Scandinavian mission in Victoria, B.C., begun.

1905—Mission to the Italians in Toronto begun.

1905—Mission to the foreigners in Winnipeg begun.

The number of missions, missionaries and members under the care of the Canada Methodist Missionary Society, as shown by the Report of 1905, is as follows: Home missions, 430; Indian missions, 66; French missions, 5; Chinese missions in British Columbia, 5; Japanese missions in British Columbia, 1. Foreign missions: Japan, 25; West China, 4. Total, 536. Total missionaries and paid agents, 545. Total members on mission stations, 41,631. The income of the society for the year 1904-1905 was \$385,741.

In New Ontario, in the North-West Territories and in British Columbia the work is rapidly extending and enlarging.

The creation of the two new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, the rapid inflow of population, the marvellous growth of villages, towns and cities, call for a large increase of missionaries and of missionary contributions.

That the new work might be organized properly, and that the large

numbers of Methodist people moving into this vast new country might not be left without a shepherd, the following ministers have been appointed missionary superintendents: British Columbia, Rev. Robert Whittington, D.D.; Alberta, Rev. Thomas C. Buchanan; Manitoba, Rev. Oliver Darwin; New Ontario, Rev. James Allen, M.A.; Indian Missions and Schools in the North-West, Rev. John McDougall, D.D.; Corresponding Secretary of Missions for Manitoba and British Columbia, Rev. James Woodsworth, D.D.

These all report encouragement as to the work and the workers that are in the field. About sixty new missions have been formed, and several new churches have been dedicated within the past year, while others are in course of erection, and will soon be ready for divine worship.

The Woman's Missionary Society.

In the year 1833 the first Woman's Missionary Society in Canadian Methodism was organized in the Village of Matilda, Upper Canada. It was known as the Matilda Female Missionary Society, and was auxiliary to the Canada Conference Missionary Society. Its president was Mrs. Susan Waldron, and its secretary, Mrs. Maria Carman. Its income was £24 3s. 6d.

In the year 1876 the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada was organized, and up to the date of the union in 1883 it proved to be an influential factor in carrying on the missionary work of that branch of the Methodist family. At the time of the union Mrs. Levi Massey, of Wall-bridge, was its President; Mrs. J. R. Jaques, Belleville, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. A. Carman, Corresponding Secretary.

In the year 1881 the Woman's

Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada was organized in the City of Hamilton, Ont. Its history has been marked with steady advancement. Its auxiliary societies now number 898; its members, 24,332; its Mission Circles and Bands number 479; their members, 14,766.

The income of the society at the close of its first year in 1882 was \$2,916. Ten years later, in 1892, it was \$35,790. Ten years later, in 1902, it was \$49,776. Last year, 1905, it was \$85,421. Under the control of the society there are 8 boarding-schools or homes, 8 day-schools, 2 industrial schools, 2 night-schools, 3 orphanages, 4 Kindergarten schools, 1 hospital and dispensary, 2 lady physicians, 7 nurses, 15 Bible-women, 35 teachers and 45 missionaries, on mission stations in China, Japan, British Columbia, Alberta, among the French in Quebec, and among the Galicians in the North-West.

We have thus given a "Bird's-Eye" view of the various agencies and organizations of Canadian Methodism. It presents a well-organized system of aggressive and conserving forces by which the Methodist Church is enabled to perform, or carry out, its great mission. We claim that no existing Church is better constructed, and none has more earnestly said to its members, both old and young, "Go work to-day in the Lord's vineyard." The growth of the future, as in the past, will depend largely on the individual member. The great need of the times is another Pentecostal Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Our prayer is that the spirit and holy heroism of our fathers and founders may always stand forth in our midst.

"Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God."

CHARITY.

BY E. V. LUCAS.

(Founded on the French of M. Haraucourt.)



STATUE OF ST. MARTIN, PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

Because so bitter was the rain,
 Saint Martin slashed his cloak in twain,
 And gave the beggar half of it,
 To shelter him and ease his pain.

But, being now himself ill clad,
 The Saint's own case no less was sad,

So piteously cold the night ;
 Though glad at heart he was, right glad.

Thus, singing on his way he passed,
 While Satan, grim and overcast,
 Vowing the Saint should rue his gift,
 Released the cruel northern blast.

Away it sprang with shriek and roar,
 And buffeted the Saint full sore ;
 Yet ne'er repented he a whit,
 And Satan bade the deluge pour.

Huge hailstones fell in fierce attack,
 And dealt St. Martin many a thwack,
 " My poor old head ! " he, smiling, said,
 Yet never wished his mantle back.

" He must, he shall," cried Satan, " know
 Regret for such an act," and lo !
 Even as he spake the world was dark
 With fog and frost and whirling snow.

Saint Martin, struggling towards his goal,
 Mused thoughtfully. " Poor soul ! poor soul !
 What use to him was half a cloak ?—
 I should have given him the whole."

The cold grew terrible to bear,
 The birds fell frozen in the air ;
 " Fall thou," said Satan, " on the ice,
 Fall thou asleep, and perish there."

He fell, and slept, despite the storm,
 And dreamed he saw the Christ-Child's form
 Wrapped in the half the beggar took,
 And seeing Him, was warm—so warm.

" And shall that faith of thine, so calm and grand,
 Be frustrate—mocked with emptiness and blight ?
 Instead of better, worse ? Instead of land,
 Th' abyss of dread oblivion and night ?

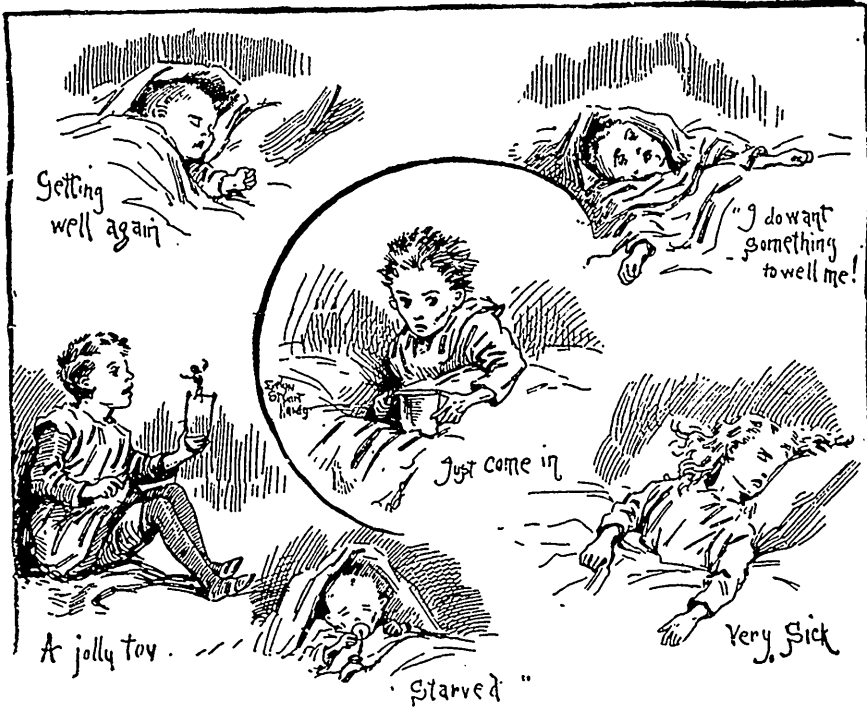
" Shall souls that yearn, that crave eternal life,
 That feel within the stir of instincts high—
 Deep answering deep through all the mortal strife—
 Find naught but disillusion and a lie ?"



J. ROSS ROBERTSON AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY L'INCONNU.



BITS IN THE HOSPITAL.



T was a fine spring afternoon. My friend and I had called to see one of the nurses in the Toronto Children's Hospital. We waited in the beautiful front hall downstairs, with its stained windows aglow with sacred scenes. The intonations of a phonograph came floating down the corridors.

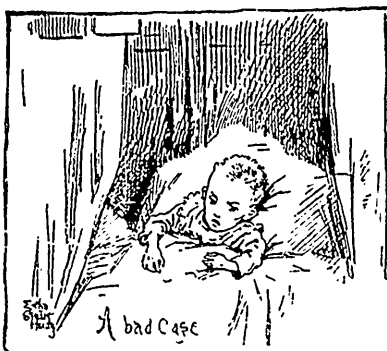
The little ones were evidently enjoying a treat upstairs.

"Would you like to go through the hospital?" asked the nurse when she

found my friend was hoping to don the nurse's garb some day. "The visiting hours are just over, but I guess we can go through."

So it chanced that we found ourselves unexpectedly in the long wards with the little pale faces lying on their pillows on either side of the great aisle. They were not all down on pillows, to be sure, those little faces. Many of the children sat quite upright in their cots, following the wonders of a picture-book that some visitor had left, or preparing a doll for its evening rest.

The tea hour was at hand, and



among the groups of convalescents there was manifest restlessness for its arrival. The somewhat boisterous welcome of the nurse in a ward of convalescent boys and the not less perceptible though less demonstrative one in a girls' ward revealed to us something of the relation between nurse and patients.

We had no idea before that there were so many little twisted feet and ankles in the world. But here they were in all stages. Little ones lying in their cots with plaster-coated limbs, or walking about with legs nearly straightened; others with legs perfectly straightened and about to leave for home. We began to realize some-



thing of what this means to Canada—thirty-eight cases of club feet straightened in 1905, to say nothing of the correction of other deformities. For the Sick Children's Hospital is a gift to the whole country, rather than to Toronto. Children are there from all parts of the province. It means much to a country to have its lame healed. It means more to the crippled child who has its feet straightened and starts forth in life like other children.

The hospital not only does this splendid work when the needy ones



"NOW TRY TO WALK DEAR."

are brought to its doors, but it holds its doors open invitingly to children of every creed, color and every nationality. The institution stands in our midst asking for suffering little ones, that they may be healed. We quote the following from the yearly report:

"Scores of cases can be found in the Hospital books where boys, who were absolute cripples, to all eternal appearance incurable, are now doing well at manual employment. The treatment of deformed feet is one of the most interesting branches of the Hospital work. There must be many cases of club feet in Ontario that could be



"NOW I'LL READ YOU A STORY."

corrected if sent to the Hospital. Can you send us the name of any parent who cannot afford to pay for his child's correction?"

Last year there were 891 in-patients, an increase of 130 over the total of the year before; 471 of these cases were surgical. As we walked up and down among the little white cots, many of them endowed in memory of some little loved one taken home, and whose name they bore, we found ourselves wondering what it would be like to possess enough worldly wealth to endow one of these cots.

How much would it cost to endow one? Two thousand dollars, the



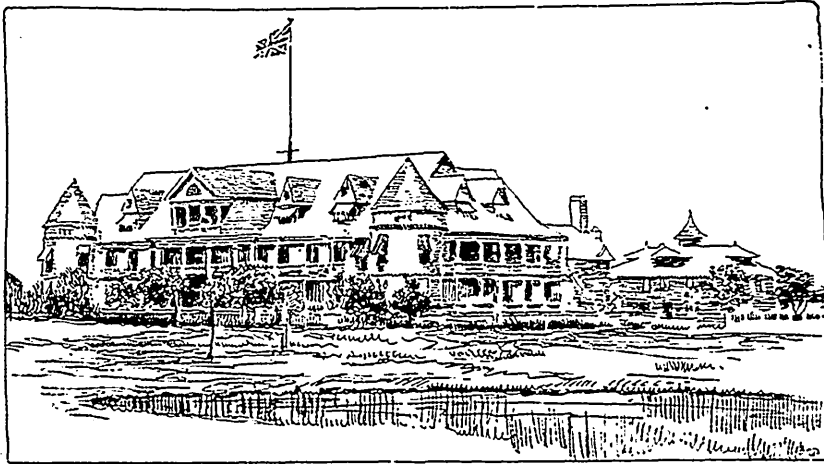
IN THE BABIES' WARD.



A HAPPY LOT IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

nurse told us, would name and maintain a cot in perpetuity. I found it hard to take my eyes off them. A sort of longing had possessed me. It was surely an ambition worth living for, to establish and leave behind one of those little white beds where children were always being made better, except in the few cases where the little spirit winged its way from the white coverlet home.

But we had to ponder again on the lesson so many of us have to learn, namely, being satisfied with doing little things well when one cannot do



THE LAKESIDE HOME.

great ones. There is need for the many to make the small contributions as well as for the few to make the great ones.

Everywhere we were touched by the kindness of the nurses to their charges and the love of the children for their nurses. Everywhere the same tender atmosphere of Christian love prevailed. We paused a moment to think what life meant to these little faces around us. To some of them, at least, the squalid home, the sound of oaths, and all their accompanying suggestions were

no unfamiliar things. Would not this orderly, cleanly Christian atmosphere that enveloped them so suddenly, mean much to their higher as well as to their physical life? Would it not be a refining influence to take home with them?

We took a look in passing at the X-ray room, where the needle in the hand and the fracture in the arm and various other troubles are located. The X-ray machine is one of the invaluable allies of the hospital.

A glimpse into the immaculate operating room, the room where patients were received, rooms where supplies were kept, rooms where clinics were held, and other like places that had to do with the successful running of the institution; but our ear had been caught by a little cry from the west wing. It was there we found the babies, dear wee tots, some of whom had experienced the surgeon's knife already in their short lives.

On the balconies some of the convalescent children were getting the fresh air and sunlight. From the south windows we had a view of the Nurses' Residence, the gift of Mr. J.



GETTING BETTER.



CONVALESCENTS IN THE SAND.

Ross Robertson, whose generosity has been the mainspring of this splendid work. The new residence, which will be completed at a cost of \$75,000, will afford accommodation for sixty nurses and twenty domestics. It will contain lecture rooms, library, writing and study rooms, diet kitchen, demonstration room, parlors, and all that pertains to an up-to-date residence. Hitherto the nurses have been much cramped for accommodation in the main building.

"In another week," said the nurse, "We move over to the Island."

We recalled that Island Hospital, or Lakeside Home, as it is called, as we had seen it in the first days of our acquaintance with Toronto. Rounding the breezy end of the Island one day, we had come in sight of the large verandahed building, and down on the beach sand opposite were several nurses among groups of children. Two nurses were just putting out in a rowboat with several of their charges. Sand pails, sand forts and trowels showed the results of several hours' occupation, and joyous shouts rang out on the winds.

To most of them what a bright

memory this "getting better" stage would always be! In the Lakeside Home lay the little ones too ill to be up.

There are eight large balconies, where the children sleep in the fresh air that is so large a factor in their cure. A big tent on the lawn affords a play-room for rainy days. Another is fitted up as a ward, and holds a dozen beds. This home is part of the hospital property, and accommodates 125 patients. Last summer 309 little ones were sent over from the mother hospital in the city to benefit by the lakeside air.

Our large engraving shows a group of patients, among whom may be recognized their kind benefactor, Mr. I. Ross Robertson. In helping the little ones in the Children's Hospital we shall assuredly inherit the Saviour's benediction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathy than the sick children. They often suffer through the fault of others. It is exceedingly pathetic to witness their patience under pain, their gratitude for gifts of



TWO FRIENDS

flowers or pictures, and the gladsome games of the little convalescent cripples. Few things touch the heart more tenderly than Tennyson's beautiful poem on "Little Emmie in the Children's Hospital," a few lines of which we quote:

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—



THE JOYS OF BOATING.

Drench'd with the hellish orali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care"
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own."

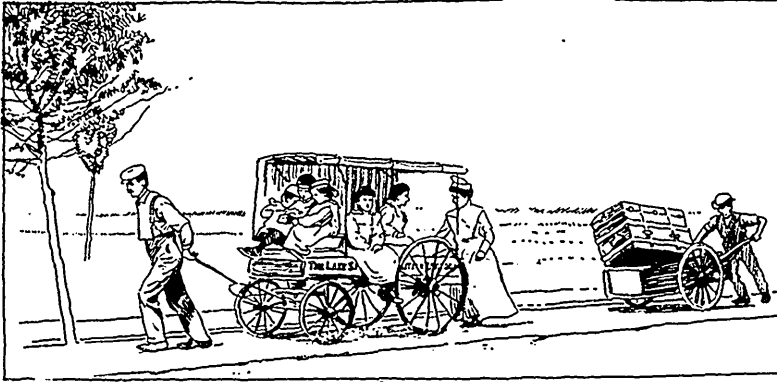


ON THE BALCONY.

But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said, "Ye do it Me, when ye do it to these?"

So he went, and we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! we have lost her, who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;



GOING TO THEIR ISLAND HOME.

Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said,
 “ Poor little dear,
 “ Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never
 live thro' it. I fear.”
 I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as
 the head of the stair,
 Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't
 see I was there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved
 and so vext !
 Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from
 her cot to the next,
 “ He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie,
 what shall I do ?”
 Annie consider'd. “ If I,” said the wise little
 Annie, “ was you,
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me,
 for, Emmie, you see,
 It's all in the picture there : ‘ Little children
 should come to Me.’”
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find
 that it always can please
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children
 about His knees.)
 “ Yes, and I will,” said Emmie, “ but then if I
 call to the Lord,

How should He know that it's me—such a lot
 of beds in the ward ?”
 That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she con-
 sider'd and said :
 “ Emmie, you put out your arms, and you
 leave 'em outside on the bed—
 The Lord has so much to see to ! but, Emmie,
 you tell it Him plain,
 It's the little girl with her arms lying out on
 the counterpane.”

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of
 the dreadful knife
 And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce
 would escape with her life ;
 Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she
 stood by me and smiled,
 And the doctor came at his hour, and we went
 to see to the child.
 He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed
 her asleep again—
 Her dear, long, lean little arms lying out on
 the counterpane ;
 Say that His day is done ! Ah, why should we
 care what they say ?
 The Lord of the children had heard her, and
 Emmie had passed away.

HELP.

BY THE REV. P. M. MACDONALD, M.A.

I saw him in the flush of pride,
 When round him stood his worshipped pelf.
 “ This is the truth, good friend,” he cried :
 “ God helps the man who helps himself.”

I saw him in the fall of pride,
 When round him lay his shattered pelf.
 “ This is the truth, good friend,” I cried :
 “ God helps when man can't help himself ”

"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP."*

BY EDNA WALKER.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



It will be a surprise to most people," writes Dr. Levi Gilbert, "to know that Miss Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea, whom Longfellow celebrated so sweetly in his poem of 'The Lady with the Lamp,' is still alive. She completed her 86th year on May 12th last. Her prolonged

life is all the more remarkable, as she has been an invalid ever since her terrible experiences in the army hospitals of the Crimea back in the fifties, when she was stricken with fever."

Florence Nightingale was born May 15, 1820, in the beautiful Italian city

* Abridged from "Acta Victoriana" and other sources.

which gave her its name. She was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman with estates in Hampshire and Derbyshire, and in this latter county the greater part of her girlhood was spent. Being possessed of a strong love for Nature and for all animals, there is no cause for wonder that she should have the deepest sympathy for all suffering, and, naturally, also a keen desire to allay it. When a child this trait showed itself in her favorite pastime of nursing her dolls and bandaging their limbs. Her first living patient was a shepherd's dog.

As was fitting to one in her station, when she reached a suitable age she was taken to London for the "Season," and presented at Court. But instead of spending her time in a round of gaiety and festivity, she occupied herself in examining the management and arrangements of the hospitals, evidently having in mind her future work.

In honoring Miss Nightingale we must not forget that the influence and example of Elizabeth Fry had much to do in directing her attention to the care of the sick, for Elizabeth Fry was the first in England to recognize how great a work was being done in this direction by the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth. In 1849 Miss Nightingale went to Kaiserwerth and spent several months there, studying and preparing herself for her chosen calling. From there she went to Paris and studied under the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. On her return to England she took charge of the home in Harley Street, London, for governesses incapacitated by illness. This had been very badly managed, but



LEA HURST, DERBYSHIRE,
The early home of Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale spared neither time nor money to put it in a sound basis. It was while she was there that the war broke out in the Crimea.

On September, 20, 1854, the battle of Alma was fought, and won by the allied forces, though at a terrible loss to both sides. We are led to believe, however, that the greatest loss was not suffered on the battlefield. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the wounded, who were brought into the hospitals, died. The accommodations were wretched, and utterly inadequate. There seemed to be no order or discipline. A storm of indignation broke out in England when tidings came of the terrible sufferings of the sick and wounded. A Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed and a Patriotic Fund was opened for the purpose of alleviating this suffering. The heart of England was touched, and money flowed in from all sides.

The clear intellect of Miss Nightingale saw the only solution of the problem. Prompted by her sympathetic heart, and realizing that she was fitted for the work, she wrote to Mr. Sydney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, offering to go out to the scene of conflict with a corps of nurses. Her letter crossed one from Mr. Herbert, asking her to undertake the work at the cost of the Government.

