

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

JAPAN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Apart from all,
"Child of the World's Old Age,"
Heedful of naught beyond the billowy wall
That closely girt her island hermitage,—
She pondered still, with half-awakened look,
The early lessons of the great World-book,
Nor cared to turn the page.

But a new dread
Possessed her. To invoke
Aid of her gods she tried,—uncomforted
That countless barrier-waves about her broke;
And when, with bold command, in Yeddo bay
A squadron anchored,—oh, prodigious day!—
The Orient awoke.

Tho one long blind,
At first in fruitless quest
Must grope her course, yet, with enlarging mind,
She quickly clearer saw; and from her breast
Sent forth brave sons—of her strange hunger
taught—
Who, one by one returning, to her brought
The wisdom of the West.

Then we beheld,
With awe and wonderment,
Goliath by this stripling nation felled,
Which—rising by no tedious ascent—
Swift as the upward flight of wind-swept flame,
Leapt from obscurity to dazzling fame,—
Star of the Orient!

Yet has she won
Sublimier victories,
Who, high enlightened all excess to shun,
Has not exacted final penalties,
Nor forced a brave and fallen foe to drain
Humiliation's brimming cup of pain,
Down to the poisoned lees.

In lieu of things
Ephemeral—less worth,
She has revealed the sweep of her strong wings:
Has gained the suffrage of the grateful earth;
Choosing to give herself, as war departs,—
Destructive war,—to the enduring Arts,
Which were her own at birth.

This is her Day!
War-clouds no longer lower
Above her, in her sun's resplendent ray
Revealed,—as wise as dead: for not that hour
When, once impregnable, Port Arthur fell,
Nor that of which a vanished fleet might tell,
So loud proclaimed her power!

O, great Japan!
Who, staying griefs appalling,
Hast shown thyself magnanimous to man,—
The World, that long has felt thy charm en-
thralling,
Has laid full many laurels on thy brow;
But with a new, diviner accent now
She hears the East a-calling!

—*The Independent.*

RUSSIA, ARISE!

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

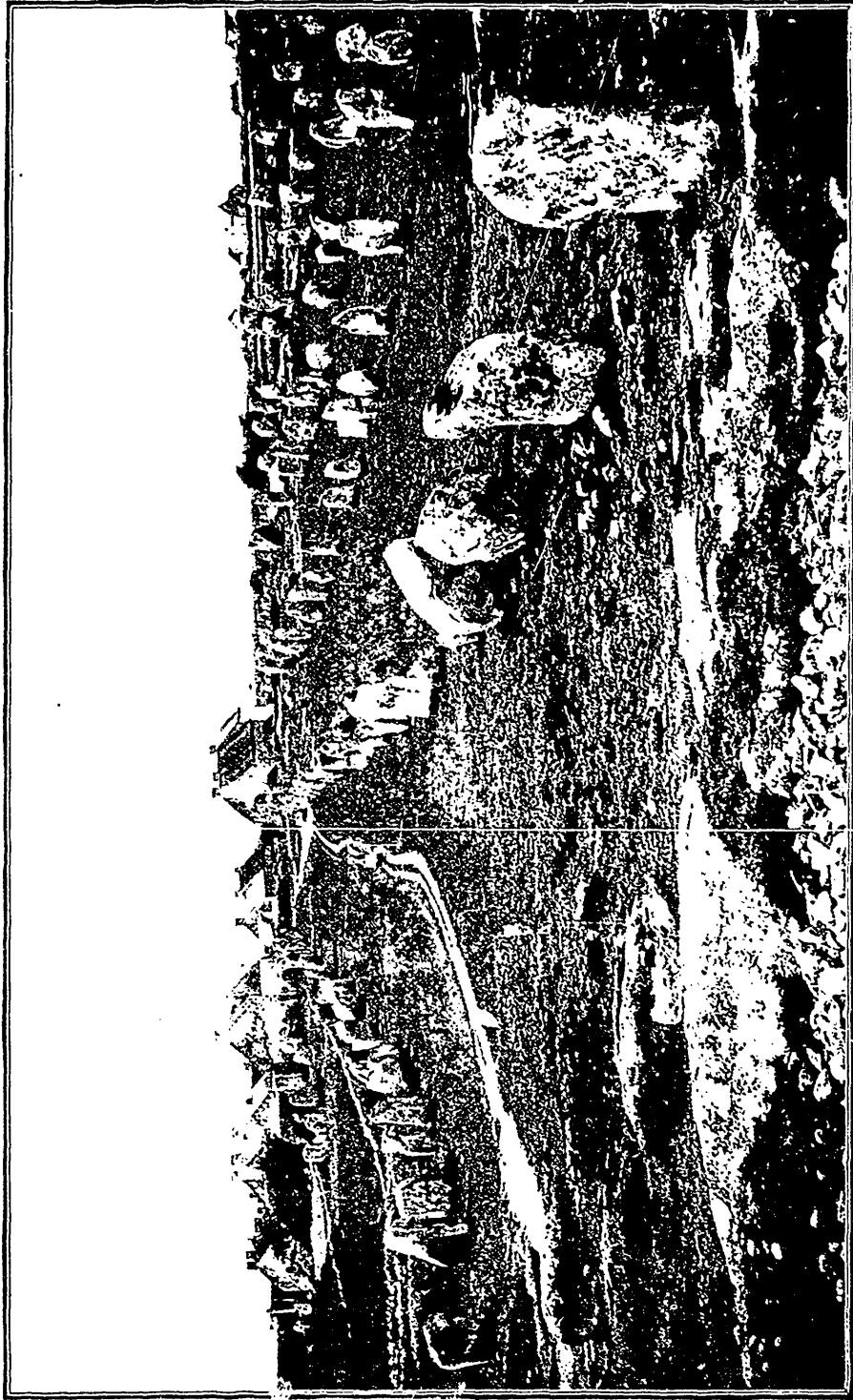
Rise, Russia, to the great hour rise.
The dead are looking from the skies!
And God's hand, terrible with light,
Up-reaching from the arctic night,
Writes on the North with torch of fire—
Writes in one word the world's desire—
Writes awfully the Word of Man
Across the vast auroral span—
Writes "Freedom!" that shall topple kings
And shake to dust their treasonings.

Because the gibbet and the chain
Scatter thy blood, a sacred rain;
Because thou hast a soul all fire
Under the hoof-marks and the mire;
Because thou hast a dream burned white
By many sorrows of the night;
Because thy grief has paid the price,
Paid it in tears and paid it thrice—

Therefore all great souls surge to thee,
The blown white billows of one sea;
Therefore thy spirit shall prevail,
For in thy failure God shall fail!

This is the hour; awake, arise!
A whisper on the Volga flies;
A wild hope on the Baltic leaps,
A terror over the Neva creeps;
A joy is on the trail that goes
Reddening the white Siberian snows;
The cliffs of Caucasus are stirred
With the glad wonder of a word;
The white wave of the Caspian speaks,
And Ural answers from her peaks.
The Kremlin bells in all their towers
Wait trembling for the Hour of hours,
When they shall cry the People's will—
Cry Marathon and Bunker Hill!

—*From Appleton's Magazine.*



THE CELTIC REMAINS OF MESEC AT CARRAC, WITH 874 STONES IN ONE FIELD.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1906.

THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY AND CORNWALL.

BY FRANK VEIGH.



THE LANYON CROMLECH IN CORNWALL.



THE French province of Brittany is dotted with thousands of strange stones, of all sizes and shapes. There is scarcely a parish in the whole country that does not boast of one or more of these reminders of a pre-historic people and their mysterious religion, and the fact that so little is definitely known regarding them only serves to arouse one's curiosity. The great number still standing are, moreover, but a tithe of the total that once covered the land, for where hundreds are intact, thousands have no doubt

been destroyed during the centuries. It goes to prove that Brittany was once densely populated by a strange and yet virile race, the only traces of which are these curious obelisks, of natural boulders, which are still held in superstitious awe by many of the peasants.

According to some scholars, these early Europeans were known as the Iberian race, which originally came from Asia, crossed the Caucasus to Southern Russia, making their way northward to the Baltic and the Low Countries and thence to the British Isles. Another branch apparently swept the shores of the English Channel, occupying Brittany, Spain and



THE DOLMEN OF CRUCUNO, BRITTANY.

Portugal, and entering Africa at the Straits of Gibraltar. The Gauls, at some remote period, conquered these Iberian emigrants, and remained their masters until the Roman domination of the Gaul. In the fifth and sixth centuries Brittany was again overrun with swarms of emigrants from Britain. This part of France was then called Armorica, the Armorian tribes being of Celtic origin. Traces of the Iberian, Gaulish, Celtic, Roman and British occupation are still observable in Brittany.

Why did these Iberians, or later, Celts, erect so many granite monuments? In seeking for an answer one finds that even scholars disagree; indeed, according to a recent writer, "historians and archæologists of the present day do not profess to know nearly as much about the Druids or Celts as did those who wrote concerning them in a previous generation." Baring-Gould, one of the latest writers on the subject, is of the opinion that the religion of these remarkable people consisted of the worship of ancestors. The grave was to them the most sacred spot on earth, the centre of the tribe. The spirit of

the dead was supposed to animate the stones erected to their memory, and to expect that suitable sacrifices should be offered at their tombs. There were deities as well, such as the Goddess of Death, whose image is carved on certain sepulchres. Baring-Gould holds, therefore, that all these Brittany monuments had to do with the worship of the dead. Others think that, in addition, the lines or circles of standing stones marked the boundaries of sanctuary or proprietary rights.

The remnants of these ancient landmarks are of several kinds. The chief form is known as the dolemen (from *taal* a table and *men* a stone) —an unhewn table supported by several upright pillars, forming sepulchral chambers, which were family or tribal ossuaries. The dead were laid in them with their weapons of polished stone or bronze and with their personal ornaments, many specimens of which have been discovered. In some cases there are long lines of these rough boulders, constituting covered walks from sixty to eighty feet in length. A fine specimen of a single dolemen is the one



A BRITTANY MENHIR CONVERTED INTO A CALVARY.

at Kergavat, in Brittany, illustrating the tremendous weight represented in the upper stone. The dolmens of Marie Remor, of the Madelaine and of Crucuno are also striking examples, while the series of three at Keriaval represent a succession of altars or tombs. In certain of these cairns, the walls are marked by hieroglyphics and thus far have baffled the efforts of scholars to decipher. A "kistvaen" is a type of dolmen enclosed at one or both ends.

The menhir is a single upright monolith, often standing in an isolated corner. They are of varying height, the loftiest in all Brittany being the one at Plouarzel, forty-two feet high. The one at Locmariaquer was the highest, before it fell and broke, as shown in the illustration, having been shattered by a stroke of lightning. It is estimated that this monster weighs 342 tons! How these masses of stone were brought

from a distance, or how they were raised to their upright position, is as great a mystery as the purpose they were intended to serve.

The alignment is a series of parallel rows of inverted upright stones, probably erected in honour of a dead chief, each household contributing a stone, just as the Bedouin of to-day, when he visits the shrine of a Moslem saint, erects a block of stone as an act of worship.

The alignments of Carnac, in Lower Brittany, are unequalled in size and number in the world. For one such stone to be found in the British Isles or elsewhere in Europe, there are hundreds of these mega-



THE GIANT MENHIR OF MENEC AT CARNAC IN LOWER BRITTANY.



THE GREAT MENHIR AT LOCMARIAQUER IN BRITTANY. BEFORE IT WAS SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING IT WAS 64 FEET HIGH.

lithic monuments in Brittany. They stand in the centre of a dreary archipelago known as the Morbihan, the wildest and oldest part of France, and at one time the chief centre of the Celtic population. Great and many as they are to-day—over four thousand in the one district—these stones are but the remnants of what originally stood there, hundreds having been mutilated or destroyed during all the disastrous wars that have swept over France since the early centuries.

The journey to Carnac takes one by railway from the old town of Auray to a little hamlet called Plouharnel, where two modes of conveyance await the tourist: a little narrow-gauge tram-line, or an old diligence of the last century, with a horse of the vintage of 1775. The poor beast proved to be as slow as its driver, and the vehicle as disjointed and noisy as its age indicated. On either side of the white roadway every field of grain had its Celtic stone, but we drove past them to the village of Carnac, where the pilgrimage church of St. Cornelius blocks up the main street. A statue of the Saint stands above the main door-

way, with carved figures of cattle to his right and left. Here once a year, on the thirteenth of September, a curious *fête Dieu* is held, in which cattle, garlanded with flowers, are driven to the shrine of the Saint, where they are duly blessed. Afterward, offerings of live cattle are made to the Saint. In the same vicinity is a typical wayside well and shrine, where the same Saint is worshipped by the peasants.

Continuing our journey we ascended a hill, known locally as *Mont St. Michel*, from the summit of which a panoramic view was had of a wide area of country. Almost at one's feet stretched the famous Carnac prehistoric monuments, forming long avenues or rows a mile and a quarter in length, and comprising inverted stones ranging from one monster, eighteen feet in height, called the giant Menhir of Menec, to boulders scarce three feet high. Over two thousand of the four thousand that exist in the commune are visible from this altitude—the alignments of Menec with 874 upright pieces of granite; Kermario with 855, and Kerlescan with 262. The three groups of stone streets end in stone circles or cromlechs. To the south



REMAINS OF A DRUIDICAL CIRCLE AT BOSCAWEN IN CORNWALL. THIS IS KNOWN AS THE NINETEEN MAIDENS.

glimmered the sea, the surf beating on the desolate coast and the cold wind sweeping over the low, barren moor. Here and there a Brittany farmhouse, with its cluster of steep-roofed buildings, made a human centre of interest in contrast to the weird reminders of a dead people and a forgotten civilization with which they were surrounded. As one gazed on the unusual scene, the wish was created that the curtain of Time might roll back long enough to reveal the mysteries of the strange folk that once peopled these plains and lived their brief day of life—a people, one may imagine, not unlike those of the Orient, who still erect great dolmens as mausoleums of the dead, and set up menhirs as memorials of their departed great.

The time came when Christianity swept over western Europe, and the crude ancestor worship of these primitive people gave place to the symbol of the Cross. One may see evidences of the transition among the Carnac megaliths. Crosses are cut on menhirs and dolmens have been turned into chapels. At Plouaret the Chapel of the Seven Saints (of Brittany) is an old dolmen changed to its new uses. Images of the Virgin are attached to

other menhirs, and not a few of the wayside calvaries are former stone monuments. Specimens of these religious anomalies are frequent.

Returning to the Carnac avenues, a band of ragged children, whose wooden sabots clattered noisily over the cobblestones, acted as guides and greedily fought for the sous that were tossed to them. One large field of monuments was entered through a gate of small boulders, which were carefully lifted down and as laboriously replaced in position as we made our way to the Menec group. Beyond lay the farm of Kermario, the upright stones ending in a large circle similar to the Stonehenge group in England. The Erdeven group, on the other hand, terminated in a circular hillock crowned by two dolmens. If the theories of Baring-Gould are correct that each stone thus erected represented a male member of an ancient tribe, then these hundreds of pillars tell of tribes of numerical strength and wide influence. Yet they have disappeared from the scene as completely as the Neutral Nation of red men from the Niagara peninsula of Canada. Only a stray legend remains. As the Wiltshire peasant holds that

the devil brought Stonehenge from Ireland, so the Breton believes that the Menhirs of Carnac are pagan soldiers who, while in pursuit of Saint Cornelius, were turned to stone at the instance of the holy man, at the very moment when he could flee no farther because of the sea before him. Thus the patron saint of Carnac was miraculously saved from his heathen enemy.

Druidical remains are also found in the British Isles. Dartmoor can boast



A "HOLED" DRUIDICAL STONE IN CORNWALL. PARENTS USED TO PASS THEIR CHILDREN THROUGH THIS TO CURE THEM OF "CRICK IN THE BACK."

of twenty-five stone rows, all radiating from a tomb. In one instance, where three bodies had been buried in one cairn, three rows of menhirs start from the same mound. In other tombs there are signs that the bodies were burned, pointing to a system of cremation long antedating the modern method. Such a spot as the Dartmoor group, as well as Stonehenge, probably served as gathering places for the clans in connection with their funeral rites or pagan feasts.

The fact that the ancient Breton language is akin to the Welsh and the now extinct Cornish tongue, accounts for the existence of many Celtic circles and mounds in Cornwall, such as the famous Men-an-tol, with its local belief that leads parents to pass their children through the round stone as a cure for a crick in the back! There is also the group known as the Nineteen Maidens, the Lanyon cromlech, and other remains. An ancient "kistvaen," or dolmen, was accidentally uncarthed not long ago near Harlyn Bay in Cornwall, revealing, as shown in the photograph, a stone grave with the bones of a man lying on his side and with his knees bent.

Strange hut circles are also to be seen on Exmoor and on the downs and wolds near Whitby and Marlborough. At Abury too the avenues of huge stones and great circular earthworks tell of the dark and bloody superstitions of their devotees, who gazed awe-stricken on the sacrificial fires glowing in the darkness from the centre of the temple and on the forms of the white-robed priests. Sepulchral barrows further abound in England as memorials of loyal reverence for dead chieftains. And so in Ireland and in Scotland, as well as in Scandinavia, we of the twentieth century may gaze upon the cromlechs and tombs and temples and circles beneath which, as in the Roman Catacombs, "there sleeps a vanished world."

"Dartmoor," says a writer in the *Aldersgate Magazine*, "has a history of its own not read in books, for it was not taken into account when Domesday Book was written, and not afforested until the twelfth century. It is unrivalled for its rude stones, whose silence is bewildering. It has its menhirs or upright stones, its lines or avenues, its circles, huts, trackways and pounds. Probably the antiquary is right in his conjecture that the hut rings were the foundations of rude dwellings in which the Celts dwelt when pushed back by the Saxons.

"On the tors are many huge stones with hollowed surfaces and in connection with

these the battle of the antiquary and geologist has been fought. The antiquary sees in them Druid temples and altar stones as at Stonehenge, in which the priest caught the blood of the victim or collected the rain of heaven for his magical rites.

"The geologist sees only the work of nature weathering and shaping the granite boulders into basin-like form. And applying his science also to the rocking, or logan-stones, so skilfully balanced, as for instance the Nut-Crackers at Lustleigh, declare that nature only is responsible for jointing and balancing the granite in such fantastical and mechanical forms. Of all the sights of Dartmoor nothing commands attention more than the tors that adorn the crest of the hills. They take on all kinds of shapes and are suggestive of the work of the mythical Cyclops, so magnificently are the rocks piled one upon another. Mention may be made

of Hey-Tor about 1,500 feet above the sea level and a favorite moorland resort. The granite of which London Bridge was constructed was quarried here, and it is interesting to trace the remains of the tramway, made of granite, winding down the slopes for many miles, along which the stones were taken to the barges in the Teign and shipped to the metropolis.

"Hound-Tor is suggestive of hounds in full cry for their quarry and is a striking feature of the landscape. Bowerman's Nose, well-nigh fifty feet in height, stands out boldly on the moor. Fancy has played about this strange work of nature and seen in it a deity to whom our forefathers paid homage. Carrington, the moorland poet, sings :

" High it towers
Above the hill's bold brow, and seen from far
Assumes the human form ; a granite god."



THE LEGEND OF THE BIRDS.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

In the Rabbits' book of lore,
Out of many a precious store,
Written down in days of old,
You may find this legend told.

When the Lord God made the birds
It was spring in Eden garden ;
Every stream did leap and sing,
All the flowers were blossoming ;
At the gate stood yet no warden.

So the Lord God made the birds,
One by one, of every feather ;
Gave them beauty, strength, and song,
But no wings. A lowly throng,
Meek they walked the earth together.

Then the Lord God fashioned wings,
Called the birds, and bade them hearken :
" Bear these loads through all the day,"

Thus he said, " nor, weary, lay
Aught aside when night shall darken."

And the birds, obedient—
Not the smallest was unwilling—
Raised their burdens with delight,
Bore them, singing, day and night,
Every one His word fulfilling.

But a wondrous thing befell !
For the weights they wore, untiring,
To their shoulders joined at last,
Buoyed them up against the blast,
To the blue of heaven aspiring !

For the soul that, toiling, sings,
Care and labor grow to wings
Lifting up to heavenly reaches !
This the Rabbits' wisdom teaches.

A VISIT TO THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

BY ROBERT M'LEOD.



THORSHAVEN.



THE Faröe islands number some twenty, of which two-thirds are inhabited. They are deeply indented by long fiords stretching far inland, and are separated by channels varying in width from a cable-length to four or five miles. Through these straits the tide runs madly, the narrows are full of sunken rocks, and dangerous for navigation. The islands are quite away from the beaten track of the tourist, standing out of the North Atlantic Ocean, about 300 miles from the Scandinavian coast, 200 north of the Shetlands. They are well worth a visit; their interest lying mainly in the magnificent rock scenery, and in the brave and primitive people,—fish-

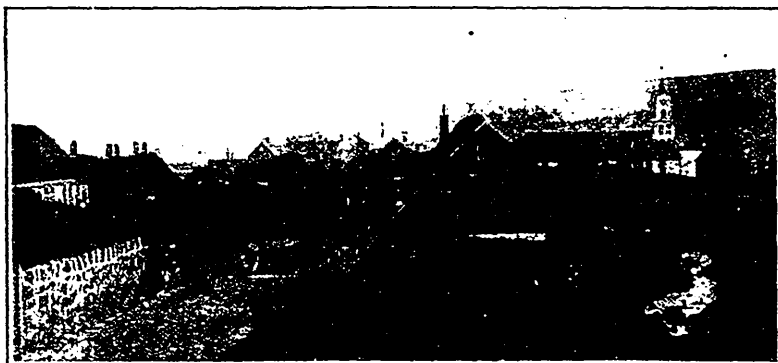
ermen, farmers and bird-catchers—numbering some 12,000, who find a home in the small towns and villages built in sheltered coves, under the shadow of mountain masses, and in the lonely sheep-farms studding the moors and straths.

Lovers of untamed Nature in her stern solitudes will find here an ideal place for a holiday. For here are seas,

“Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound;”

Or “thundering against sable island fortresses.”

Here are lakes where the angler may ply his art all the long summer day with huge success; here are rock-girdled bays swarming with fish, and visited by schools of black whales in the perilous hunting of which he may share; and here are soaring scarped cliffs from 1,000 to 1,800 feet high,



A STREET IN THORSHAVEN.

and craggy islets, where vast flocks of sea-birds nest and rear their young, and

“ Display their pinions to the light,
And dart and wheel with sudden cry,
Or drop like snow-flakes from the sky.”

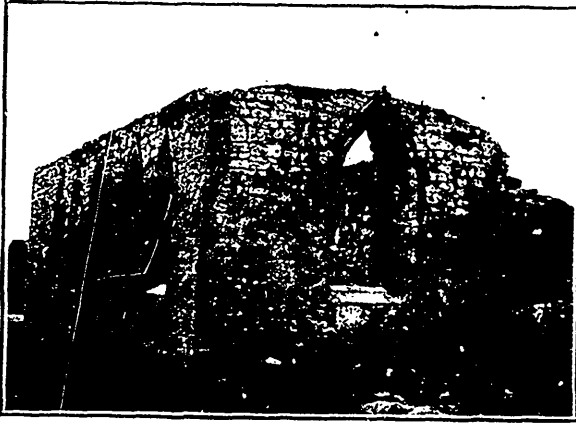
The student, too, will find here an interesting field of investigation in the volcanic structure of the islands, and in their flora and vi-fauna.

At Leith, we catch the Danish mail steamer that calls at the Farøes on her way from Copenhagen to Iceland, and after nearly two days rolling and plunging in the uneasy North Atlantic swell, we sight the most southerly of the group, Suderøe with its rugged hills. These islands, generally speaking, consist of a congeries of conical heights, some of which rise 2,200 feet above the sea, and are so steep near the summits that no earth can rest on their wind and rain-swept sides. In severe winters they are snow-clad, save where their glassy shoulders refuse to hold the white mantle; the lower cones, seen from the loftier ones resemble the tents of a military camp pitched on a wild plain. We might imagine that the war-like gods of the old Norse mythology had here their rendezvous.

Soon we are close under the sha-

dow of the island, and anchor opposite Trangjisvaag. From the deck of the steamer, we get our first glimpse of a Farøese town, with its feet in the sea, and with bare, cloud-capped heights at its back. The boats that put off to us are of the old Norse type—lightly constructed, sharp at both ends with high prows, low amid-ships with plenty of beam; not clumsy, lumbering craft, but modelled on yacht-like lines, reminding us of the boats of the Manx fishermen, and illustrating the kinship of the people of Man with those of the Islands of the North Atlantic. These boats are propelled by from five to ten oars, and, when used for fishing, venture as far as twenty or thirty miles out into the open seas.

As to the boatmen they are of the race of the Vikings, not slow and heavy like the boatmen of Dutch and German sea-ports, but tall, broad-shouldered, lithe, with the spring of the bow, and the strength of the oak in their arms. They have blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy, sun-and-sea-browned faces, and well-defined features. The forehead is high, the mouth firm, and there is no fuss in their bearing. They are quiet, sedate, sure of themselves. The discipline of the sea



REINS OF CHURCH, THORSHAVEN.

has perfected their physical equipment. Their dress is not wanting in picturesqueness. There is a touch of red in their blue caps. Their jackets and knickerbockers are of home-spun, home-wove cloth, of the brown color of the native sheep, or in some cases, of home-cured and tanned leather, and are set off with gilt buttons. Dear is the glitter of bright metals to primitive folk!

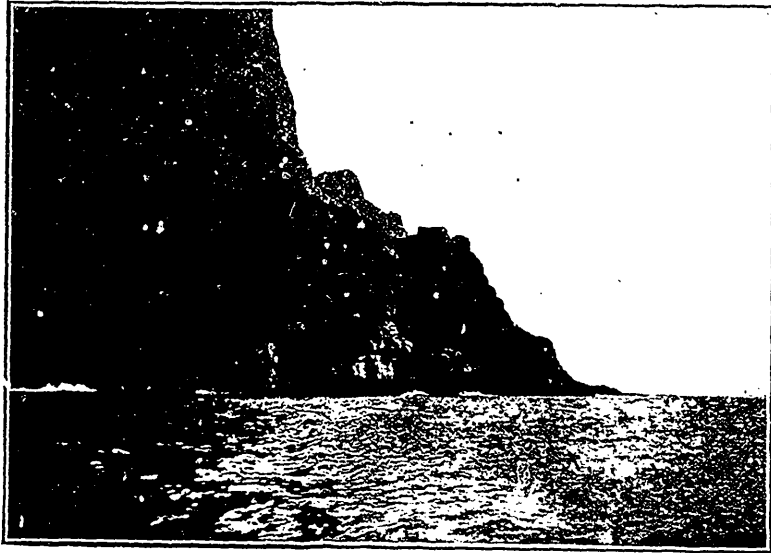
Proceeding, we skirt a coast of indescribable grandeur, splintered and torn and moulded into strangely rugged and fantastic forms by the awful sea-cataracts that smite it with overwhelming force, when roaring hurricanes from the Atlantic sweep in desolating fury over these islands. And this is but a sample of the coasts of this storm-fretted Archipelago. Everywhere the same stupendous phenomena meet the eye. Here are detached rocks of all conceivable shapes,—lofty minarets, pyramidal masses, castellated fortresses, colossal statues, like the Giant and his Wife, rising 240 feet out of the water at the north-west end of Osteröe, or the Monk, south of Suderöe, and figures resembling ships under full sail.

The extremities of the islands push

out their immense jaws, black, serrated, murderous, into the sea. Basaltic columns in serried ranks, standing up perpendicularly out of the sea, or leaning obliquely like huge buttresses against the coast, or lying horizontally on the shore, are a distinctive feature of the Faröes. Now they are twisted into grotesque forms, now they rise in graceful spirals; now they are splintered ruins, now they bear on their lofty

capitals natural arches, the entrance to seal-haunted caverns. Walls of basalt 1,200 feet high stand off from the coast and in line with it; the water lapping in calm, or raging in storm, as it ebbs and flows at the base of the grim precipices that frown at each other, and are the haunts of countless sea-fowl, every ledge and cranny and crag being crowded with them.

We pass the Dimon Islands. Little Dimon, a scarred and rifted pinnacle, with ragged cliffs and slippery grass-slopes where pasture a few miserable unshepherded sheep, and Great Dimon, a scarred and rifted pinnacle, pregnable and practically inaccessible. When the clergyman visits this island he has to be hoisted up by a rope. A few people reside here, tending their sheep, fowling, and collecting sea-birds' eggs. Their life is imprisonment, for they have no boat and no landing place. Myriads of birds nest here, darkening the very sky when they are disturbed. Sixty thousand eggs are gathered annually from the precipices and rock-shelves of this island alone. For the perilous work of fowling and egg-collecting, steadiness of nerve, coolness and daring are essential. To hang over the face of a



OCEAN CLIFF, THORSHAVEN.

gigantic cliff suspended by the waist, or sitting on a woollen band passed round the thighs and attached to the rope, from one hundred to three hundred fathoms long, to be lowered or hauled up by half a dozen comrades, as the fowler may direct, by means of the smaller signal line, while, with a stick armed with a strong hook he drags the screaming, fluttering puffin out of its burrow, wrings its neck, and fastens it to his belt, the sea hundreds of feet below churning and champing into foam—this is a sufficiently stringent test of a man's mettle

Sometimes the fowler employs a net fastened to a long pole. Standing on a cliff-edge, or swinging in the air, he alarms the birds out of their resting-places. Instantly he is enveloped in a cloud of frightened avians that make the air resonant with their clamour. They buffet him with their wings. He is absolutely cool. A slip, a false step, the loss of his balance would mean a fatal fall into the dizzy

depths. He dexterously casts his net into the aerial ocean, and brings in a struggling bird, which is quickly despatched, and strung to his waist. This process is repeated until his burden of lovely strangled things is as large as he can safely bear. He may, in this way, catch from two hundred to four hundred birds in a single day.

When the cliff overhangs and the rope drops clear of the bird-haunted shelves, the fowler swings himself, with the aid of his pole, under the projecting rock to the crag or cavity some thirty or forty feet away, where the birds are perched, and there securing a footing, pursues his task. Sometimes a small line is fastened to the end of the suspended rope, and is seized by a man in a boat far below, who sways from rock to rock the fowler as he may require, the pendulous motion extending, it may be, one hundred feet from the perpendicular. At other times the bird-hunter works from the base of the cliff, climbing with the assistance of one companion

to whom he is roped, to appalling heights, where the unwary birds are easily caught.

The destruction of bird-life throughout the Faröes is prodigious, and we cannot but ask, What will be the end of this slaughter? There is some excuse for it, no doubt, as the birds are killed not wantonly, but for food, and for the revenue which the sale of their feathers produces. Still we deplore it.

Steaming up Naalsöe fiord we reach Thorshaven, the principal town in the Island of Stromnøe, and the capital of the group. Thorshaven is placed on the seaward margin of moorland, that projects into the bay, and is guarded to right and left by cliffs that rise sheer about a thousand feet. A strong fort frowns on the right. Landing in a boat that flies the Danish ensign, we find a town resembling Newbyn West, or St. Ives, in Cornwall, where every man has built according to his own sweet will, and has thus contributed towards the creation of a maze, on a large scale. There is little order, little symmetry, but there is the quaintness loved by the artist.

The houses are chiefly of wood, with a few substantial stone buildings. The Governor has succeeded in encompassing his residence with sheltering shrubs and trees, and gardens that in summer are gay with flowers. And this is almost the only bit of woodland in Stromnøe. Formerly the valleys and lower hills were covered with juniper, now this tree is found chiefly buried in the peat-bogs, having all but died out. The islands are practically treeless.

Outside the town there are no proper roads, and this is true of the Faröes generally. There are mere tracks leading to the hill farms and adjacent coast villages.

As it is impracticable in this brief paper to chronicle a tourist's wander-

ings through island after island, we must deal with some features more or less common to all.

Inland there are many tarns, and some lakes of considerable size. The Island of Vaagöe contains the largest Sorvaagsvatre, which is three miles long by half a mile wide. There is good fishing in the lakes, and in the streams. The latter are impetuous in their flow, as they rush down through the steep valleys. They are utilized to drive small mills. The cascades and waterfalls are numerous and in this region of storms the larger ones are at times extremely beautiful. When the winds take the spray as it falls over the bare rock, and lift it into the air, transforming it into vapor, the sun paints on the mist rainbows of vivid hues. Perhaps the finest cataract in the islands is Fosaa, in Stromnøe, where there are two leaps one above the other, making a drop of about one hundred and forty feet. At the southern end of lake Sorvaagsvatre there is the romantic fall of Busdalefos which precipitates itself into the sea from a height of seventy to eighty feet. This is a lovely spectacle, draping the grim volcanic rocks with delicate snowy wreaths and veils that float and wave in the sea winds.

The Faroes, with their many fiords and creeks, have, as we might suppose, some spacious harbors, not all, of course, equally good. Some are snug and contain excellent anchorage; others are sand-choked, or studded with sunken rocks, and swept by swift currents and by sudden gales from the hills, or they are open to heavy seas that roll in from the North Atlantic. Landing places for boats are often difficult and dangerous. Perilous eddies and whirlpools add to the risks of navigation in these narrow seas. Around the Monk,—a mass of rock standing out of the ocean south of Suderöe—there is said to be a rotary current with a triple gyration, making,

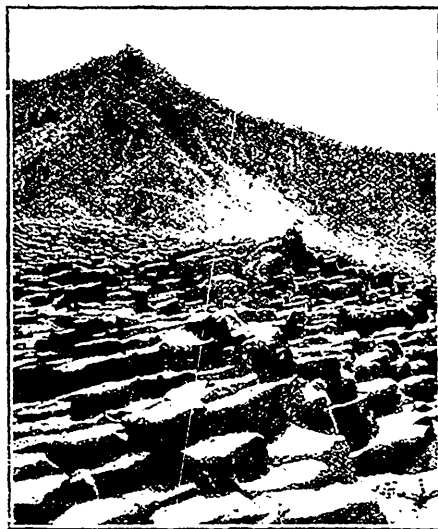
in some states of the tide, approach impossible.

The surf on many parts of the coasts, when the racing currents are urged on and tortured by violent winds, seethes madly, mountain waves are hurled against the cliffs, and explode in the caverns like a heavy cannonade, shaking the islands to their foundations, and the spray, swept from the smoking crests, and rising hundreds of feet, is carried far inland.

The climate is not subject to great extremes. During the short summer, even when the days are twenty hours long, the temperature is moderated by the sea breezes, while in winter the cold is seldom severe, being tempered by the warm sea currents. As a rule little snow falls. The autumn is mild, the cattle remaining in the fields until Christmas. In the hardest winters the sea is not frozen, except in sheltered bays and along the beaches. Much rain falls all the year round, and fogs often prevail. Terrific storms of wind are frequent, and are the special feature of the archipelago. Stones, and even masses of rock, loosened by the tempests, are hurled down the mountain sides. The very turf is stripped off the hills, and rolled together like a sheet of lead, and precipitated into the glens. These hurricanes, sweeping obliquely down from the heights, are often dangerous. Persons on horseback are obliged to dismount, and foot passengers to fling themselves flat on the ground for safety.

The play of the Aurora Borealis is magnificent, the heavens being aflame with color.

The inhabitants are not much addicted to agriculture. They prefer trusting to the harvest of the sea, with all its uncertainties, and to that of the cliffs with all its risks, to the work of tilling the ungenerous soil



ROCKS ON THE ISLAND OF NAALSO.

that thinly covers their rocky land. They are content to cultivate a few acres of cereals, and a few patches of potatoes. Perhaps, like most seafaring peoples who pass much time between recurring spasms of labor and enforced periods of leisure, they are somewhat indolent, and continuous toil is irksome. Their habits are the simplest. They live on rye, or barley, or oatbread, with milk and dried mutton, and fish and sea-fowl, fresh and salted, and on eggs. Their principal wealth is in the hardy sheep that graze on the hills. The most inhospitable islands pasture flocks of these.

In religion they are Lutherans. Like all Norse peoples, they are marked by reverence and devoutness. When the clergyman, who may have half a dozen churches to care for, is absent from Sabbath duty, as sometimes happens in wild weather when sea and land are alike untraversable, the worshippers themselves conduct Divine service, singing Psalms, reading the Scriptures, and offering prayer. The islands are divided into

seven parishes, with sub-districts, and the work of the clergymen, entailing as it does long journeys by sea and land, is extremely arduous, especially in winter. The Danish Government, with its zeal for education, has provided excellent primary schools in which, in addition to the usual elementary subjects, English is taught.

The Farøese are a frank and friendly and hospitable folk. Among their virtues are honesty and truthfulness, care for the poor, and remarkable kindness to mariners cast away on their wild shores. As a rule, they are sober, but it is said that drinking is on the increase.

Little space is left at the close of this article for the avi-fauna and flora of the Farøes. As to the former, hordes of sea-fowl haunt these coasts. It is a paradise of these lovely creatures in snow white, pale grey, lavender, and black. There is, perhaps, no place in Europe where sea-birds can be better studied, but we cannot stay even to give the names of the birds that here soar, and float, and plunge, and voice their gladness.

The flora would need a separate paper. We can only spare it a paragraph. This land of rivulets and lakes, of mists and rains, is pre-eminently rich in cryptogamic plants. Lovely mosses abound, club-mosses, bog-mosses, water-mosses, feather-mosses, all in their exquisite delicacy of form, in their tender greens, and greys, and ivory hues. Lichens decorate the cold, dark rocks with their ashen, and silver, and orange, and crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and black spangles and traceries. Landt gives a list of twenty-three species. Among the ferns are the rare moonwort, the rough spleen-wort, and the common maiden-hair.

The flora includes not a few Alpine and sub-Arctic plants. Saxifrages are well represented. Here is the starry saxifrage with its large, snowy petals

touched with orange; here is the clustered Alpine saxifrage displaying its crown thickly set with jewels of pale white, sprinkled with dust of gold; here, too, is the purple mountain saxifrage dressed in the color that kings affect; the rare Alpine brook saxifrage flourishes by silvery threads of water amid hillside rocks; the tufted Alpine saxifrage, the mossy saxifrage, and the golden saxifrage are also here brightening the wastes with their beauty.

Other plants of great interest are the single-flowered wintergreen, with its elegant white flowers of delicious fragrance; the flesh-colored snake-weed; the rose-root, with its golden flowers, in great abundance; the Alpine speedwell in sapphire bloom; the moss campion starring the turf of the mountains with its bright purple gems; the Alpine mouse-ear chickweed spreading out its soft white leaves of silky texture and its white flowers; the mountain avens in deeply notched foliage lined with wool, and in graceful snowy blossoms, the *primula acaulis* in high, breezy, places. The trailing azalea blooms in pale pink here and there on the mountain steeps, and near it the herbaceous willow knits its embroidery into the thick sward.

In the midst of heaths flourish the crowberry, and the stalkless, dwarf honeysuckle bearing dark purple flowers, and, later, glowing red berries. St. John's wort spreads its red, golden mantle over waste places; the stone-bramble and the wild rose in tangled confusion clamber over stones and rocks. Veronicas are here in deep sapphire, especially the Alpine variety; vetches in many shades of lilac and pink; orchids in rose and white, and purple; plants that love the sea airs, like the lovely sea-bugloss, in rich profusion of blue and red flowers, and smooth blue leaves, and others scarcely less beautiful.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SAINT.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE, D.D.



AT rare intervals, and under favoring conditions, a man is born whose career may be likened to a microcosm, inasmuch as his life is the reflection, or experience in miniature, of the struggles, failures and triumphs of whole generations of ordinary men and women. We correctly speak of such a man as representative or typical. Rightly to study and interpret his life is, in a measure, to understand universal man.

Paul was of those rare men.

Though indubitably a product of his own age, yet in a sense to be constantly remembered, the apostle was an ageless or timeless man. In some essential particulars he is as representative of the twentieth century as of the first. This is emphatically true of his religious life. In his progress from the lower to the higher, from the carnal to the spiritual, we may discern, as in a mirror, the reflection of the heroic and costly conflict, whereby the world's true nobility attain those heights of moral superiority, from the summit of which, like Bunyan's pilgrims, they look upon the holy city, the type and promise of the final victory of goodness and truth.

St. Paul's spiritual supremacy was no easy achievement. His almost peerless place amongst the saints was reached by hard fighting. And, happily for those to whom the good of his high attainment is alluring, the glory of his conquest has flooded the pathway in which he walked with sufficient light to make it discernible to all who would be followers of one

who, through the patience of faith, inherited the promises.

The apostle's epistles are, in some sort, his spiritual biography, all the more valuable by reason of the unstudied character of the self-revelation which they contain. He tells how he reached the goal of his holy endeavor. He witnesses to the grace by which he was sustained. He warns us against the foes whom he encountered. And thus the secret of victory is made clearer to all who are ready to fight the good fight of faith, that they may lay hold on eternal life.

We are helped to a knowledge of the steps by which Saul of Tarsus became the saint, whose memory the church honors herself in cherishing, by a consideration of a few brief verses in the Letter to the Romans.

"And I was alive apart from the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died; and the commandment, which was unto life, this I found to be unto death. . . . The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death." (vii. 9. viii. 2.)

These verses may be characterized as the story of the Evolution of a Saint. Let us study them a little in detail.

I.

Throwing his memory back to the dawn of moral consciousness, St. Paul recalls an hour when he was "alive apart from law." It was not a condition of lawlessness, for that implies a spirit of hostility to law. To coin a phrase, it may be said that Paul's earliest moral state was one of animal innocence. He was indeed violating law, but he was not lawless,

inasmuch as there was no conscious variance of his will with the will of heaven.

It is here that we all begin our life pilgrimage. We are innocent, but much as animals are innocent. We are neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral; we are unmoral. The infant in the home and the untutored savage upon the plains, disobey many canons of propriety, but are innocent, because the moral sense, which, truly awakened and properly taught, unerringly distinguishes between good and evil, lies dormant.

"Alive apart from law!" How felicitously and accurately this phrase describes the moral condition of vast multitudes of untaught men and women, not in heathen lands alone, but in what we call Christian countries. There are so many in whom the latent power to discern between right and wrong seems asleep. The natural and necessary condition of childhood has developed into moral childishness.

Alive! yes, as animals are alive. On that side of their being which is most worth while they are dead. To be alive apart from law, as our apostle uses the expression, is to be spiritually dead. And yet that is where he, in common with all of the sons of men, stood at the beginning of his ascent through Christ to godlikeness of character.

II.

That there may be advance from a condition which, save in its exhaustless possibilities is only a little superior to animal existence, a great crisis must occur. St. Paul, employing a terminology with which some of us have grown unfamiliar, speaks of this crisis in his own experience as a form of death. Alive apart from law, he is slain by law.

"But when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died"—(Romans vii. 9.)

Here we have a disclosure of the mission of law: Coming to men who are living lives of animal ease and indifference to the claims that are highest, the law meets them with its imperative commands and prohibitions. It thunders forth its "thou shalt," "thou shalt not." The moral sense, hitherto slumbering, awakens, and approves the message which the law declares. Thus the law inflicts a mortal wound to the old self. The life of carnal ease and animal innocence is no longer possible. The child in the nursery can no longer innocently do that which the laws of the household, now revealed to him, directly forbid. The savage, confronted with the usages and ethics of civilization, begins to realize that former things have passed away. The self of yesterday has been put to death. His feet tread the threshold of a new life. The sky is pink with the promised dawn of a new day.

But according to St. Paul, and, indeed, for that matter, to universal human experience, law, even when approved by the moral sense, as holy and as righteous, and good, comes with it no proffer of help to those upon whom its commandments are laid. Slaying the old self, the unmoral, ignorant and, therefore, complacent, self, satisfied if the demands of the lower life were met—law brings into being a new self, no longer, like Adam and Eve at the beginning, innocent through ignorance, but like Adam and Eve after their eyes were opened to see good and evil.

"Howbeit, I had not known sin, except through the law; for I had not known coveting, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet."

And this new self, conscious of its sin, finds itself unequal to obedience, to the care which conscience, awakened into life through the death of animal innocence, heartily approves. With what pathos St. Paul describes

his own aspirations, struggles, and defeats, no reader of his Epistle to the Romans needs reminder. Approving of the good, even willing to do good, he finds himself, as it were, chained to a corpse, into which he is powerless to infuse life, and which is fast reducing his vitality to the vanishing point. (Romans vii. 19 ff).

Of this conflict between the good and evil principles which are struggling for mastery in every life—a conflict so vividly portrayed in Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, every conscience-awakened man and woman is aware. To the man of high ideals the conflict is intense; and while there is that in the heart of us all which commands us to believe that honest, persistent effort to do right, to be right, must end in the victory of righteousness, yet experience teaches that victory must be achieved through a power not ourselves, though resident in ourselves; and while despair is disloyalty, a wholesome distrust of one's self is a sure condition of success.

III.

Out of this fierce and persistent struggle, St. Paul emerged a conqueror. He reached a stage of experience where he could testify. "For the law of the spirit of life, which is Christ Jesus, made me free from the law of sin and death." Alive, apart from the law, slain by the law, our apostle attains an eminence where he realizes freedom from the law.

How did he achieve this victory? How was freedom attained?

Not by coming to a place where it no longer mattered whether he obeyed law or not. There is no such place. Law, as we now think of it, is always holy, righteous, and good, and freedom from it does not mean license to disobey it. It is unnecessary to re-

fute the often-answered and weak arguments by which St. Paul has been held up as the advocate of a view against which his whole life was a protest.