It was fortunate that Miss Nightingale had an intimate knowledge of the comparatively small field of nursing of those days, and was thus able to turn at once to those whom she felt to be suitable for the work. Protestants and Catholics alike responded instantly and gladly to her call. Among those chosen was Miss Erskine, of Pwll-g-crochan, who, it was thought, would be valuable on account of her practical knowledge of cottage-nursing, and because her

understanding of the Welsh tongue would be helpful with the soldiers from Wales.

On October 24th Miss Nightingale, with a corps of thirty-seven assistants, set sail for the East on the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, "Vectis," and reached Scutari in November in time to receive the wounded of Balaclava. A few days later six hundred were brought in from Inkermann.

The conditions under which she began her work were most discouraging. Fever, undressed wounds, overcrowding, dirt, absolute lack of sanitation, and even the want of a proper supply of food, were the appalling circumstances that met this courageous woman at the very outset of her career. But utterly undismayed she took up the stupendous task and carried it through to a successful issue. She would stand for twenty hours at a time till she saw that all were accommodated and properly cared for. She also took her place in the operating-room, and by her presence and sympathy gave strength to the men to undergo the dreaded ordeal.

"Lo! in the house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

Within a few days after her arrival there was marked improvement in affairs, and before the end of the year the transformation was complete, the measures that she adopted having lowered the death-rate very materially.

"Miss Nightingale's command of the situation at Scutari," continues Dr. Gilbert, "as she battled in the Barrack Hospital with cholera, fever, dirt, disorder, inefficient supplies and helpers, forms one of the heroic inci-

dents in the annals of the English race. She visited Sebastopol, and was greeted by the men in the trenches as one as brave as themselves. Her presence in the operating-room calmed the wounded for their ordeal. We see her late at night, when others slept, gliding through the wards and corridors, carrying a tiny lamp in her hand, going where pain was greatest; where men shrieked in delirium, who dreamed they were still on the blood-stained ridges of Inkermann; where she heard the groan of agony or the gasp of death; where last commissions were to be sent to loved ones at home; and as she passed, dying men kissed her shadow on the wall."

But the strain was too great, and she herself was stricken with fever while at her post. She refused, however, to leave, and remained till the British evacuation of Turkey in 1856. The effects of the fever have been lasting, and have compelled Miss Nightingale to spend her life in quiet retirement, scarcely even leaving her room.

The appreciation of the nation manifested itself in the sending out of a warship to bring her home. She, however, escaped the ovation thus prepared for her, returning quietly and unostentatiously by a French steamer. Queen Victoria, as a token of her gratitude, bestowed on her a magnificent jewel, designed by the Prince Consort, while the people presented £50,000 to her in recognition of her services to the country. Madame Jenny Lind was a warm supporter of this fund, and £4,200 of it was contributed by the non-commissioned ranks of the army. This sum Miss Nightingale asked to be allowed to use in the furtherance of education for nurses. As a result of this we have the Nightingale School and Training Home for Nurses,



MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

established in 1860, in connection with St. Thomas' Hospital.

"She well earned for herself," says Dr. Gilbert, "the title of the Queen of Nurses. She evinced commanding genius, and had one of the most masterful minds ever granted to man or woman.

"When this noble woman started on her mission to the army hospitals in that bloody conflict there were few if any English women who had had any experience or training in hospitals, and whom she could take out with her. She had spent some time with the Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris, studying their methods of nursing and hospital work. Some of these sisters afterward enlisted under her command and went to the Crimea to help in her appalling task. With her they went through truly awful experiences. Several of them died of the terrible cholera. They were martyrs, whose great service Miss Nightingale most gladly recognized. It will scarcely be

believed that, when she selected these devout Catholic sisters, the cry of 'No Popery!' was raised. Some declared that she had gone to the East for the purpose of spreading Puseyism among the British soldiers; others that she, reared in the Church of England, had become a Roman Catholic; still others were certain that she was a Unitarian; and it remained for others to whisper that she had fallen under the dreadful heresy of 'supralapsarianism.' But an Irish clergyman, when asked to what sect Miss Nightingale belonged, made the sensible and effective reply: 'She belongs to a sect which, unfortunately, is a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritan.'

"But Miss Nightingale, though a strict Protestant, maintained the most cordial relations with the Roman Catholic nurses under her. She wrote to the Rev. Mother, who had come out with the sisters to Scutari and was returning in broken health to England: 'I do not presume to

express praise or gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, because it would look as though I thought you had done this work, not unto God, but unto me. . . . What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give you any other tribute than my tears.'

"Thus, at the Altar of Pity, are noble, Christian souls of all beliefs blended together, all minor differences forgotten, in their glorious humanitarian service."

To see how world-wide has been the extent of Miss Nightingale's influence, we have only to see how Japan conducted affairs in the late war. Miss Nightingale confined herself to the cure of disease once contracted; Japan goes further, and tries to prevent disease. Attached to each division of the army is a corps of medical officers, who proceed ahead of the army, testing the water in wells and labelling it as to its fitness for use, inquiring into the health of communities, and placarding all districts and houses where contagious disease is found, and forbidding the army to go there. In this respect Japan is ahead of every European nation.

In England Miss Nightingale led public opinion to see that better and more efficient sanitation was necessary in the hospitals, and she has several times assisted the British Government by adding her advice to the reports sent in regarding the sanitation of the military camps in Asia. Before she went to the Crimea the hospitals were no better than shambles, while the dirt and wretchedness were appalling. She improved all this, and insisted on cleanliness, thus very markedly lowering the death-rate, as we have already said; and this, although Pasteur and Lister

had not as yet made their marvellous discoveries with regard to the use of antiseptics.

Another result of Miss Nightingale's mission is the increase in the number of women of gentle birth who have taken up the profession of nursing. In the sixties it was a most unusual thing for refined women to undertake the care of the sick. But one or two, more independent than the rest, having followed Miss Nightingale's example, the number has gradually increased till now nursing is held as one of the most honorable professions for women.

The eighty-sixth birthday of Miss Nightingale in May, 1906, was the occasion for many congratulations. Miss Nightingale is in as good health to-day as she has been in for many years. She is pleased to see her friends at any time in her quiet home in South Street, Mayfair, though only one can go in to her at a time. She delights to know of what is going on in the great world from which she is debarred. One of her greatest pleasures is reading, and particularly such as relates to her chosen profession. Flowers, too, are her delight, and her many friends, realizing this, keep her room bright and fragrant with many of the choicest blossoms.

As we look back over the long life of this noble woman, and realize what she has done for mankind, there comes to our minds the prophecy made some years ago:

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



TWO BLIND BOYS IN BOMBAY
READING BRAILLE.



SOMETIMES we copy John Bunyan, and we speak of God's avenues of access to the inner man as Eye Gate and Ear Gate. Most of us have shuddered at the thought of the possibility of one of these avenues becoming closed. Our sympathies go out to those who take up the cry put by Milton

into the mouth of blind Samson:—

“ Why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore.”

We trust humbly that we may never be deprived of the joys of sight.

Nevertheless, it is just this faculty of feeling which can be made to take the place, to some extent, of the lost

faculty of sight; and the Bible Society has taken full advantage of such a substitute.

Ever since 1836, when the committee laid out more than £200 in providing Scriptures in raised characters for the blind, the price-lists of the Society have shown a continually increasing stock of such books, until at the present day the whole English Bible may be had in either the Moon or Braille characters. The Moon characters are made up of curved and straight lines which bear some resemblance to the ordinary Roman capitals; while the Braille system represents all letters by the various permutations of six dots.

English-speaking blind people, however, form only a fraction of the sightless population of the world. According to the latest statistics, in the Indian Empire alone there are more than half a million blind people.

For years past the Society has had in view the production of Scriptures for the blind of the East—in Palestine, Africa, India and China. More recently the committee have adopted a modified Braille system, elaborated by the Rev. Joshua Knowles, formerly of the L. M. S. in South India, and Mr. F. Garthwaite, a retired Indian civilian. In this system, known as “Oriental Braille,” the signs are arranged on the basis of the Sanskrit alphabet, and as all Indian alphabets follow the lines, more or less, of Sanskrit, the great majority of letters have the same signs in all the great Indian alphabets; modifications for special signs and sounds being provided for out of the signs not needed for the main alphabet. It is claimed for Oriental Braille that by this system a blind Indian boy may be taught to read in far less time and with far less



A BLIND TEACHER AND TWO PUPILS IN MANCHURIA.

effort than is required by his sighted brother. In Malayalam, for example, a blind boy has to learn only fifty-three Braille symbols, and these will be made easy for him by classification and careful association of the form with the sound; while his sighted brother has to master fifty-three difficult letters, and in addition six hundred various and complicated forms which these letters assume in combination.

The Bible Society has recently issued Gospels in Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, Marathi, and Urdu, in Oriental Braille, while a Gospel is also being prepared in Malayalam, in Hindi and in Panjabi. This system is now being pushed forward also in Gujarati, and the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission at Parantij, reported recently that eleven boys in his school were learning it.

For the blind in China, apart from

Murray's system, only spasmodic efforts have been made, and though individual missionaries in various parts, such as Canton and Amoy, have done a great deal, the Bible Society has not been able hitherto to find a system which was likely to be generally applicable and acceptable in China. We trust, however, that the goal of the search is near, and that we shall be able before long to do much for the multitudes of the sightless in China. The Chinese blind can learn to read Braille much more rapidly than the sighted can master the intricate native characters; and, having learnt it, they can themselves become sowers of the Word. One of the blind schools in China is attached to the Presbyterian Mission at Canton. A little girl who was trained there afterwards became a leper and was induced to enter the leper village near Canton in order that she might bring the Gospel to other lepers. The result has been that now she not only has a school in the village, but has also had the joy of leading many to Christ.

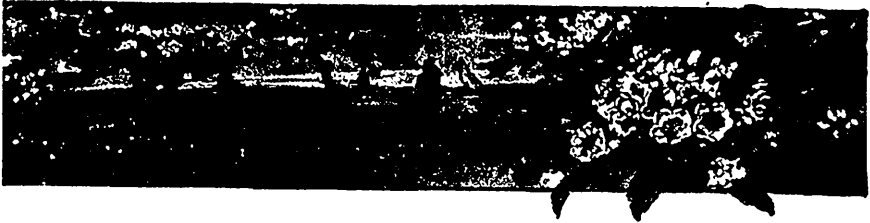
One of our illustrations shows a Kabyle lad, named El Houssin, who has been taught to read the Braille system by a lady of the North Africa Mission; from being a poor, wild outcast, existing on what he could get by begging, he has recently himself become a teacher of other blind Kabyles, and also reads to the people of his village portions of the Scriptures which have been embossed by hand for his use.

And special mention must be made of the missionary work that is being done by some of our blind Bible-women in India. In this connection it is interesting to quote from the report sent by Miss S. S. Hewlett, of the L. M. S., Amritsar, concerning the blind Bible-woman, Asho, who is supported by the Bible Society.

"In the case of two women who

confessed Christ in baptism this year, and in the case of two catechumens now under instruction, Asho's work has evidently been much blessed. They were all in-patients. Our blind Bible-women teach Braille reading to any blind patients who come, and we are now training two blind Bible-women who have been sent from our Blind Institute at Rajpur for the pur-

pose. In this work of training, our three old blind Bible-women take a very active part, having daily schools in the afternoons, in addition to their regular dispensary work. They also spend their spare time in writing out Scriptures for others, often going on into the night, regardless of fatigue, with this extra and voluntary service."



HIS HANDS.

Terror that stalketh in the night
Freighting the souls of men with fright,
Mocking man's puny walls with might;

Pitiless, heartless, aimless rush
Out of the lulling, dreamless hush,
Flaming with fear in the dawning's blush!

Hovel and palace, hut and hall,
Pillar and portal, gate and wall,
Flung in a mad wreck, one and all!

Aye, then we sigh of the chastening rod
That has made the land as a shattered clod—
We murmur: "It came from the hand of God."

Listen! From homeland and overseas

A wonderful song is upon the breeze—
The chant of the swelling sympathies.

Listen, and look; from the chest and bin
Come the gold and stores that were held with-
in—

And the folk of the world are to-day akin!

Ah, gentle mercy encompasseth
The people who hearken with quick-caught
breath
The saddening tale of the city's death.

Look! For these in the alien lands,
In the hidden hills, on the spray-swept sands—
These hands of help—they are God's Own
Hands!

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's Weekly*.

"Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island;
Straight by the compass steer,
Straight for the highland.

"Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee;
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

"Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's Word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light.

"Crowd all thy canvas on,
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning,
And heaven be thy home."

THE DIGNITY OF SERVICE.*

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D.



HERE seems at first thought but little connection and less resemblance between a picture gallery, radiant with masterpieces, and the quiet little home, with its living-room, parlor, bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and cellar. What comparison can we make, and what fellowship can there be, between sculptor, painter, musician and the plain folk in the home—housekeeper, busy seamstress, cook, nurse, to say nothing of the husband and father, who, in one way or another, earns the money that keeps cottage and villa furnished with food and fuel. But in reality the classes of people I have mentioned—sculptor and cook, musician and manual laborer—are not at root very much unlike. And one who loves and believes in human nature and dreams of better things in the near future for our humanity may presume to ask if there may not be such a thing as high art in humble life.

An attempt to answer this suggests the topic for this interesting occasion. It is possible to work with one's hands till they become coarse and hard, and at the same time keep our souls tender and appreciative of all that is sacred and lovely and delicate in humanity. Beauty in art is a matter of color, shading, tint, light, and is not confined to art galleries,

nor to the cold and formal walks of polite life. Indeed, real beauty is not at all physical; it is rather a force than a form; is in the silent and hidden qualities that make earnest character.

The outer form may reflect the inner life, or may seem to be the visible cover for a hidden movement, like the face of a clock; the power that gives it value being all the time out of sight. Faces may be deceiving, but not for long; not to those who have an opportunity to look again and again. Nothing is so certain as the unconscious revelation of inner qualities. The first thought is revised and altered, and those whom at first we pronounce plain and unattractive begin to shine in a new light. There are more delicate lines, a softer light in the eyes, a singular radiance, a sweeter expression; such as Moses had when he came down from the mount, but not a reflection from without, as in his case, but a revelation of what is the vision of God within him. How beautiful people are when we know them as they are in the deep centre of the soul! And here is hidden that unconscious influence that is so effective.

It is a pleasant thing to have physical beauty and indomitable spirit, to belong to a sturdy and noble family, to occupy unchallenged pre-eminence in social life, and be free from the burdensome, humiliating and often limiting restraints of poverty—to have all you want for all time.

But what does such good fortune demand of you? To have a noble ancestry, to have ample resources so

* An address given at the commencement exercises of the Lillian Massey-Treble School of Domestic Science, in the Normal School, Toronto, June 5, 1906.

that one not only lacks nothing, but has abounding power; to appreciate that situation recall for a moment what it means—splendid origin from one of the first families, a glorious destiny, a great career, abundant resources, unlimited wealth, ample power to use those resources—origin, destiny, resources, power; what can be better than that? Only a few families have those four things.

There was one Man whose career embraced all these elements, and He turned them to noble service. He was the greatest of philanthropists. There is one testimony which expresses His attitude.

Observe, first, His origin, His ancestry—"And Jesus Christ, knowing that he came from God."

Observe, second, His destiny—"And that he went to God."

Observe, third, His resources of unmeasured wealth, those of a multimillionaire—"And that the Father had given all things into his hands."

Observe, fourth, His immediate opportunities with these resources were large; and then, next, note what did He do in view of the opportunities?

Build a palace? No. Organize armies? No. Invest in railway and steamship and commercial enterprises? No. Deliver lectures on art? No. Build a palace like a prince? No, none of these things.

Do you know what He did? I do not mean what did He put into His last will and testament. I do not mean what did He direct his heirs to do after he had left, but what did He do personally? Having resources and having opportunity, what did He do? "And Jesus Christ, knowing that he came from God and went to God, and that the Father had given all things into his hands, girded himself and washed the feet of his disciples."

With a millionaire's resources He became a household servant! Such a

precedent turns a new light on human life and human service. I need never be ashamed of a ministry which such a one as Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled. What He dared, I can do if He summon me.

The only thing that saves labor from degradation is its ruling motive. "Jesus Christ, knowing that he had come from God and that he went to God, and that the Father had given all things into his hands, girded himself and washed the feet of his disciples." He took a servant's place, and in that He was a King.

Selfish labor degrades; loving and unselfish service exalts, and whatever puts into the sphere of manual labor scientific, intelligent, attractive skill, unselfish motives, the love of human life, and a genuine self-respect, with a reverent love for God, is a contribution not merely to individuals and individual homes, but it is a contribution to the value of the Christian Church and the power of our Christian civilization.

And to this noble cause this institution is working more practically, more wisely and with larger promise than any institution I can think of, if, indeed, in breadth of conception and generosity of spirit it is not alone.

Such an institution promotes mutual respect between employer and employee; it promotes the moving of people who lack tact and taste to turn their opportunities to good account; it promotes physical health; it ensures a worthier estimate of domestic life, than which nothing is more needed in the United States—I do not speak of Canada; it transforms one servant into a professor; it widens the vision of all, and reduces the distance between the classes of society; it promotes science, painting, music, and opens up the realms of poetry and romance.

One's real position is a question

every man settles for himself, every woman for herself. It is a matter of self-estimation in every case. No social recognition can elevate a man. He is what he knows himself to be. The man is responsible for manhood, and his scale is a matter of his own resolve. The man or woman of really regal quality never thinks of rank or recognition. The only question with such a one is: How can I best render service?

When Woman is Queen.

The wise, pure, human, loving, reverent, womanly woman, gifted in all arts necessary to church loyalty and home fidelity, is a queen. When she looks up she sees nothing between her own unselfish, kindly and gentle soul and the throne of God. Social standards, the result of custom and tradition, may not be altered in a day, nor may they be altered by authority. They may be modified through influences entering into the personal life giving a new value to old standards. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, turned an anvil into a block of gold, and a hammer into a sceptre of power.

Every woman who becomes an expert in domestic service and retains the charm and delicacy of her womanhood, her fine taste and appreciation of literature, becomes a radical and advancing reformer, a woman of the new age, who loses none of the modesty and sweetness of the noblest womanhood of the past. She may serve or direct those who serve; she loses nothing of the glorious kinship to the Christ.

Such an institution as this gives new honor to lowly and lofty, honors cottage and mansion, opens honorable employment to thousands, transforms drudgery into delight, contributes to the charm of the home, puts woman

at her best as sister, daughter and mother.

The domestic key-note in a woman's life, to which her real self is attuned, is so much better than when she lives the flippant life of a butterfly in society; though it is not always woman's fault that the standard of her life in society circles is as it is.

There are women of the true stamp, of high ideals, noble aspirations, genuine culture and true unselfishness. They work partly through necessity, partly through philanthropic motives, partly from choice. They never spare themselves. They delight in their work; it is honorable, useful; it honors them, it sets an example; homes are made by it; society is benefited by it.

And here comes along a young man, son of a Senator or some other leader of men, and, finding a fair girl in his social circle, is charmed by her beauty and intelligence; but his countenance falls when he finds that she spends hours in her father's kitchen, that she performs household tasks, that she looks upon this as honorable service.

I see him a little later in gay but idle chatter with a vivacious, simpering girl, half-dressed and much bejewelled, and as intelligent as a milliner's "dummy." What does young Algernon care for brains, energy, tact, or household skill and enthusiasm?

The true life is lived by him or her who daily asks: How can I serve somebody, somehow, somewhere?

The Spirit, Not the Badge.

I have in mind a fair deaconess, a sister who aspires to a place in the ranks of the holy helpers in Christ. She cares nothing about the badge or name they put upon her. They may

appoint her where they please, give her what garb they please; she has surrendered herself to her work, she has dropped into the deep sea her own ambitions, she is now the ministrress of her holy Master, Jesus Christ; she has said in good faith: "I am thine," and He has answered: "And thou art mine, my daughter." And she, believing this, is glad to do what He would have her do.

It is not laying stress on a button or a bow or a badge, not by wearing black or white—that is fitting so long as it is not adopted for vanity, but is simply a mark of one's mission—it is the spirit, not the badge, that makes us sure that one's heart is in a given work.

So our sister of service goes about her duties. She is at the last remove from odious selfishness. She may never marry, and she may. She is not pledged against it, but she will approach the question thoughtfully and prayerfully.

She is a sister of service, and it is her duty to make life happier to others, to help the weak, to comfort and care for the sick, and, showing how to forget sorrow, to go down with the lonely pilgrim to the gate of death, carry there the light of the Gospel, and help the dying saint to tread steadily when God opens the gate.

She looks after the little children who are left, telling them about their mother's new home in heaven; teaching them to follow in the way their mother told them to go. She goes into the kitchen and, with deft fingers and wonderful skill, transforms it into a gallery of art with pictures and flowers. And people never knew what could be done with a kitchen till our sister of service entered that small domain, and, transforming, by her skill turning the kitchen into a beautiful art gallery until the children want it to be their living-room.