He who has persuaded himself that Christianity offers an easy escape from the obligations which law imposes is the victim of a delusion which may be his doom. "Always" is the characteristic word of the New Testament; a word which lays the whole life under ceaseless tribute to the highest.

St. Paul's freedom from the law was achieved through loving, true-hearted obedience to it. This is a delightful paradox, which is readily understood by those whom experience teaches. It is the honest man who is perfectly free from the laws prohibiting theft. The thief feels their force and groans under what he conceives their tyranny. The master musician attains to freedom from the laws which the learner must carefully practice. So the Christian should reach the place where his morality is unconscious, where by reason of the resident power which reigns within his breast, he is superior and indifferent to legislation that is objective.

But, as we have seen, the power to obey the law is not the bestowment of the law. Power is from without, even though to be effective it must become regnant within the life. The brief religious biography of St. Barnabas solves the mystery. "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." The Holy Ghost—here is the power, not ourselves, making for righteousness. But though not ourselves, in a sense it must become ourselves, not only by means of a residence as the guest of the soul, but by the identification of faith, whereby the life we live is ours no longer, but His, who lives within us.

Winnipeg, August, 1906.

HEBREW PROPHECY—ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. A. STEWART, D.D.,

Professor of Systematic Theology and Old Testament Exegesis, Wesley College, Winnipeg.

TO understand the nature of prophecy it is necessary to remember that God is the God of the whole human race. He created all mankind and the provision for the salvation of man applies equally to the whole race. When through disobedience man forfeited the privilege of communion with God, means were adopted to restore man to his original love relationship to his maker. Prophecy was such a means. The prophet was in reality a mediator. Prophecy was, essentially throughout its whole history, mediation. This provision for a mediatorship—for approach to God and communion with Him—was not made for the Hebrew people alone but for all other nations as well.

Hence we find prophecy to be characteristic of all the nations of antiquity of which we have any reliable information. Hence we find also what, in the nature of the case we should expect, that there is a very great similarity between the mediatorial work of the early Hebrew prophets and those of other nations. Not only was a belief in the existence of a supernatural being or beings characteristic of all peoples, but it was recognized by all that these superior beings made known their will to certain members of the tribe or nation. Certain persons were recognized as mediators—channels of communication between the gods and man.

Amongst many of the heathen nations other channels of communication than man were believed to exist, such

as the flight of birds, the actions of certain animals, the entrails of animals slain in sacrifice to the gods, etc. Besides these, omens of certain kinds were thought to give intimations of the will of supernatural beings. Such were the movement and relation of the heavenly bodies, the rustling of the leaves of trees, and various manifestations of other powers of nature.

In addition to all these there were certain men who were believed to be inspired and who themselves professed to be inspired, to make known the will of the gods to their fellow-men.

That many of these omens were believed in and practised by the Hebrews is clear to every reader of the Old Testament. David enquired of the Lord and was told to attack the Philistines when he heard a rustling in the tops of the mulberry trees; Gideon planned his attack on the Midianites from the sign of the fleece wet with dew, and on another occasion when the dream of a barley cake rolling into the Midianitish camp and overturning a tent was interpreted to signify the action of Gideon's sword.

Very many such illustrations might be cited to show that in the earliest period of their history there was no essential difference between prophecy as it existed amongst the Hebrews and as it was practised amongst other, especially the Shemitic nations.

Where and at what time prophecy, mediation, as thus described originated, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to determine. It has been asserted that it originated with the Hebrew people, but this is by no means certain. In fact the burden of

proof is against this contention. It seems to have characterized the nations universally. In very rudimentary forms and accompanied by many gross superstitions it may be but yet bearing the essential features of prophecy, as *mediation* between God and man.

Does not this indicate the approach of God to the universal heart of humanity? Is it not an outward manifestation of the work of God in his effort to win man back to a relationship of love and fellowship with Himself? The origin of the grossly perverted ideas of God and of the licentious practices that characterized many of the heathen religions is clearly set forth by Paul in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans. They "changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the creator." "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge God gave them over to a reprobate mind."

In the genesis of prophecy as well as in all stages of its development the human factor must be taken into the account. A perfect knowledge of God can never be conveyed through an imperfect medium. We have no evidence that the Divine Teacher ever ignores or discards the limitations of the human mind. On the Divine side there is infinite power to impart, but on the human side there is limited ability to apprehend. If the child struggling with the elementary rules of Arithmetic were suddenly to receive ability to solve the most abstruse problems of mathematics or metaphysics it would be regarded as something unnatural rather than supernatural. God does not so ignore the laws of mental development.

An unprejudiced study of the case must bring us to the conclusion that amongst the early nations, the Hebrews included, there were serious

intellectual limitations to the apprehension of truth concerning God. But moral limitations were no less a reality than intellectual. For a knowledge of moral and spiritual truth moral and spiritual qualities are indispensable. "The natural man understandeth not the things of God, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned."

If these considerations are first we should expect to find a development of prophecy corresponding to the development of the intellectual and moral powers of man. The limitations were all on the human side, not on the Divine. Had there been a more rapid development on the part of man there would have been an earlier revelation of the truth. Had all nations shown the same readiness of approach to Jehovah, to all alike He would have revealed Himself. The choice of the Hebrew people was not an arbitrary choice. In them there was a responsiveness to the Divine appeal not found in others. They had, as one has said, "a genius for religion." The fact of their choice is explained by the fact of their responsiveness. The priority of choice gave them no preference over others. They were the first to come into effective contact with the leaven of Divine truth, but only that through them the other nations might be leavened.

This would seem to be supported by the analogy of the natural kingdom. Ever since man was placed on this globe nature has been speaking forth her message, and yet even at the present day how imperfectly that message is understood. The thought of God and the purpose of God are expressed in all the laws of the natural world and the progress of man in material civilization depends on his ability to interpret those laws. Why was not electricity not made a motive power a thousand years ago? Why was not

the significance of life and the fact of immortality not more fully understood before they were brought to light in the Gospel? Both alike are accounted for by the immature development of the intellectual and moral powers of man.

These considerations prepare us in some measure to understand how prophecy amongst the Hebrew people had a development. In that development two things are apparent. In the first place there was a severance of the idea of Jehovah from that of all false gods, and, in the second place, the idea of Jehovah was purified and elevated. These two lines of advance would naturally go side by side with the developing moral and intellectual life of the people.

We are now prepared to consider more closely the nature of the development of Hebrew prophecy. The fact of such development is abundantly clear and requires no argument to establish it. In harmony with God's general method there was regular progression from lower to higher forms or methods. The lower were intimations, forecastings, or types of the higher that were in due time to be revealed. The advance was ever from the imperfect to the more fully developed. Of this divine method all nature affords illustrations. It is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

One form follows another, the non-essential elements of the primary form being lost and its essential elements carried to a higher degree of perfection. The fins of the fish were a forecast of the limbs of the animal, its gills for the purifying of the blood a forecast of the animal lungs. The physical formation of the higher orders of animal life was a forecast of man's physical organization. The glimmerings of reflection, reason and memory in the animal, such as the dog, the

horse, the elephant, were a forecast of the higher cognitive powers of man.

Thus by a series of types of forecastings creation proceeded from the lower to the higher, from the imperfect to the more perfect. The higher was not a development out of the lower. It was not the environment working on the plastic material of the lower form that produced the higher. The higher was a distinct creation as much as the lower. There were no intermediate forms. It is for this reason that the search for the "missing links" has always been and always must remain a fruitless search.

In like manner prophecy proceeded by way of types and forecastings. Nature and grace have the same Author, and His workings in the one sphere are never a contradiction of His workings in the other.

In the old dispensation, in the beginning of prophecy, all truth had some embodiment. Truth was not so much taught as acted. The call of Abraham, the deliverance from Egypt, the preservation in the desert, the settlement in the Promised Land, these were not mere historic events, but symbolical acts shadowing forth kindred but higher truths. The essential ideas of all these, *viz.*, the *call*, the *deliverance*, the *salvation*, were all carried forward into the higher or matured form of prophecy.

So with the whole round of typical sacrifices, the non-essential ideas were dropped out and the essential ideas carried forward and exemplified in the higher form. Thus by a series of unfoldings, of forecastings, of types and symbols God was coming into closer touch with humanity as represented by the Hebrew people. In the earlier times He spake to man, as to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua, next He takes up his dwelling in the midst of His people as in the tabernacle and temple; next He inspires and speaks

through chosen representatives as Amos, Jeremiah, Isaiah; and finally in these latter days His people have become temples for His own indwelling. The appearance of the angel Jehovah in the form of man has been held by some to have foreshadowed the incarnation and this in turn to have foreshadowed the mystical union of all true believers with Christ.

What further unfoldings or developments there may be in the purposes of God for His people we cannot with certainty assert. We have,

however, very plain intimations that the present provisions for mediation are not final. Now "we know in part and we prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

"Now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Winnipeg, Man.

IN THE DAISY LAND.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

I strolled up to the pasture bars one day
 And there I found a colony of flowers,
 The cinnæria held barbaric sway,
 And bluebells lightly chimed the passing hours;
 But when I saw the daisies, free and glad,
 Sprinkled ungrudgingly where'er I went,
 I thought of every absent friend I had,
 And this the message that my spirit sent:

REFRAIN:

To Daisyland we'll go,
 All who are young at heart,
 All who in Nature know
 The Father's loving part.
 We'll pluck the fringed blooms
 Of lavender and gold,
 Lighter than song-bird's plumes,
 All that our hands can hold;
 We'll banish sorrow quite
 While straying to and fro
 Among the blossoms bright,—
 To Daisyland we'll go.

In Daisyland * they know not any past,
 And by no future's chill winds are they fanned,
 In loving friendship all too sweet to last,
 Desire and Duty wander hand in hand.
 Oh, could my wish but bring you to my side
 Before the too brief summer time has fled!
 Could you but heed, O friends, long sundered wide,
 How gladly would the simple words be said:

REFRAIN:

To Daisyland we'll go.

* This is the large lavender-colored daisy of the North-West.
 Pakan, Alta.

P E A C E . *

BY THE REV. WILLARD T. PERRIN, PH.D.,

Melrose, Massachusetts.

I.



THE problem of universal peace is of increasing interest. In spite of some discouraging conditions we are doubtless warranted in saying that since the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men" the prospects of universal peace were never so bright as at this moment. Note, if you

please, some evidences of this.

There is a growing sentiment that war is folly because of the enormous cost involved. When in 1904 the Peace Congress met in Boston it was estimated that the cost of a first-class battleship was equal to all the lands and the ninety-four buildings of Harvard University plus the valuation of all the lands and buildings of Tuskegee Institute, that famous school in the South for colored youth. You people of Toronto take pride in your noble University. Are you aware that the "Dreadnought," the new British battleship, cost a sum equal to the valuation of the lands, buildings and endowment of your University, with enough left to duplicate your University and then to build and endow your new hospital! In recently looking over a list of ships in the British navy I counted some seventy-five armored ships, each one of which cost more

than the entire valuation of your University, including its endowment.

And these monsters of the deep are short-lived, averaging a dozen to fifteen years. In April, 1905, there was held an auction of British war vessels. They had cost fifteen millions of dollars. They sold for less than seven hundred thousand dollars. Will the governments of enlightened Christendom continue to appropriate such enormous sums upon instruments of war when international questions between Christian nations can and ought to be settled upon principles of justice and reason?

It is significant that the present government of Great Britain calls a halt to such appropriations.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals or forts."

The sentiment is growing that war is worse than folly because of its horrors. Who can adequately picture them? One man is murdered in your city and the whole machinery of your government is set in motion to hunt down, convict and punish the murderer. The morning paper reports the drowning of half a dozen people and we are aghast at the catastrophe. But think of Port Arthur and Mukden and remember that the total number killed in the recent war in the east was the destruction of the population of a great city. In the loss of life the catastrophes of San Francisco and Valparaiso are as nothing. General Sherman of the Union Army in our civil war declared "War is hell."

* A sermon preached at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Sunday, August 19th, 1906. Text: Isaiah xxxii. 17, "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

The world was thrilled a year ago by the decision of the Japanese peace commissioners not to insist upon a war indemnity and thus continue human slaughter. All honor to the noble and great nation which refused to put gold on a par with human life.

Note again the expansion of the areas of peace. Some of those present are acquainted with the ancient frontier between England and Scotland, marked as it is by fortresses and battlefields. I shall not soon forget a perfect June day spent at Stirling Castle whence we looked off at the battlefield of Bannockburn. The Scotch and English, however, no longer fight each other. The unification of Germany, bringing together many petty kingdom, into one empire has enlarged the territory within which peace prevails. The same is true of Italy. On this continent of North America we have a splendid illustration of the needlessness of preparing for war to insure peace. On the extended frontier between the Dominion of Canada and the Republic of the United States there is not a fortification worth the name and no battleships upon the great inland seas. Sentiments of peace are evidently more potent than armaments of war.

A Russian newspaper has recently seen fit to call attention to what it is pleased to term the American peril, and suggests the possible necessity for the Slav, the German and the Latin races to unite in self-defense against the combined power of the United States, England and Japan! Powerful and beneficent indeed would be such a combination, for these three nations stand for freedom, education and toleration. Such a triple alliance would be a menace to none and would mean much for the world's peace.

Note also the significance of the Hague Conference. May 18th will hereafter be a red-letter day on the world's calendar. The Conference

may not have accomplished all that was planned for it, but it did establish the world's court of arbitration which was well worth the expense of the Conference if it had done nothing else. Life was later given to this Court by the reference to it of the Pious Fund case, in controversy between the United States and Mexico, and of the Venezuela affair, in which eleven nations were involved. For efficient leadership in these matters great credit is due President Roosevelt. About a year ago Chief Justice Fuller of the United States crossed the Atlantic to represent the government of Great Britain in a controversy with France over an incident in the Persian Gulf. This suggests the scope and value of such a Court.

A second session of the Hague Conference is to be held next October in which over forty governments will take part. A permanent home has been provided for the Court by the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

As a result of the establishment of this Court some forty treaties have been made between various nations in which treaties the contracting parties have agreed, in most cases for a limited time, to refer at least certain kinds of controversy in this World's Court. A model arbitration treaty, without limitations, has been formed between Denmark and the Netherlands. It is to be hoped that their example may be followed by other governments.

Note again the formation and influence of the Inter-parliamentary Union, an organization some fourteen years old and made up of over two thousand members who belong to the Parliament or Congress of their respective nations. This important body held its annual session last month in London, England, and was welcomed by the British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who aroused great enthusiasm by his

recognition of the representatives of the Russian Douma,—the first time that Russia has been represented in the Union—and by his cry “The Douma is dead! Long live the Douma.” This Union strongly urges the establishment of an International Congress to be composed of delegates from the nations and to hold regular periodic sessions for the consideration of International interests. The establishment of such a Congress will doubtless be one of the most vital topics which will receive the attention of the Conference of the Hague in its second session.

It is rather thrilling to think that we may be living at the dawn of the new era of which the poet sings,

“When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.”

II.—In the presence of these conditions it is not untimely to consider the foundations of permanent peace. Our text declares that “the work of *righteousness* shall be peace and the effect of *righteousness* quietness and assurance forever.” There is an unchangeable relation between righteousness and peace. Without righteousness there can be no peace.

This principle has its application in all realms. It applies to the realm of matter, and of mechanical laws. When I visited the International Sunday School Convention held in this city I arranged to come from Boston in a special car in company with Mr. W. N. Hartshorn and party. It was a delightful prospect to travel with such distinguished leaders and in such exceptional comfort. We had not gone farther than Worcester, however (some forty miles) when a hot-box threw off our private car and dumped us into another car already well filled. Our peace was disturbed because of mechanical unrighteousness. The

principle applies to human life. A cinder in the eye, a little gap in the tooth, some poison in the blood, rob us of peace and rack us with pain.

Toronto has to be highly honored this week by the Convention within its borders of the British Medical Association. It will meet your approval, I am confident, if in your behalf and in accord with my own personal feelings, I here publicly express our profound respect for the members of that noble profession which represents so much devotion and self-sacrifice for the amelioration of suffering and the betterment of their fellow-men. And you will please note that physicians and surgeons stand for physical righteousness, without which there can be no physical peace.

The principle as applied to the political realm has been strikingly illustrated in the history of the United States. The founders of our republic started out with a notable Declaration in which they emphatically set forth their conviction that all men are created equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness:—and at the very same time within their borders human beings were held in slavery and treated as chattels! Eminent statesmen in our history most earnestly sought to reconcile these contradictory principles and secure peace through compromise. We had the Missouri and other compromises, squatter sovereignty and other devices but all in vain, for there can be no permanent peace without righteousness. The righteous God was against all these unholy attempts to continue unrighteousness. At length there came the terrific clash of the opposing forces in our dreadful Civil War, until by the pen of the Emancipator and the amendments to the Constitution the

slavery question was permanently settled—in righteousness.

The present bright hope of universal peace is awakened by the apparent willingness of the nations to have international controversies settled in righteousness and not by might. This most commendable attitude on the part of the nations is evidenced by their acceptance of the principle of arbitration, which method proposes to adjust difficulties by considerations of reason and justice and not by the arbitrament of war.

Our principle finds its broadest field of application in the spiritual universe, in the realm of the soul. "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Not only in Holy Scripture is this principle everywhere taught, but it is also emphatically set forth by the masters of literature. You recall how Dickens in "Oliver Twist" graphically pictures the experiences of Sykes, the cold-blooded murderer of the girl who was willing to die for him. In spite of her piteous appeals and imploring eyes he dashes her away and brutally strikes her down.

But he cannot get rid of those eyes. Wherever he wanders those eyes haunt him. They are in his soul. In the critical moment when his pursuers are upon him they unnerve him. "The eyes again," he cries in terror and leaps to his death.

Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth lightly says, "A little water will clear us of this deed," but after repeated efforts she cries in dismay, "What! will these hands ne'er be clean!" The blood is on her soul and peace is impossible. The people of Toronto are familiar with the motto of the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings, "Get right with God." Aye! Aye! at whatever cost, for only thus can the soul find lasting peace.

III.—Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace. The present bright prospects of universal peace have been rendered possible by the influence of Jesus Christ. These nations which are consenting to arbitration are almost all professedly Christian nations, accepting, at least nominally, the principles of His gospel. The only wonder is that so slowly do nations bring their practice to accord with their professions. But whatever progress has been made we owe to Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace.

What a splendid thing was done in South America a few years ago. I love to think about it. Argentina and Chili, you remember, were bent on war. They were exasperated over their boundary line. They prepared for the conflict, drilling armies and equipping their navies. But better counsels prevailed. The controversy was referred to King Edward by whom it was satisfactorily settled. A treaty of arbitration was contracted and the warships sold. Then they climbed to the summit of the Andes, and on the boundary line which was the source of their dispute, they erected a colossal bronze statue of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. In his left hand he holds the cross and his right hand is extended in blessing as he faces northward toward the American continent. Upon the monument they placed this inscription, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentina and Chili break the vows to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ."

Yes, Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace. And he is the Prince of Peace because he insists on righteousness as no other human being has ever insisted upon it. He is merciful and tender to those who are penitent, but upon the hypocrite and the supporter of unrighteousness his eyes flash and his words are scorching.

To expel all unrighteousness from the human heart and from human society is his deliberate purpose. He makes war upon every sinful indulgence and upon every entrenched wrong. No soul can secure his continued favor without a desire to be right with God and man.

He is the Prince of Peace also because the peace which he gives is lasting peace. "My peace I give unto you," He says, "not as the world giveth give I unto you." The world gives a sort of peace but it is not permanent. Wealth brings a kind of peace. But riches oft take to themselves wings and if they do not fly from us we fly from them. When my father was a young man in Boston his employer was a rich man named Hudson. After Mr. Hudson's death when my father was walking along the street one day Joshua Sears, one of Boston's richest merchants, came up behind him and slipping his hand into my father's arm, asked with an intensity of interest, "How much did Hudson leave?" Yes, that is always the question, "What did he *leave*?"

The peace which the world gives, be it the peace of wealth or of power, or of health, or of worldly indifference, is often very ephemeral and at most ends at death. The peace which Jesus Christ gives lasts forever. In the days of Wesley a congregation had assembled early one morning in the Foundry at London for a religious service. Suddenly a strange rumbling sound was heard, which the San Franciscans can tell you about, and the earth was violently shaken. The walls of the building trembled and the people were greatly agitated, as we would be here to-day were the earth beneath us to quake and these walls to tremble. Thereupon Charles Wesley, who was present, raised his voice and cried, "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst

of the sea, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge," and preached—no wonder—a mighty sermon. The peace which Jesus gives will outlast the burning world and will be undisturbed by the Judgment Day and the revelations of eternity, for through Jesus Christ we get right with God and if right with God the Lord of Hosts will be with us and the God of Jacob will be our eternal refuge.

One morning some years ago a lady came to the parsonage. She had attended some of our revival services and was in mental distress. She wanted to find peace and asked me to pray for her. She was a lady of culture and refinement. Upon questioning her I found that she felt that she ought to go forward for prayers in the church, as other seekers were doing, but was unwilling to do so. Her conviction of duty was clear. I told her it would be of no use to pray for her until she was willing to do what she firmly believed God wished her to do. She hesitated, deliberated and at length said, "I will." That night she was at the meeting and although she foolishly took the back seat, when the invitation was given she arose, walked down the aisle and kneeled at the front settee. She told me later that I looked like a speck in the distance and that the walk was the longest she ever took.

Years afterward when I was pastor in another city she visited us. We talked it all over. Her face was radiant as it had ever been since that memorable night. "Brother Perrin," she said, "I wish I could have a bit of that settee sawed off and keep it as a souvenir of the time and place where God gave me peace."

At all costs, friend, get right with God, for the work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.

GLEANINGS FROM A CANADIAN POET.

BY MARTHA E. RICHARDSON.



IN the good old Canadian days of the log school-house and the "boarded round" school-teacher, boys and girls learned to read out of good old-fashioned reading-books. The primer which informed them that it was "an ox" or exhorted them to "see the cat" presented few and comparatively slight difficulties to the newly-awakened powers of reason. Not many stumbling-blocks lay in the path through the second reader, for could they not easily picture "the little man who had a little gun" and whose "bullets were made of lead, lead, lead," while at any time could be duplicated the "little duck" that was "shot right through the head, head, head." Little difficulty was experienced in realizing the sad fate of

"The old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see,
Who said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three."

For were not these tiny readers acquainted with any number of "tidy cows" and with many a "little pig within its sty," and had they not proved times without number that "the speckled hen" persisted in "laying her eggs astray."

But later on these youthful pilgrims in the narrow road of progress found themselves struggling in a slough of despond. They read of hedge-rows green in February, of beautiful lanes, of yellow primroses, of climbing honeysuckle of May-day flower frolics, of scented violets and "wee, modest, crimson-tipped" daisies, of singing nightingales and soaring larks, of

ravens and magpies, of gorse and heather, of ivy-clad castle ruins, of Christmas holly and mistletoe.

It was hard for a thoughtful child to reconcile these word-pictures with the actual scenes among which he lived. Here were no green hedge-rows, the country lanes were the acme of ugliness, all the May-day bloom that could be gathered would not suffice for the ghost of a festival, the violets were—oh, so lovely—but they were not scented, the daisies were anything but shy, the dawn was not heralded by the skylark's song, nor the evening made vocal with the strains of the nightingale. The hills were not clothed with gorse and heather, and no ivied draperies hid any castled ruin.

It was all right to read of these English beauties of wood and field, but the little readers should also have been taught to love the beauties of their own Canadian homeland; its fragile, early bloodroots, its great white hill slopes of trilliums, the white-rayed daisies of the fields, the tall, plumed goldenrod of the wayside, the grassy billows of its prairies, the still sanctuaries of its forests.

But are not many of us as men and women repeating this mistake of childhood, and with less excuse? For the fault is now altogether our own. We study our Tennyson and puzzle over our Browning, try to show a becoming interest in Wordsworth, keep pace with the recent outputs of Watson and Davidson, run the whole gamut of Kipling from the "Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" to the lofty strains of the stately "Recessional," and in the meantime our native song-birds are pouring their music into deaf or

unheeding ears. We study word-picture after word-picture of Old-World charm and beauty, but the modest delineations of our homeland loveliness are too often passed over.

In it is not the beauty of distinct the memories of childhood, I drew from the bookcase a tiny volume of poems, "Low Tide on Grand-Pré." The blank front leaf bore the date '97, but the contents were all unfamiliar to the reader of later years. Evidently the book had once been scanned, for there were no uncut leaves, and a few scattered stanzas bore traces of pencillings that marked the hiding-places of first-found gems.

This time Mrs. Browning's way was taken when—

" We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's pro-
found,
Impassioned for its beauty and its salt of
truth,
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

This time I found its "beauty and its salt of truth," and the finding was worth the headlong plunge.

In it is not the beauty of distinct outline and very definite loveliness of form, but the subtle, intangible, elusive charm of light and shade, the intoxication of limitless space and infinite distance, the initiation into the mysteries of the air and the deeper mysteries of the tide-tossed ocean. Here the reader can watch the ever-varying tints of the sky-framed hills; here he can listen to the weird harmonies of the forest.

The ordinary mortal stands baffled before the task of giving expression to Nature's wonder work. He is thrilled with its beauty, awed by its grandeur, is stilled by its mystery, but when he attempts to put into words the least of that which has enraptured him, the endeavor is but a pitiable presumption, and he finds that the offering of silence is the most fitting tribute he

can pay. But scattered among the mute, commonplace throng, who dimly see and dully feel, are the few who can crystallize in human phrase a sunset glory or voice in human speech the babble of the brook and the thunder of the cataract. These are our poets, our Aarons, through whose lips come the messages of the Infinite to those whose spirits are held dumb in the bondage of the finite.

In this wonder-book of nature are passages more difficult of translation than others. It is easier to transcribe the marvels of form and color, the moveless grandeur of the mountain peak, the gem-like beauty of the hill-bosomed lake, than to catch and fix the fleeting sounds, the ceaseless motion of wind and cloud and tide. This our poet of the "Low Tide" can do. With him we can idly drift adown

" A drowsy, inland, meadow stream,"

where

" At set of sun the after heat
Made running gold."

He will take us down the lazy current that

" To and fro
Although the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering,"

until he brings us to the low shore line where

" Burying, brimming the building billows
Fret the long dykes with uneasy foam."

How long would the ordinary mortal have watched that foam-line before making the word-strokes that so vividly portray its motion! As we look, we listen, and soon we hear

" The sound of the sea in storm,
Hearing its captain cry,
When the wild white riders form
And the Ride to the Dark draws nigh."

" Wild white riders"—how the three short words make us see the

mad race of the waves to the beach!

Life is never still, but few have expressed more beautifully its movements. Of the motion of a night-moth's wings Bliss Carman writes—

"In thy wings the heat and breathing
Of the wind of life abides
And the night whose sea-gray cohorts
Swing the stars up with the tides.

"Did they once make sail and wander
Through the trembling harvest sky,
Where the silent northern streamers
Change and rest not till they die?

"Or from clouds that tent and people
The blue firmamental waste
Did they learn the noiseless secret
Of eternity's unhaste?"

Marshes, as a rule, do not appeal to nature-lovers. The ordinary man or woman needs something more exhilarating than their dead-level dreariness, yet they have many beautiful aspects and a subtle charm of their own. There is a loveliness of sadness oftentimes touching a deeper chord than the beauty of gladness, so it must be as akin to loveliness and sorrow that these "aching barrens wide" appeal to human sympathy. In "Marian Drury" these marshes, "full of the sea" and "full of the sun," form the nature setting for a poem of hopeless longing:

"Free on the trail of the wind to travel,
Search and course with the roving tide,
All year long where his hands unravel
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

"All spring through they falter and follow,
Wander and beckon the roving tide,
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

"Far in the uplands calling to win you,
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide;
And never the burning heart within you
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide."

There have been moments in the lives of many, moments of intensest emotion, when time stood still and space was not, when all existence seemed crowded into an instant. Of

one of these supreme life moments the poet sings—

"And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us whispering
The secret of some wonder thing.

"Then all your face grew light and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

"So all desire and all regret
And fear and memory were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught
Morrow and yesterday were naught."

Doré is said to have had the power of producing in his pictures the impression of immense distances or of limitless space. What the artist could convey by means of his brush, Carman seems able to convey by his pen. There are numerous examples of this in the poems of the "Grand Pré."

"Through leagues of bloom I went with spring
To call you on the slopes of morn."

"A wanderer
Upon the roads of endless quest."

"We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,
Counting the hill-tops one by one."

"Westward and lone the hill-road grey,
Mounts to the sky-line sheer and wan."

The vastness of the star world calls out many beautiful poetic thoughts and images.

"Eastward the untrodden star-road."

"Outside, the great blue star
Burns in the ghost-land pale
Where giant Algebar
Holds on the endless trail.

"Across the harbor's tangled yards
We watch the flaring sunset fail;
Then the forever questing stars
File down along the vanished trail."

"From leaguers vast of night undone
Auroral mild new stars are born."

We mark our time by means of

prosy days and hours struck off with mathematical precision and indicated by fixed terms. Not so the poet. To the common man or woman the wind-flower blooms in early morning, but to him it opens

“ Between the dawning and the dew.”

The bold uninteresting statement that many weeks elapse between seed-time and harvest is thus word draped:

“ The trail is far through leagues of spring,
And long the quest to the white core
Of harvest quiet.”

One of the exquisite time measures used is in the poem on a night-moth, “resting for a thousand heart-beats in the hollow of my hand.” Another is the first stanza of “Through the Twilight.”

“ The red vines bar my window way,
The autumn sleeps beside his fire,
For he has sent this fleet foot day
A year's march back to bring to me
One face whose smile is my desire,
Its light my star.

Scattered throughout the pages are pictures almost as vivid as brush could paint of some spot of loveliness on hill or shore or some phase of the ever-changing sea. Like sketches in our artist's portfolio, they illumine the pages from cover to cover. Here are a few taken at random:

“ Along the valleys gray with rime.”

“ Where the Gulder roses blow
With their drifts of summer snow.”

“ Along the marshes where the wind
Sleeps in the cradle of the foam.”

What a weird night scene these lines bring before us:

“ The ghastly moonlight fills
Hollow and rift and fold
Of the eerie Ardisse hills.”

Here is a pastoral bit that for quiet beauty could scarcely be excelled—

“ A thousand cattle rove and feed
On the great marshes in the sun,
And wonder at the restless sea.”

These sunrise and sunset paintings make one think of a Turner among the poets, so brilliant is the coloring—

“ Lo, now far on the hills
The crimson fumes uncurled
Where the cauldron mantles and spills
Another dawn on the world.”

And this sunset—

“ Where the smouldering west
Burns down into the sea.”

Some of the poems are rather difficult of comprehension, though in many instances what on first perusal appears obscure, will yield at a second or third reading some gem of truth or beauty all the more highly prized for the effort to obtain it. Yet even after many perusals the average reader will find a few poems in “Low Tide on Grand Pré” that seem to be but studies in words and metre, exquisite studies, most of them, yet we feel as though a musician had been entertaining us with a few exercises.

Teeming as the little volume is with the glories of the material world, that marvellous shifting panorama of sky, and earth, and sea, of flower, insect and bird, yet its deepest charm lies in the grandest theme of every true poet, not in Nature, wonderful as she is, but in Man, in the tantalizing, baffling problem of human existence, its origin, its conflicts, its destiny. In the beautiful poem, “Pulvis et Umbra,” the poet wrestles with the great mystery and comes to a conclusion somewhat like that reached by Browning in his poem, “Rephan.” The chance entrance of a night-moth into his cabin affords the inspiration:

“ There is dust upon my fingers,
Pale gray dust of beaten wings,
Where a great moth came and settled
From the night's blown winnowings.”

“ From that dark beyond my doorway,
Silent the unbidden guest

“ Came and tarried, fearless, gentle,
Vagrant of the starlit gloom,

One frail waif of beauty fronting
Immortality and doom."

First come many stanzas of poetic wonderment; what can this "frail waif of beauty" be, Ariel, Psyche,

"Or did goblin men contrive thee
In the forges of the hills,
Out of thistle drift and sundown,
Lost amid their tawny rills.

"Every atom on their anvil
Beaten fine and bolted home,
Every quiver wrought to cadence
From the rapture of a gnome?"

What caused the movement of the fluttering wings?

"Where learned they to rove and loiter,
By the margin of what sea?
Was it with outworn Demeter
Searching for Persephone?"

"Or did that girl-queen behold thee
In the fields of moveless air;
Did these wings which break no whisper
Brush the poppies in her hair?"

"Pilot of the shadow people,
Steering whither by what star,
Hast thou come to hapless port here
Thou gray ghost of Arrochar?"

Of course the mute guest gives no answer, but the musing on the "sable-orbed" wings has stirred the deeper depths,

"For man walks the earth with mourning
Down to death and leaves no trace,
With the dust upon his forehead
And the shadow on his face.

"Pillared dust and fleeing shadow
As the roadside wind goes by,
And the fourscore years that vanish
In the twinkling of an eye."

Then comes the old, old question,

"Where my brother wends the byway,
To what bourne, beneath what sun

Thou and I are set to travel
'Till the shitting dream be done?"

The thought that the life of the human being with its many imperfections and its numberless failures is a higher type than this perfect form of insect life is beautifully brought out in the next three stanzas, while the fourth re-echoes the deathless hope of the ages.

"Comrade of the dusk, forever
I pursue the endless way,
Of the dust and shadow kindred,
Thou art perfect for a day.

"Yet from beauty marred and broken,
Joy and memory and tears,
I sha'l crush the clearer honey
In the harvest of the years.

"Thou art faultless as a flower
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,
I survive the fault and failure.
The wise Fates will have it so.

"For man walks the world in twilight,
But the morn shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead
And the shadow from his face."

We can fancy in following one of these thought-flights that, like a bird, the mind cannot be for ever on the wing, but after its highest flight or its farthest sweep it must circle back to the home-nest of the commonplace, the dear, familiar surroundings of every-day life. This is shown in this beautiful poem where the tired pinions of the singer flutter down into the "cabined room," while on the "far-off shore" sounded

"The sweet low calling
Of the bell-buoy on the bar,
Warning night of dawn and ruin
Lonely on Arrochar."

WIND AND LYRE.

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!

I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a whitened flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

—Edwin Markham.

BEHIND PRISON BARS.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



A CORRIDOR WITH CELL DOORS OPEN.

By the turning of a crank these doors are all opened simultaneously.



IT was in our student days. We had gone with a Christian worker who was to conduct a prayer-meeting in the Central Prison. We looked down the long tiers of cages. What a grim fascination there was in it! What stories and stories of life if one could unearth them all!

The low-browed, close-clipped, who stood across the gulf from the rest of humanity, the mass of the hardened and hopeless!

The warden allowed us to go out on one of the galleries and see the interior of one or two cells. We nerved ourselves to meet the defiant eyes or

sullen cower, whichever it might be. But the next moment—lo! a change had come over us. There was a strange feeling at our hearts and we said not a word. The western sun poured in a flood into the narrow cell before us. The bars of iron were interlaced with bars of gold, and in the illumination, an old man, sunny-faced and snowy-haired, sat before an open bible. Hale and hearty-looking, a face of which one would find it hard to believe any evil, he was the kind of man one could so easily picture as weeding a garden behind some pretty cottage when his day's work was done.

What brought him here? What rash impulse? For surely his was not a long slow descent into crime? What



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN THE PRISON OF ISOLATION.

"copy" his life-story might have afforded us! But we asked him not a single question. Something checked us. What right had we to delve into the sorrows of these lives more than to touch the arm of the man on the street and ask what troubled him and made his countenance sad? What right had we, after all? Were these men not human behind the bars? Were not their secrets their own?

Not a typical prisoner, did I hear you say? No! no! We did not claim that this man with the open bible was a typical convict. We claim nothing. We merely state a fact. That was our first look into a prison cell. We were not looking for open bibles. We might have gone fifty times and not arrived at such a propitious moment as that—the sunset, the calm face, the open book. But there it was, a picture for an artist.

We passed on to the next cell. This was occupied by a young man scarcely

more than twenty; a thin, alert face. He was reading a small paper-covered book. He was more in keeping with the type of prisoner we had expected. Our eyes were, therefore, the freer to look at his cell, the two little shelves on the wall, the tin plate and cup, the iron bunk fixed up on the other wall, and the plain chair on which the prisoner sat.

We made some remarks to one another about the bed, and the young prisoner rose and, with great alacrity, let it down for us to see. There was an air of politeness, of readiness to interest us that could not but touch one.

"Oh, no, we don't allow anyone to go down those galleries," said the guard in answer to our query. "You would hear some pretty hard language from some of those fellows if you went down there."

A few minutes later we sat in the chapel and the prisoners came tumb-

ling into the rows of vacant seats. Seen *en masse* they were a hard enough looking lot. The defiant gleam, the low brow, the mean pinching of the features were not wanting. But, for that matter, if you took any body of men, close-clipped their heads, dressed them in prison uniform and confined them behind those iron bars, it is hard to say just what might be the result to the outer appearance. We found it difficult to distinguish one who was pointed out in a whisper as the son of a bishop from the many who come from the rougher walks of life.

It is uncertain, too, what would be the effect on mind and face of housing one's self in a narrow and gloomy cell. Did you ever try spending a day in a small hotel bedroom with a brick wall towering many stories above the window, shutting out the air and sun? Did you sit there alone and far from those you loved for a little while, till the chill of the place crept into your blood? And did not craven thoughts that you did not suspect were lurking in your heart come filing out? Did you find thoughts that were good and great and magnanimous coming to you just as naturally as they came when you sat by some sunny window or looked into the eyes of God's stars at night?

This surely should come under our consideration more than it does—the effect of surroundings on a mind already diseased with sin and weakened by disgrace.

We thought of the nearly five hundred men within the walls of Kingston Penitentiary. In the columns of this magazine some five years ago the Rev. A. E. Lavell, B.A., gave us a vivid picture of the penitentiary, lying a red-roofed pile of gray on the shore of Lake Ontario, the two hundred acres of prison farm and quarry land stretching northward; the prison guards in their blue uniform pacing

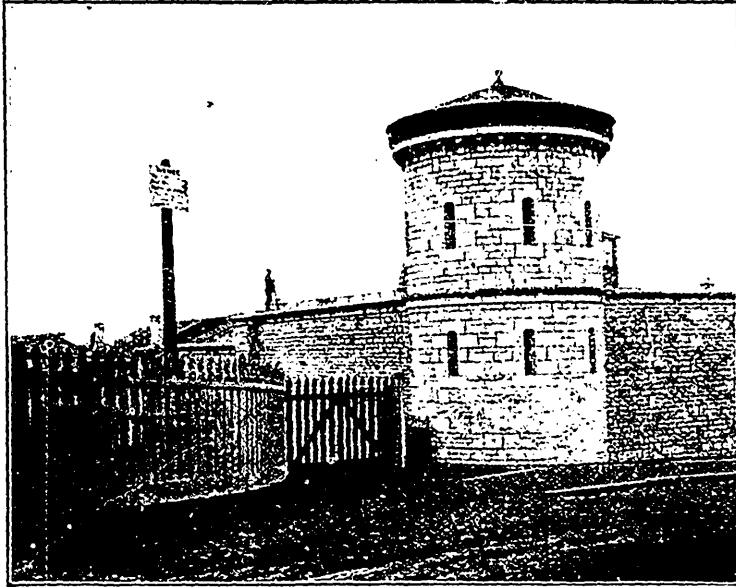
to and fro watching the convicts—on the lake-side of the enclosure the high-walled quarters where blacksmithing, stone-cutting, tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, etc., are being carried on.

One paragraph in particular lingers in our mind. It is descriptive of the hour when the prisoners go from their work to get their rations and take them back to their cells:

“Guards, stone walls, bars, prison clothes, no grass, nor tree, nor child, nor anything else of free life; surely they will not forget that they are in prison, these men. Young men of sixteen and old men of seventy; rogues, well-trained in deliberate crime; weak-willed fellows who have allowed circumstance to rule them; and men whose faces are full of horror and shame as they think of the one great mistake of their lives, and full of determination as they resolve never more to let crime have dominion over them; on they march toward the dome, to take their ration of food and retire to their cells.”

Of course there is another and a better side to the picture. There is a good circulating library in the penitentiary. The books are well read. A school is provided for those who are illiterate or nearly so. There are two chaplains in charge of the Protestant and Catholic chapels, in which reminders of their prison life are removed as far as possible from the eyes of the convicts.

But our responsibility hardly ends with that. There are many of us who are prepared to weep our way most sympathetically through the pages of “*Les Miserables*,” who yet give little thought to the imprisoned of our own land. It took the greatness of a Victor Hugo to discern the greatness of a Jean Valjean. Could another Hugo come and pen the lives of some of the men behind our prison bars, no doubt we should weep for them, too. But we need the genius of a great heart



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—A CORNER OF THE WALLS, SHOWING A GUARD ON DUTY.

to come and show us these things.

The desire to get something for nothing, some one has said, is the cause that has put most of these men into the barred cell. Well, and in some degree, do we not find this same weakness outside the bars? You went yesterday and persuaded that woman to invest a thousand dollars in that X Y Z stock. You were not any too sure that it was a safe investment. But you waived the doubt. You gave her the reasons why it looked a safe and paying concern. You pocketed the commission. It was a little windfall that commission. Your wife was not looking well. You wanted to give her a fortnight's holiday that you could ill afford. Now you are a Christian and a college graduate. You were raised in a Christian home.

That night a fellow who had grown up on the streets broke into your back parlor window. He was descending the stairs with the family jewelry when

you summoned a policeman. The result was fatal to him. He wanted something of yours for which he was giving you no equivalent. Are you perfectly sure about that little commission in your pocket? Sure you gave the woman its equivalent? Sure you guided her to the best of your knowledge to a wise investment?

Six months later, when that woman's stock is worthless, you feel sorry that you were so persuasive when you talked to her. Too bad you were so anxious about that little commission. The voice within you that whispered it was unsafe you wish you had listened to it just as you would had it been your own investment.

Well, if you, with all the good influences that surround you, made that mistake, shall you unequivocally condemn the other man who, with no such influences, went more boldly and openly into sin? Does it follow that

there is no tenderness in his heart, no latent greatness in his soul? Mr. John L. Whitman, once a prison guard, tells in a magazine article of an experience in stopping a fight between two prisoners:

"I tried to work my way to the active fighters. As I struggled through I heard someone behind me say, 'Keep your hands off that man. Don't you strike him, on your life.' I realized that he was protecting my rear. As a result of his words as well as my efforts, I got the two main contestants and the men stopped struggling. I took them off to the 'solitary' and looked them up in solitary cells, still with the big fellow at my back. Afterward I saw and talked with the man, who was a prisoner who had served several terms in the penitentiary, and who, under the habitual criminal law, might now be sentenced for life.

"When I questioned him as to why he had done as he had, he said, 'Mr. Whitman, I have spent half my life in prisons and jails, and it is seldom we run across a keeper that shows any consideration for us fellows. When we do find one, we don't want to get him hurt. There wasn't many that would do what you did then. An ordinary keeper would have got his head knocked off.' I told him I didn't think I had ever done anything for him, but he said it was my general way of doing. 'You treat us as men when we go down to get our bundles. You see that everybody gets a fair show and are not cursing and worrying and trying to get through quick to get home. We get what's coming to us.'"

Severe and deterrent punishment for crime should undoubtedly be. But if there ceases to be in it the hand that points to a better future, it becomes more revenge instead of just punishment. At no time perhaps in his life is a prisoner more in need of direction than when he comes out of prison gates. For several years his food, his clothing, his lodging have been furnished to him. He has been cared for by the Government. He must now care for himself. He has been protected from temptation. He must now face it. He has had money matters attended to for him. He must now attend to them for himself.

It is one of the penalties of being cared for that we forget the art of caring for ourselves. What fears must mingle with his first sensation of liberty when he comes out from the stone walls into the great world—where he fell before.

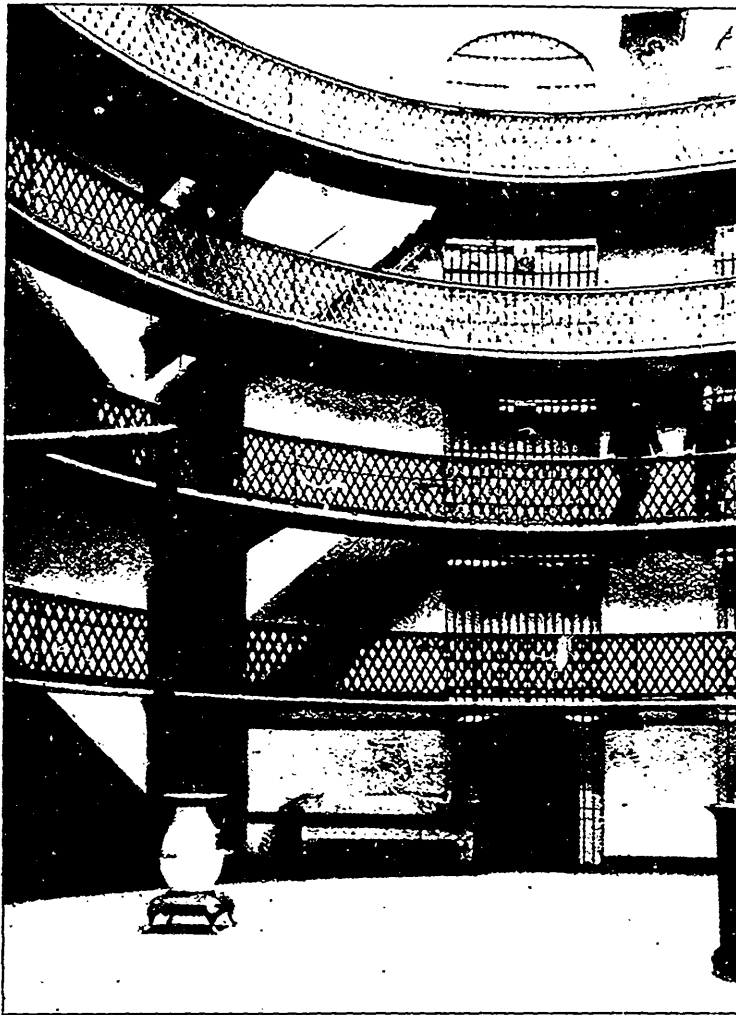
Every year out of our schools and colleges comes a leaven that is to work in our civilization. Every year out of our prisons comes a leaven likewise to do its work. And the mingling of the leaven is that of which our country is made.