How the children love to hear her stories, reminiscences, and prophetic forecasts of what she wants them to be in the far distant future. And how eyes fasten on her and glisten as she describes the reunion, some time, somewhere, with the departed mother, and their joy and hers to find how true to her Christ they have been.

She is only a cook or a nurse, perhaps, but as a woman and a daughter she loves her father, and remembers his teaching, dreams of her mother in heaven, and knows what chords to touch in hearts of parents to bring new hope and courage.

A High Ministry.

It is a high office, this hospital and home ministry, this beautiful sisterhood of service, so kind, so radiant, so beautiful. Our sister is not what we call a household servant, and yet how unconsciously the household servants imitate her. If servants would only be the sisters of service it would solve the "servant problem" for ever.

Such an institution as this ennobles all womanhood. Our deaconess, our sister of service, may be a lady of the highest culture, but all she aspires to be is to be of use. She is not a physician, and yet doctors say: Get her if you can; get her if only for a little while; she is better than a dozen doctors. She is not a clergyman, and yet often she has a greater influence than the clergyman; she points the way to heaven, and makes man decide to live a new life. She is a sister, a true mother in Israel, and is, moreover, what in America we call a lady.

A woman cannot be a true deaconess, a true sister of service, who is not a lady, pure, clean in person and apparel as the morning dew in the cup of the lily, sweet, tender, transparently honest, having nothing to hide; the soul of her being accustomed to live and move and breathe in God's pres-

ence. She is never loud or boisterous, but from long discipline is calm and self-possessed, and strong and full of faith in the great realities. She is proud of being a woman, conscious of her limitations, modest withal, not caring about her own name, but jealous for the honor of her sisterhood, not unwilling to carry burdens, she is guided by common sense, and is discreet.

Homemakers and Homekeepers.

In the sick-room a ministering angel, in the kitchen, in her own or another's house, she is a queen of service, a sister of service. A tiny cottage, a lodging difficult of access, in a poor neighborhood, may be transformed into a cozy, quiet, homelike and lovely realm; where, whatever may be without, there is within an air of hospitality, pleasantness, light, delightful harmony, voices full of music and affection; and here, too, are pictures and more books and conversation and love, refined taste, cheerfulness, grateful recognition of God as the Father of all. Here, too, must be the selecting and preparing and serving of food. All these factors make home. The omission of one hinders the final result.

The housekeeper may become a homekeeper; the homekeeper may be-

come an artist; and there is no fine art so admirable as that which is revealed in the home, with shade and tint and color, well-selected and adjusted pictures, graceful drapery, fresh air touched with delicate odors.

A home that is wholesome, beautiful, attractive, is the surest safeguard against the allurements of our cities, the perils of youth, the temptations and influences that hush mother's tender precepts and destroy the force of father's words of warning and protection.

And as ladies of intelligence and culture in the practical side of human life have begun to appreciate skill in all departments, and to respect the same sane, earnest women who daily exalt human life, who seek to be helpful, ingenious, tactful and energetic homemakers and homekeepers, there is a possibility of a sisterhood of service in connection with which refined women may work and not lower their dignity, soil their hands or lose self-respect.

To those high ends, on this pleasant summer day, I ask you to devote yourselves, that you may awaken the society you can reach to a higher appreciation of human life in all of its phases. I congratulate you, and I wish you, in this beautiful ministry, Godspeed!

BEFORE WORSHIP.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

As the musician tunes his instrument,
Ere yet harmoniously be interwoven,
The melodies of Mozart or Beethoven,
His viol's note with keynote fitly blent,
So when I come into Thy temple, Lord,
From out the world's distractions and its noises,
I shut my ears to all but heavenly voices,

And tune my soul to be in true accord
With the celestial strains Thy saints do sing,
With cherubim angels harping evermore,
By day and night encompassing Thy throne.
And as I, listening, catch the heavenly tone,
My soul on music's wing doth upward soar
And throb responsive to the heavenly string.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FROM A PSYCHOLOGIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL,
Professor of Psychology, the University of Chicago.



CHRISTIAN Science possesses a twofold claim upon the interest of thoughtful persons. In the first place, it exhibits in a striking fashion the slight extent to which the much-vaunted scientific spirit of the present day has really filtered into the intellectually middle-class mind. In the second place, it affords us unrivalled opportunity to observe a religious cult and religious traditions in the making. Christian Science could never have taken root, much less have thrived and spread, in a community where the modern scientific conceptions of thoroughness, care and precision were generally disseminated. Nevertheless, here it is, and it grows apace. What account can we give of its remarkable development? Is its success attributable to its truth? and, if so, what should be the attitude toward it of a rational, broad-minded citizen?

In attempting to make a few suggestions looking toward a correct answer to these questions, I wish to emphasize at the outset the fact that we are here dealing with no wholly novel phenomena. The history of religion is replete in all countries and in all periods with instances of a similar character. Not to go further afield, one has but to recall the Messianic outburst of a few years ago. At sundry places, both in this country and in Europe, men suddenly

appeared, claiming more or less divine powers, sometimes calling themselves the Messiah, working miracles of healing, preaching repentance and in various ways arrogating to themselves religious leadership. And in Chicago itself we have found Dr. Dowie. Let it not be supposed, therefore, that the rise and spread of Christian Science is in any way unprecedented.

Viewing the situation broadly, it appears to me that two factors are largely responsible for the rapid expansion of the Christian Science movement. The first of these has to do with therapeutic phases of the cult. The present-day American is notoriously predisposed to neurasthenic ailments of all kinds. He—and she—lives at a high tension, which readily permits the emergence of hypersensitivity of one kind and another, and readily gives an exaggerated neurotic turn to many ailments that normally are free from such complications. Here, then, is a very large contingent of persons suffering from impaired physical tone, with a morbid interest in their own hygienic welfare. Now, let it be forcefully announced that Christian Science has a panacea for disease and you will find thousands of these people ready and willing to try it, just as they would try patent medicines. Moreover, as, for reasons to which I shall return presently, a considerable percentage of these people are actually cured or benefited by the Christian Science regimen, a fresh impetus is forthwith given the doctrine.

One need not assume any conscious or purposeful deception to understand that well-intentioned ignorance may readily report as cases of the cure of cancer, diphtheria and tuberculosis, the amelioration of disorders which actually have no real connection with these malign diseases. The evidence is overwhelming that many of the cures of Christian Science are of this character. But the therapeutic consideration alone would not account for the superior success with which the Christian Science forces have been recruited, as compared with those of their natural rivals, the Mental scientists and the faithcurists. From the medical point of view, indeed, it is doubtful whether the success of these several modes of procedure does materially differ. But judged by names enrolled and money subscribed, the victory undoubtedly rests with Christian Science.

The second great factor in the development of the Eddy doctrine is primarily religious, although it is doubtful if its force would ever have become discernible without the assistance of the therapeutic agencies already mentioned. Just as there was and is a great mass of nervously ill-adjusted persons for Christian Science to work upon, so there is a great mass of persons who have largely lost a living faith in the religious traditions of the fathers; or who have, at all events, ceased to feel religion as a vital force in daily life. Such persons are sometimes spiritually restless and unhappy, craving the firm standing-ground of their childhood's beliefs. Sometimes they are simply out of touch with organized religious life and interests, living a dwarfed and self-centred spiritual existence. To them enters Christian Science working miracles, making the blind to see, the lame to walk; bringing to pass tangible results in the common work-a-

day world, and doing all these things in the name of a new revelation continuing the traditions of the New Testament. Is it any wonder that to such minds a movement which comes into the lives of men to ease pain, quench anxiety and pour out comfort should seem touched beyond cavil with the spark of the divine?

I do not mean, of course, to say that no one ever became a Christian Scientist apart from the working of the two influences I have pointed out. But I do mean emphatically to urge that in the supplying by Christian Science of certain poignant needs felt by two great classes in the community, we find an explanation in some sort proportionate to the magnitude of the movement to be explained. Indeed, were it not for the fantastic philosophy which constitutes the theoretical basis of the system, there seems no reason to question that the converts to the faith would be even more numerous than they are, and of a distinctly higher intellectual type. Many persons of sound intelligence are incapable of weighing accurately the evidence as to the cure of diseases, and many such persons crave a more palpably effective religious faith than that they find offered in the contemporary orthodox churches; but few minds of high rank can long tolerate Mrs. Eddy's startling metaphysics.

Granted, then, that there is a considerable constituency in the present-day community peculiarly susceptible to such influences as those with which Christian Science works, what measure of truth is there in the doctrine actually preached? So far as the cult is a religion, it has borrowed much that is true from Christianity, but it is certainly doubtful whether it has any real right to the word Christian, for its teaching upon certain fundamental tenets of historical Christianity is distinctly heterodox. The doctrine

of the atonement—to take but a single instance—becomes a farce the moment one accepts the Christian Science denial of the reality of sin. Moreover, the exegetical gymnastics in which Mrs. Eddy indulges in order to make a point would often be funny, were they not sacrilegious. Thus, the actual wording of the Lord's Prayer is changed in order to substantiate Mrs. Eddy's views.

As a philosophy, one can say very little for Christian Science, save that it is no worse than some of the cheap popular-science, materialistic philosophies against which it is arrayed. What little there is of truth in it is centuries old, and was long since worked out in various idealistic systems. But it has made all the most fatal blunders and all the most obvious and needless errors which are open to this form of metaphysics. It denies, for example, that matter exists, and asserts it is an illusion. But then it fails utterly to account for the existence of the illusion. Because the reports of our sense organs sometimes prove inaccurate, Mrs. Eddy rushes to the logically ridiculous extreme of maintaining that *all* sense perception is false.

As therapeutics, Christian Science has a far stronger case. In this region it is working with forces which have, from the dawn of history, been successfully employed by the barbarian natives of Africa, Australia and America; by Buddhist Mohammedan and Christian saints; by mesmerists, faithcurists, mental healers and hypnotists; by patent medicine quacks and by reputable medical practitioners.

When one attempts to give some rational account of the cure of disease under such quasi-miraculous circumstances, it becomes necessary to consider a few commonplace facts borrowed from physiological psychology. Although we are wont to speak of the

mind as separate from the body, the fact is that it is connected in the most intimate possible way with the brain. If we consider one group of facts, we may easily be tempted to infer that the mind is wholly dependent upon and subject to the brain. A loud sound, or a bright flash of light, intrude themselves on my notice whether I will or no, because they forcefully excite my eyes and ears, which in turn stimulate my brain. Indigestion makes me melancholy and morose, because of the effect it produces on my brain. Destruction of certain parts of my brain results in blotting out certain parts of my mental life. I may in this way lose all my visual ideas, so that I am not only unable to see, but I am also incapable of recalling how visual objects look. Moreover, if my head is struck with sufficient violence, my consciousness may disappear altogether. All these facts suggest the subserviency of the mind to the brain.

But there are some other facts which seem to tell a different story. We all believe in a practical way that the mind controls our voluntary muscles. It is on the basis of this assumption that we hold men responsible for their acts. When the mind is much excited, as in seizures of anger or terror, one may be almost wholly insensitive to pain. Severe cases of seasickness have suddenly disappeared when shipwreck seemed imminent. Helpless paralytics have risen and fled from burning houses. Thinking of certain objects, e.g., high places, will in occasional individuals produce nausea. Attention to the tongue will often excite the secretion of saliva, whereas attending to the act of swallowing will frequently inhibit the action entirely. This is the reason why many persons find it so hard to swallow pills. Morbid

dread of certain diseases is repeatedly followed by the symptoms of the disease feared, while a cheerful and optimistic spirit is an asset of well-recognized value in all illness. These facts and others of like character, which might easily be cited, seem to indicate that changes in the body occasionally have their only obvious cause in mental conditions.

Whatever the ultimate statement of the relation of the mind and the brain may prove to be, the practical implication of such facts as we have passed in review is obvious. Under certain conditions we can bring about desired changes in the body by creating certain mental conditions, just as in other cases we can produce certain alterations in consciousness by first setting up changes in the body. But there are also practical limitations to the operations in both directions. No amount of mental resolution will restore sight to a man whose retinae have been destroyed, and no amount of bodily manipulation will enable a man to understand what you say, so long as you speak in a language unknown to him.

When certain of these facts of which we have spoken are applied in a therapeutic way, the results are often astounding. Mesmerists, hypnotists, Christian Scientists, faith-curists, mental healers, medicine men, priests, saints and physicians, one and all succeed, by playing upon the imagination, in producing remarkable changes in bodily health. Moreover, so far as the evidence is available, the more intelligent employment of such agencies displays astonishing uniformity in the results achieved. Essentially the same disorders show themselves amenable to alleviation under the auspices of Christian Science as under hypnotic treatment; and about the same percentage of such disorders fails to yield to treatment under the

two forms of procedure. A great mass of diseases—and among them most of the more terrible scourges to which human life is heir—utterly withstand such methods. Insomnia, headache, neuralgia, paralysis of certain types, chorea, certain forms of epilepsy, hypochondria, hysteria, neurasthenia, alcoholism, morphinism, asthma and certain diseases of the alimentary tract, not to extend the list to its full length, are frequently relieved either temporarily or permanently.

Other diseases, like Bright's disease and tuberculosis, may be relieved of some of their more distressing symptoms through suggestive therapeutics. And one method of mental healing will sometimes prove efficacious, when another one has failed. The great thing is to get the patient's mind completely divorced from his ailments and firmly convinced of his physical well-being. This result is naturally achieved in certain cases more easily in one way than in others.

In all diseases caused by bacilli, such as typhoid, smallpox, cholera and bubonic plague; in all cases of fracture, and in all cases of traumatic lesion, the efficacy of mental factors in the process of recovery is wholly secondary and all but negligible. Moreover, in such diseases as cancer, there is not a scintilla of really reliable evidence to show the slightest recuperative effect from mental sources. Many other diseases are also obstinately refractory to any such methods.

The net result of this situation is, then, that there are certain diseases upon which Christian Science, like other methods of mental therapy, can exercise beneficent influences; whereas there are many frightful diseases before which it is wholly powerless. The diseases with which it succeeds most uniformly are those in which the nervous system is primarily implicated.

It is easy to understand why scientific medicine should be somewhat shy of mental therapy, for it is evidently open to every form of quackery and abuse. It requires the most careful guardianship to keep it within bounds and prevent the spread of such dangerous neglect as that of which Christian Scientists have sometimes been guilty, in their disregard of quarantine in the case of contagious diseases. Moreover, modern medicine is just now absorbed in the wonders of bacteriology and physiological chemistry. In its extensive abandonment of drugs it is doubtless abstaining from a certain measure of harm which the old-fashioned practitioner wrought, but it is also losing the suggestive effects which accompanied his drugs, as well as his bread pills. So long as scientific medical men hold aloof from the public recognition of mental therapeutics within their proper limits, so long we shall have with us the cohorts of quack doctors, religious and irreligious, working with mental suggestion. So long, too, will the patent medicine quack flourish. His flamboyant, scare-head advertisement actually creates a deal of the difficulty (mental, of course) which his medicine subsequently cures.

The truth in the Christian Science therapeutics is its practical recognition—phraseology has no bearing upon this—of the intimate relation of the mind and the body. The powers which are latent in this relationship are then magnified by the appeal to the religious emotions—faith, reverence, gratitude, etc. The appeal to religious enthusiasm always has been one of the most effective spurs to human action. It is easier for most persons to have confidence in a doctor's medical judgment than in their own. It is easier still for many persons to feel confidence in the power

and beneficence of Providence than it is for them to place an equally whole-souled trust in their physician. Consequently, the appeal to confidence in God and His kindly purposes toward the individual always has had, and doubtless will possess, a peculiar significance for mental healing.

The error in this part of Christian Science doctrine is its inference that because some diseases can be beneficially affected by its methods, therefore all diseases can. The pernicious consequences which may arise from this error have resulted in an uprising of public protest in more communities than one. The neglect of helpless and suffering children by Christian Science parents has not infrequently aroused public indignation past the point of forbearance. And the occasional disregard of quarantine has similarly precipitated drastic measures.

The decadence of Christian Science will not come about primarily from attacks by outsiders. Such attacks are quite as likely as not to give the Christian Scientist the benefit of apparent martyrdom. Indeed, one inevitably hesitates to attack an institution which is bringing happiness to so many people. All the outsider can do is to see to it that a wholesome public spirit is maintained upon matters of public hygiene, and then allow the Christian Scientist to go his own way. If one may venture to predict on the basis of history, one may feel fairly sure that the sect will go to pieces by disintegration from within. As soon as the authority of Mrs. Eddy's *living* personality is removed, schism will crop out and the beginning of the end will be at hand. The crest of the Christian Science wave seems already to have passed in certain portions of the country.—The World To-day.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.*

BY JOSEPH REINACH.



THE visit which I paid to Russia greatly increased the deep sympathy which I have always felt for that grand country and its great peoples. I came home with a clearer and more precise idea of the real situation in that vast empire. As, during my sojourn there, I had spoken a good deal with the leaders of all the parties, with the supporters of the Government as well as with the reformers, I was fully convinced, even before the stirring events now taking place in that unfortunate land, that the old state of things was irredeemably condemned.

I was in Moscow when the Czar issued his proclamation which convened the Douma, and was present in the ancient cathedral of the Assumption when this important document was read. Though the concessions accorded were notable, I received the decided impression that autocracy was too late, that the old Russia had abdicated and that a new Russia was born. I felt that a mighty volume, full of glorious pages, sadness and horrors, was closed for all time, before my very eyes; that this was indeed an historic date. On that day and for some days to come, the Czar still remained, as a matter of form, the Autocrat of all the Russias, but only as the King of England is King of France, or the Emperor of Austria is King of Jerusalem. While the holy music was still echoing through that venerable pile where all the Russian rulers have been crowned, like our French kings in the cathedral of Rheims, I saw vanish

into the dead night the old regime, while the ideas and even the party cries of our own first revolution came to take its place. With the poet, I repeated the verse, "*Novus rerum nascitur ordo.*"

One had simply to read this proclamation to see how poorly it suited the situation and to perceive at a glance that it had come too late. It satisfied neither public opinion nor the evident necessities of the hour. On that day and on the following days, I met several leaders of the reform movement, and I found that, though quite accustomed to be deceived by what came from the Government, they really expected that something more than this would have been offered. I told them this story of Diderot. A child refused to learn to read. "All I ask you to do is to say A," said the father. "No." "Why not?" "Because if I say A to-day, I will have to say B to-morrow." And at the same time I called their attention to the fact that the Russian alphabet is much longer than our alphabet!

My expectations have been realized much sooner than I imagined would be the case, and doubtless much sooner, too, than these Russian friends of mine imagined, though they were full of sanguine ardor in their fine fight for liberty and justice. In August the Imperial Government had said A. But I do not pretend to know at what letter of the alphabet they are to-day, and who can tell what one they will have reached when these lines are in print on the other side of the Atlantic? But what is evident even to the most careless observer is that in no country of the world has liberty advanced with such rapid strides as in Russia during the present revolution.

* From The Open Court, Chicago.

In this twentieth century revolutions are not made as in the nineteenth and the eighteenth, when the gun and paving-stone played such a prominent part. The up-to-date Russian revolution has utilized the arms put in its hands by the modern social system. The magnificent idea of a great pacific strike of the railways and all the industries is something new in the history of revolutions. Was the plan conceived by a single man, or did it spring from the people itself, from the soil, from the force of circumstances? I cannot answer the question. Perhaps history will tell us some day. It would be finer if it came from the people, spontaneously, as gushes forth the sources of those great Russian rivers, the Volga, on whose waters I have passed never-to-be-forgotten hours, or the mighty Dnieper. However this may be, all the noble idealism of the Russian soul has burst forth upon the world, which at one and the same time is astonished and terrified at this well-organized movement.

Thus, as I have said above and as I stated to my Moscow friends, I have never doubted that, once under way, the Russian revolution would succeed, would triumph over all the accumulated obstacles, sooner or later, after ups and downs, and terrible tragedies. He who doubts it to-day is blind. Blind and criminal he who strives to stop this great on-flowing river. No one has ever seen a stream turn back to its source. They often, however, overflow their banks. If an attempt is made to dam the present Russian torrent, the inundation will be awful!

The men who, for years and years, have been preparing the nation for this grand regeneration, and who will soon be called upon to build up the new Russia, free Russia, are not of the calibre to need advice from foreigners, however great may be our

sympathy for their cause and for the nation of which they stand to-day the best representatives. But I will venture to suggest to them not to push ahead the hands of the clock which is to strike the hour for the introduction of universal suffrage. Though it is true that universal suffrage is the necessary form of all true national sovereignty, it fails to become an instrument of progress in the hands of a people where the illiterate class, if not in the majority, is nearly so. If the figures which have been given me are correct, there are in Russia about 130 millions of inhabitants, of whom over seventy per cent. cannot either read or write.