Just here the Japanese show a higher civilization than ours. Not long since we were favored by an interview with Mr. J. Honda, M.L. (Master of Law) and son of the President of Aoyama College, Tokyo, on the subject of treatment of prisoners. Let the prisoner out to go where he pleases, to stand or fall as he can? That is not the Japanese method. In reply to our question about the supervision of prisoners after their release, Mr. Honda sent us a communication from which we quote the following:

"About Supervision. After they come out of prison they are placed under the restraint of police supervision for one-third of the term which they spent in jail. They cannot move anywhere or get any employment without consent of the police.

"One who has no relative or who is neglected by his relatives is taken to a house established by the Prisoners' Supervision Association where he finds a refuge and is welcomed with warm heart. He is given by the host of the house the most suitable employment of which he is capable. These released prisoners are forced to go to church on Sunday, and in the evening of Sunday the host of the house delivers a speech to them at the house, assembling them in a room.

"This Association has been attended with great success for about twenty years. Its president is a nobleman. A most famous and successful host of these houses is Mr. T. Hara who was before a preacher of the prisons. Through his work many prisoners were converted.



GALLERIES IN SPACE UNDER CENTRAL DOME.

"These houses are on the family system, not the boarding-house system. More than four hundred male prisoners and one hundred female prisoners passed safely through the police supervision under the kind direction of Mr. T. Iara, and many of them became true Christians. In Tokyo we have two or three of these houses, one in Kobe, and many other such but I do not remember where."

We also learned that during this

period the prisoner carries a ticket of supervision whenever he goes out. He must present this ticket at court twice a month and show that he is working diligently. If he is taken sick during the period of his supervision and has no relatives to care for him, he is taken back to prison, not to a cell, but to a nice hospital ward. There may or may not be defects in

Japan's treatment of prisoners that we know not of. But surely this system of supervision is a distinct advance on ours.

We note, too, that the Japanese prisoner is paid wages for his work. The money is not given him, of course, during his confinement, but is put in the Savings Bank for him till his release. In cases where the family or parents are dependent on the prisoner the money may be sent them through officials. The indefinite term of imprisonment is much used in Japan.

A hard-working and well-behaved prisoner has his term of imprisonment shortened. Or as a reward hard work is sometimes changed for easier. The prisoners are divided into classes according to their behavior and diligence in work. They are first divided into six classes, according to the nature of their crime. The food is also varied according to the offence and the conduct of the offender. Those charged with minor offences have a comfortable little room, sometimes several of them living together. Many Japanese prisoners are sent to the northern island of Japan. After five years' confinement here as a re-

ward of good behavior they are permitted to have a small house of their own.

It is true much that is most commendable in the Japanese system is due to the influence of Japanese Christians. Mr. T. Hara, mentioned above, is a Methodist. But is it fair that we should let the Christians of Japan go on before us in matters of prison reform?

The Prisoners' Aid Association has nobly thrown itself into the breach and as much to make amends for our sins of omission in this regard. We have not space in this article to dwell on the splendid work they are doing.

During the past year they have placed 174 persons in positions where their total earnings per day would easily amount to \$200. Allowing 300 work days per annum the aggregate earnings of those whom they have thus assisted would give the neat sum of \$60,000.

This is only one phase of the work, of course. Too much cannot be said of the efforts of this Association for the moral and mental uplift of the prisoners. We owe them our heartiest support and co-operation.

MAGDALEN.

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

"Where are you going, weary feet,
Feet that have failed in storm and flood?"
"I go to find a flower sweet
I left fresh growing, near a wood,
The winds blow pure from many a hill,
And hush to tender stillness there.
Shall not this restless heart be still,
And grow more innocent and fair?"
"Not so; for sin and bitter pain
Can never find Youth's flower again!"

"Where are you going, wistful face,
Face with the mark of shame and tears?"
"I go to find a quiet place
Where no one sees and no one hears.
The beauty and the silence there
Shall thrill me through and still my pain,
Shall touch my hardness into prayer,
And give me back my dreams again."
"Not so; for Sin has closed the door
On Youth's fair dreams forevermore."

"Where are you going, heart of woe,
Pitiful heart of fear and shame?"
"A strange and lonely way I go,
Where none shall pity, none shall blame.
Far with my sin and misery
I creep on doubtful feet, alone;
No human heart can follow me
To mark my tears or hear my moan."
"Nay, but the never-ceasing sting,
The clearness of remembering!"

"What do you see, O changing face,
Alight with strange and tender gleams?"
"I near the hushed and holy place
Of One who gives me back my dreams."
"Where are you daring, eager feet,
Feet that so wild a way have trod?"
"O bitter world, no scorn I meet.
Sinful and hurt, I go to God!
On my dark sin, forevermore,
A sinless Hand has closed the door."

AN EXPERIMENT IN PRISON REFORM.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH ROSSIE.



LAST January the authorities (with the kind approval of the Governor) allowed me to initiate a course of fortnightly lectures on sanitary subjects at the Portsmouth prison—the best behaved women being selected as students.

This initiative was not exactly original, as one other attempt of the same kind had already been made at Wormwood Scrubs, but the difference between a regular convict establishment like the latter, and a short-sentence local prison like Portsmouth, must be apparent to every one. For one thing, the women are naturally of a more essentially evil type at a penal establishment—they are so soaked in criminal associations that it is hopeless work to try to show them the dignity of house-keeping and the honor of well done work as wife and mother. If hygiene, nursing and such self-sacrificing woman's work has failed to touch the "lifer" or the habitual "breaker" out of Millbank or Brixton prisons, that is no reason why we should fail to find some responsive chord in the hearts of the many better sort of women who are "in" for the various petty crimes which in the richer classes would be expiated by a small fine. For it is a fact almost forgotten that a great majority of our prisoners, especially the women and children incarcerated, are being punished for little worse offences than inability to pay some trumpery sum of money—trumpery, I mean, to such as may read these words, though far from trumpery to the unhappy victims.

That women and children, thus imprisoned are not much worse than the mass of the population must be fairly evident—they do, indeed, grow worse after imprisonment, but at the commencement of their sentences they are as susceptible to good influences as any of the same class outside.

Now, is it for the upraising of bruised self-respect in such women and children as these that I am anxious to get established in every local prison the system kindly experimented upon at Portsmouth—I mean weekly or fortnightly lectures with practical demonstrations in nursing, the care of children and domestic hygiene. It must not be supposed that these lectures on domestic subjects are a mere source of pleasure to the prison women—as a matter of fact so ignorant are most of the persons in prison that only about 4.5 per hundred can read and write with any degree of accuracy, in spite of our vaunted universal education. Ignorant women of this kind are by no means much attracted (when outside), by lectures on domestic or medical work—at my lectures for the County Council it is the rarest thing in the world to see the prison type sitting amongst the audience. But in the slow and wearing monotony of a jail—the silent noiseless labor of the ordinary day's work—such lectures as these put on an altogether unaccustomed attractiveness by mere comparison. They thus serve as an incentive to good behavior as well as a method of reform.

There is another point—all prison officials are aware of that strange phenomenon of the female side of penal establishments—the "breaking out" of otherwise well-behaved wo-

men. It is an aspect of hysteria (we are told), uncontrollable outbursts that befall many of those who are by no means the worst in ordinary times. The women subject to these fits of hysteria forfeit many little advantages and often ask to be locked up in "the darks" beforehand if they know the fit is coming. That one of the causes of this insanity is the monotony and silence of punishment is well understood, and in some of the great metropolitan prisons special privileges are, I believe, permitted to the women in the way of conversation, so as to reduce this "breaking out" to a minimum. Now, here comes the pull of sanitary lectures—the women get something to fill their minds—something that even to the vilest woman is interesting—the love of children. For in the worst hearts this maternal emotion still burns with unquenchable flame, and by the light of this immortal pharos we may, perhaps, illumine the whole dark pathway of a misspent youth!

Women of the convict class have been hitherto supposed to be beyond reform—the Borstal system and Dartmoor system for teaching men skilled trades has passed by the women. There are no skilled trades taught to women prisoners as to men; washing, coarse shirt-making, bag-making, a few bead-work window blinds (Wormwood Scrubs)—this is all, except the domestic work and the oakum picking. As for the domestic work for the officials it is so coveted by the prisoners, that usually it is given to the worst behaved as a sort of placebo to keep the peace. For it must be remembered that in these days of external interference and sympathy with criminals the officials of a prison are far more afraid to punish a prisoner than any prisoner is to be punished. Thus it comes about that the most belligerent and passionate prisoners

will be selected for the domestic work, whilst the mild and gentle ones will be kept at the most uninteresting work. Strictly speaking, this is contrary to rules, but the terror which inspires all officials lest frequent "reporting" may be regarded at headquarters as indicating incapable discipline, tends to raise the power of the virago to a pitch unsuspected by the outside world. (Some of this information was obtained from a London ex-matron of long experience.)

The lectures which I was allowed to give at Portsmouth prison were not paid—they were therefore not scheduled as compulsory. That the prisoners enjoyed them all the more on account of this any one who understands human nature will shrewdly guess. For the prison type are like all vulgar people, intensely enamoured of a "lady"—that is a person who earns no money and has white hands to play the "pianer." But although I believe the women liked the lectures, all the more because I was not a regular official, yet I think they would have found more benefit had I been one. For, as a mere lecturer, I had no power to give "marks," either for good work, or to take away "marks" for trifling—thus I was obliged to do simply the best I could and make no attempt to see how much they understood. That several of them listened with an almost disconcerting intensity of interest was a pleasing fact to me as a lecturer, but it made it all the harder that I could not reward this zeal by the bestowal of a single mark—all outside educational work being based on a system of rewards and punishments.

The following statistics taken from the Report of the Directors of Prisons for 1902 will prove what I have said, that an immense number of persons in prison are as good as those outside—their only fault being poverty.

Thus, whilst there was a total of 231,075 persons imprisoned (male and female) 185,643 were thus forever stained with the prison dye, either for default of finding sureties, fines and incapability of paying debts, or by court-martials for military offences:—88,973 were imprisoned for no other cause than inability to pay a fine—and out of this number, I am sorry to say, there were 1,109 children!

How many women were imprisoned for inability to pay a fine I cannot say, but the number of women altogether incarcerated for petty offences in local jails was 60,274, the average duration of whose sentence was 23-37 days, showing fairly well the crimes they

had committed were not, on an average, very dark.

That women and children of this kind are not wholly irreclaimable like those at Wormwood Scrubs, I most fervently believe; and that numbers of ladies all over the country would gladly give these sort of lectures in the prisons without any idea of remuneration I am quite sure. The Association of Lady Visitors, inaugurated by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Battersea, has done immense good in persuading the women on release to desire a better life—let the next step in prison reform be to give them the habits and desires and skill to fulfil better life's duties.—*Quiver*.

AROMA.

BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD.

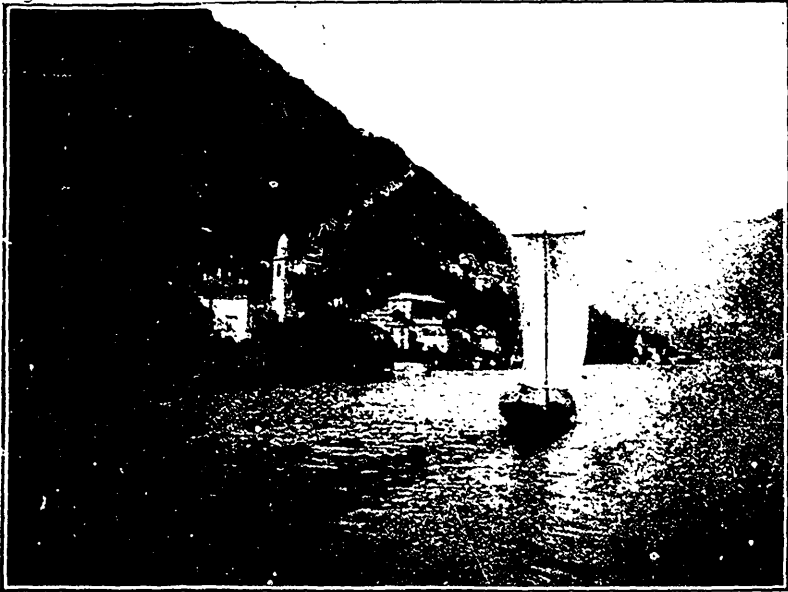
As one who takes old letters from a drawer,
That tell of long-gone-by unhappy things,
And turns the yellow packet o'er and o'er,
Afraid to wake anew dead sufferings;
Till a faint fragrance that around them clings
Steals on the sense, and the loth mind reprieves
With hint of gladder memories it brings,
And half consoles the brooding heart that grieves—
The fragrance of a flower pressed between the leaves:

So do I con that portion of my years
When fate was cruelest, and hope was gray,
And dull defeat encouraged dismal fears,
And fresh disaster came with every day,
Till I was well-nigh worsted in the fray!—
Why not content me with this brighter morrow?
Better my troubled soul should turn away,
Nor view that past where it was racked with sorrow:—
Yet still sweet haunting reveries my moments borrow.

For when I ponder those black-bordered days,
Your name falls ever in with welcome chime:
'Twas then you came with your quaint-hearted ways,
To soothe, like balsam from a sunnier clime,
And round my discord as with mellowing rhyme.
So I clasp close my rosemary and rue!
Not, if I could, would I blot out that time,
Nor, if I could, forget what once was true—
Lest I should lose the fragrance that enshrines it—You.

—*The Outlook*.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.*



"SNOWY SAILS FLUTED LIKE SHEETED GHOSTS IN THE TWILIGHT."

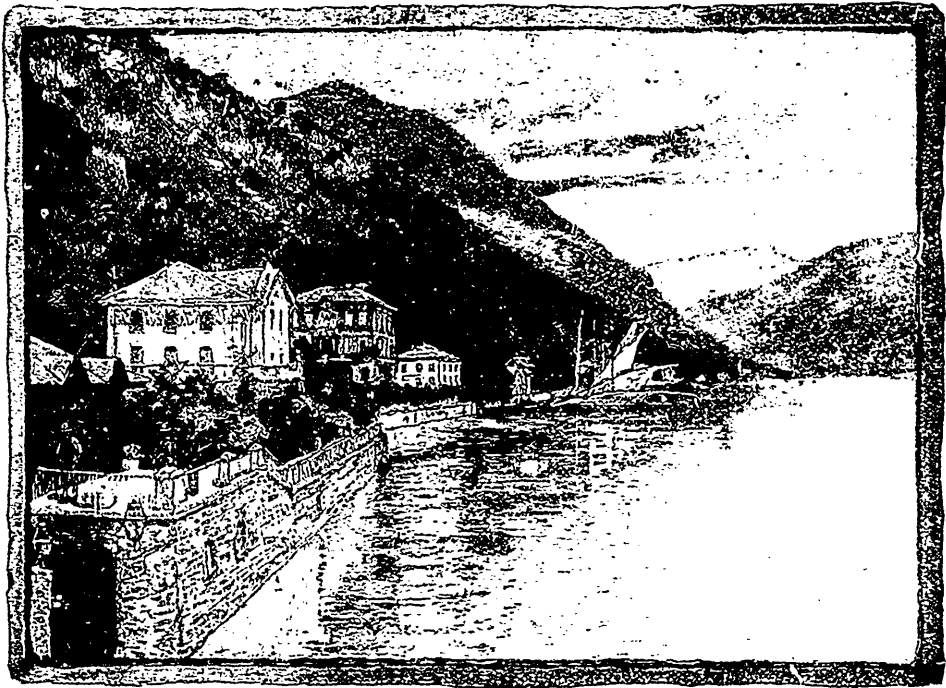


LAKE COMO has challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil and Pliny to the present time. Less sublime in its environment than the Swiss lakes, it is far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmy breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue. On its shores nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered

amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and color to the scene.

The author of this book with light, graceful, and sympathetic touch describes this world's shrine of beauty, records its historic and romantic associations, its legends and traditions, which add a human interest to its

* "A World's Shrine." By Virginia W. Johnson. Author of "The Lily of Arno," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-287. Price, \$1.20 net.



A BIT ON LAKE COMO.

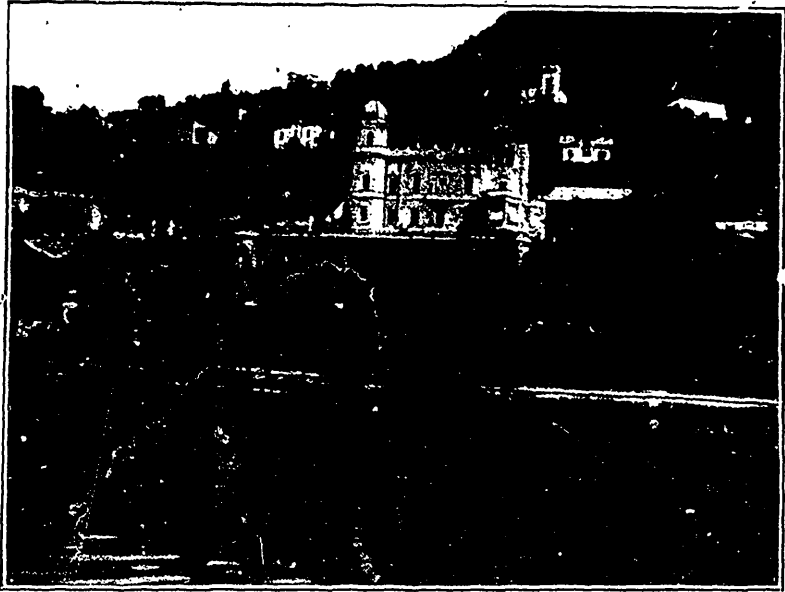
fairly loveliness. To those who have visited this queen of lakes it will be a charming souvenir; to those who cannot it will prove the best substitute for a visit.

We thought we knew our Como pretty well, but we learned much that was new from these pages. Seven times has the present writer revisited this memory-haunted lake, and traversed its length from Como and Lecco to Colico. The memory of his first visit is still vivid in the writer's memory.

We lodged in a quaint old hotel—once the monastery of St. Mary of the Angels—and very fine comfortable quarters those old monks had, with large, cool corridors, lofty rooms, and a lovely garden. In the old chapel are some very quaint frescoes by Luino. A stroll through the arcades

of the town, where nut-brown women sold all manner of wares, and where the airs were by no means those of Araby the blest, greatly interested especially the lady tourists.

In mid-afternoon we took a steamer over the placid waters laving the vine-clad hills, crowned on their apparently inaccessible heights with churches, each with its square campanile. It is apparently a point of religion to make access to the churches as difficult as possible, that there may be the more merit in attendance at the sacred functions. Elegant villas, gaily frescoed, arcaded and embowered amid terraced gardens, gave a rare charm to the scene. The handsome Italian customs officer on the steamer on Lake Lugano, brilliant with gold lace and epaulettes, quite won the hearts of the ladies by de-



VILLAS ON LAKE COMO.

—Photo by Miss Bristol, Columbia College, B. C.

clining to inspect their luggage, which was piled up on the deck for that purpose. If he could have understood all the complimentary things they said about him, it would have quite turned his head.

In the twilight we set forth for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oars, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness—

“ We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the night
Like some old poet's rhymes.”

Next day we made a boat excursion to the famous Villa Carlotta, at Cadanabbia. Landing at stately marble steps, we were led through lofty suites of rooms filled with costly art treasures. For Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs of the triumphs of Alexander alone, was paid the sum of nearly 375,000 francs. Then we wandered through the terraced garden, studded with fragrant magnolias and other rare trees and plants, and commanding exquisite views over the lakes. Yet all this splendor cannot give happiness, for its owner, a bereaved widower, seldom enjoys it, its associations being chiefly of sadness and sorrow.* Our sturdy rowers soon took us across to Bellagio, where the ladies found remarkable attractions in the woven silk portieres of richest colors and designs, a local manufacture of much repute.

THE NEW WHEAT CENTRE OF THE WORLD.*

BY W. FRANK M'CLURE.



WAY to the north of the rich wheat-growing centres of the United States—Montana, Minnesota and the Dakotas, and far to the west of the old Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and where the track of the buffalo and the trail of the Indian are as yet scarcely obliterated, a new agricultural empire has made its appearance upon the map of the world. Its arising is of great moment, for it is soon to be the bread market of the globe. Nearly a hundred million bushels of wheat found their way from this new centre of civilization to the outside world in 1905, and there remains seventy million acres of unoccupied wheat lands yet to be settled.

This vast tract of fertile prairie was, not so very long ago, supposed to be a barren waste. Now it is predicted that the present generation in Western Canada will witness the growing of wheat upon forty-five million acres of the wheat belt, with an average production of twenty bushels to the acre. This yield will exceed the present annual production of the United States by two hundred million bushels, and will equal one-third the crop of the entire world. So promising have been the Dominion's invitations to the new El Dorado that she has already gathered unto these Western Provinces 200,000 Americans, not to speak of hundreds of thousands who are

pouring in from other lands. It is prophesied that it will not be long until ten per cent. of the people in the Dominion will be either of American birth or parentage. Millions of American capital have already been invested across our northern boundary, and the current interest in reciprocal relations with Canada is steadily increasing.

The product of the Canadian lumber camps would even now be coming to the relief of the rapidly decreasing timber supplied to the United States were it not for the tariff imposed. Our American millers are using a portion of the output of Canadian grain. Iron ore from the new mines of Algoma has found its way to the furnaces of Pittsburg despite the tariff. Thirty-three per cent. of Canada's exports of merchandise come to the United States, and nearly sixty per cent. of her imports come from this country. The distance between the two countries is so short and the inhabitants being of the same lineage and speech, it is but natural that our interests should be mutual to a large degree. We use the same inland seas in the transportation of a volume of heavy traffic that has no parallel, and both Canadians and Americans fish in the same waters save for an imaginary boundary line.

During twenty years prior to 1881, Minnesota gave away twenty million acres to secure colonization railways. Soon after 300,000 miles of railway had been constructed, the population exceeding 100,000 people. Canada profited by a few such examples of tact and enterprise. In one year she spent \$205,000 in encouraging settlers

* This tribute by an American writer to the growth of Canada is more flattering than one from a Canadian writer.—Ed.

from the United States, and between 45,000 and 50,000 responded, taking with them stock and personal effects valued at several millions of dollars. The area of unoccupied lands subdivided that year amounted to 12,000,000 acres. There are also plans on foot to bring into the Dominion the unemployed British and a goodly number of Belgians.