I am afraid of the ignorant voter. Here in France, more than sixty years after the French Revolution, in the very midst of the nineteenth century, our new and ignorant system of universal suffrage inflicted on the nation Napoleon III. and the second empire, with Sedan and the rest. It is in the school that a people is taught how to govern itself. Make the basis of your electorate as broad as is rationally possible, my Russian friends, but do not begin with universal suffrage. Let that come slowly and later.

While you are establishing individual liberty, do not neglect to put in your laws a clause in favor of liberty of conscience. In politics, establish the representative regime. Unfetter the press. Cut off without hesitation abuses of caste and privileges. Sweep away bureaucracy, which since the time of Gogol has been going from bad to worse and which dishonors Russia in the eyes of the whole civilized world. Place the finances and the employment of the public funds under the strictest control. Democratize your body of army and marine officers. Suppress without pity all your administrative tribunals. Abolish your Russian latifundia, which are as

baneful and unfair as were those of Roman times, the destruction of Italy, and adapt to Russia the land system which the French Revolution created in France, and which established that admirable class of small land-owners, who, attached firmly to the soil which they cultivate, have been the rock on which have been wrecked all the efforts of the counter-revolution in France. And above all, open schools everywhere, where will be enforced compulsory education and where education will also be free. Thus will you kill ignorance, that eternal and latent enemy of right and liberty. Such are some of the suggestions that I venture to make to my Russian friends.

I perceive another consequence of this Russian revolution, and I trust that this will come to pass also. Free Russia must repair the historic crime of which poor Poland has been the victim throughout so many long years. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I do not believe possible the realization of an independent kingdom or republic of Poland. In fact, I do not think the Poland of to-day desires such a thing. The Poles know too well what a tempting morsel they would then be to their German neighbors. But the administrative autonomy of Poland, a return to the constitution of 1814, this would be an act of justice, equity and wisdom, which new Russia owes to the world.

To Poland must be given back again the free use of her own language, the prohibitory employment of which has been a cruel and continued source of suffering to her. She must be granted all the liberties which she has

been demanding for so many years, and to which she has a perfect right. In a word, instead of an enslaved Poland, always in a state of fear and trembling, must be raised up a Poland that will be a sister and friend of the new Russia. It must always be remembered that Russia and Poland are children of the same Slavonic mother. Free and united in the same federation, under the same general laws, they would supplement one another.

And now a final word on the effect which the Russian revolution will have on European politics, and especially its effect on the relations between Russia and France. However paradoxical has appeared to many the alliance between autocratic Russia and republican France, I, for one, have always favored that understanding: for, after all, it is not more extraordinary than that of Catholic France of the days of royalty with the "unspeakable Turk," in the time of Francis I., or with Protestant Germany, Holland and Sweden under the great Cardinal Richelieu. Behind Russian autocracy I always saw the Russian people, which was rising like a tide. But to-day there is not even an apparent paradox. Based so solidly on the common interests of the two countries, how much stronger this alliance will be when it is the bond that unites not only two policies but two free peoples. It is our French "Marseillaise" that the Russian reformers and revolutionists have been singing during the past few weeks all over that vast empire.

" 'Tis in battling towards the summit
Life achieves its best endeavor.
Is there hardship?—overcome it!
Drop the plummet, lift the lever;
'Hain the sea and sun and planet;
Conquer nature, sullen, sodden;

Mine the gold and carve the granite;
Pierce with paths the wild untrodden.
For the glory's in the gaining, and the guer-
don's in the strife,
And the joy of doing something is the robe and
crown of life."

THE WONDERS OF MODERN ASTRONOMY. —THE NEBULAE.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT KILLIP, F.R.A.S.



SCATTERED over the celestial vault, on any clear night the eye is arrested by patches of cloudlike matter among the constellations, which for the most part, when examined with a little optical aid, break up into asterisms, or clusters of stars, such as the Pleiades and the Hyades. When, however, the sky is swept systematically by a powerful telescope, many thousands of such objects come into the field of vision, though not all of them can by any means be resolved into separate points of light. To these wisps of luminous fog—as they appear to be—the term *Nebulae* has been appropriately given.

When first it was used it was employed to describe, generally, all those ill-defined objects, in which the heavens abound, which were not obviously collections of stars. But the word is now restricted almost entirely to those dim and ghost-like bodies shown by the spectroscope to be vast tracts of gaseous matter, of which no fewer than ten thousand are catalogued, and which exist by many hundreds of thousands, to be brought gradually within the range of our sight only by the aid of the most sensitive photographic plates, fed by lenses and mirrors of superb light grasp and optical finish.

Early in the last century the nature of these true nebulae was not known. It was thought that, with sufficient

telescopic aperture and corresponding magnifying powers, every such object would prove to be an aggregation of suns, so remote as to be barely separable, and that if bodies of this order were discovered which nothing in the way of optical appliance would break up, it would only be because of the limits imposed by atmospheric disturbance, or the finiteness of human skill. But the exquisite methods of light analysis, which came into vogue in the beginning of the latter half of the century, necessitated a sharp distinction between groups of stars and clouds of nebulous formation. The former might be so far away that their light was blended into a mere luminous haze, as the eye questioned it in the ordinary ocular; but the spectroscope refused to be deceived by appearances.

The story of the discovery of the real nature of the nebulae is, in very truth, a chapter of romance; and Sir William Huggins has invested a scientific investigation of the most abstruse order with all the charm and wonder of fairyland. He it was who, in August, 1864, first succeeded in inducing one of these dim and curious formations to release to us the secret of its own constitution, which had been hidden from all ages, and the point of departure then marked was one of the most important and far-reaching in the annals of astronomy. Up to that time the science had mainly grappled with problems concerning the movements and distances of the heavenly bodies, but thenceforward their very nature was to be discussed, not academically or speculatively, but

* Abridged from the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

on a scientific basis of directly ascertainable fact.

When light is passed through a prism, or is scattered by a finely-ruled grating, each separate ray is sent on a pathway of its own, determined entirely by its wave-length. When all wave-lengths are emitted, from the comparatively coarse vibrations of the dark red to the exquisitely fine undulations of the extreme violet, as they are in the case of all incandescent substances, whether solid or liquid, there the band of color, known as the spectrum, is unbroken and continuous. When, however, by means of sufficient heat, any substance is turned into a luminous vapor, the continuous spectrum gives place to one of one or more bright lines in the red, orange, yellow, green or blue regions, according to the length of wave emitted. Each element or gas, moreover, gives out lines peculiar to itself, and these lines are invariable and constant for equal intensities of heat and pressure. But if the radiations of vapor of a given substance be made to pass through other vapor of the same substance, glowing *at a lower temperature*, the original radiations are nullified or absorbed, and the bright lines modified, or even apparently destroyed.

See how this lets us into the secret of the sun's constitution, or even into that of the stars. The spectroscope disperses the light received from the photosphere, or the incandescent body, and we get the spectrum from the red to violet. But that spectrum *is not continuous*—it is crossed vertically, from one end to the other, by dark lines. In the case of the sun and many of the stars, these lines are, for the most part, identical with the places occupied by the bright lines of iron, magnesium, sodium, hydrogen, and other terrestrial elements; and remembering the absorptive power of a lower temperature vapor between

ourselves and the original radiations, we conclude that we are looking at sun and stars through an outer covering of gases, due to the cooling of vapors from the blazing body itself.

When Sir William Huggins directed his spectroscope for the first time to a planetary nebula in the constellation Draco, he expected to see a continuous spectrum, crossed possibly by dark lines. And this is what he most certainly would have seen had the said nebula been a mere grouping of distant suns. But instead of the ordinary spectrum, he saw at first only one single bright line. Suspecting that something had gone wrong with his instrument, he began to examine the prisms for the cause, when it flashed upon him that the real explanation was, that the nebula was giving off radiations of monochromatic light. By and by two other faint bright lines were discovered, and the riddle of the nebulae was solved! Since then the gaseous nebulae have been sharply distinguished from the star clusters, though in ordinary telescopes they cannot always be differentiated. But every possessor of a spectroscope attached to a telescope of sufficient aperture can now show to the least technical of his friends, on any clear night, the difference between a mass of hydrogen and other vapors, and a group of stellar orbs.

The problem of the origin and history of the ordered system of the visible universe is the most magnificent that can occupy our thought, and from time to time the master minds along the ages have essayed to, at least, find the key to its solution. But the lifetime of an individual is so ephemeral that he can scarcely obtain by direct observation an answer to a single question that is pertinent to this subject. Yet while that is so, the careful comparison of the different types of sidereal objects, as they now

exist, may in some measure supply what is lacking by reason of the brevity of life, and it is in this way that a study of the nebulae comes to our assistance.

The facts are these. We have at the centre of our system a sun radiating light and heat, and controlling the movements of a number of orbs which cannot get away from his pull. These worlds all travel in one direction, spin round their axes in the direction of travel, and lie at distance from the sun which can be expressed in harmonic sequences. The sun itself rotates in a similar manner and in the same direction, while even the satellites accompanying the planets, with one or two exceptions, go round their primaries in the same way.

Here, then, we have two remarkable facts: the common direction of rotation and revolution of sun and planets, and the emptiness of space. There is no material connection between these bodies; for any matter existing in the system is without any effect upon planetary motion. And yet all partake a common rotation! Surely there was in the far past some physical bond; and the nebular hypothesis suggests, in one form or another, what that bond was. Kant assumed that, originally, all the materials out of which our solar worlds were made existed in elemental form, and filled the entire space now occupied by these bodies. Naturally, he supposed, some parts of this mass would be more dense than others, and would attract to themselves the matter around. These bodies would rotate themselves into rotundity, and the original chaos yield to law and order.

La Place's views differed in many features from those of Kant. His starting-point was not diffused matter in elemental form, but a fiery sun with a greatly extended atmosphere. As a consequence of rotation, centrifugal

force would ultimately produce rings of nebulous matter, which, being abandoned to themselves, would break up into outlying revolving portions, and form planets with their own satellites. In modern times Lockyer has suggested swarms of meteors as the original of all worlds. Each particular form of the nebular theory has met with acceptance and opposition in fair proportions, and probably no present-day putting of it will be its final shape. But in its main contention that our separate worlds were portions of one vast original nebula, call it meteoric dust or fire-mist as we will, it can scarcely be refused a hearing as the most likely of all accounts of the Creator's methods.

One or two additional considerations will lend weight to this almost universally accepted theory. We know now that the elements with which our chemists and physicists have familiarized us are found in the sun itself. Although the unidentified coronium in the sun's atmosphere still eludes our researches, yet the history of helium forbids any rash statements as to its being the exclusive property of our primary. Not only does the identification of solar and terrestrial elements suggest a common origin; what we actually know of the masses and densities of the various bodies in our system points entirely in that direction.

Our moon, so much smaller than our own globe, has cooled down sufficiently to be now a dead world; and this, whether we think of her as a separate condensation from a portion of the solar ring, supposed by La Place as having been flung off from the earth in its beginnings. Mars, a planet smaller than our own, we see to be a globe with definite features, having a surface not dissimilar to that we live on. Saturn and Jupiter, the giants of our family,

are yet in their liquid state, taking so much longer to become encrusted by reason of their enormous dimensions; while the Sun is yet in his fiery youth, and gives but little evidence of any distinct approach towards decay. From the interior of Mother Earth, and not at very great depths, come reminders of our own fiery past, in the mingled glories and horrors of volcanic and other disturbances.

If now we raise our eyes and our thoughts to the remote abysses of the stellar universe, the suggestions of this one common origin and course of world-formation are as numerous and as striking. New stars appear with spectra that tell eloquent tales of cosmic forces which the physicist

endeavors to decipher, while every stage between the glowing nebula and the finished orb is illustrated without a single break. There are diffused and shapeless masses of glowing hydrogen; there are spiral nebulae so striking as of themselves to suggest the whirling of outside systems; annular and planetary nebulosities lead us to think of solar analogies, like the asteroid planets or the rings of Saturn; while, as in the Pleiades, stars lie buried in unfathomable depths of fire-mist which ultimately will mean ordered systems like our own. Truly, of all the wonders of modern astronomy, there are none greater than the wonder of the Nebulae.



FOR YOUR DELIGHT.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRANS.

Fade fancies vain,
A rainbow glimmers from some moonlit cloud,
And a low, tender strain
Breathes from the world of thought, thro' mists allowed
Our senses to enshroud.

Truth broad and deep
It bears into our inner consciousness;
"Awaken, ye that sleep!
In all that stirs your joy and tenderness
See God's hand raised to bless.

"For your delight
He made each lovely and inspiring thing;
Then, motion from your sight
Fantastic forms, Him simply worshipping,
Who is the Lord of Spring."

Pakan, Alta.

IN NURSE'S UNIFORM.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.



"If you will go," said the doctor.

Margaret was tired. She had just come in from a hard two weeks in the suburbs, and had been half tempted not to register or let anyone know of her return. She had even thought longingly of a little run out to the old home for rest. Still, here she was, reporting in Dr. Noel's office, and, as she had feared, there was a call waiting.

How long it seemed since those old "first days" when she had hoped she might have plenty of work!

"It's a little place out in the country, away off from everywhere, and I know that makes it hard," pursued the doctor, hurrying on with his statement and avoiding too direct a look into the troubled gray eyes; "but people will persist in getting sick in these out-of-the-way places just as if they weren't out of the reach of all conveniences. Fact is, it's a hard case all the way through—I may just as well tell you that to start with—though I'm hoping you'll go.

"A young couple that have married and set up housekeeping at an age when they both ought to be safely anchored to their mother's apron strings; two young simpletons with nothing in particular to go on except the bit of land that one of the fathers gave as a wedding present, and a general hazy faith in getting along somehow.

"I suppose they did it, too, in their happy-go-lucky fashion, until the little wife took some sort of slow fever. I was only called in consultation after matters were in pretty bad shape, but I fancy the doctor in charge—he has a circuit that won't let him get round there more than once in two or three days—wasn't sent for when he should have been. Those two 'babes in the wood' don't know how to take care of themselves when they're well, and now it'll be a case of the robins covering up one of them pretty soon if

there isn't some one to look after that poor little girl."

The doctor paused in his unwontedly long explanation and surveyed the face of the other, older girl before him. She was tired, undoubtedly; it was asking a good deal. There came the slight, anxious drawing of his shaggy brows that Margaret had learned to know so well.

"It's nursing that's wanted, rather than doctoring—skilled nursing, mind you, with plenty of other things thrown in, I'm afraid, for there's no help to be had out there for love or money," he concluded. "I thought of you right away because—well, frankly, because it is a hard place, and you know how to fight through. I've seen you make a way where you couldn't find one."

Did he know how like an elixir those last words were? There was no thought of begging for rest or going home now.

"I will take it," said Margaret quietly, and the old doctor's face brightened.

The brain under a nurse's cap is supposed to be always cool and clear, the heart beating under the white bib to be evenly calm and unperturbed; but Margaret's outward serenity the next morning covered a momentary desire for flight when she approached her destination—a tiny house standing in a glare of sunlight broken only by the blessed shadow of one tree. A plain, low porch decorated with a few dangling and withered vines told what the poor young mistress had tried to do before illness doomed her to idleness and her vines to neglect. Once inside, Margaret dared give but a glance at the all but too-evident disorder lest her heart should fail her before she made her way to the small inner room where the invalid lay. But the slight, wasted form, the great eyes looking so appealingly out of the pinched, worn young face awakened all the nurse's instinct and tenderness.

"She's come, Dolly! she's here!" said an eager voice from the shadow on the farther side of the bed. "Miss Hunter, isn't it? The doctor was sure you'd come."

"The other babe," mentally commented Margaret; but for the moment at least she overlooked his unpardonable youthfulness, shared in the relief his tones ex-

* This is just the sort of work our Deaconesses are doing every time they get a chance—and they get a good many chances.—Ed.

pressed, and even forgot the unconquered kingdom in the outer room. She patted the fluttering little hand that made feeble effort to extend greeting, and smiled reassuringly into the questioning eyes—eyes into which there flitted a gleam of housewifely trouble that was easy to read.

"There, don't worry to tell me anything. I'll look after myself and find what I want. I've come to take care of you, you know."

Her wraps were laid aside and she was ready for service with the expedition of long training. The care of her patient came first, of course. The tangled hair must be comfortably braided, the soothing bath given, the tumbled bed made cool and fresh. Every touch of the strong, deft hands counted for comfort, but with every resort to drawer or closet for needed articles Margaret's dismay at the barrenness of those receptacles increased. The doctor's description of going to housekeeping "with nothing in particular to go on" seemed underdrawn.

Meanwhile she was learning little bits of family history through the invalid's parenthetical remarks. Her mother died last year; it made it hard when you had not a mother, and "his folks" lived too far away to be much help in sickness. Yes, she was short of bed linen and towels—a whole lot of such things. She had meant to get muslin and make up as soon as she had a sewing machine; mother had left her money enough to buy a machine—a little break in the weak voice at that thought—butter and eggs money that she had saved, but somehow it had not been bought yet.

"You won't need it just now, but we must try and get you well enough to use it pretty soon," smiled Margaret. "And now you mustn't talk any more for a while."

"It's such a comfort to have a woman to talk to," whispered the little wife; but she yielded with that one faint protest.

With the sick-room in something like order, Margaret turned to the husband.

"There are some things I shall need," she began.

"Yes," he answered readily. "The village is two miles away, but it won't take me long to go there. They've two stores, and I'll get what you want."

To the nurse accustomed to hospital requisites, it appeared that everything was wanting, but she began to make out a list of indispensables, the young man jotting down the articles as she men-

tioned them. Suddenly, as she raised her head, she caught in the little mirror opposite her a glance exchanged between husband and wife. The latter's held consternation, alarm, and anxious questioning. "How could he get all those things?" she was evidently asking, and though his reassuring nod seemed to say that the limit of the last penny had not yet been reached, Margaret speedily ended her requirements. Whatever happened, her patient must not be allowed to worry.

"That will do for now, I think," she said.

So, while her messenger was on his errand, Margaret faced the double problem of how to do without the things she could not have and the putting in order with her own hands of that very untidy realm. Any orderly housekeeper would have found the situation sufficiently trying, but only a trained nurse accustomed to immaculate neatness on every side and the scrupulous sterilizing of everything she touched, as set forth by her curriculum, could understand how that neglected place looked to Margaret Hunter. "Have your attendants" do thus and so was the way the authorities read, but fortunately Margaret had a saving sense of humor as well as a goodly endowment of courage.

"By all means let us go according to the books," she counseled herself grimly. "My attendant will now proceed to scrub this floor, and, while it is drying, scour some of these pans and kettles into a sanitary aspect. Then it will be time for her to provide something for the invalid to eat, and incidentally cook a dinner for herself and the man of the house, since she chances to be

"The cook and the captain's mate,
And the crew of the Betsy Jane."

When the bundle-laden husband returned, the changed interior of his domicile brightened his face into a cheerfulness that was touched with astonishment, and he was so boyishly delighted with the dinner that Margaret half-resented his enjoyment.

"It tastes good, I can tell you, after having to get along with my own cooking for so long."

"And what did Mrs. Andrews do?" inquired Margaret, with a suspicious blandness that was lost upon the boy who was appreciating his daintily-served meal.

"She? Oh, well—sick folks hardly ever

want anything to eat, do they? Dolly didn't."

"Probably not," agreed the nurse.

"The girls didn't know how any more than I did," he added, completing his tale of deficiencies.

"The girls?" repeated Margaret inquiringly and learned that there had been two small maids of nine and ten years, "his sister and her sister," who had been sent by their respective families to "wait on Dolly and help what they could." They had just taken their departure because the country school was about to begin its fall term.

"Favorable condition number one," Margaret silently scheduled their absence. "One of them might possibly have been of some use, but two would have been a great deal worse than useless. She became more and more impressed with the correctness of the doctor's statement that help could not be secured for love nor money. It seemed rather hard that she must be thrust into the breach herself, only—"It's our vocation to battle for lives, and we cannot always choose the ground we'd like to fight on," the doctor had said to her at parting.

"You'll get well now, Dolly; Miss Hunter will take fine care of you. I tell you she's the one to manage things. Why, she made the house look like a different place by the time I got back. And the dinner"—Margaret could not help overhearing the young man's congratulatory rehearsal to his wife, but she caught also a part of the half-frightened reply.

"Oh, but she oughtn't to be doing all that, Jim. I'm sure she oughtn't! I don't know much about such things, but I know those high-up nurses aren't expected to look after work like that. You don't understand how dreadful she'll think it is; it makes me afraid."

So it was with a somewhat awed expression that the head of the house presently strolled into the kitchen again, and submitted to being installed as dishwasher under a vigorous supervision that made the task a new acquaintance. The next morning it was the washing. Margaret reported upon the accumulation of unlaundered clothing and the necessity for an immediate wash day, and Mr. Jim began an explanation of the scarcity of help in the neighborhood, but stopped short. It was not easy to talk of impossibilities to this very energetic young woman, and there was a look in her eyes which was beginning to arouse a feeling that he had allowed difficulties a too-easy mastery.

"Since Dolly's been sick we've just sort of got along how we could," he admitted. "I've sozzled out a few things, now and then."

"Sozzling' won't do," declared Margaret with the severity of her five years of seniority. "They must be thoroughly washed and rinsed. Get a boiler of hot water ready and some tubs, and I'll show you."

By afternoon there was a long line of white swaying in the yard, and if the young man who sat by the bedside and fanned the invalid did it with blistered and parboiled fingers, the nurse mischievously rejoiced in the fact. He was learning several things which would do him good, she decided.

"She orders you about dreadfully, Jim," consoled the wife in her faint voice.

"I don't blame her, and I don't care if you'll only get well," he answered with a heartiness that might have won him pardon for more serious faults than youthfulness.

Those days were hard and busy ones to Margaret. There was the constant care of her invalid, whose condition was so precarious that a little thing might turn the scales for or against recovery, and yet it was only a case that demanded watchfulness and skilful nursing, and not one of those grim battles against death that call for all one's nerve and knowledge, and seem so well worth while. And in other ways it was such commonplace drudgery as sometimes to awaken a half-resentful feeling at Dr. Noel for sending her there. Only one visit the doctor paid—it was a nurse that was wanted and not a physician as he had said—and once he sent a brief written inquiry, "How is everything?"

Margaret's reply was nearly as brief.

"Your babes are not out of the wood yet, but I am doing my best for them. I think they are both improving."

"Your best is a very good one indeed, Miss Margaret Hunter," laughed the doctor, but Margaret was not there to be cheered by the comment.

Slowly the girlish invalid crept back to health, and with returning strength came confidential talks, an eager desire to learn many things that might make for the comfort and welfare of the little household, and a reliance, that was almost that of a younger sister, upon Margaret's wisdom and knowledge.

"I'll never be so foolish and ignorant again," said Dolly with mingled regret and determination in the voice that was

daily taking on more of its rightful tone. "I'll know better how to take care of myself and others."

The other member of the domestic firm was changing also, as the nurse began to notice with mingled wonder, amusement, and gratification. The violin that used to occupy many an hour had gone into retirement in an obscure corner, and the fishing rod had also vanished from its prominent place. Hammer and nails had come into use, the fence boards were nailed up, the walks nailed down, and sagging steps and hinges repaired. Even with the new indoor demands there was more time for the garden, which took on new orderliness and usefulness, and one day Mr. Jim informed the nurse that she need not be disturbed or alarmed if she heard him up at an unusually early hour the next morning.

"I've promised the folks over at South Farn to help them with some of their harvesting to-morrow. Now that Dolly's getting better, I'll be able to do more such work," he said. "Of course a fellow with a home to keep up ought to keep his eyes open for chances, and do the best he can."

There was a manliness of tone, a new air of responsibility about him that Margaret applauded to the extent of assuring him that she did not in the least mind rising early enough to give him some breakfast before he set out. The days slipped into weeks and brought at last the time of her release—she scarcely called it by that name when the warm leave-taking came.

"We can't begin to pay back what you've done for us," said Dolly, as her husband slipped a twenty-dollar bill into the nurse's hand, and took up an envelope to complete the amount due. But Margaret recognized that envelope, or rather she knew by intuition its contents—the slowly-accumulated money for the sewing machine, the gift of the dead mother.

"No, no, not that; I will not have

that!" she interposed; and then realizing that they had no other store from which to draw, she hastily added: "I—I make special rates sometimes, you know. This will do."

"Ethics, prices, and all the rest went down that time," she mused, on her homeward ride, turning with an odd, tender little smile on her face for a last glimpse of the small house with its one sheltering tree. "I'll tell Dr. Noel not to search the woods for any more youthful patients."

But she did not.

"I've put four weeks of hard work into that case," she concluded her report in the doctor's office.

"Oh, you've put a great deal more than that into it," answered the old doctor without a hint of commiseration in his tone. "You have put new life and strength into a worn-out little body, new ideas and considerable common sense into two young heads that badly needed something of the kind, and a new prospect for happiness into a home that's just starting—that's their side of it. As for yours"—the kindly eyes under the shaggy brows bent an approving glance upon her. "Child, heroism lies in a good many out-of-the-way corners where one can only be faithful amid the plodding hardships of the 'deadly commonplace.' There are those in our profession who can 'mount up with wings as eagles' and 'run and not be weary,' but who never learn the harder lesson—'to walk and not to faint.' There is a deal of walking to do."

"Our profession!" Before Margaret's eyes there flashed a vision of the doctor's old carriage on its daily round of mercy, spurning no rough road, hindered by no weather, carping at no hour, stopping at homes of rich and poor alike, and carrying the same cheer and skilful care to both.

"Our profession?" she repeated with shining eyes. "Thank you, doctor. Yes, the four weeks paid."

DEFEND US, LORD.

Defend us, Lord, from every ill,
Strengthen our hearts 'o do Thy will,
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

Oh, let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard,

Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path that leads to heaven and Thee!

—John Hay, U. S. Secretary of State.

A HOSPITAL MEMORY.

BY THE REV. W. G. H. M'ALISTER, B.A.



It was a Canadian city. I was viewing it from the eastern end of a long corridor, through an open window. The corridor was on Floor 3 of a large hospital. The hospital was located on the northern ridge of the city's northern boundary. Far away to the south, and east, and to the west as far as the eastern end wall of the building permitted me to observe, stretched the serried lines of the city's homes. In the centre of the view, the business places and markets loomed out in vision. Far away on the outskirts, and insinuatingly a little farther in towards the centre of the scene, were tall smokestacks, emptying their blackened contents into the pure air above.

My attention, however, was not so much upon the drama without, in which the number of the actors and actresses coincided with the number of the city's population, as upon a tragedy within, on which the curtain had fallen just before my arrival. Why that drama outside the walls is so distinct to me I know not, unless it be of the tragedy inside a part.

"Mr. Burnham is gone. * * * He died at a quarter to three. * * * He is better off. * * * You may go into the ward in about ten minutes," an attendant instructed me, as I stood there waiting for admission to Private Ward, No. 1

Down the long corridor there was another drama, interesting, intensely real, and as it impressed me, sublimely pathetic,—nurses and house surgeons were moving hither and thither with the greatest ease and precision. Servants were walking here and there without speaking to each other. * * * Now and again a nurse would come out of a ward, showing in her face the strain of prolonged anxiety. She would cross the hall, disappear for a minute and return bearing in her hands some medicine or food to reinforce a patient in the fierce encounter with disease or death.

A rubber-tired vehicle was wheeled out of its receptacle, and left standing in front of the door of one of the wards. It

was there only a short time. Everything all around was moving like clock-work. * * * A nun came down the corridor, and passed into the room where the rubber-tired carriage was in waiting. * * * Almost immediately the door opened again, and a pale-faced woman was conveyed to the noiselessly moving carriage. Orderlies pushed the vehicle down the corridor, until it disappeared on its way to the operating room.

A very short time after the procession had vanished from view, on the way to the well lighted operating room, which was located on the north side of the building, in walls and roof of glass, a famous surgeon and his assistants appeared on the scene. This trio had stepped out of a "private room." The surgeon walked somewhat hastily, giving one the impression that there was no time to lose. His bearing was one of confidence.

I watched them wistfully during the short time it required to reach the point where they disappeared, as the former procession had likewise vanished from view.

This company had scarcely gone before two nurses came out of their apartments. To observe these 'ladies with the lamp,' was to see the meaning of 'soft footed nurse.' Their faces, uniforms, and noiseless, graceful tread, recalled 'angels' visits.' This group glided along more rapidly than either of the others, and disappeared at the same vanishing point. A nun carried a vase of carnations across the hall, and smiling passed into one of the wards.

The city's meridian was three hours past the sun.

Three young people were gazing into the west away down at the extreme end of the long corridor. They looked mournfully sad. Perhaps they had been summoned like myself, and were waiting the expiration of lo'! * * * I did not inquire.

My mission was to see my friend, Jack Burnham, whose spirit had fled a few minutes before my arrival. Two of his friends were with me in waiting. They also had been summoned. Azrael, had not deigned to delay in the delivery of his "summons." He is always so busy,

he dare not wait as we mortals do. Inside the ward, to which we were waiting for access, nurses were passing out and in, attending to the duties for the dead, which the living from time immemorial have prescribed. It is better so.

So many events were transpiring around us, as we waited, the minutes seemed long. At their expiration, the door opened from within, and being granted permission, we entered. A life forty-nine years' long had been lived. It had begun in another city than that in which it had just closed. Now the fires were out! We were gathered about the ashes! Great swollen thoughts were raging through channels which usually hold quiet waters! Poor Jack! At the tender age of fifteen, as he told me, he had gone out to fight life's battle. His environment, at that plastic time of his life, had in it an atmosphere, which so impregnated the physical and moral tissue, that in the after segments of his life's circle, his will power or driving force never kept him permanently in the way, which his better self chose.

"I was gone, before I was eighteen," he had said to me.

His friends would say: "Poor Jack! He is his own worst enemy."

Yes! It seemed to be true. All too true. Jack had had no enemy like himself. That was the tragedy of it that afternoon as we looked through the tears in our own, at his film sealed eyes.

Jack Burnham was a universal favorite with the staffs of the metropolitan dailies, from the Editor-in-Chief, to the newsboys, who all knew him well. None could know him, though but slightly, and not be impressed by his great heartedness. In a dozen cities, he knew newspaperdom like a book, and newspaperdom knew him. Periodically he would drop out of sight. Nobody ever asked why. Everybody knew why, except Jack himself. After being nursed back to soberness and decency, by a sister whose love for him was like the love of God Himself, 'to the uttermost' Jack would 'line up again.'

The office would say: "Hallo! Jack! We've been missing you, old fellow." It never took him long to 'get on' to the work again.

In a business way Burnham had made some happy ventures which, had they been properly followed up would have laid the foundation of at least a competency. On several of these occasions,

his friends indulged the hope that at last Jack had 'struck the trail.' He had actually accumulated some wealth. The hopes of his friends were doomed to disappointment. As it seemed to us standing there, his pronounced business ability had only accentuated the momentum of his down grade.

It was indeed a woeful wreck! Everything within reach had been given to the cruel and insatiable fires of appetite, which had consumed his life. The last insurance policy had gone. This policy had been made in favor of his sister, who had so often led him up out of the cavern back to the light and life of this restless old planet. Now all was gone. Not a vestige was left. On the material ledger, the balance showed wreck, complete wreck, wreck absolute. This bankruptcy by his own hand, was pitiable in the extreme, in contrast with 'what might have been.'

Intellectually, there were here and there scintillations of the divine fire shooting out livid tongues into the enveloping gloom and darkness.

Amidst the debris of the years, there was one thing that never was extinguished. The great heartedness of the man survived. He exhaled heart-someness as men exhale breath. This out-go and in-take was persistently constant. As the heavy footed years go by, many will remember Jack Burnham. Some who were patients in St. Joseph's while he was a patient will never forget him. Especially those who were in the general wards will remember him. In one respect at least, he was like the Capernaum Carpenter, he loved the downmost of human kind.

Now and again a nurse will remember his courage and patience, and pronounce his name. One will never forget the look upon his face when the surgeon said: "Mr. Burnham! Your operation comes to-morrow. We expect to find cirrhosis of the liver. This is very common with a man of your habit." ** ** *

When John J. Henderson, Editor-in-Chief of the Journal, discovered that his quondam circulation manager, Burnham, was mortally ill in St. Joseph's—Henderson was one of those men whose foundation was in the granite, he knew how the Journal's circulation had vaulted like a rocket under Jack's management, and knowing, knew where to place his thanks—he sent a large bouquet of choicest roses over to Jack, along with other more substantial ex-

pressions of favor and regard. He was much overcome. He almost lived on the sight and fragrance of the flowers for a whole day. Now and again an unbidden tear ran down his cheek. At last he rang for a nurse. From her he secured a list of the orphans in the wards. To each he sent a rose. The two most beautiful he could find, he had reserved for his sister, who visited him daily.

An immigrant with a large family of young children, had suffered mortal injuries, through falling from a train. The ambulance had brought him to the hospital alive, though he succumbed shortly afterwards.

Jack sent a message to the widow, expressing a desire to see her. When she came, he gave her the last few dollars he had kept out of Henderson's ample check. "Take them," he said. "They are for the children, Ma'am. May they never walk in the road I have travelled."

Rogers was a fellow patient for weeks. He was great company for Jack. Rogers, or "Billie," as the men called him, was growing iron-gray in the service of the Journal, as driver of the van which conveyed the first morning edition to the Fast Mail. The day came for Rogers' discharge, cured. It was a great day for both men. As Billie walked away Jack cheered. I think he enjoyed it most.

Once he had said to me, "I'll never get out of here. But don't say anything to my sister about it. It would make her feel so bad."

Before Rogers left Jack's cot he said: "Billie! take my overcoat. Yours is too thin for weather like this, I—I—I'll—n-o-t b-e n-e-e-d-i-n-g mine a-n-y m-o-r-e. * * * Keep ahead of the Fast Mail, Billie. You remember how Firstbrook was snowed under, because the morning edition was not on the field in time." The men clasped hands. * * No words were spoken. Their eyes were wet. * * *

The day before we stood viewing the ashes, he had been looking backward. The retrospect cut deep.

"Nurse! If the doctors will let me sing a little, I would like to try. Perhaps it might cheer some of the patients in the children's ward." The permission was granted. His voice was sweet and tender, though weak. Every ear within range was listening. Now Jack sang a verse of "Auld Lang Syne," then of a hymn. Last of all, he sang of mother, home and heaven.

These thoughts I knew had been in his mind for some time.

Let us hope his journey that afternoon, the start on which I missed by about fifteen minutes, was to Mother, Home, and Heaven.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

(*Pastor Felix.*)

O, if this virtue could be mine!
The courage of the mountain pine;
Nursed by the tempest, should I fear
Grim March, the savage, the austere?
Nay, God hath bidden it abide
Firm-anchor'd to the mountain side;
Fed it on fire and frost, and then
It prospered in its regimen.

May I be as the mountain pine,
Formed in God's mould, by Nature's line,
With nurturing chemic suns to shed
Their alchemy upon its head;
With birds to build its boughs among,
With haunting songs to memory sung;
And precious winds to loitering stay,
Then bear its sweetness far away.

Grand was it for the mountain pine!
It saw the stars at midnight shine;
The giant powers that mould its form
Descended in the raging storm;

The whirlwind wrestling fled afar;
It laughed to feel the lightning's scar;
The gullyng waters swept the glen,—
Ah! but the pine was joyous then!

My life, be like the mountain pine,
That takes the rock to be a shrine;
It little needs, it all secures,
It thrives, it conquers, it endures;
It rounds itself in its content;
Uprightness is the course it meant;
Though fed on granite, softly-sweet,
And, with restricted bound, complete.

My soul, be like the mountain pine,
With breathing of a wind divine,
In whispers deepening at each close,
And answer, as it comes and goes:
That myriad harp æolian seems
Touched with the music of our dreams;
So wildly vague, so awful-rare,
It tells me God is speaking there.

AN OUT-PATIENT.*

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.



Big John Chaddock's son was laid up for repairs in a New York private hospital, and therefore John Craddock left Wyoming in the middle of his beef round-up and hurried East. Dickie was no longer in danger, but in Dickie's letter there was a warm reference to a nurse which made old John scowl. He recalled a former partner's marriage to a designing woman who trimmed finger-nails in a Cheyenne barber-shop. Big John had never seen a manicure—nor, for the matter of that, a nurse.

In the office of Miss Floyd, the hospital superintendent, old Craddock's huge frame sprawled on a spidery gilt chair. The business-like severity of the office was pleasantly tempered by feminine grace. Miss Floyd sat at her heavy, directorial desk, and Dr. Murray, rising from the sofa, clicked his watch decisively.

"Yes, that's my emphatic opinion," he said. "Your son is doing splendidly; but to move him from his bed inside of a month would probably be fatal."

"I've been lent the president's car, doctor. Anything that money can—"

Murray shook his head as he left the room. Craddock's unexplained wish to take his son from the hospital was none of the doctor's business. Miss Floyd, however, was concerned, and she leaned forward tentatively.

"I'm sorry you're dissatisfied with us," she said, smiling. "I can assure you that young Mr. Craddock has had our best care during this fortnight. Miss Norris is one of our most reliable nurses—and he seems contented."

"He is contented, ma'am," rejoined the Westerner, grimly. "'Tain't no trick to content a man when he's sick and locoed and onused to females. I've took quarters 'cross the street. I'll be riding herd—seeing Dickie continuous."

"You must ask Miss Norris about that," said the matron. "She's in command."

"Oh, she is, is she?" grumbled Craddock to himself in the hall. "Dang a bunch of fool women! What use are

they, idling round men? In com—oh, we'll see."

Distrusting the elevator, he climbed the stairs again. The hospital consisted of several dwellings thrown into one, and, to his disgust, the narrow corridors confused Craddock. A nurse bustled by, carrying a tray on which something was covered by a damp napkin.

"Excuse me, lady," said Craddock, unwillingly. "If you'd show me where nineteen is—"

She nodded, and set the tray on a table. A corner of the napkin flapped up and disclosed the curved, silvery blade of a vicious knife. Old Craddock was not unaccustomed to vicious knives, but he had never met one carried on a tray by a rosy girl. He followed his guide thoughtfully. Girls did "ornery" things in this place. When he creaked abruptly into nineteen, young Craddock looked alarmed. The nurse was not in the room.

"What's the matter, Dickie?" he asked, jarring the bed with his knees.

Dick laughed. "Nothing," he said. "Lift me, will you, dad? Pillow's hot."

Craddock gingerly grabbed the boy's shoulders in his big fingers.

"Easy you old steam-derrick!" breathed Dick. "Now—turn the pillow."

"With both hands holding you? How? Wait a minute, Dickie."

While Craddock pawed desperately he heard Miss Norris' placid voice at his elbow.

"Whatever are you doing with my patient, Mr. Craddock? One side, please. So!"

She bent over Dickie, who promptly twined his arms around her neck. She straightened herself, and Dickie came up with her. With her free hands she turned the pillows, and Dickie dropped on them.

"Say, that's neat," muttered the father. "A fellow can heave up a heap with his back if he knows how. Where'd you learn that, ma'am?"

Miss Norris laughed, and fixed the black hair under her cap. She was slight and wiry. Her pale, clean-cut face was, perhaps, too masculine, with its wide cheekbones and stubborn chin. She glanced at her watch; then critically at the patient; then pleasantly at the visitor.

* Abridged from The Century Magazine.

"Time for you to leave, sir," she said. "Orders, you know."

"Eh? Well, orders be—"

But she crossed to the window and lowered the shade. "I'll let you come in this afternoon for ten minutes if I think it best."

"Oh, is that so?" inquired Craddock, derisively.

"Yes. Will you call at four o'clock?"

Miss Norris was frowning over a memorandum, and when she raised her gray eyes, unflinchingly level, the frown remained, despite the little smile upon her lips.

"At four?" she repeated.

"Why—I dunno." Craddock looked at his son, who apparently dozed. "Why, if Dickie's asleep, I'd as lief go. But so long as he's awake, ma'am, you'd better understand right now—"

Dickie opened his eyes and grinned appreciatively. The father pretended that he did not see, and he stalked out of the room, his suspicions convinced.

Indulged by the matron, for reasons of her own, old Craddock haunted the hospital and saw things. One morning he encountered three nurses on the stairs. Two were supporting the third between them, and the third was gnawing her lower lip.

"Too much candy?" asked Craddock, jocosely.

"I'm all—right," whispered the staggering nurse. "Take me—take me back."

"No, sir-ee," objected one of the others. "I know typhoid delirium. Ten hours of it is enough. Don't let a doctor see," and they whisked her out of sight.

"Humph!" said Craddock. He had noticed men who looked similarly after a two days' chase of stampeded cattle. But when women looked that way he knew it must be a trick for the purpose of be-devilment. These nurses, in his opinion, made a great bluff of having something to do.

Hospital gossip, rampant in the linen-closet, varied in its estimate of old Craddock. Miss Beaumont pronounced him as cross as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Miss Rhett declared that he was a right smart specimen of a father, and that she proposed to show him courtesy. Accordingly she waylaid him when she was off duty and asked if he would like to see the new operating-room.

The apartment was on the top floor, and it was all glass, glistening metal, and white tile. Craddock held his breath involuntarily and walked on tiptoe. The shiny room seemed to him like the core

of a superlatively delicate machine. He was afraid of throwing out the mysterious gearing, and he inspected the glass operating-table with much awe.

"I expect this ain't been used," he ventured hoarsely.

"Not since this noon," said Miss Rhett. "Dr. Van Deusen and three of us frekked here all the morning."

"Reckon any folks ever—ever died here?"