The pioneer cabin is typical of the way in which many of the settlers of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan began life in a new country. The neat two-story home represents the present day environments of the same locality. Transformations such as this have time and again taken place within periods of two years. The yields of a year or two enable the ambitious farmer to branch out, and soon he becomes an agriculturist upon an extensive scale. Rural schools are established five miles apart and churches soon follow. Local councils, elected by the people, govern municipal affairs.

The Province of Manitoba, the oldest of the provinces of the North-West, is as large as England, Ireland and Scotland combined. Last September, Alberta and Saskatchewan, which were previously but territories, became provinces. The spirit of these provinces differs greatly from the older centres of population. The natural tendency is to do things upon a gigantic scale. Quebec, Toronto and Montreal are slow when compared to the hustle of Winnipeg, and Eastern Canada farms are pigmies when compared to the wheat fields of the prairies. This is likewise true in the United States. In the East we raise peas in beds a few feet square. In Colorado a bed may comprise three thousand acres. In Nebraska there are single farms upon which the annual payroll amounts to thirty thousand dollars.

A Canadian farmer, when breaking ground, uses gang plows, and thus

in a very short time makes a very big impression. Ploughing, harrowing, drilling and rolling are carried on side by side with a dozen or more teams working almost neck to neck, and twenty to fifty men are employed upon one farm. At harvest time a half dozen or more binders make their appearance in the fields, followed a short time later by the threshing outfits, brought into the very midst of the grain. The farmer of Western Canada has the advantage of the pioneers of the States in that he may equip himself with the modern implements and facilities in use in the most highly developed parts of the world.

Spring planting begins perhaps before the end of March. By this time the snow is gone and does not fall again until December. The prairie land is easily broken, and, once planted, vegetation is not long in making its appearance. The harvest, however, is the supreme moment, both with the settler and the railroads. The golden grain, once ready, must be handled with all the genius and despatch of which the twentieth century will permit. Anxiety is written in the grower's face until his crops are safely sheltered and thus out of the path of a possible heavy fall of rain or snow. Sometimes the grain is not even stacked, but goes into the threshing machines, from which it is soon delivered into bags and hurried to the nearest storage elevators. The barns of the settlers are not large enough to contain the immense crops of the wheat belt. Besides Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, the wheat belt includes 19,000,000 acres in the Territory of Assiniboia.

New Ontario.

West of the Upper Ottawa River and to the north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior is a portion of the Province of Ontario which has recently

been found to possess both the soil and the climate necessary to luxuriant crops of both agricultural products and fruit. The eastern districts of this "New Ontario" surpass the rest. They comprise those of Thunder Bay, Rainy River, Nipissing and Algoma. In the Thunder Bay district alone there are 25,000 square miles, which gives some idea of Canada's chances for spreading her settlers' domains. In fact, "New Ontario" is greater than Ontario in area.

Abreast or in advance of the agricultural development of Western Canada are the railroads. Possibly no other country, in proportion to its population, is making such rapid strides in railroad building. Canada now has 20,000 miles of tracks, and ranks eighth among the countries of the world in railway mileage. With a continent larger than the United States, her work in this direction is just begun. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern both reach into the rich wheat country and to the important cattle ranches of the new empire, and the Grand Trunk Pacific will soon do likewise. The Canadian Pacific is now contemplating the double tracking of its road from Fort William to Winnipeg, at a cost of \$10,000,000. In Canada there is a Minister of Railways, whose duties are chiefly to aid the building of railroads, and to this encouragement on the part of the Government no little portion of her recent marvellous development is due.

At harvest time the railroads summon thousands of extra cars to the wheat belt, but the rapid increase in annual yields taxes their utmost capacity. From hundreds of storage elevators all along the railway route the golden grain is hurried to the larger elevators on Lake Superior, train after train moving forward at short intervals. The great shipping points of

Lake Superior are Fort William and Port Arthur, the combined capacity of the elevators at these harbors exceeding 20,000,000 bushels. The heavy movement of Canadian wheat by the Great Lake route the past year continued until the close of navigation, and still the elevators of both the wheat belt and of the shipping ports are almost bursting with their load.

The Canadian Government is spending a great deal of money to develop the all-Canadian route to the seaboard and to attract the grain trade from American shores by way of the same course. From Lake Superior this route extends over a thousand miles of waterway, including some seventy miles of canals. On reaching Montreal the grain is placed in elevators and subsequently shipped abroad in ocean steamers. Otherwise grain may go to Buffalo by Great Lake steamers and thence by rail to the seaboard.

The Dominion Government has expended more than \$100,000,000 in the original construction, enlargement and maintenance of her canals. Recently extensive harbor improvements have been in progress at Montreal. At Port Colborne several thousand feet of new breakwater and docks are building, and the depth of the harbor will soon be such that the largest vessels may be accommodated. Here, at the entrance to the Welland Canal, some of the biggest elevators extant have been under construction—elevators with a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels and 100 feet high. The newest ones, in addition to their working departments, are equipped with storage tanks of steel and with self-emptying bottoms. The cry of the grain trade on the all-Canadian route is for Eastern elevators, in order to keep Canadian grain in Canadian channels. Montreal in the past has suffered from lack of these facilities. Canada is also building new vessels to take care of her growing traffic.

There were constructed in one recent year 328, with a registered tonnage of 30,000 tons.

An important Canadian project—important to the United States as well as Canada—is the proposed Georgian Bay ship canal from Georgian Bay to Ottawa, to cost \$10,000,000. The Dominion Government has already appropriated \$150,000 for the preliminary work. This canal would provide a new route for the wheat of the North-West, including American shipments. It would reduce the distance by water from Chicago to the St. Lawrence, and Lake Erie would be cut out of the course entirely.

Unsettled tracts of land in Western Canada are secured by immigrants either from the Government, in accordance with the provisions for granting homesteads, or are purchased from the railroads, to which original grants of land were made. The homestead territory is divided into townships six miles square, each township being divided into thirty-six sections, which, in turn, are cut up into 160-acre tracts. Upon one such tract the annual taxes amount to \$2 or \$3, and, when a school district has been established, to \$10. Any man over eighteen years of age may acquire one of these tracts by paying \$10 in cash and residing on the land three years. If later he desires additional land he can obtain it at perhaps \$5 an acre. During his first three years' residence he must keep at least fifteen acres under cultivation or may support twenty head of cattle. Before a patent to the land is issued he must become a British subject.

The Government of the Province of Manitoba supports a travelling school of dairy instructors, which goes from one village to another, teaching and demonstrating the best methods of making good butter and cheese. These instructors likewise advise the

farmers in the successful raising of stock. The government also maintains an experimental station at Brandon. In keeping with these institutions, the settlers themselves have organized farmers' institutes. This twentieth century spirit of progress is showing its effects upon the country's exports in dairy products, of which Great Britain is the largest consumer. Canada's exports of cheese exceed twenty million dollars in value and her butter six millions.

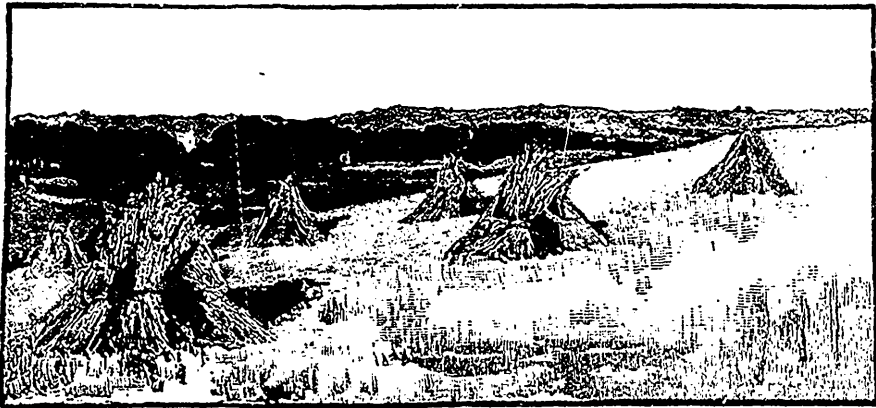
The Canadian farmer is planning to avoid some of the grave mistakes made in the early days of the United States, where the grower, anxious to reap large returns from the virgin soil, allowed the ground to become impoverished. A slight deterioration upon a small area in Manitoba has given the necessary warning that nature's laws must not be violated. Instead of the barren waste which this vast new wheat country was once believed to be, the soil comprises a heavy black loam, one or two feet deep, practically free from stones.

The ranching centres lie chiefly in the prairies of Southern Alberta and South-west Assiniboia, where the weather, despite the predictions of a few years ago, is such that cattle may graze upon the natural grasses which cover the plains and need no shelter. These lands are particularly adapted to the ranchman's needs, for although there may be a dearth of rain at times not experienced in the agricultural sections, there is water and to spare for the cattle in the natural streams. Even in winter the natural grasses furnish the cattle with food, it being only necessary to feed the calves or younger stock. Canada's exports of cattle are increasing with great rapidity, and, it is prophesied, will soon reach \$15,000,000 annually.

The great metropolis of the new empire is Winnipeg. It has rightly been

styled the "rallying point of the prairies." From Winnipeg immigrants are distributed by the thousands to the wheat fields and the cattle ranches which lie beyond. At the beginning of the harvest, when additional laborers are necessary to the garnering of the crops, this city doubles its activities, as the railroads unload hundreds of newcomers every twenty-four hours. An increase of 50,000 in Winnipeg's permanent popu-

lation has been chronicled in three years, until now this city ranks with several of our American cities of the first class, and in the Dominion is only exceeded by the populations of Montreal and Toronto. This marvellous growth has been equalled only in the midst of the wheat belt itself, where towns of 1,000 inhabitants have become cities of 10,000 population in a year.—The Independent.



LA VICE.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

She comes by night with soft and sumptuous air,
 Wrapped in a sable mantle from the sight,
 Through which breaks fitfully an orange light,
 As sunset's fires upon a storm-cloud flare.
 Her face, scarce seen, is delicately fair,
 Her eyes burn with the deep and drowsy might
 Of low stars glimmering thro' marsh-mists at night,
 Strange blossoms scent the dense clouds of her hair.

But woe to him who follows where she leads,
 Drawn by the stealthy sweetness of her smile,
 The sinuous winding of her paths to tread!
 Full soon the bright dream vanishes, and while
 The cold dawn breaks, before him looms instead
 A skeleton half hid in rotting weeds.

Pakan, Alta.

“WHY I BELIEVE IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.”

BY THE REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.



THINK it is impossible to forget that there are many people to-day who are seriously asking the question, “Are foreign missions a failure?” and that missions are passing through a period of somewhat severe criticism. The question is being put from many quarters,

“Would it not be better to leave other people alone and attend very specially to a lack of Christianity in our own institutions at home?” There are many people who are asking, with quite a fair amount of plausibility, whether it would not be better to settle our own affairs on a Christian basis rather than unsettle the faiths and practices of people who live on the other side of the globe? And there is an assumption that I notice very specially in our modern magazines and newspapers that we could, if we liked, dismiss foreign missions altogether out of Christianity and yet remain Christians.

Now, it is to that point that I am going to address to-night a very plain, straightforward statement. I am not going to preach a sermon. I am going rather to attempt to deal with the problem, and to say in as straightforward a way as I can why it is that I believe in foreign missions; and that I believe if Christianity gave up its big ideals to make disciples of all nations, it would fail to produce any impression whatsoever upon our difficulties and our grievances at home.

Now, let me clear the way, if I can, in a practical, common-sense sort of way by removing one or two confusions and perplexities that I notice

certain minds are particularly suffering from. In the first place, foreign missions are not the same as missionary societies, although I have seen that people who have discovered a point of attack against the missionary societies have believed when they have done that they have dealt a blow against the idea of missions in themselves. Missionary societies to-day have a very complex policy to pursue. They have to deal with matters of education, with medical missions, with evangelistic missions. They have to live and do their work under many flags. They have to do what the early evangelists did; they have to come into conflict with many customs, practices, laws, and institutions among foreign races, and it is very likely that here and there their policy will be open to attack. But I do not admire the common-sense of the men who can say, “Because I disagree with this action or the other of a missionary society, therefore I am going to narrow and whittle down the programme of Christianity until it applies simply to the England in which I live.” It is not fair, it is not just to Christ, and it is not common-sense.

Let me remove another misconception. Missions are not the same things as missionaries. I know certain people who have reminded me of a particular missionary who has been a man of indifferent or even, in one or two cases, of distinctly bad character. I believe that the general average of missionary character is extraordinarily high, and that missionaries are a very light in the Christian Church. But, at the same time, if you can show me one who has failed in character you have done nothing whatever to attack the

missionary programme of the Christian Church. You might just as well say, "Because Judas was a traitor, therefore I will not listen to anything Jesus Christ may have to say." Once again, it is not fair to Christ, it is not reasonable, it is not just, and it is not common-sense.

And then there comes to me a critic who is, I notice, very much in evidence in the printed articles and magazines; the man who says, "I believe in the evangelization of the world through men and women of the particular race that is to be evangelized," and I think I should be right in saying that those people do not ask the question how far their policy is being already carried out.

The London Missionary Society.

I turn to the account of the society of which I know the most, the London Missionary Society, which, as many of you know, by its foundation exists to send neither Episcopacy, Presbyterian, nor Congregationalism to the heathen, but simply a Gospel of Christ; the great, broad foundation that attracted David Livingstone to give the pure loyalty of his missionary life to that society. What do I find? I find that among European missionaries that society employs 438, but of its native agents—the men and women of the particular races—6,023; so that if you are in favor, as you say, as your articles say, of the evangelization of the races through men and women of the race to which they belong, then surely the present policy is a policy that is bound to win your support.

"Yes," says somebody else, "but you know the people themselves do not want Christianity." Well, are you quite sure on that point? Again, I turn to the report of the society of which I know the most, and I find this remarkable fact, that from the natives themselves of the various countries evangelized the sum last

year was sent to England of £31,414, in addition to the sums raised and expended on the mission fields themselves. Now, the people who give this money are very poor, and as I remember hearing Dr. Elliot Curwen say, "If you take China, the most difficult thing to do with a Chinaman is to persuade him to part with his money; and yet, when Christianity touches him we get such a change as this, that the last report from Mr. MacGowan in the great Amoy district is that every single church in that district had become self-supporting, and in addition was contributing very large sums to the general exchequer of the society to send on the Gospel to others." Do you suppose for a moment that men and women would do that who had no affection for Christianity and did not want it when they had got it?

Now, I do not hold greatly to the mere test of statistics. I hold rather by what Arnold Forster once said. He said, "There are Chinamen who have been converted to Christianity who are worth all the money that you have ever spent upon Christian missions; whereas there are plenty of those who are not worth what you spend in a single day." You can never judge things by the mere test of statistics. But let us look at the test of statistics. I notice that during the last decade the population in India has increased 1.5 per cent. The native Christians have increased 30.8 per cent. The non-Protestant Christians 21.4 per cent., and the Protestant Christians 50.8 per cent. Once again, if you were simply to take the test of statistics and apply them under the present situation, I think you would have to concede that Christianity today is a magnificent success.

Witnesses in the Box.

But now I am going to put a few people into the witness-box. I am not

going to put any one whom any person in this audience could call strongly prejudiced in favor of Christianity and Christian missions. I am going to appeal to those who have had special opportunities of investigating the condition of affairs, and I am going to ask them in your hearing what they think about the Christian missions that so many papers and magazines attempt constantly to decry and disparage. Now, let me begin here, because this is an appeal specially to business people from the business point of view.

Sir W. Mackworth Young is the late Governor of the Punjab, and he was addressing a gathering of purely business men. He said, as a business man speaking to business men, he was prepared to affirm that "the work done by missionary agencies in India exceeds in importance all the work that has been done by the Indian Government since its commencement." Now, I suppose all here are proud of India as a great dependency of the British Crown, and one of the leading authorities on Indian Government, a great pro-Consul, addressing himself to business men from the business standpoint, declares on his word of honor that Christian missions have done more for India than all that has been done through the work of Government itself.

I pass on and I come to another great pro-Consul of the British Empire—Sir Richard Temple. This is what he says: He begins by reminding us that he has governed at different times 115 millions of British subjects. He says he has been acquainted with all missions from Cape Colony to the Himalayas. "Among the hundred duties it was my duty to know about these missions, and accordingly I knew." Then this is how he sums up his impression. He says: "You will hear the mission cause decried, whereas I say that the results are

fully commensurate with all the efforts you have made, that the reports you receive are worthy of entire acceptance, their only defect being that they cannot give you the impression of the beauty and excellence of the work as it is indelibly fixed in my own mind."

I pass on from Sir Richard Temple to another great pro-Consul of whom every Englishman is proud—Sir William Macgregor. He was a Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea. He says in his report: "The lapse of time has steadily strengthened the conviction that mission labor is of immense value and importance in the possession. The example of the regularity and purity of life of the missionary is an object lesson of great significance; the humanity they practice to the sick and castaway and the abandoned; the moral force by which they exercise restraint over bad characters, and their sympathy for the weak and suffering, are all softening and ameliorating influences that could not otherwise be supplied."

Let us take, again, another man whose name is on all men's lips—Sir V. William Hunter, a man worthy, surely, of the admiration and affection of every English Christian assembly. He says: "I know of no class of Englishmen who have done so much to render the name of England respected in India as the missionaries. Speaking as an Englishman, I declare my conviction that missionary enterprise is the highest expression of the worldwide national life of our race. I regard it as the spiritual complement of England's instinct for Colonial expansion, and I believe that any falling-off in England's missionary efforts will be a sure sign of swiftly-coming national decay."

"Well now, I put it to this audience—I am speaking to you, as you see, in a perfectly straightforward, simple way, putting the argument derived

from those who have seen the life on the spot, because I am tremendously anxious to remove the growing impression in this country that missionary effort is a failure, and that missions ought to be altogether abandoned out of the programme of Christianity. I am going to put one or two other witnesses in the witness-box. I leave the pro-Consuls, I come to those who went out to those lands simply as travellers, whom we recognize today as people whose word of observation, scientific observation, is worthy of all confidence and trust.

Now, let me appeal to one whom I am quite certain we shall receive with sympathy as she gives her witness—Mrs. Isabella Bishop. "I am a traveller solely; and it is as a traveller that I desire to bear my testimony to the godly and self-denying lives, the zeal, the devotion of nearly all the missionaries of all the churches I have ever seen. This testimony from a traveller may be, I trust, of some value, and I am prepared to give it everywhere."

I turn to America, I take this testimony from one of the leading American writers, a very brilliant writer in his way, Demetrius Boulger, from a recent article in *The Fortnightly Review*. He says: "I am no proselytizing zealot. I think that each man can best find his way to heaven by himself. But the study of the Chinese history compels me to say that the missionary efforts in China form one unbroken chain of good doing in the record of foreign intercourse with that Empire. To whatever sect they have belonged we owe to the missionaries the greater part of our knowledge of China and of the favorable impressions left on the Chinese millions by their devoted and charitable deeds." Surely an extraordinary testimony from one who, as he says, sets out with no idea whatever of proselytizing.

Then here is the word of one honored the world over—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. He says: "I think if we realize but a tenth part of the work that has been done we should understand that no more practical work, no work more productive of fruit for civilization, could exist than the work being carried on by men and women who are giving their lives to preach the Gospel of Christ to mankind." That was after a visit he had paid to a number of mission stations among the red Indians in America.

Literary Testimony.

Well now, in order not to weary you, I will simply, in closing this part of my subject—I will simply appeal to two or three who have treated the question purely from the literary standpoint. Rudyard Kipling, R. L. Stevenson, and Mr. Frank Bullen, men whose point of view you know, and men whose opinions no doubt you respect. Rudyard Kipling writes this characteristic sentence. He says: "Ask the grey heads of the Bannockburn Medical Crusade what manner of life their preachers lead; speak to the Raoiné Gospel Agency, those Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow; get a pastor of the Tübingen Mission to talk of his experience—if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health—all that a man may lose, except faith—in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth, and died in the fever-stricken jungles of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight, as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic

faith in wood spirits, goblins of the rocks and river fiends."

What did Stevenson say? He said: "I have conceived a great prejudice against missions. I have no sooner come here than that prejudice was reduced and at last annihilated." What does Frank Bullen say? "When all has been said that can be said against the missionaries, the fact remains, the whole vile character of the populations of the Pacific has been changed, and where wickedness is rife to-day it is due largely to the hindrances placed in the way of the effort of the missionaries by the unmitigated scoundrels who vilify it." I am glad Frank Bullen used those words for me: they are so out of place from this pulpit.

I found the other day this peculiar paragraph in a paper to which I do not think I should have turned for a defence of missions. I mean *The Saturday Review*. It says: "The missionaries have saved the Polynesians from extermination. They represent in the heart of a materialistic and cynical and selfish culture a genuinely heroic tradition. Almost every family of consequence in the country numbers among its members some exiled crusader spending his life in solitude in the ends of the earth; and every corner of the globe is hallowed by their graves."

It is perfectly true, the heroic tradition to-day lives in the mission field, and the greatest deeds which England is doing she is doing out there; and the men who sit at home and criticize are men who would be better employed if they themselves would do something, at any rate, to see that England stands for humanity and brotherhood the wide world over. And if these testimonies are not enough, I would appeal to one that is an absolutely hostile testimony from its standpoint. Perhaps the leading native paper of India is *The Hindoo*.

And yet in a recent number of that paper these words were contained: "Speaking of the missionaries, it is not so much their intellectual as their moral qualities that challenge admiration. Their simple lives, their sympathy with the poor, their self-sacrifice, all force admiration from their critics."

Life by Big Ideals.

I remember a gentleman returning home and saying to me that missions in South Africa were no good, and that the natives who were Christianised were no good. I know the man who made that statement, and I also had some slight acquaintance, when he was in England, with King Khama, one of the Christianized natives to whom I suppose he referred. I will put their lives side by side, the critic of King Khama, and King Khama himself; the representative of men who tried to force liquor upon King Khama's natives, and the King who dared to stand against all their influence for a sober and pure nation, and I have no hesitation in saying on which side the great moral balance lies.

No, we have to recognize that if Christianity is going to live at all it is going to live by its big ideals. If it once begins to lose its commanding hope and faith all will be lost. I do not believe any man has ever seen Jesus Christ who has not seen Him as the Saviour of the world. You may see a Christ who is a Saviour of England. You may see a Christ if you like who is a Saviour of Europe, but you have never seen the principal glory of the Christ until you have seen Him as the Saviour of the world. What I say is this: if the thing is true here in England, it is true in India; it is true in China. Truth is not a matter of parallels, of latitude. If Jesus Christ is the highest and the best here, He is the highest and the

best there. If he is the revelation of God here, He is the revelation of God there. If He is the Saviour from sin in London, He is the Saviour from sin out there. We have got to see Him as the Saviour of the world; and I repeat, only the Churches that hold by the big ideals are the Churches of power.