The nurse winced a little. "I'm afraid so," she said, and turned cheerfully enough to the sterilizer.

Craddock understood. He had seen people die hard deaths in various places. But he would not be apt willingly to frequent the places afterward, certain that he was to see other hard deaths there, and not as a mere onlooker, either. He regarded Miss Rhett narrowly. He liked nerve.

"How often do you work here, ma'am?"

"Nearly every day," she replied. "That's the 'by-by' room."

"The which?"

"Where the patients take the ether. And beyond is the sun-parlor. I'll leave you there, Mr. Craddock, if you wish. It's a pleasant place to sit when you have time. I'm off to bed; I haven't slept lately."

The deserted sun-room was perched like a cage on the top of the house. Craddock stretched himself in a steamer-chair behind a screen. For the moment he forgot that he should be riding herd on Dickie against the matrimonial craft of Miss Norris, but he was recalled to his senses when the elevator glided up the shaft and two nurses came into the sun-parlor. Hidden by the screen, Craddock lay low. He was delighted. Here he might observe these artful and frivolous creatures off their guard. The women sat down limply.

"Whew! I tell you, Olga Bernstein, a chair feels good. And the sun! Don't the trees down there in Central Park look nice?"

Craddock knew the speaker. Burke was her name. She was the fainting girl.

"My arms—they are numb from the clavicle," said Miss Bernstein.

"What doing?"

"That poor child of Van Deusen's with the hip. It must be held, and we take turns half an hour about. Are you still with Clarke's typhoid, Burkechen?"

"Yes," answered Miss Burke, wearily. "Delirious. Won't sleep. Says he can't until he dies."

"It would be good to kill him, then," advised the other. "Listen. Once I had a sleepless delirium man who said the same as yours. The doctor could use not the anodynes. 'Let me die,' he would say, the foolish. 'Yes,' I say; 'I will kill you.' I take a little paper-cutter. 'This is my knife to kill you,' I say. He looks so thankful. I make as if to stab him in the heart. 'You are dead!' I say. And he sleeps and sleeps and he is well, and the doctor is proud. But the doctors they do not know everything about their cases. No," and she chuckled comfortably, wiping her spectacles.

Miss Burke nodded. She was a fragile girl, barely over twenty. "I did the same thing myself once, only 'twas the other way round. Had to let a patient kill me. Gracious! that was queer! I was on nights, all alone, at the men's contagious pavilion of the State Charity. Eight beds. Watchman supposed to come in every half-hour, but—you know. Well, it was the time of the blizzard and quite a walk from the main building, and the snow had put the call-wire out, somehow. So there I was, and one of the patients was a big stone-cutter, crazy with the fever. I was sponging him when up he jumps. 'Your time to die!' he shouts, and grabs my throat, and the other fevers yelped. 'All right,' I said; 'if I must, I must.' There was a glass of water on the table and my emergency hypo alongside it. 'Let go my throat,' I said, 'and I'll drink this strychnine poison.' He watched me rat-fashion from the bed. I drank the water and keeled over on his legs. My, he kicked terribly! 'Be still!' I said, 'and let me die,' and with that he lay quiet, and I got a grip and gave him the whole of the syringe in the calf—the St solution. It works quick. The stone-cutter sent me this pin-cushion last Christmas. His wife made it."

"Br-r-rh!" ejaculated Miss Bernstein. "Were you not scared then in the pavilion?"

"Scared?" echoed Miss Burke, scornfully. "I should think I was. You ought to have heard the steam-pipes pounding that night. They were enough to scare anybody."

"Letters!" said Miss Norris' voice from the threshold. "Catch, Annie Burke!"

"Oh, I know what this is," announced Miss Burke. "Note of thanks from Dr. Conway's peritonitis lady. 'Shall forever think with gratitude of your loving

care.' That's nice, but when the loving care job pays only—"

"Hush!" broke in Miss Norris. "Gratitude is part of our wages, and you know you like it."

"Well, I do; but I wish it would buy coal for my mother." Miss Burke continued to read. "Your attention to me was so sweet that I know it was not dictated entirely by your duty—"

"I would rather a vacation have," said the German woman, soberly, "than notes."

"Oh, a vacation!" cried Miss Burke. "If I had a vacation, I'd sit under a tree all day, and think of something else besides pulse—temperature—respiration—medication—remarks." She rattled off the headings of a clinical chart. "Who's your letter from, Miss Norris?"

"My sister—catalogue of eligible bachelors, and won't I please come home in time for Lenox this autumn, and what do the winter hats look like? Winter hats? Maybe she means ice-caps. I saved a man's life with one last week." Young Craddock's nurse walked to an open window and leaned over the coping.

Miss Bernstein rubbed her arms briskly.

"If a home I had nearer than a billion miles," she said, "I would go."

"You absurd fraud!" laughed the Norris girl. "Leave the hospital?"

"Natürlich, there is just now my case to be finished," rejoined Miss Bernstein, seriously.

"There always is."

"And next month is mine in the operating-room. Ach, the child! I must hurry," and Miss Bernstein trotted away.

"Olga lets them work her too hard," said Annie Burke. "She's gray as a badger. She'll break down again, and it's three times and out, you know."

The girl at the window turned, smiling, and rested her elbows on the sill.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "I'll match you for gray hairs against Olga, young woman."

"Well, this is the place where they make 'em," said the other.

"Annie, you goose, be quiet. Your nerves are stringy. You need a rest. I shall speak to Miss Floyd."

"You dare!" protested the younger nurse. "I've a dispute to settle first with that Toronto woman. She's afraid our typhoid can't pull through, and I—" Miss Burke clenched her thin fist. "Well, typhoid is always too good a fight to lose," she concluded almost savagely. "We just can't!"

Through the crack of the screen old Craddock had a glimpse of her set, transfigured face, and he was inclined to agree with her.

"And you chatter about sticking to the hospital merely to make a living!" said Miss Norris. "Don't you see what keeps us here, whether we know it or not?"

"No. What?"

Miss Norris laughed again. "Let's go downstairs," she suggested.

"I know what keeps 'em here," soliloquized old Craddock, sagely. But he was not quite so sure as he had been. These girls worked hard and took strange risks. They were different from other women. "All the more reason to watch out," decided Craddock.

He watched the business of the hospital very closely, and saw a quiet and masterful way of doing things which he could vaguely comprehend. An indescribable air of skilled and combative alertness pervaded the place. Old John liked it. He had been a fighter all his life, and he began to see that the profession of these cheery, gliding, soft-voiced nurses was to fight, and against sneaking, deadly foes that did not fight fair.

"But they're always smiling," said Craddock. "That's the cunning of 'em."

Possessing a certain *cairng* himself, he forebore to warn Dickie against their fascination. He feared a warning might make matters worse. He never doubted that his son weakly fancied himself in love. The father utilized every second of his allotted time at Dickie's bedside. From his lodgings he glowered by night at Dickie's window, imagining sentimental episodes.

Late on a windy evening he heard fire-engines clang and clatter over the asphalt. It did his heart good to see a running horse again. He reached the corner of Central Park as the water-tower rumbled by.

"Guess she's a fire, all right," yelled a man, exultantly. "Must 'a' got a big start. Why, say, she's in the next street!"

Vast, whirling clouds of smoke, blued by the electric light, enveloped the block of houses which backed against the hospital. Three or four steamers snarled angrily, and as Craddock turned he heard the battering of woodwork and the shiver of glass.

The door of the hospital was wide open. In the corridor and adjoining reception-rooms was a busy throng of nurses and

doctors, hovering over stretchers. The elevator slid constantly up and down and discharged uncouth figures wrapped in blankets. Occasionally a woman's hysterical whimper piped shrilly. Miss Floyd, cool and unperturbed, met Craddock. She might have been a calmly attentive hostess in the crush of an afternoon tea.

"There's not the slightest danger," she explained, raising her voice distinctly; "but all are ordered down, just to make sure. You see, with sick people, Mr. Craddock—" She made way for a hospital carriage.

Craddock dashed up the stairs and into room nineteen. Dickie was swathed in a quilt, like a papoose. Miss Norris had opened the window.

"Good evening, Mr. Craddock," she said. "Will you close the door? The smoke—"

"I'll pack you down, Dickie," and Craddock swung his long arms around the quilted bundle.

"Wait, please!" Miss Norris touched his elbow. "A stretcher will come presently."

"Hang the stretcher! Let me loose, ma'am."

"No. You must not move him that way. If you should—no, you must not, sir!"

Craddock faced her in a sharp fury of anger. He could have tossed the girl aside with a single turn of the wrist.

"You talk like a fool," he snapped. "This is my boy."

"And my patient. Go to the elevator and ask them to hurry the long stretcher."

She picked up a vial, deliberately reading the label twice, and her fingers sought Dickie's pulse. Had she faltered in speech or movement, old Craddock would have flung her across the room. He grunted unintelligibly and threw open the door. Smoke flooded in. It was queer smoke—yellowish, sticky, clinging to the floor.

"Explosion of some sort," said Miss Norris, sniffing. "Shut that door quick!" but Craddock was already groping in the lurid corridor.

The strange smoke stifled him. He could not find his way. He reeled back into nineteen. The poisonous vapor curled knee-high. Miss Norris bent over the man on the bed intently, and through the window echoed the jangle of gongs in the street.

"Engines," coughed Craddock. "We're afire and cut off!"

"Those are ambulance-bells, sir," said the nurse, without raising her head. "They'll send a stretcher up outside, if you'll call. My patient is sinking, or I would see to it." Her voice was as steady as the hand with which she adjusted a hypodermic.

John Craddock stumbled to the grating of the fire-escape and shouted with what power was left in his smoke-stung throat; but the metallic tumult in the street baffled him. Men waved their arms and pointed to the iron ladder, and Craddock could not make them understand. In the murk of the room he blinked at Miss Norris holding a moistened cloth over Dickie's mouth.

"No use," groaned old Craddock. "They can't hear."

"Go down until they can. At once!"

"No! I'll carry my boy."

"You shall not," said the nurse.

"Then I stay with him. Go down, you."

"And leave my patient? If you wish to save his life, obey me." Dickie's head lay in the crook of her elbow.

"You'll die with him," choked Craddock.

"Go down, I tell you!"

The yellow smoke seemed to coil in the old man's brain, and he saw only elemental things—saw only that a flight down the ladder was desertion. Nevertheless, he obeyed this woman who would die, if need be, with his son. Craddock tottered to the window, and met Murray and two ambulance surgeons bearing a litter.

"Bradley, if ever you did a fine job, do it now," said the doctor.

The three men deftly slipped Dickie on the carrier, and the girl resigned his wrist to Murray. A tiny wail came from underneath the cloth. Craddock lurched forward.

"I'm right with you, boy," he said brokenly. "I'm right with you. Everything's—"

"Miss Norris!" moaned Dickie. "Miss Norris!"

"Yes, Mr. Craddock. You are having a good sleep. I'm always here." She pressed her hand against his temple, and he closed his eyes trustfully.

"Watch the pulse, Miss Norris," ordered Murray. "So! All set, Bradley. Gangway, Mr. Craddock, please!"

Step by step, with incredible steadiness and precision, they descended the fire-escape to the sidewalk; the father, following, cringed petulantly under his use-

lessness. When he reached the street they had hoisted the stretcher to an ambulance, and he peered into the dimly lighted cavern and descried Miss Norris kneeling beside Dickie. Murray's coat was over her shoulders. The doctor, in his shirt-sleeves, swung on to the foot-board.

"We're going to St. Matthew's," he said to Craddock.

"I'll trail you. Stick by him!"

"Oh, I'll stick," rejoined Murray, heartily. "And so will she. If she had left him for a minute up there—that girl's a—a—well, she's a nurse! Hey, in front! Think we want to stay here all night?"

At St. Matthew's old Craddock found that he was forbidden from the private-room which Murray had secured. He paced the dreary parlor, and a kindly attendant brought him an occasional word from his boy. Once the physician saw him. All was going well; rest was the prime factor.

"And rest wouldn't be a bad proposition for you, sir," supplemented Murray.

"Guess I can stand it while you and she can, doctor."

It was sunrise when the doctor again shook old John's shoulder as he lay stretched on the shabby lounge. Craddock, however, had not slept. He was not a man accustomed to the readjustment of his ideas, and the novel process engrossed him.

"I'm glad we're out of the woods," he said to Murray. "I'll just hang around till I can see that there girl."

"Miss Norris? I've been using strong language to her, I'm afraid."

Craddock glared wrathfully. "You have, eh? Well, you'd better not—"

"Because she wouldn't quit. But here she comes, now that we've got a good day-nurse. Well, I'm off to see Miss Floyd. What a mess she's in! Luckily, she has the sand of a major-general. They say, though, that no real harm was done."

The doctor hustled out of the waiting-room and down the broad hall of the hospital. By daylight the parlor was particularly gloomy, as though it had absorbed the essence of the countless sad vigils which it had witnessed. Miss Norris' face was ashen, and there was an odd look of weariness even to her limp blue gown and crumpled linen.

"I'm set on a little talk with you, ma'am," said Craddock. "'Twon't take long, and it might as well be right here." They leaned against opposite sides of the

doorway. "I want you to know that I'm proud—reg'lar proud, ma'am—that Dickie's got a girl like you willing to let him love her."

"To—what?" Miss Norris' mind was dead tired after the pull of the night. "Please—Mr. Craddock!"

"I want you to know," he continued doggedly, "that we're rich. I'll fix you up good and—"

"Oh!" gasped the nurse, with a smile of relief. "You're very kind. I appreciate it, too—but my people are well off, Mr. Craddock. You won't be offended, will you? I couldn't accept your kindness, you see."

"Not as a wedding present?"

"A wedding—mine?"

"Yours and Dickie's."

"Mr. Craddock—please—what in the world—" She gave him a weary, helpless stare and speech failed her.

"I ain't breathed a sign of this to Dickie," said old John, "nor him to me; but I saw how things was pointed. I'd have blocked it up to last night. I ain't acquainted much with women, ma'am. I never calculated there was ar'y one like you. You'd be worth more to Dickie and me than all the long-horns on Powder River. A girl that'll risk her life 'cause she's fond of a—"

"Oh, stop!" entreated Miss Norris. "Really, you're so wrong, so absurdly mistaken," struggling against her hysterical desire to laugh.

"Eh?"

"You're absurdly mistaken," she reiterated eagerly. "You mustn't ever, ever mention this again. It never entered my brain—nor, I hope, your son's—that notion you suppose. Why, any nurse in the hospital would have done the same for her patient—Olga Bernstein, or anybody. Really—Mr. Craddock—please—that's only part of our business." A few tears crept into her bewildered eyes.

"If I've hurt you, I'm sorry, ma'am," faltered Craddock. "I didn't know. Didn't seem as if anything would make a woman do what you done except—"

"Of course you don't know. Lots of things seem queer in a hospital—when you don't know." She fingered her belt desperately, searching for words. "A hospital's a queer place, Mr. Craddock, to

bring people close together all of a sudden. But we know. A real nurse who does her work hasn't time for much else. I can tell you."

"I reckon you're a real nurse, all right."

"Well, that's my ambition," assented Miss Norris, with returning composure. "It's been my ambition ever since I was at training-school. She glanced out into the corridor and tried to change the subject. "I studied here at St. Matthew's," she said.

"A real nurse," persisted Craddock, "and the best woman who ever wore shoes! If Dickie should ask you that question—"

"But he couldn't—I couldn't let him. Don't you see? You must see—you must understand what our profession means to us."

A uniformed gray-headed hospital porter limped down the hall toward them. He walked painfully, dragging one foot; but when he saw Miss Norris he straightened himself and his face glowed with a light not seen often in the faces of rough men. There was adoration in it, reverence, religion. The old porter took off his cap and rubbed his hand carefully on his blouse and patted his hair furtively, as if he were at a church door.

"Why, there's Corrigan," said Miss Norris, brightly. "He was my first patient here. I haven't seen him for—how do you do, Patrick?"

"Well, and God save ye kindly, miss," said the porter. He held her hand, motionless. "Faith, 'tis I would be ashamed not to stay well after the trouble ye tuk wid me. Me old bones serve me fine, and thank ye."

"That's splendid."

"Yes, Miss." Corrigan stooped a little, released the girl's hand slowly, and then his fingers caught in the edge of her apron and he pressed it hastily to his wrinkled cheek. "May the blessed saints always be about ye," he said; "for ye're wan iv thim!"

The Irishman pulled on his cap, shot a sheepishly defiant look at Craddock, and lumbered away with a brave effort.

Big John Craddock r'led gravely. "I sort of expect I under. . . and," he said.

Many happy years be thine,
Full of golden hours,

Both their shadow and their shine
Bringing forth sweet flowers.

—Bingham.

THE PARSONAGE SECRET.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER WOMAN.



IT was Saturday afternoon of a perfect June day. Mr. Stoughton had gone to his study, meaning to prepare his sermon for the morrow. The paper was before him on the table, but the page was not yet filled. He was looking beyond it to the distant hills seen through the opposite window. His study was the front room on the second floor of the house. In the winter it would be a bare-looking place, except for the books. In the summer few rooms open to light and sun are cheerless; so this day the swaying bough of a great elm threw lovely shadow-pictures on the floor. A bird sang outside almost in the window, while on the old rusty stove stood a great jug of roses. The minister had written his text and one paragraph. He was planning a series of sermons on Job. This second sermon in the course was to be from the words: "When I looked for good, then evil came unto me. When I waited for light, there came darkness."

It was not for lack of thoughts that the man had put down his pen, after re-reading parts of that drama of dramas. It came to him more strongly than ever that since the dawn of history later Jobs had been crying out to the Divine: "Why? Oh, why?" Over and over, the same human struggles, the same old questions, the same reaching out after the Infinite Help, the Eternal Answer! Then, perhaps because we mortals are always reasoning from the universal to the particular or the personal, certain problems in his own life drew the minister's thoughts from the "Land of Uz," and "the day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord," to Hazelport, Connecticut, to this special time in his own life, when between himself and Heaven there was a sense in which, as in Job's day, "Satan" had come also, making havoc of his life.

From the garden floated up the laughter

of a child at play; but in the house below there was not a sound. After a while this silence, instead of being hateful to the minister, seemed to give him some uneasiness. He rose up and went into the upper hall; then hearing no sound, he walked downstairs, half-unconsciously avoiding the balustrade, which showed gray with dust in the sunlight. The lower front room was the parlor, rather a pleasant room, not noticeably untidy, if one were not too exacting about table-legs and corners. By a front window sat a young woman about twenty-four years old. She was doing nothing; for a paper-covered book went under her chair when the man came through the hall.

"Why, Alice, it was still down here, I wondered if you had not gone out."

"Where could I go?" she asked pettishly.

She was very pretty, with delicately weak features, small thin lips, eyes that brightened or dulled according to her mood, eyes that seldom met another's in a direct glance. She looked frail and girlish, with her dark brown hair a little curling from the heat, and her dress of some light muslin. Yes, almost too girlish for the wife of the serious man who standing by her side towered strongly above her.

"If I were you," he said, "I would not stay in the house such a beautiful day. Why don't you go to see our neighbors? You will get lonely."

"I am lonely, but I don't want anything of that prim Miss Parks. She is old enough to be my mother."

"But Miss Roberts is young; is she not over there now?"

"I don't care for her at all."

"I am sorry. I thought you were sure to enjoy her society."

"Why, pray tell?"

He soberly searched his mind for a true answer in that thorough way that Alice found so wearisome. Everything thorough bored her terribly. There was so much about and in this husband of hers (as she often reflected) she did not know what to do with.

Meanwhile he said to himself that Miss Roberts was full of enthusiasm, fond of nature, of books, of quaint ideas of people, interested in public matters. No, that was

not what he meant. He got it out at last laboriously :

"She knows all about the city styles, doesn't she : new clothes and—and—"

"Indeed she does, and wears them, too," said Alice with admiration ; "but it is just like a man to think I want to admire another girl's nice things, when I have no new ones of my own."

"Why, haven't you, dear ? I thought you looked especially fine in—something blue or pinkish, wasn't it—last Sunday ?"

The red, thin lips curled in amused disdain : "Oh, I have clothes enough for this little country place !" then she gave a long, long sigh.

Mr. Stoughton looked down on her with the profound sympathy that a man of large pattern sometimes feels for a small piece of womankind. The very sympathy that other people feel because of her—but for him. How could he help her ; how make her happy ?

She knew what he was thinking w. . . tired look came into his eyes. She was not at all dull about some things, but just then she could not remember any special demand that she wished to make on his time, purse, or patience. She thought he might as well go away and let her finish that dubious novel under her chair, so she said plaintively :

"I don't feel well ; I will just rest while the baby is asleep. You go back to your sermon."

"You have not any neuralgia ?" he asked anxiously.

She flushed a little, then answered, "Not just now, but it comes on very suddenly when it comes."

"Then don't fail to try that new remedy that Dr. Hopkins gave me for you."

"Yes."

He put out his large hand smoothing her soft hair as he might smooth Freddy's curls. She had come to seem to him less than a wife and more as a charge, a child. When she drew her head from under his touch he went to his study. On the way he had to pass a second open door, and glancing saw the breakfast dishes in close communion with those still unwashed from the dinner. But a man must get used to trifles like that if he is studying profitably the life of Job. Mr. Stoughton was growing in grace daily.

Again he read his text : "When I looked for good, evil came unto me." It was very suggestive ; but the suggestions were not those that he wished to present to the congregation. When he had mused a little while he went to the window, and saw bare-headed

Freddy trudging down a lane toward the woods. His father was glad of a good excuse to leave the study and seek refreshment in still, green haunts.

John Stoughton was born in New Hampshire, on a stony little farm, which barely supported the family during his childhood. When his father died the farm was sold ; all that it brought John gave his mother, and by his own exertions took himself through college. Later he worked his way into the ministry, and for six years did mission work in New York. Next he had a church in a smaller city, where he worked faithfully, studying books, men and life, growing upward and outward.

His mother, like many another New England woman, had a kind of dual nature. Earthward, she was a notable housewife, able to cook, sew, spin, nurse ; to manage, if need be, a dairy or a farm. Heavenward she was a saint and a mystic, only needing translation when her poor old body fell away from her beautiful young soul. Now John, up to his thirtieth year, was verdant enough to suppose there were in this world only two kinds of women—those like his blessed mother, younger or older as the case might be ; and those others who, as he learned in his mission work, inhabited, literally and spiritually, the outer darkness. In his thirtieth year he taught a Bible-class of young men and women. Among its members was Alice Morton's older sister. Their father, a plain, respectable man, had a long illness. Mr. Stoughton, as his pastor, often visited him. The mother was dead. The older sister kept the little house in order and comfort. She was very homely, strong and most unselfish. What was more natural than that Alice, pretty and frail, wanting everything soft and agreeable, should have always had just those things and only those whenever father or sister could get them for her ?

Pretty toys were followed by pretty gowns. Pretty gowns began to displease when prettier ones were unattainable. About that time it was that Mr. Stoughton's mother died, that he came often to see Alice's invalid father, that Alice first saw him and began to attend church more regularly.

One Sunday Mr. Stoughton was talking from the text, "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment ?" when he made a very deep impression on what, for convenience's sake we might call Alice's mind. Not by his talk about the real things of which life does consist—not at all. He happened to be very earnest just then, his

eyes flashed, his heavy hair was tossed off his handsome forehead. His voice filled the church! Then and there it was borne into Alice as she sat beneath him, wearing a new Easter bonnet, that Mr. Stoughton might sometime be called to a bigger church and get a better salary; that a minister's wife was a person of importance; that a carpenter's daughter, like herself, was a nobody. That week Alice came to prayer-meeting and continued to come afterward. She had a sweet, thin voice, and began to sing with the parlor organ in Sunday-school. She took each Sunday a class of little boys. Rarely the same little boys. Such lively little units lack adhesion, or she lacked magnetism.

Somewhat later she joined the church, but before she took that step she had a great many talks with her pastor. Now do not call her a hypocrite. She was not consciously one. Certain truths had a little disturbed the shadows of her soul. She would rather be good than wicked. She was perfectly willing to be forgiven if she was not as good already as she ought to be. Thus she was very humble and teachable, so that when she asked for instruction and spiritual guidance tears sparkled on the long lashes of her drooping, evasive eyes; the pretty pink came and went in her cheeks. The minister, being young still and a man whose own eyes looked straight at people before him, saw her. He himself was feeling lonely and soft-hearted in those days; his mother had but lately died. Well, in short, it was just a new version of that three-thousand-year-old story among the tents and the patriarchs; "Isaac took Rebecca and she became his wife, and he loved her, and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death." That is, the minister was consoled for a little while; then the knowledge began slowly to filter into the inner consciousness of this man of true heart and sound brain that there were women—and women.

Freddy's father had taught him to use his eyes and ears when he strayed into country lanes and byways. He stopped this afternoon to peep into a bird's nest, to watch grasshoppers, to look for a small green frog he had once met. In this season it was easy for his father to overtake him, and they went together to the woods. Once there they wandered about hunting forest treasures, then rested in a dry nook where Freddy fell asleep. The father looking down upon the little fellow noted with smiling pride his fine head, and remembered the very original questions the boy had put to him in the last

half-hour. The smile faded in a moment; for his mind was full of certain anxious thoughts concerning his family and his home. It was a home full of disorder and discomfort. His wife was not capable of making it otherwise; but even a trouble of this kind would not overburden a man like Mr. Stoughton. He comforted himself by remembering that Alice's sister had promised him, as soon as the care of her feeble father should be taken from her, she would become a permanent inmate of Alice's home. Wherever Mary Morton lived order and comfort would reign. No, his care was all for Alice herself. He wanted to help her; but he could not understand her. He, who for years had studied his kind, seeking to learn the mental and spiritual processes going on in men's souls; he was now completely baffled by a woman of mental capacities so limited that one would suppose her motive and the conduct resultant would be most easy to understand.

The first year of their married life had been, for Mr. Stoughton, all disillusion. The lover had seen in Alice a charming innocence, a sprightly fancy, and love of everything good and beautiful. Her husband had found her innocence mere ignorance; a certain animal vivacity had made her gaiety pass for wit; while she loved beauty chiefly in the form of personal adornments. She was just small and weak, and seemed to have in her no germs for growth. There is a small and weak youthfulness that may grow and develop. There are small, weak things that only grow old by withering and decay.

The minister being a man who always took into account his belief that there is life in every soul, and that life the life of God—he felt that he must be failing toward this young wife of his, or she would change. During the first year he had not been happier than now, but he had been less troubled. Then his task seemed merely to put down his own regret that he had married in too great haste, and to use his leisure, not for vain repentance, but in making Alice better. When she failed to be a housewife he was very patient, realizing her inexperience. After the little boy came, she seemed fond of him, and was usually good-tempered. Mr. Stoughton always assured himself that it would be most unreasonable to expect a young wife and mother to enter in any way into his plans, hopes, success, or failure as a clergyman. He must find intelligent sympathy among his fellow-ministers or do without. He was always kind and very sorry

for one trouble which his wife had to endure. She was often afflicted with violent sick headaches, and suffered great pain and nausea. These headaches became less frequent when her oldest child was about a year old, or rather their conditions changed. She complained much more often of attacks of neuralgia. Her headaches, so Alice told him, were as good as cured by a promising young doctor whom they once called in during the absence of the old physician previously employed. Alice always got the better of the neuralgia attacks by local hot applications and doses of some stimulant; yet for the last three years she had declared herself a martyr to the malady. He was sorry to have it necessary to use brandy even in the quantities that he sometimes carefully measured out for her. Two tablespoonfuls, he felt quite sure, would make him dizzy, yet once she took a half wine-glassful when she was in too great pain to realize the amount she poured out.

But, you may ask, what was there in all this to perplex Mr. Stoughton? Could he not understand, once for all, that he had married a woman neither capable nor intellectual, and one who was a semi-invalid? That may have been a mistake for him, and certainly was her misfortune; but no one was to blame, the least said of it all the better. Even so, but the trouble lay further. Alice had become variable in her moods, so utterly inconsistent in conduct that his life with her was fast resolving itself into the question: "What will she do next?" For days she would be sweetly reasonable, would see to the children's comforts, would use tact with the "help." She had even at times drawn him into earnest conversations about herself, would ask what his sermons meant, and get him to select some well-written book for her reading. These indications of the stirring of latent good impulses delighted her husband at first. Lately a horrid suggestion constantly occurred to him. Was it not all acting—"put on," so to speak?

He called himself mean and cruel to conceive such an idea. He reasoned with himself, that even if Alice were assuming a virtue when she had it not, was that not justifiable in the effort to attain a higher level of living? All the time he fought against acknowledging that she was thoroughly untruthful and deceitful. He perceived that she feared him, as lower natures with oblique designs always fear, or at least dread to close contact with large, straightforward minds. He knew that she hid her lurid novels and put better books in evidence when

he was with her. She ruled Freddy in secret by fibs and threats; she told polite falsehoods to the parishioners and variegated the truth on most occasions. This he had to see. It caused him to wonder if his mother had been unique among women.

Sometimes Alice would seem more jealous over matters of external religion than he himself. She would insist on going to a prayer-meeting when the little ones needed her at home. After the meeting she, very likely, might linger with a few old saints to discuss with fervor the spiritual condition of the church, to devise ways "to reach the young," or perhaps to plan new efforts in the Mission Circle. Her fervor and fluency on such occasions astonished her husband. He was dumbfounded one evening when dear old Sister Willard (who was herself about ready for heaven) told him tearfully, that he must guard well his treasure of a wife, for, to her thinking, "Sister Stoughton was ripe for the kingdom," so full of grace was she. All the next day Alice was deeply depressed and very irritable. About noon the minister, absorbed in his sermon, was suddenly called back from the peaceful shores of Galilee where he had been listening to the words of "Him who spoke as never man spoke"—called violently back to Hazelport. In the home regions below his wife was volubly berating her servant-girl; her thin voice raised almost to a shriek, her words—each one hurt him far more than they hurt the girl who "gave warning" then and there. He bowed his head on his paper, echoing in spirit Job's utterance: "When I looked for good then evil came unto me. When I looked for light there came darkness."

"Come, little boy!" said Mr. Stoughton at last, "You won't sleep to-night if you take too long a nap."

"Freddy sat up and blinked a while, then yawning trudged after his father out of the woods.

"Hummel is coming to-night," he suddenly remarked, adding: "Don't you like to hear her sing?"

His father laughed to himself, answering: "I like her cooking better. Yes, I am glad she is coming."

"Hummel," or Humility Bogart was their *dernier ressort* when other help failed. She was a little "lacking," but had good points notwithstanding. She was never surprised at anything; always minded her own business with a sort of dogged intensity, while her principles were adamant. She belonged to a religious sect that had seceded from the Methodists, requiring more rigorous discip-

line and greater liberty for noisy demonstrations of spiritual emotions.

When the minister reached his garden gate he heard her lustily bawling a singular doggerel about "the Gospel-train," which—

"At any station on the line,
Will stop, poor soul, and take you in!
The Bible is the engineer
To point the way to heaven so clear," etc.

"She means well, if her taste in hymns is

questionable," thought her employer, going into the kitchen, which had been put in good order since he went out.

"How are you, Hummel? We are glad to have you back?"

She merely nodded, putting her gospel-train through in even faster time. Hummel was a straggled, light-haired creature, dressed in a light cotton gown, without so much as one superfluous fold or button.

(To be continued.)



POESY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Oh! we who hold a charge sacred as e'en
The smallest measure is of that rare gift
(From heaven sent down to denizens of earth),
The gift of rhythmic utterance, the setting
Of thought to language in mellifluous words
That sway the minds of men as music sways them:—
See we that we a noble power profane not
By use ignoble; but from heart made pure
And consecrated brain speak only that
Which may uplift humanity; may serve
To cheer despondent souls, soothe those who suffer,
Strengthen the weak and stimulate the strong
To strenuous effort for God and the right.
Dare we no hopeless strain, no faithless breathing;
None but shall shew the love that lives for all!
Faith, hope and love; be these our dominants,
Our watchwords these!—and prisoners forth shall fare
E'en from the dungeons dread of dark despair.

Toronto.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.*

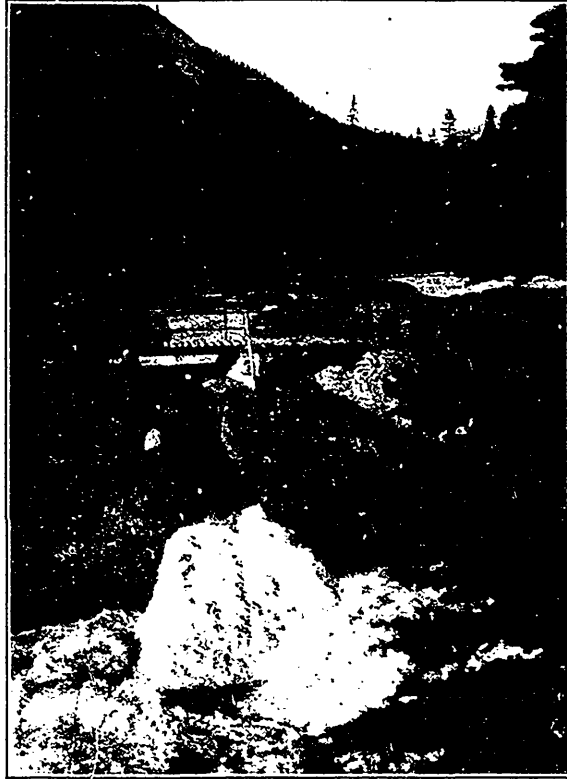


Illustration from Outram's.

"IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES."

—Courtesy of The Macmillan Company of Canada.



DR. OUTRAM is an enthusiast on his subject, and is a close and accurate observer. His close acquaintance with the Canadian Rockies was the result of an enforced rest from mental occupations—a rest which certainly did not prohibit the most strenuous physical exertions. Canada is already the pleasure-ground for thousands of Americans, who flock to the Muskoka region and to the beautiful Acadia country, and the shores of that

wonderful inland sea, the Bras d'Or. In Mr. Outram's opinion, the Canadian Rockies offer even greater attractions to the lover of beautiful scenery than are to be found in Eastern Canada. The Switzerland of the West—Switzerland vastly enlarged—is to be found north of the American boundary line. The noble peaks and canyons of California and the icy fastnesses of Mt. Shasta and the Cascade Range offer each some of the splen-

* "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies." By James Outram. New York: The Macmillan Co. With maps and Illustrations. Pp. viii-466. \$3.00.



Illustration from Outram's.

"IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES."

— Courtesy of The Macmillan Company of Canada.

did features of Swiss scenery; but to find combined and wondrous glacial fields, the massing of majestic ranges, the striking individuality of each great peak, the forest areas, green pasture lands, clear lakes and peaceful valleys, one must cross the line into British Columbia. Probably no sport is so healthful, so free from all objectionable features, and at the same time so fascinating as mountain climbing.

The eyes of the world lately have been more and more directed to the extraordinary wonderland of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, to which tourists are now flocking.

It is the newest and seems also to be the very best of the world's natural playgrounds, for whereas elsewhere one may find a few great beauties and attractions, here all possible attractions are assembled.

There is a perfect chaos of mountains, piled peak on peak, grand, terrible, majestic, fantastic, their sides clothed with dense forests, their snow-clad crests opalescent, prismatic, in the sunshine, changing their mood with every new slant of the light. In these forests grow some of the largest trees in the world, many of them rising over three hundred feet in height.

In these forests and over these mountains roam the biggest game to be found on the continent, the grizzly and black bear, the panther, the lynx, elk, moose, deer, caribou and Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, and the innumerable lakes are at seasons almost covered with ducks, geese and swans. A hundred lodges in this vast wilderness offer their hospitality to the hunter, and from any of them he can set out with a guide and be sure of meeting with highorn, grizzly or panther

if he can stand the fatigue of the trail. Big game is plentiful even near the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Here are the greatest of glaciers engaged in their awe-inspiring work, and here the most limpid of waters. Borne in canoes on the Lakes above the Clouds the tourists seem floating in mid-air. Below them they can see the mountains with their forests and snows reflected, the fish appearing to fly about from grove to grove like birds.

There are fossil beds, hot sulphur springs and minerals of all sorts, appealing to all sorts of tastes and interests.

A few years ago the wild beauties of this region were inaccessible, except to the trapper, but now the Canadian Pacific Railway traverses it and has established a score of hotels at various points, with connecting roads and bridges, a fine observatory on Sulphur Mountain and boats on every lake, with camps at various points. Here the Canadian Government has great parks, with an area of 5,000 acres, and in the very heart of the region has risen Banff, a sort of Canadian Newport, to which more and more the tide of fashion is flowing.

One of the best hotels in the country is at Banff, and the tourist, therefore, may enjoy the wilderness without sacrificing any of the comforts and conveniences of civilization.

The Valley of the Ten Peaks, which is new to tourists, lies south-east of the Lakes in the Clouds. Here in the middle is Moraine Lake, bordered on the south by sheer precipices and on the north by a dark forest. Beyond the lake a suc-

cession of peaks rise from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above it, their hanging glaciers plainly visible. One of these is still advancing, but all the others recede.

Only two hours to the westward of Banff is the "Great Divide," the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Two little streams begin here from a common source. One flows eastward, becoming the Saskatchewan River and emptying into Hudson's Bay, and the other goes west, and as the mighty Columbia runs into the Pacific ocean.

Near the town of Field is Yoho Valley, said to be even superior to Yosemite in wonder and beauty. Professional hunters are not easily impressed, yet it may well be believed that the first who entered here were lost in wonder and amazement. Lofty mountains and tremendous glaciers surround this valley and "Takakkaw!" Its waterfall is absolutely peerless, springing down nearly 1,200 feet from the tongue of a huge glacier into the valley.

Near Field are mammoth fossil beds containing many rare specimens. Eighty miles from Field, in the heart of the Selkirk Range, is the Glacier House, at the foot of Mount Sir Donald, and close to the great glacier of the Illecillewaet.

Throughout this great new world's playground of the Canadian Rockies the climate is perfect. As in all high altitudes, the nights are cool, but the days are warm and pleasant, with plenty of sunshine and little wind or rain. In winter it is so fine and dry that it attracts many health seekers, and the sanatorium remains open throughout the year.—The Independent.

MINE AND THINE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Mine it is to hope in Thee
When I am hedged about ;
Thine to come to my relief
And bring me safely out.

Mine to trust Thy guidance while
Thick darkness still enshrouds ;
Thine to cheer with promise of
The light beyond the clouds.

Mine to carry patiently
The cross that now I bear ;

Toronto.

Thine to show the crown which soon,
If faithful, I shall wear.

Mine to love Thee dearly, though
Not yet as fain I would ;
Thine Thy great love for me to prove
By shedding of Thy blood.

Mine (with that blood my entrance bought)
One day in heaven to be ;
Thine, Lord, thenceforward, evermore
To keep me there with Thee !

Current Topics and Events.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE KING.

A PARABLE FOR THE CZAR.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

The Knights rode up with gifts for the King,
And one was a jewelled sword,
And one was a suit of golden mail,
And one was a golden Word.

He buckled the shining armor on,
And he girt the sword at his side ;

But he flung at his feet the golden Word,
And trampled it in his pride.

The armour is pierced with many spears,
And the sword is breaking in twain ;
But the Word hath risen in storm and fire,
To vanquish and to reign.



THE EDUCATION BILL AND ITS ENEMIES.

—Morning Leader, London.

An English cartoon shows the gauntlet of peril the Educational Bill has to run. High Churchman and Catholic, Secularist and Dissenter, all lie in wait to give it its coup de grace, but the bill will not down and is sure to win its way in spite of them all.

TOO LATE.

The pity of it is that the concessions of the Czar, infirm in purpose and in will, are always too late. Again and again has he missed the golden opportunity of

grappling his people to his heart with hooks of steel. When his niggard consent is given to the concessions he can no longer refuse, the psychological moment has passed. He in some respects resembles our King John, yielding only under compulsion. But, unhappily, the knights and barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John have no representatives among the factors of the future in Russia. There the analogues of knight and baron, the grand-dukes and bureaucrats, are with the Czar and against the people. It is the peasant members of the Douma and the few intellectuals, professors and editors, more familiar with the inside of a prison than of a palace, who are fighting the battles of freedom for their country.

The tug of strength goes on over an abyss, as shown in cartoons on page 196. into which both autocrat and peasant may be hurled in desperate civil war—of all wars the most horrible. "Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat," says the Latin a Jage, and truly the bureaucracy seems to be driven mad in order to its overthrow. Anything more wanton and wicked, more futile and ferocious than the recent massacre of the Jews is hard to conceive. It seems to have been



THE RISING STORM.

—Tribune.

a well-planned butchery which cannot but arouse the indignation of all civilized people.

On page 195 our cartoon shows the brutality of a government toward the Jews, who are among the most intelligent, industrious and influential of the population, while at the same time the grovelling, fawning at the feet of the Jewish money-lenders of Paris and Vienna are in striking and ignoble contrast. The best and sincerest admirers of the Czar, among them Mr. W. T. Stead, who has championed him whenever possible, are in despair and can see nothing in the future except a welter of blood in which not only the dynasty, but Russia itself may disappear. The bodiful words of a Russian noble, seem the knell of doom: "I see no way out whichever way it turns till after a slaughter of human beings on a scale unexampled in modern history." Even the cruel Cossacks, the last hope of despotism, are in revolt. Both army and navy are honeycombed with mutiny and revolt. If the Douma be much longer defied, then surely chaos will come again.