Let me give you an example of what I mean. Eight miles out of the city of Homburg there is the little town of Heumannsburg. Many years ago now a new pastor came to this little village church, and he began to talk about the Gospel of Christ and about the claim there was upon all Christians to send the Gospel to the heathen. And the people listened, thinking it was a craze of the dear good man, and that before long he would get over it and would return to his senses; but by-and-by the impression became produced upon their own hearts that what he said was true. What did they do? Out of their little handful of members they set aside eight to go out to the mission field, and for five years they trained the eight that they might be fit to carry the message. At the same time they built their own ship, they manned her, they provisioned her, and when the hour came not eight, but twelve out of that little church went out to South Africa as representatives of the Moravian Mission.

Well, but what happened to the church itself? A visitor who went there said the whole village was changed. He said there was a fragrance about its life that he had never found anywhere else.

"Oh! but," you say, "they were concerned for such distant people; why did not they turn attention to the people at their own door? They did. They sent to the authorities at Homburg, they said to the authorities, "Send us out some of the worst criminals; we will surround them with all

brotherly sympathy; we will give ourselves to their reformation." And they did. Home missions and foreign missions went hand in hand. Now, that was a very little church, but it was a very great church also. Every church that has got that spirit is in itself a great church, and a great power for good in the hands of God.

And will you let me say as I close this word: the final argument against scepticism is not going to be an intellectual one; the final argument against scepticism is going to be the sacrifice of the Church of Jesus Christ for the good of all the people all the world over. Show men these results, and men will see that Christ is still alive, and His cause is still true. It is still winning. It has won victories in the earth.

I am going to close by just telling you one or two of the simple incidents of the recent persecutions in China, and as I tell them to you I want you to ask yourselves the question whether, if the trial that came to them had come to you in England in the twentieth century, you would have stood as true and firm as they did. There was an old gatekeeper in the town of Yen Shan. He was a very simple man, and nobody had ever credited him with very special religious convictions, but he knew whom he had believed, and when the Boxers came they set the old man in the middle and began to torment him before they put him to death. They asked him to sing to them, and in a quavering voice, for he had never learned to sing, he began to sing "He leadeth me." And then at the end they called for more, and he sang "Heaven is my home." The man who told the story said it was the strangest scene, this old man with the quavering voice, ringed round with faces that were like fiends from hell, singing in their midst, "Heaven is my home." And then they killed him. Two hundred and

thirty Christians belonging to that little church at Yen Shan were all put to death. Every one was offered life if they would recant; every one of them refused!

There was a young preacher in the neighbouring village of Sungchow. They set him in the midst of them and began their hideous work of mutilation. They cut off one of his ears. "Can you still preach?" they said, and he said, "Yes, I can still preach of Christ." So they went on, after each devilish stroke asking him if he was still firm in the faith. He stood firm and faithful unto death.

There was a little school girl. She and her mother had escaped, as they thought, but they were pursued. The little girl was surrounded. "You can kill me," she said, "if you will only let me first pray to God for you," and they stood apart for a little while, and she prayed in her childish way the prayer on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then they put her to death.

In one little church at Peking there

were only two families who recanted. All the rest were faithful unto death. Two families! I wonder, if the trial came to you, my brothers and sisters in this audience—life at the price of the denial of your Christianity—is it so dear to you that you would gladly choose death rather than deny your Lord? Oh! I tell you, when you read the story of Chinese Christianity of these recent years you feel that the Colosseum with all its heroic conditions is outdone, so splendid and so magnificent has been their devotion there. You can say what you like against missions, but so long as it produces men and women who will die for their faith they have an answer that the world cannot but accept.

What is this psalm from pitiable places,
Glad where the messages of peace hath trod?
What are these beautiful and holy faces,
Lit with their living and aflame with God?
Surely He cometh! And a thousand voices
Call to the saints and to the death has done;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad at His coming who hath sworn "I come."

Even so, the wide world over, even
so come, Lord Jesus. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

BY NELLIE L. M'CLUNG.

Here on Life's ocean, weary ships are striving,
Beaten by breakers lashed by waves and foam,
O! may they find in Thee this day a refuge,
May Thy house be to them a harbor-home.

Here in the gloom of Life, poor souls are wand'ring,
Lost in the maze of sin and gone astray,
No chart to guide them—oh, dear Lord have mercy,
May Thy house be a lighthouse on their way.

Here in Life's cruel tangle hearts are breaking,
Thy hopeless children o'er dead ashes grope;
Reach out thine arms of infinite compassion,
May Thy house be to them a House of Hope.

Lord, we are weary in our earthly journey,
Our fainting hearts have heard Thy gracious call,
We come to Thee for comfort, strength and guidance,
May Thy house be a Father's House to all.

Manitou, Man.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE.

ELIHU BURRITT.

BY THE REV. HERBERT CHANDLER IDE.



HARDLY a schoolboy in the last half-century but has known Elihu Burritt under the soubriquet of "The Learned Blacksmith," a title which alarmed that modest man, and which he once said he had spent a diligent lifetime in trying to deserve. His struggles against heavy odds to educate himself and his indomitable perseverance have been an inspiration to thousands. Born in New Britain, Conn., in 1810, the youngest son among ten children, the condition of the family resources sent the boy Elihu to the forge rather than the school, where his tastes would have led him. But with unremitting toil he continued his studies often far into the night, or with a grammar open before him as he forged. With intermissions he forged and studied by himself until his thirtieth year, when he had "acquainted himself with all the languages of Europe and several of Asia."

His reputation for learning, to his surprise, soon brought him to the lecture platform, and he became a popular speaker on topics of culture and reform. While preparing a lecture on the anatomy of the earth, he was impressed that the arrangements of nature were such as to bind nations together in the exchange of products and in other common interests, thereby forming a natural bond of peace. The result was a "radical peace lecture." It was given in Tremont

Theatre, Boston, and was heard by a large audience, which contained prominent peace men, who hailed him forthwith as an acquisition.

He soon decided to suspend the studies which had hitherto brought him joy and fame and give himself to larger and more practical undertakings—the advocacy of temperance, the anti-slavery cause, self-cultivation and peace. Thus did the philologist become the philanthropist. To promote these causes he started various publications. Among these were *The Christian Citizen*, the first peace paper published in America, and his *Olive Leaf Mission*, which he pushed in this country and later extensively in Europe. These *Olive Leaves* were printed slips containing articles on peace topics about a third of a column long, and sent free to hundreds of newspapers for insertion. These and his own impassioned appeals were largely instrumental in preparing the way for the Geneva Tribunal, the High Joint Commission and The Hague Tribunal of later days.

He was brought into correspondence with English philanthropists in the mutual effort to accomplish an amicable settlement of the Oregon question, and he sailed for England in 1846. There he was cordially received and soon helped to develop an international association, which aimed to abolish war and promote fraternity among nations. One of the first undertakings of this League of Human Brotherhood was the abolition of restrictions on international

correspondence, and Burritt's plan for Ocean Penny Postage aroused great interest. Twenty-five years later, when the agitation was crowned with success, his plan was substantially adopted. This is one of his greatest achievements, though little remembered. He espoused the doctrine that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men"; therefore he sought to bring them into fraternal relations. This motive permeated his entire life and service.

The same persistent enthusiasm that had been given to study and forging was now devoted to breaking down the barriers to human fraternity. For years this tall, slender, untiring figure crossed the seas and travelled up and down among the nations, from court to barracks, from drawing-room to council hall, eloquently pleading the cause of human brotherhood and bearing the message of peace on earth, good-will toward men. Sincere, democratic, it may be unconventional, he stood before great and small alike as a man with a great mission, who loved his kind and sought their good.

It is difficult for us to-day, with the appeals of peace grown familiar, to put ourselves back into the contentious atmosphere of those times and realize his task. Europe was slowly recovering from the shock of the Napoleonic wars, Italy and Germany were torn by internal jealousies and external suspicions, and France spent her holidays in revolutions. In such an atmosphere, great audiences gathered in the capitals of Europe to see the banner of peace unfurled, and to hear the stirring eloquence and sound reasoning of men like Cobden, Bright, Victor Hugo, Sir Charles Napier, Henry Richard, Girardin, Visschers and many others whose names are linked with that of Burritt, as participants. In the famous congresses held

from 1848 to 1853 at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, London and Edinburgh, and in the attending agitation, he took a leading part. He travelled thousands of miles, gave hundreds of addresses, and his journal gives one of the best accounts of the meetings. Large delegations were secured from England and America.

At all these congresses Burritt's main plea, which was supported by his American associates, was for a permanent international tribunal. This came to be known as "the American Plan," and was finally realized at The Hague. At the Frankfort congress Burritt was made a member of a committee of three to endeavor to bring about an amicable settlement of the war between Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein, which seems to have almost succeeded. Testimony to the general feeling for Mr. Burritt is found in the fact that when he rose to read his list of American delegates at Paris, the meeting broke into such a storm of applause that he could not proceed.

In the years preceding the Civil War he was in America laboring with might and main for his plan for "compensated emancipation" of the slaves; a plan which was summarily nipped in the bud by John Brown's raid. This was a great blow to Mr. Burritt's sensitive and just mind. Later, in the days of the Alabama difficulty between our Government and England, he again came forth and in many addresses through the country urged arbitration.

He passed his last days quietly in the town of his birth, genial, beloved and full of good works in the community as he had been in the wider arena.

Elihu Burritt was in truth an "International Gentleman." He was loyal to his own town and country, but his

vision was wide, his heart was large, and no narrow bounds of geography or caste could fetter him. He was at home in large things, the atmosphere of the wide world was congenial to him, and his heart and head embraced its wider needs. His was an idealism, not of dreams alone, but of practical things. Ease or fame he never sought. The acquirement of a competence appealed to him only as a means for furthering the good causes dear to him. Every enterprise to relieve suffering, increase knowledge, broaden human horizons, promote fraternity among the nations, found in him an indefatigable champion.

Although his memory is secure and requires no monument others can erect to enhance it, it has yet seemed fitting to Elihu Burritt's friends at home and abroad that some public, permanent memorial should be erected to this great-hearted citizen of the world and far-visioned apostle of Christian brotherhood, upon whom in his life

countless honors were heaped by the great of the earth. One of New Britain's well-equipped public schools stands near the site of his last home, and his name is cut in the stone above its portal. The Cherry Street Mission, built in his last days, largely by his own hands, is also named for him, and the splendid hill commanding the city, which he bought for his own, will always bear his name.

But for some months the movement has been gathering momentum to provide a distinctive and appropriate monument in that city's spacious park. A mass-meeting was held in New Britain, and since then plans have been under way to erect in the near future such a memorial as will be a satisfaction to his admirers and a credit to the city of his earliest and latest years, and to which, in the will which disposed of his few earthly possessions, he bequeathed his undying love.—
World.

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES BUNTON GOING.

"But, lord," said she, "my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long ;

And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road."

"Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe in new-found maidenhood,

Amid long sunlit fields ; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair ;"
Smiling, he answered : "Was it not so there ?"

"There ?" in her voice a wondering question lay :
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day ?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame,
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name ?"

"Nay," she replied, "but this I understand—
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land !"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath ;
"Lord of the Land—but men have named me Death."

THE PARSONAGE SECRET.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW COMER.



LICE tried no more experiments with the baby after she discovered that the most infinitesimal doses of her panacea for all ills really left the child the worse for them. In consequence little Mary threw under Hummel's care, and before anyone expected such a feat of her, she was toddling around after Freddy under the pink hollyhocks and garden sunflowers. Indeed, she walked

but a short time, when she ran away oftener than ever her brother had done. Both children became great pets of Bessie Roberts, and frequent visitors of Miss Parks.

One August afternoon Bessie was reading in the hammock that Tilly had provided for their hours of ease, when Robin trotted past her with his tail wagging in the friendliest fashion. He had seen the children at the gate and must needs be petted by Freddy, while he licked little Mary's brow, knocked the hat off her curly pate, and nearly tripped her tiny feet.

"Is that you, Freddy?" asked Miss Tilly, who sat by the open window.

"Yes, marm, I has to come. Mary is naughty and runs away, so I has to wun after her."

"I notice," laughed Bessie, "that whenever little Mary sets sail, Freddy steers her straight for this port."

Freddy let that remark go, and beginning to sniff, said suggestively:

"I mell gingerbread."

Mary, who could not compass a sentence like that, wrinkled her atom of a nose and "melled" in unison with her brother.

"Go, see if Jane has a cake for each of you," said Tilly, just as was expected of her, and away went Freddy. He lingered so long, little Mary forgot to look for his return. She sank into the soft grass and sat intently studying everything around her with an unfathomable look in her brown eyes.

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Bessie.

"I love to watch her. She is finding life so interesting, all this bird and bee and flower life outside of her. People do not count for much yet, unless she is hungry or frightened."

"Hummel says she is far more knowing than any of her own sisters ever were at the same age. She has the father's forehead, and he is a fine-looking man."

Tilly was going on with some rather aimless remarks, when Bessie hastily rose from the hammock and betook herself to a chair, saying:

"Mr. McClure is coming over the bridge, I saw him before he went behind the hedge. Oh, Cousin Tilly, how shall I end this thing? You don't help me at all!"

"Tell him the plain truth, Elizabeth; that you will never marry any man until you can't be happy to live without him. You tell me that you would not be miserable to-day if this one were in Halifax for life."

"No, not really, utterly miserable, but I should be quite sorry, I—"

"Don't you commit yourself! Don't you do it! You can sit here with him among the flowers in the sunshine, being flattered by his love-making, and you can say a word that will bind you to something you will regret all your life. You are young, and if he can't take time, he is not any Jacob for you."

"No, the first seven years are not half gone yet; but then Rachel knew what her own mind would be at the end, and I do not. Don't run away, Cousin Tilly."

"I think, Bessie, I won't stay. When I do stay, it is very evident (to me, at least) that he wishes I would go about my business somewhere else. Hazelport does not demand the ever-present chaperon. Jane is close by making tea biscuit and watching. She never condescends to listen, but she sees every time the young man winks, you may be sure of that. I think I will run over to the Howards'; the old lady is not as well to-day."

When Ralph McClure's wheel rolled into the gate, he stepped briskly off to greet Miss Parks. She had taken only a moment to don her rustic hat, and it amused her to perceive how pleased he appeared at finding her about to take a walk.

The Howards lived just beyond the

Stoughtons, but when Tilly reached the minister's house she stopped. It occurred to her to go in there for a little visit with Alice, who was not growing in favor with the women of the parish. She was most variable in her moods, and they began to resent her alternate cordiality and indifference. Tilly found the front door closed, and no one came in answer to her ring. The afternoon was very warm, but a tree shaded the broad door step. Some one had left there a rocking chair, and the place looked invitingly cool; so much so that Tilly decided to rest a little before going farther. While she sat there Mr. Stoughton turned in at the gate. He was always heartily pleased to see Tilly, for she reminded him of Alice's sister, Mary.

"Well, you are not having a very hospitable reception!" he exclaimed. "I presume Alice has not heard the bell, for she went to bed at noon with a severe headache. Hummel had to go home, she told me, but she should be back by this time. The children are in the garden at play."

Miss Tilly knew that they were not there, but it made no difference, so she asked about her neighbor, the old lady who was ill. When he had answered that inquiry, Mr. Stoughton remarked:

"How tantalizing it is to catch a glimpse of some face that you are sure you ought to know, and then find it impossible to remember where, when, or how you knew the person, not even to be able to tell if you have merely seen him or once have known all about him! Ten minutes ago a young man on a wheel passed me, and now I can't shake off the impression or the suggestion of something unpleasant connected with him."

Every young man in and around the village rode a wheel if he could by any means attain to one, so Tilly made no comment, and Mr. Stoughton evidently continued to ponder the puzzle. Suddenly his face darkened with anger or disgust, as he exclaimed vehemently:

"I know him now, though it is six years since I saw him! His friends call him a 'society man,' a little wild, but good-hearted."

Mr. Stoughton was usually so calm even in expressing disapproval, that Tilly must have looked the surprise which she felt.

"He does not live in Hazelpport, thank Heaven! I knew him in New York. The way of it was like this: In the New Hampshire town where I grew up was a saintly old minister that everybody loved,

though he was half paralyzed and far behind the times. His wife was feeble, and their sole support was a fine boy, who prospered in everything that he did until he was killed in a railroad accident. There was left then one other child, a little girl, a most beautiful creature, as perfect in character as in person. Not that she was intellectual, she was not; for she could not, even with hard study, get herself fitted to teach; but she was full of loving-kindness to everything, to everybody, and a girl of great, good sense. A friend got her a place in a great publishing house in New York. She lived with a friend in a down-town boarding-house, and from this woman I learned much I knew of her later. Agnes (that was her name, lived on the least possible amount in order to send all the money she could to the old people at home, and no nun could have been more modest in dress and demeanor, although her beauty made her marked everywhere. Well, it happened that this fellow whom I met to-day had been introduced to her by good people when he was spending a summer near her native place. He saw her again in New York and set to work to court her, respectfully, persistently. He told her that he was a clerk on a small salary (he is a club man well-known in the fastest, wealthiest set of New Yorkers). Now, to make the long story short, he posed as a poor man of principle, honor, and remarkable business capacity. He has never earned a dollar by his own exertions. Agnes loved him and promised to marry him. I won't tell you all the particulars, but it will suffice to say, that he never intended to marry her. He was simply trifling with this lovely, trusting girl, and after a while deserted her. She discovered his treachery and true character, he had assumed virtues he never possessed; being naturally not very robust, she grieved over the matter, lost her sleep and her appetite, and soon after died of what the doctors called nervous prostration. She seemed to have lost her hold of everything on earth. Agnes worked on until the friend sent for her mother, who had not been away from their little mountain home in forty years. I met her, took her to Agnes, and planned for their return as soon as possible. That night Agnes' mind gave way; she lived twenty-four hours longer, softly singing childish songs to herself, or talking of climbing the hills about her old home. Then she died, and I went back with the coffin and the heart-broken, be-

wildered mother, who never knew why 'that poor young man Agnes was engaged to did not come to see Agnes' mother.' I promised her to find him out and comfort her when I returned to the city. I already knew that the day Agnes lay dying, he was at the great horse race of the season. I fulfilled my promise after praying God that, in my wrath and loathing, I might not forget that God and not I was to be the judge of Ralph McClure and his sins."

Mr. Stoughton was so stirred by his recollection of an experience long out of mind that he did not see Tilly's start nor the horror in her face. When a little later she stammered something about "such wickedness" making one "actually sick," he thought it a not unnatural comment on his sad narrative. Immediately after she went home, forgetting wholly her intention of calling on Mrs. Howard.

Tilly had not lived to middle-age and spent years in a shop in New York City without knowing of sorrows, crimes, and tragedies that had touched friends and acquaintances; but this seemed different. For the last few months she had entered on a new phase of existence. Her rural life was so fair and sweet that fancied Arcadian simplicity and innocence must go with it. Her little world was the world, and held only such loyal hearts as the minister's, Bessie's, Nathan's, and Jane's. She never thought of finding snakes in her flower beds. What would Bessie say? Bessie, who loved Ralph McClure; for just then it seemed to Tilly that perhaps she loved him.

Tilly forgot that she had been gone from home a very short time, so that it gave her quite a shock to see when she reached the bridge that the young people were sitting together as she had left them. She turned aside and reached home through a lane, entering the house from the rear; Jane was putting final touches on her tea-table.

"Will that feller out there stay to supper, do you think?" she asked disdainfully. She really hoped that he would stay, for her curiosity always rose superior to personal prejudices.

"No, he won't," said Tilly, dropping into a kitchen chair. "Will you please tell Miss Bessie that I am not feeling well, and that I want her to come here a minute."

"Law! you do look all tuckered out. I guess the sun was too high for you to

go walkin'. Go lie down in the cool bedroom and let me fetch you a cup of tea."

"It is true, Jane, that I feel quite used up; but I want an excuse to speak to Bessie. Just send her to the bedroom."

Jane went at once, and Bessie came in the next moment.

"Why, you poor dear! What is it?" she cried. "How very pale you look!"

"Oh, never mind me, child; nothing whatever ails me. I wanted to get at you. You have not promised to marry that man yet, have you?"

Bessie's laugh rang out quite merrily. McClure heard it, and smiled in sympathy; he was genuinely fond of this girl.

"What a tragic tone! Of course, I have not; though, now I think of it, there has been time enough since you left; but we fell to squabbling to-day for variety. He said my hair was red. Why do you ask? Have you seen a vision or had a private revelation?" laughed Bessie, adding lightly, "shall I invite him to stay to supper, or would Jane poison him; she says he 'riles' her, whatever that process may be."

She was standing by the ancient bed-post swaying lightly like a happy child, eager for a frolic or a dance; but she suddenly stood still, her face getting grave, when Tilly whispered:

"Let him go; the sooner the better. I have heard something horrid about him."

"About him; where? Why, how could you hear anything about the Howards? Yes, of course, you can't tell me now. I will go back and excuse myself, by saying you don't feel well. Is that quite true?" and she stopped midway to the door; this girl who hated even the shadow of an untruth.

"Yes, my head seems to whirl. I could not talk to a guest with any comfort; but wait a minute."

Tilly hesitated between her instinct of aversion and her natural kindness. "Let him have some tea and cake, then he will be home in time for his dinner. He is eight miles from the hotel. Bessie, I don't believe you will ever marry him."

"Don't excite my curiosity any more, or he will get no cakes," said Bessie, who had already begun to reason that Tilly could have nothing worse to tell than that Mr. McClure had been speculating and lost, or that he smoked too much, as he had once confessed.

To her relief the young man refused to linger after expressing proper regret that

Miss Parks was not feeling well. Bessie seemed sobered by what he privately thought "an exaggerated concern," so it was only polite to take himself off. He would have been pleased to have his farewells more tender than they ever were; but Jane Wilkes always had him within range of her eye. The pantry shutters were often agitated by an unseen hand. He hated Miss Wilkes; he went so far as to believe that she incited Robin to rub against his trousers, weaving short hairs into them or leaving dust thereon, and he never caught Robin far enough from home to kick him with safety.

"Well, now, Cousin Tilly, what is it? Let us know the worst."

Bessie ensconced herself on the foot of Tilly's bed and did not interrupt that good woman's story by one comment or question until all was told, not even then. Tilly had to ask:

"What do you think of it, Bessie?"

"Mr. Stoughton told you this; he is a truthful man, but it all happened several years ago. Then a woman told him some part of the story, and she got it from the young girl. As it runs now, it is a sad, a bad showing for Mr. McClure, but after these years of friendship I can't take it all as truth until I know it is true. There are no stories so likely to be one-sided, perverted, and often all false as in cases like this. If we sympathize with one person, we are ready to believe any wrong of the other one, and on too slight evidences sometimes."