One of the things on which the Douma insists is an amnesty for the thousands of political criminals who have been exiled to Siberia and those who languish in the prisons of Russia. This is a demand which the Czar seems very unwilling to

admit yet the inexorable demand from the Douma refuses to be pacified with anything less, with the added boon of universal suffrage, freedom of speech, equality and liberty. It is hard to submit to this demand instead of listening to the glozing lies of sycophants and flatterers.

A Dutch cartoon shows the Czar futilely attempting to close the floodgates against the tide of revolution which threatens to sweep his tiny boat and destroy himself with it.

PEACE PROGRESS.

We quote from The American Friend, the journal of those peace lovers, the



[Westminster Gazette.]

THE NEW ST. AUGUSTINE.



THE RIGHT TIME.

Chorus of Boys: "Please, sir, what's the time?"
Mr. Birrell: "High time to get rid of the 'Religious Difficulty,' my boys!"

"I put together these ill-constructed sentences last Saturday in Battersca Park, a place simply swarming with children, who all seemed animated by one desire—namely, to ascertain the time from me. Although at first I found their attentions somewhat disconcerting, in a very short time I came to perceive how congruous was their presence with the whole bent and task of my thoughts. A hope, I trust not a delusive hope, stole into my breast, although I am not a sanguine man, that perhaps even this measure, after it has received, as it will receive, the full consideration and deliberations of this House, will be found a step forward in the right direction for securing to the children of this country an immunity from those quarrels which are not their quarrels but our quarrels."—Mr. Birrell, in the House of Commons, April 9.]

—Westminster Gazette.

Quaker brotherhood, in reference to the recent international conference on international arbitration at Lake Mohonk. There were present representatives of fifty organized commercial bodies including chambers of commerce in leading cities, all committed to the substitution of arbitration as a substitute for war. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the influence which they can bring to bear upon the government and upon the press, the organ of public opinion. Increased attention is also given to the subject in American schools and colleges. In one hundred and fifteen educational institutions in the United States special attention is given to the subject of arbitration.

A strong movement is on foot in the United States to tone down the belligerence of many of the school books which under the guise of patriotism have cultivated malice and uncharitableness towards the motherland, and the substitu-

tion thereof of the study of the mighty bonds of union and good will which underlie all surface differentiation between these kindred peoples.

While twenty-six governments were represented at the Hague Peace Conference of 1899, forty-seven have been invited to partake in the one which meets this fall. China and Russia have both ratified the arbitration treaty and appointed representatives to the Hague court, which now contains seventy-eight judges representing twenty-five powers. The total number of arbitration treaties signed is forty-four, an increase of fourteen during the year.

In the one hundred and twenty years of the national life of the United States there have been twelve years of peace for every year of war; in seven hundred years of Roman history there were only six years of peace, all told.

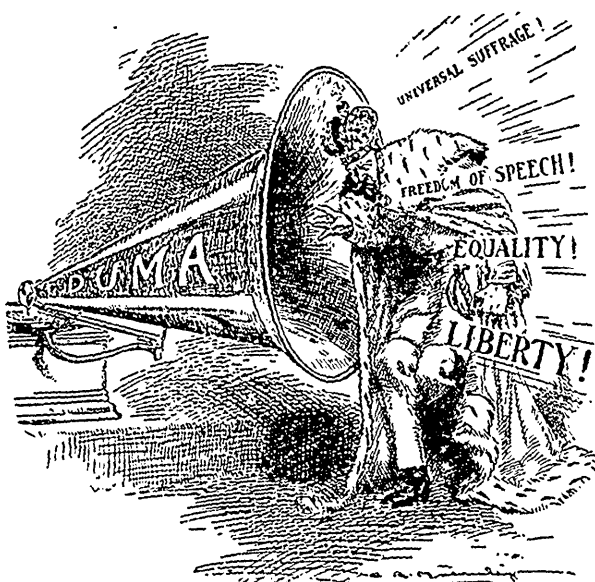
Dr. Hillis, of Brooklyn, in an eloquent address, pleaded for the substitution of peace education for war



AMNESTY.

The Czar—"Bother this Douma! Who would have thought that the cutting down of the gallows was so much harder than erecting them!"

—Humoristische Blätter (Vienna.)



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

—Macaulay in the New York World.

men's meeting, which occupied one entire evening session."

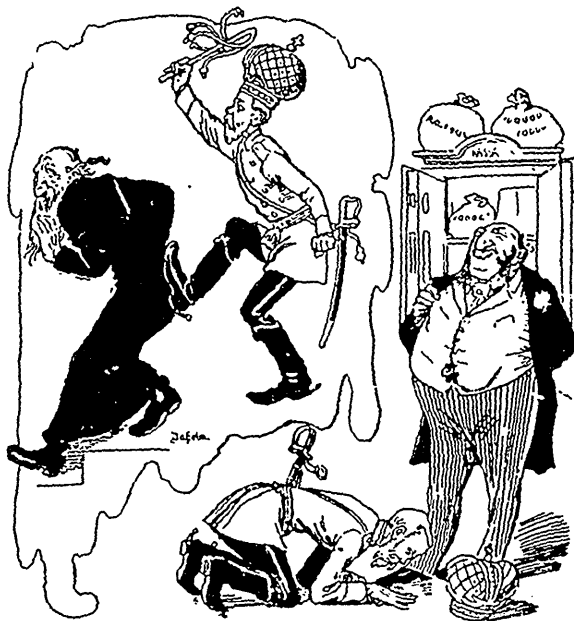
During a single season six hundred illustrated lectures on peace and war were given in French schools by the teachers; and the Boston Herald reports that in a Congress held in Lille last year an association having a membership of more than 15,000 French teachers declared formally that "the teachers are energetic disciples of peace. Their watchword is, 'War against war.'"

Instruction in history should be of a kind to show the great law of solidarity which unites all men, all the intellectual and spiritual workers of the past.

Surely no movement is more inspiring than this endeavor to teach right-

education; for histories in our schools that should exalt the victories of peace, statues in our parks to honor the heroes of peace. In many public schools prizes have been offered and successfully competed for on the value of the international arbitration and the best means of promoting it.

"Not less significant," says The Outlook, "is the fact that student interest which a quarter of a century ago was largely concentrated on physical science, is now increasingly devoted to sociological science. The incidental but important effect of trade in developing an international desire for peaceful methods of settling international disputes, and the growing sense of the importance of the Tribunal plan among business men of this and other countries, were dwelt upon by nearly all the speakers at the business



THE LITTLE FATHER AND THE JEWS.

1. At home. 2. Abroad.

—Neue Gluhlichter.



WHO WILL BACK DOWN?

—Montreal Star.

ousness and peace to children, because none more deeply and practically provides for the working out of the principles of Christ in human relations.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

A very notable event will be the meeting of the British Medical Association in Toronto in the latter part of August. Some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession of the British Isles, the United States and Canada will furnish papers and take part in the discussions. The advantage of such meetings and discussions are becoming more and more apparent. There has recently been held in Lisbon, Portugal, a convention of representatives of leading physicians of the whole world; a still larger convention, numbering five thousand, has recently been held in Boston.

The newspaper humorists choose to make merry of these gatherings of the physicians. One of them states that their patients will have a chance to recover, and has a cartoon of an invalid who with a broad grin on his face says he feels better already. But however we may like to joke at the profession when we are well, we are glad enough to send

for them when we are ill. Next to the ministry of the Gospel to the sick in soul there is no nobler ministry than that to the sick in body. Often these ministries, as in the medical missionary and not a few Christian physicians, are combined.

The doctor has not yet received adequate treatment in literature. Ian Maclaren, it is true, has immortalized Weelum MacLure: Sir Conan Doyle, himself a physician, has written his clever sketches "Under the Red Lamp," and the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" has given his "Diary of a Physician." We look for the forthcoming story, "The Doctor," by our own Canadian Ralph Connor, as paying a worthy tribute to a noble profession.

The British medical profession will be convened under thirteen sections which will meet daily from 9.30 to 1 o'clock.

The afternoons and evenings will be devoted to general meetings, to public addresses and various entertainments.

Among the distinguished visitors who are expected are Sir James Barr and Sir Hector Horsley, London, Dr. Dundas



THE RUSSIAN TUG-OF-WAR.

—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Grant and Dr. St. Clair Thompson of London, Dr. Gibson of Edinburgh, Sir William Broadbent and Dr. William Osler of Oxford, Dr. Freeland Barbour of Edinburgh, Sir Hector Clare Cameron of Glasgow, Dr. Arthur Robinson of Birmingham, Drs. Harrison, Knower and Streeter of John Hopkins, Professor Minot of Harvard, Dr. Spitzka of New York, Dr. Bensley of Chicago, Dr. Martin, Dr. Marie and Dr. Lelutte of Paris, Dr. Liceaga of Mexico, Dr. McAllister of Cambridge. Papers have also been promised by Professor Aschoff of Marbourg, Germany, Professor Junbaum, Dr. Oscar Koltz, and by a number of distinguished physicians of our own country.

Most of the discussions will necessarily be of a technical and professional character, but there will be some of great and general importance, as that on the prevention of tuberculosis, the hygiene of homes and educational and industrial institutions, international sanitary protection, water supplies, psychology, including so-called mental degeneracy, classification of insanity, and the like.

No science has made more progress in recent years than that of medicine and surgery. The revolution or supersession of old methods is simply marvellous. Aseptic surgery, the study of bacteriology and the germ theory of disease have created a new era, have made possible medical and surgical treatment of disease which were a few years ago undreamed of, have mitigated the sufferings of millions and prolonged the average of human life.

Most of the buildings of the University will be utilized in connection with this meeting. A medical and surgical museum in the second floor will occupy some twelve thousand square feet of floor space. A very large amount of this has been assigned to leading manufacturers of instruments and drugs in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. It is expected that the new convocation hall will be completed in sufficient time for the ceremonies and the official reception and of public addresses.

The hospitalities of our own Annesley Hall, Queen's Hall, Wycliffe College, the Fraternity houses and other buildings will be used for the entertainment of

guests, and many of the citizens have already offered their private hospitality. A number of social functions will grace the occasion, including an excursion to Niagara Falls, at the invitation of Sir Henry Pellatt. The splendid group of university buildings form an admirable centre for the meeting of these distinguished and learned visitors.

We have pleasure in this number in giving a presentation of two of the splendid public charities of this city, our General Hospital and the Hospital for Sick Children, visited and described by our special staff contributor. Such institutions are the outcome and glory of Christianity. In the so-called golden age of classic times in the republic of Greece, the empire of Rome, in the older empires of Egypt, Assyria, Carthage, there was no such house of mercy, there was no such kindly care and Christ-like sympathy for the sick, the suffering and the sorrowing. These are the fruit of the teachings of the good Physician who went about healing the physical as well as the moral maladies of mankind.

THE NEW GOVERNORS.

Toronto University is coming to its own at last. After long years of semi-starvation as in a very literal sense the step-son of the Government, it is now being taken to the heart of the state, and is being furnished with adequate resources and additional facilities for growth and development. The list of governors will command the approval of the country for the high grade of its members from a professional or commercial point of view. To enlist the sympathy and co-operation of these able and eminent men will give a new impetus to this provincial institution of whose past we are so proud and whose future has such a brilliant augury. The venerable mother college in the park, surrounded by her daughter institutions, will give to our city more than ever a title to the Canadian Athens. With the new hospital, the new public library, the new college buildings to be erected, it will possess one of the finest groups of educational buildings on this continent.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.

—Disraeli.

How poor are they that have not patience.

—Shakespeare.

Religious Intelligence.

STREET PREACHING.

We are glad to see the increased attention given to this old-fashioned Methodist usage. Every period of spiritual revival has been also a period of revived street preaching. It was so in the days of the great street preacher, the Founder of Christianity; so in the days of the apostles, so in the days of the Wycliffites and Lollards and preaching friars in England, and in the days of the gentle St. Francis and his followers in Umbria. Especially was it so in the days of the Wesleyan and other subsequent revivals in England. The English Methodist missionaries, led by such men as Charles Garrett, Hugh Price Hughes, T. Bowman Stephenson, Wiseman and Young, have won the people to the churches by their winsome highway ministry. The Salvation Army has set us an example in street preaching and the ministry of women we have been too slow to follow.

In connection with the recent Conferences there have been some notable street services. At the great Manitoba Conference some of the zealous young Englishmen who have inherited the street preaching traditions, went into the ring with the Salvationists and had a rousing open-air service. At the Toronto Conference some of the ministers took splendid part in a street corner service near Massey Hall, and preached and sang the Gospel to listening hundreds.

The same night the young people of Elm Street Church, accompanied by their deaconess, had an open-air service a few rods north, and at the same hour the Salvation Army friends a few rods south. It was something new to see three such services so near together at the same time. At another service the people stood patiently in the rain, not a heavy, but a steady rain, for an hour, listening with evident hunger for the Bread of Life. At a more recent service several members of the Metropolitan Church, from a lad of fourteen to a venerable saint of over eighty, including our devoted deaconess and other younger and older persons, maintained for an hour and a half an animated meeting. Three or four persons held up their hands for prayer, two of whom followed two of the missionaries to

their home for further conversation and instruction.

For some weeks a number of the Metropolitan young people have met for a song service in Rosedale at seven o'clock in the morning, and at another in the church parlors after the evening preaching. They have arranged to adjourn the latter to the open air, and sing the Gospel in the street to the passers-by.

One can reach multitudes in this way we can reach in no other way. It gives an opportunity for personal work and conversation with the strangers in our city, many of whom are glad to hear the old songs of their fatherland and to listen to the word of welcome and of cheer. Some of these recount with pleasure the effort made for the P.S.A., the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Association, which gathers men in by the thousand in the English cities for the study of the Word of God.

One good brother gave valuable help, who had been for seven years a street preacher in San Francisco. He had often preached in front of the Call Building, whose ruined tower is in every picture of the earthquake shaken city. Here he was mobbed by the sons of Belial, who resented his faithful mission, but he says, "I learned from the tactics of the Salvation Army not to let the mob get me under their feet or else I'd be done for, but to climb up on their shoulders." And by his faithfulness and zeal he conquered the mob, or rather the Lord did it for him.

In Canada there is no such good luck as encountering a little wholesome opposition or persecution, rather the woe of those of whom all men speak well. But with the humble effort of these young people to speak a word for the Master comes a great and abounding joy. At first it requires a little effort to stand at the street corner and address the passing crowd, but that soon wears off. It is like the pause before the plunge into a sea-bath, it causes a slight shock at first, but is followed by an invigorating rejuvenescence.

We would like to see at all our Conferences such open-air services organized. It would emphasize the spiritual side of the

Conference week, it would be a demonstration to the people that the Conference is intensely in earnest. It would be a training in this aggressive kind of warfare, and would be owned and blessed of God to the salvation of souls. We trust that the programme committee for next year will arrange on still wider scale for a series of such street services.

Sometimes the hearers' goodwill is shown by their tossing a dime or quarter or more into the ring. But it is easy to say that we are not preaching or singing for money. Rather more embarrassing is it when a half-drunk fellow leaps into the ring and says that he will knock the head off any one who says the speaker or singer is not a lady. But a little tact can turn even such championship to good account.

A NEEDLESS FEAR.

A great deal of discussion has arisen over the proposal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for a re-statement of doctrine as held by the people called Methodists. It declared that the standards of Methodism as contained in Wesley's Twenty-Five Articles of Religion and Fifty-Two Sermons and Notes "are not comprehensive, concise and definite enough for present needs." It proposes that a commission on the subject be appointed to confer with commissions of other Methodist Churches to prepare a new statement of doctrine before the Ecumenical Conference of 1911. The resolution was moved by Dr. Tillet, Dean of the School of Theology of Vanderbilt University, but was stoutly opposed by a number of leading men, including Bishops Wilson, Candler and Hoss, but was supported by Bishop Hendricks, and was carried by a large majority. The dissidents met and passed a resolution protesting against what they conceived to be a revolutionary action. The Methodist Times admits that theoretically a great deal may be said in favor of the proposal, especially on the score of honesty, but practically it is convinced that any attempt at definition just now would be inexpedient. Every Methodist Church now allows certain latitude to its ministers and people on points of doctrine so long as the substance is accepted. That substance has been clearly stated in the Free Church

catechism adopted by the leading Non-conformist bodies in England.

We do not think that Ecumenical Methodism need be afraid of any re-statement of doctrine on which the representatives of its several Churches may agree. We in Canada here have solved a much more difficult problem in preparing a statement which was acceptable to the wise and godly representatives of three Churches much wider apart in their hereditary creed than the different branches of Methodism, and prepared a re-statement of doctrine which has been the admiration of all who have given it candid study. John Wesley claimed the right to revise the Thirty-nine Articles, and rejected more than one-third of them. Why should the dead hand of John Wesley or any one else fetter from growth the great Church which under God's blessing has spread over well-nigh the whole world?

A GREAT CANADIAN WRITER.

The death of Mr. William Kirby, F.R.S.C., Niagara Falls, in his eighty-ninth year, removes one of the most distinguished writers of our country. His "Chien d'Or" is distinctly the foremost work of fiction written in Canada. It is thoroughly Canadian in subject, describing the welter of chaos, confusion and corruption which prepared the way for the conquest of New France by old England. We had the pleasure of reading this great story in fifteen manuscript volumes before its publication, and many of Mr. Kirby's Canadian idyls, his "Dead Sea Roses," "The Hungry Year," "Spini Christi," "The Bells of Kirby Whiske," appeared for the first time in this magazine.

Mr. Kirby was a very remarkable man. Descended from an old Yorkshire family, he was intensely loyal to the Old Land and to British institutions. Largely self educated, he became an excellent classical scholar, read and wrote French like a native and had acquaintance with several modern languages. He had at one time projected a U. E. Loyalist prose story, but this he never carried into execution. For twenty years he was the editor of the Niagara Mail, and for many more was customs officer at the ancient town. He was a man of patriarchal appearance and benignant character. His writings reflect distinguished honor on the man and his country.

Book Notices.

"Kid McGhie." By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. 400.

In this book Mr. Crockett reverts to the style of one of his earlier and most popular books, "Kit Kennedy." His studies of boy life are exceedingly clever. Kid McGhie, the son of the degenerate head of his clan, is trained like Oliver Twist in the school of crime, is taken with his pals in the act of burglary, sent to a reformatory where he is really reformed, and has in him the making of a splendid man. The finest character in the book is Archibald Molesay, city missionary, who converts a rum-hole into a successful mission, and by the spell of a Christ-like life wins the love and confidence of the roughs and toughs and thieves of the Cowgate. The book has its close relations with Canadian life. Hearne Mackenzie, the son of Lord Athabasca, North-West fur trader, becomes his father's rival for the affections of the heroine of the story, a very queer and complicated situation. But we must let the reader unravel it for himself.

"Students and the Modern Missionary Crusade." Addresses delivered before the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Nashville, Tennessee, February 28 to March 4, 1906. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-713. Price, \$1.50.

Many thousands of students from most of the universities of this continent were present at the great convention at Nashville last February. For them this goodly volume of over seven hundred closely printed pages will be a delightful souvenir of the stirring addresses, some of which they heard, for no man could hear them all. To the many thousands more who were unable to be present this book will be a substitute of no small value. The scores of addresses, discussions and questions of the various sessions are reported substantially as they were uttered; sometimes in the report of the sectional meetings some condensation has been unavoidably demanded. It is a perfect treasure-house of information on all that pertains to missionary evangelism, and is so well indexed that it will be a suitable book of reference for many a long

year. A fine missionary bibliography is also presented.

"In the Shadow of the Pines." A Tale of Tidewater Virginia. By John Hamilton Howard. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 249. Price, \$1.25.

The region described in this story is that made classic for ever by Mrs. Stowe's "Dred, a tale of the Dismal Swamp," and by Moore's and Longfellow's poems. It is the region where the slaves took refuge during the bad, sad slavery days and where so many of them found their death, while some of them found freedom. Even to the present day this vast jungle has never been thoroughly explored. The stories of later days show that a new interest is given to this region, from the fact that the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, has been celebrated by a national exposition on the spot. As the Jew is coming by thousands to our shores so he is finding his way even into literature, not as the miserable Shylock or Fagin, but as the sincere and conscientious keeper of the Sabbath—and of everything else he can lay his hands on.

"The Passenger from Calais." By Arthur Griffiths. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

This is a brightly-written and exciting story of the adventures of Lady Blackadder in her efforts to escape with her infant son, the custody of whom had been given by law to her husband. The efforts of her sister and a certain Colonel Annesley to assist her make her saviors decidedly of the "detective story."

A large, well equipped and well endowed institution, the Henry Phipps Institute, has been established in Philadelphia for the study and cure of tuberculosis. From the exhaustive and scientific investigation of this important subject, we may expect marked advance in its treatment. Indeed, it is already affirmed that the germ has been isolated and that methods of immunization have been discovered. This book of four hundred and fifty large octavo pages gives the result of the second year's research at this institute.