Tillie was confounded. Could it be that Bessie was cold-hearted?

"You take it very calmly. I was almost afraid to tell you," said Tilly.

"I don't take it at all," returned Bessie, slowly. "At present it is as if I heard that Mr. Stoughton was having delirium tremens, or that you had stolen somebody's diamonds. I can't even make out what Ralph McClure is charged with. Now, don't think I am cruel; but to say that he broke a girl's heart, sounds as if he had done something very bad, but it might mean—oh! I don't know how to say what I think. It all amounts to this: I must believe any friend of mine is innocent until I know he or she is not. I am made that way. Now let us go to the table or Jane will see that something unusual has happened. I must think to-night; to-morrow I shall see Mr. Stoughton."

The next morning when Bessie came downstairs she said to Tilly, who was filling the parlor vases with fresh flowers:

"I remember hearing once of a man about to marry a lady whom I knew. A month before the wedding a very lovely girl, who had scarcely seen him half a dozen times, insisted that he was engaged to her. Later it was clearly shown that her mind was affected by long confinement with an invalid mother. She just imagined the whole affair."

Miss Tilly thereupon made a remark worthy of a keener student of human nature:

"If you love Ralph McClure yourself you would be ten times more stirred up than you are. You would not have any theories about anything. You would be quite crushed with fears and doubts, or just hopping mad."

"I don't know," replied Bessie, with a whimsical smile, "why one in love can't be sensible to the last."

"Well, nobody ever is; that is all I know about it; sense is not a symptom."

That forenoon Mr. Stoughton received a note from Miss Parks, asking him to call at the farm-house. When he came Bessie met him at the door and led him into the parlor, saying:

"My cousin wrote you the note, but it is I who want to talk with you."

"I am always glad of a summons here, for since Miss Parks began the administration I have never come on any but pleasant errands."

Then, quick to note the seriousness in the girl's expression, he said:

"Neighborliness can mean more in the country than in the city. Literally and figuratively speaking, the walls around and between our homes are not so thick nor so high in Hazelpport as in New York. We ought to be able to give and to get help easier in any time of need."

Bessie sat very erect and spoke in a voice not quite natural:

"I have come," she said, "to a place where I myself need help in order to help another person. Mr. Stoughton, you told my cousin yesterday some things about Ralph McClure. I want to ask you more than you told her. I met Mr. McClure several years ago in society. We have been excellent friends. We are not engaged, but he has asked me to marry him. I have all along said that I did not know him well enough, but I have supposed him to be a good man—have thought that later I might marry him. If your opinion—if your story—I mean, if there is no mistake or possibility of your being misinformed about anything that

you told Cousin Tilly, then I would rather die than marry this man. Please tell me, Mr. Stoughton, how much you know and how much you accepted on this testimony of other people."

Mr. Stoughton sat silent a moment or two before he said:

"If you love Ralph McClure, or if he loves you, I am very sorry to have to say what I must. If, when you have heard, you condemn him, it is only justice that you should tell him why you do so and what part I have had in the matter. He ought to have every chance to speak for himself. He may be a better man to-day than he was six years ago. Now, Miss Roberts, I will not repeat to you one word of anything that was told me. After the young girl, of whom your cousin has told you, died, I returned with the mother to the village that had been my home also. One day Mrs. Fenton gave me several of Ralph McClure's letters to Agnes, asked me to read them, and on my return to find him, that I might tell him of Agnes' death. Agnes' mother had before that time known only good of him, but she began to distrust him when she had time to reflect. These letters were ardent love-letters. In almost all the writer spoke of his comparative poverty, his work, or often alluded to his weariness as the reason for not seeing her at some appointed time—perhaps on a Sunday, when she expected him to be at church. They were full of lover's vows and protestations. There was not in one any word of marriage, but only a lawyer or a person who distrusted the writer would have noticed that. I hardly knew what Mrs. Fenton's object was in asking me to read those letters. She never spoke of Mr. McClure again after she asked me to find him and to tell him that Agnes was dead.

"I returned to New York and had no trouble in finding him in his bachelor's apartments surrounded by evidences of wealth. He heard me with annoyance. I could not see anything else in his face, neither grief nor remorse. He said that he had 'amused himself making love to the little Puritan'; that he had 'possibly fibbed a good deal about trifles,' but she began 'to take things too seriously and refused to see that New York life was not patterned after manners and morals in her own little country hamlet.' But why go on, Miss Roberts? Ralph McClure denied nothing of that with which I charged him. He scouted the idea that the shock received by Agnes in finding

out his real self had anything to do with her death, and he offered to 'send a check to the old folks if they needed help. I never had so plain a talk with any man as I had that day with Ralph McClure. He gave me his philosophy of life. These are his words:

"I mean to have a jolly good time in this life if by any means I can get it, and I will take my chances in the next. Life is a farce at the best, and you only talk as you are talking now because it all goes along with the part you are acting in the play."

"What could I say after that? I know all sorts of men; but, taking Ralph McClure at his own estimate, he was worthless, self-centered, caring neither for God nor man. Later I learned more of him, but never anything good. After I had spoken of him to your cousin yesterday I wondered why I had done it. A minister or a doctor learns a great deal about the lives of individuals, but, as a rule, men in both professions keep the knowledge to themselves. Perhaps I have hurt you very badly, but, I assure you, if you were my own sister I would do anything to save you from spending your life with a man like McClure."

Bessie sat gazing intently into the minister's face, half unconsciously reading its varying expressions, and the honest sympathy now in his clear eyes. When she spoke it was almost as if she were thinking aloud:

"Cousin Tilly does not believe that things just happen; she will say that the time had come when I must decide how to answer McClure; that I had, as she told me, been praying that I might not ruin my life by making any mistake. The prayer was answered by you, and the meeting with him and the telling Cousin Tilly were means to an end. No, I am really not hurt; that is, I don't suffer in any such way as Agnes must have suffered. I see that I have never loved him as she must have done. Now it begins to seem as if I had lost an illusion, not a real friend. The Ralph McClure whom I certainly liked greatly has gone all to nothing."

They had not talked very long together before Mr. Stoughton had seen what Tilly had seen: that Bessie would have made a mistake in marrying Mr. McClure, even if he had been all she supposed him to be, because it was not love that she felt for him. But, so far as Mr. McClure was concerned, the minister did not doubt he was this time in earnest. Agnes Fenton had been merely a good

girl, with a beautiful face and a warm heart. She had possessed no wit, no accomplishments, none of the many nameless fascinations which made Bessie Roberts a delight even to plain Tilly and to the minister himself. Having this in mind, the latter said:

"In that talk that I have told you about with McClure I did him no good whatever. I fear I was not in a Christ-like frame of mind. I kept seeing the dead girl in her coffin and the dreary home, where the half-paralyzed father and the heart-broken mother were mourning together. I abhorred not only the sin but this particular sinner. He assumed at the outset that all Christians, especially ministers, were hypocrites; and I being one was, of course, the other. To-day I would not care for that; I would be more patient, gentler; not so antagonistic as at that time I surely must have been. I did not hurt him, and in that mood I could not have helped him. Now I am thinking of you, Miss Roberts. You are surely going to hurt him in his heart, or his conscience, or his pride; and it seems as if you might help him even while you hurt him, or because you hurt him. When a man truly loves a good woman, it is astonishing what she may do with him and for him.

"I hardly see how I can help him if I start in by telling that I have discovered him to be everything that a man ought not to be," said the young girl, patting Robin's head and looking up at the minister with a quick smile.

The old dog had joined them with an air of great seriousness. He turned at intervals toward each speaker, his big brown eyes full of sympathetic interest as if love affairs had ever been with him matters of grave importance.

When Mr. Stoughton did not at once speak, Bessie continued:

"I think perhaps it will be wise to say nothing of this newly-acquired knowledge. I shall refuse to marry him because I do not love him. At present I see no purpose that would be served by telling him just how I found out my own mind. I believe I would have decided in the same way eventually even if ignorant of what you have told me. If I do not humiliate him now, I can retain him as a friend until I learn whether he is a better man than he was six years ago. Warned as I have been, he can not easily hide his real self from me. If he is bad as ever or worse, then he surely needs to have shown him purity, truth, and goodness. Not that they are so clearly exemplified in

me, but every Christian woman loves the good, struggles after it, and draws with her any man who loves her, whether he is brother, friend, or husband unless his influence is the stronger. Because I do not care enough for him, that danger would not exist in our case, and I do believe Ralph McClure cares for me. Then, again, to tell him all would enrage him against you, Mr. Stoughton."

"That would be no good reason why you should refrain if it was better than not to tell him. Any way, when he learns that I am living in Hazelport, and that I know you, he will at once suspect I have warned you against him. For that reason, silence at first on your part may be as well. If he accuses me to you, admit at once that I have talked with you; hear his account of himself. In this way he may give you the opportunity to hold him that you may help him. If you did love him, this would be a dangerous experiment and unwise to attempt, for your eyes would be blinded and your judgment clouded."

But it is not needless to report all the morning's conversation. Stern as the minister was in his opinion of men like McClure, he was ready to make due allowance for youth, for temptations of city life, and he was ready to rejoice if it should appear that he had been too severe or that Ralph had changed. He was in all things so broad-minded, so kindly, and he so quickly understood every word of Bessie's that she told Tilly after he had gone, she wished with all her heart she had a brother like Mr. Stoughton.

The minister smiled to himself on his way home. He reflected, as Tilly had done, that Bessie was quite too cool and reasonable for the condition commonly known as being "in love." The smile was rather a sad one as he reflected that if reason had more to do with such affairs, fewer people would marry in haste to repent at leisure. He found himself wondering if with a much longer acquaintance with Alice before their marriage he could have known her any better. He doubted it; for even now he did not understand her. If he had realized that she had always kept her life apart from his because she did not wish him to know its motives or its secret workings, the mystery would have vanished; but his hope for their future happiness together would have gone also. She solemnly assured him that she had kept every promise made to him since that day when he found the morphine in her work-

basket. Could he believe her? He pitied his wife, but he would have pitied her more if she could have seen the struggle going on in her during those summer months—a struggle sometimes feeble, sometimes fierce, often ceasing for long intervals, but never quite relinquished. She had been impressed and alarmed by what he had told her of the dreadful results of using morphine. She knew already by experience the truth of much he had said. At first she had been very cautious; now she either took a larger quantity at a time or a lesser quantity oftener, which amounted to the same thing. Even after the last morphine ordered had been received, Alice locked it away in her desk and resolved not to touch it for months; not unless she was suffering extreme pain. For almost a week she was heroic, but an approving conscience is not comfort enough for certain natures, especially if, as some one has said, it is a conscience "that is out of order." Alice became restless, irritable, every nerve seemed unstrung; her longing for relief and restful ease became, as she fancied, unendurable. Temptation came in the form of a suggestion which seemed reasonable and more practicable. She would take a very small amount of the drug—small compared to what she had allowed herself,—then less and always less until entire cessation gave her no inconvenience. She remembered hearing that was the way some physicians advised in similar cases. This plan worked more agreeably than that of total abstinence—only a season of moderation came to be invariably followed by a sudden indulgence to an extent never ventured on before this attempt at reformation. Worse yet, in the days when Alice took great credit to herself for abstaining from morphine, she used an amount of other stimulants that would have horrified her husband.

The small flask of brandy which Mr. Stoughton occasionally saw on an upper shelf of their bedroom closet stayed there untouched for months at a time. How was he to suspect that Alice supplied herself with brandy, whiskey, and Jamaica rum from various drug stores or in ways least likely to attract anybody's attention? When nature denies noble attributes, she often bestows on little creatures a kind of cunning in working out designs which almost amounts to genius. While Alice Stoughton seemed to all a quiet, pretty little lady, and to some the model wife for a minister, she was in a fair way to be both a drunkard and a hopeless victim of the morphine habit.

When Mr. Stoughton was near home he saw Hummel returning from market. He had asked her to go in his stead this morning, for, although her judgment was not good, she could be trusted to do an errand and to follow implicitly all directions. To-day she cut a comical figure. She wore a flapping straw hat, guiltless of flower or feather, and a long linen cape that she called a "duster." For some reason she was in great haste and sailed ahead so rapidly that her cape filled with wind and her hat nearly turned wrong side out. She did not see Mr. Stoughton who went quietly into the front door just after she disappeared toward the kitchen. He could hear her a moment later talking excitedly as if some recent occurrence had moved her to unusual eloquence:

"I jist set that there bottle slam bang down on that counter, Miss Stoughton, and put for home to see what it meant. You told me to go to Houghton's drug store and hand 'em the note and bottle. You say you wanted some sort of sassparilly that I never could remember to ask for by the right name, so you'd write it down; that when I showed paper to a clerk, he'd know if I said nothin'. I did just that. The clerk, when he read the note, went off and he fetched back a bottle of stuff lighter colored than any sassparilly that ever ma took, and smelling of liquor if ever I smelled whiskey, which I have; for ma's husband—her last—was always tipplin.' I sez, 'That smells like whiskey,' and he sez, 'It had a right to, bein' as it was.' I sez, 'She never sent for no such thing,' and the clerk sez, 'She did so, and there is her note asking for Scotch whiskey for medicinal purposes.' Miss Stoughton, I don't know about no medicine of the sort, but I do know that you sez sassparilly, and I went for sassparilly. I didn't went for no intoxicating liquor, and if Hummel Bogart knows herself, it will be a long time before she do. I sez, 'There is a mistake somewhere. You can set that bottle one side a while. I belong to a temperance band. I don't touch, nor taste, nor handle whiskey; don't believe in it; can't fetch nor carry it for nobody.' Now, Miss Stoughton, for the land's sake, whatever did you tell me 'twas sassparilly for? You told me a—a—well, now, if I had a done so, I'd have said, 'twas a great whopper."

"Nonsense, Hummel! I wanted it to pour into some sarsparilla to—to—take as people take bitters to strengthen

them. The doctor said I needed a tonic. I did not stop to explain it all."

Hummel stared at her. She did not know enough to have any mental reservation. She was silent a moment, then she came out with something which evidently just revived in her recollection:

"Miss Stoughton, Meg Kelly, the washerwoman you had before I came to work for you, she said you sent her twice for brandy or whiskey."

"She ought to have been ashamed of herself. I was very sick when she was here," cried Alice, her voice rising to such a pitch that Mr. Stoughton turned back and shut the door noisily, in order that Alice should hear it and cease talking. Almost immediately she came into the parlor saying:

"Oh, it is you. I wonder where the children are? Mary runs away every day."

She glanced at her husband when he made no reply. He was leaning against the mantelshelf. She knew before she spoke that he heard something, probably all.

"What did Hummel mean?"

Alice sank into her chair, and for no apparent cause began sobbing, saying between her sobs:

"I feel so weak and miserable all the time, and one old doctor at home used to tell me at such times to take quinine in a little Scotch whiskey. I did not think I need explain everything to Hummel. She is terribly stupid, so I wrote on a paper what I wanted."

"What about this story of the washerwoman?"

"It is a wicked lie."

Mr. Stoughton believed it was—but not the washerwoman's. He said after a silence broken by Alice's sobs:

"I will stop at Houghton's and put the best face that I truthfully can on the matter. Now, Alice, the other day only I tried to show you the awful sin against yourself and against God that you were committing in ruining yourself, soul and body, as you surely will if you continue either of these habits you have formed. I was too much in earnest to think of lesser consequences. The reality was too bad. I forgot appearances or what people would say. But surely, Alice, you must realize that things of this kind can never be kept secret for any length of time. You have been received in Hazelport as an attractive, refined woman, the mother of little children, and as a minister's wife. You are more likely to

be under criticism than other women. Do you want—"

He got no further, for Alice showed signs of violent hysterics and would listen to nothing he said.

A week or more after this episode there was a ministerial convention in a town near Hazelport. Mr. Stoughton was three days from home in attendance. The very first day of his absence Alice did a thing that she had for some time wanted to accomplish: She dismissed Hummel Bogart. It would be easy enough to make her husband suppose that Hummel had gone away of her own accord. Alice knew he would be sorry, for the girl brought comfort into every department of housekeeping, and withal was economical. Alice herself was wholly regardless of the fact that a salary of fifteen hundred dollars would not suffice for lavish expenditures. She had gotten rid of Hummel because Hummel's big eyes were quite too observant. The mistress professed to find the maid stupid, but she began to learn that the maid was curiously studying the mistress with whom she was constantly in contact.

For the first two days after she had gone Alice let the house take care of itself. The third day was Saturday, and the minister was coming home at night. Remembering the fact that morning, she surveyed with great disgust the untidy rooms, the accumulation of kitchen work, and the empty larder. Finally she put on her hat and went across the village to find her whilom ally, Polly Jones; but Polly had gone to work in an abode where better order prevailed and higher wages were to be expected.

Alice came home sadly out of humor. She had met Bessie Roberts in a very pretty pink cambric out for a walk, and Alice's morning dresses were getting old-fashioned. Why had she never burdened herself with trouble, work, children that could not be neglected safely, and with a husband like John, whom she was beginning to regard only as a watchful guardian, anxious that she should do right? In her old, free life nobody bothered her about the right or the wrong of her conduct. Then people petted her, told her how pretty were her little airs and graces, her curling brown hair, and the pink in her cheeks. She assured herself that she made a great mistake in not waiting to see if she could not have married a rich man. Her husband knew too much to be a lively companion for her, and, being a minister, his standards of

living and thinking were quite too high for her; they bored her terribly, if the truth were known.

"How fine a life, full of style and excitement, would be a life suited to a young, pretty woman like me! Only I will soon get old and faded as things are now."

Yes, it was a thoroughly discontented young wife who returned to her unswept rooms and unwashed dishes. In this mood she now regretted sending Hummel away and would have gotten her back, but the girl had gone to visit a cousin twenty miles distant. It was already dinner time, and the children were hungry. If her husband had been home, she would have cried, declared herself ill, and gone to bed. He would then have done as often as he had before; namely, the best he could do, which was, however, far from satisfactory either to Alice or to himself. But, reflecting that she must explain away Hummel's disappearance, Alice concluded to make what John would consider a really heroic effort. She washed the dishes, sighing over spoiling her pretty hands, and she swept by hiding the crumbs and the dust behind doors and under furniture. Then she got together a repast for herself and the children, well-adapted to the ruin of their digestion if often repeated. By that time she was really weary with such unusual exertions, and she was also conscious of a craving that she well understood. She had resolved to abstain from morphine during her husband's absence. So queerly perverted had her moral nature become that an occasional resolution of that sort actually carried out, gave her a most self-righteous contentment. She could then free herself from the fear excited by John's warnings. She would say to herself:

"I can control myself, and this is not yet a habit. It is only an occasional necessity that I understand and he cannot."

Strangest inconsistency of all, when Alice took no morphine and felt herself a most exemplary person for resisting the temptation, she resorted to other stimulants to "keep up her strength."

Hummel's frequent remark, "Seems as if I smelt some sort of liquor," had been the principal reason for her dismissal.

It was two o'clock before Alice finished what had to be done, and the minister would not be home before six. Alice had never dared to ask him what he had told the druggist when Hummel left the

bottle filled with Scotch whiskey, but she suspected the truth. He had probably made some explanation, then had brought the bottle away and hidden it. For at least two weeks Alice had hunted for it, not exactly meaning to use the contents, but desirous to know where it was. This day she happened to think of an unused, cumbersome, old secretary that was a part of the furniture of the parsonage when they came. Mr. Stoughton had once shown her in it what was intended for a secret drawer, but one at which he had laughed as being so clumsy that any one could easily discover it. Alice no sooner thought of this drawer than she hastened to the old desk, drew out the slide, put down her hand, and brought up the bottle, full as when Hummel would have none of it.

What use was it? If John looked at it again he must not find it gone. A bright idea came to her. Getting an empty bottle, she poured out half the contents of the first, and then from her toilet pitcher replaced with water what she had taken of the whiskey. The difference in the odor was not perceptible to a careless observer, and to taste of it might never occur to John. If he did taste, she doubted his knowing what had been done.

It was a much brighter, more cheerful "mamma" who went soon after to dress little Mary in a clean, white frock and to wash Freddy's face. She willingly gave both little ones leave to go to "Auntie Tilly's" house, for so they learned to call their hospitable neighbor. Alice stood at the front door to see them safely across the bridge and a little further.

Saturday afternoon was not the best time for a juvenile invasion of the farmhouse if Alice had known it. For one thing, Jane and Nate always then took a half holiday, so that Freddy could not trudge blissfully around at Nate's heels from pigpen to henyard, from haystack to pasture-lot. Miss Tilly and Bessie were likely to be engaged with other and older visitors. This was the case on this occasion when the children trudged up to the door. However, old Robin was at their disposal, and the kittens by this time had become used to rough endearments, to being gripped by any part of their anatomy, to being carried heads down and tails up, if chance so decreed. Jane, too, was absent, and she was intimately associated in Freddy's mind with cookies and jam;

still he had learned that if he plainly announced to Auntie Tilly that "Mawee" was "hungry," his fraternal interest in his sister's stomach at once suggested refreshments sufficient for all parties. So, accepting matters as they found them, the little ones amused themselves.

Freddy, who was an incipient naturalist, hunted around in the grass for "iccle buggies and 'piders"—anything living that had legs or wings. Flowers were Mary's chosen playthings. She liked to fill her tiny hands full and then to set her small person in the very sunniest possible spot, there to luxuriate, while she petted, smoothed, or patiently dismembered each separate bud or blossom gathered to that end. She could only say a few words, but there, was a perfect understanding between Freddy and herself. Sometime that little man wished that she was less knowing, for now he never took his walks abroad but "Mawee's" tiny feet must toddle after, and papa had said, Freddy "must take care of his little sister."

They played contentedly for a long time, then Freddy was moved to suggest an interval for refreshments; but Bessie anticipated the hint by serving a tempting collation on the big stone near the kitchen door. Refreshed in this manner for new efforts, and having as it seemed to him exhausted the resources of Auntie Tilly's domain, Freddy proposed to go home. Mary, consenting to the proposal, readily grasped his dirty little hand and started. She too was tired of hollyhocks and buttercups, and the long-suffering kittens had fled under the barn. Nobody saw the children start for home.

Mr. Stoughton had made Freddy promise never to play "on the bridge or near the water under the bridge," and the child inherited his father's sense of honor. He hurried little Mary on a trot across the rattling boards, and a few yards further before he stopped to think what next to do. After all, why should they go home? An enticing path started right there across the field and into the patch of woods through which the river ran.

"Iccele Mawee never saw the woods," said Freddy, glancing at the midget by his side and pitying her for her limited experiences. "You want to go to the woods, Mawee?"

"Ess."

The little ones of the kingdom of heaven seldom fear the unseen when they stray about here on earth, so the minister's babies went strolling through a

meadow where the weeds were as high as their silly little heads, then into the near woods, so cool and green; very thin woods, full of golden afternoon lights, and so near the river again that soon both children were pushing under bushes to its banks, and Freddy was filled with gladness at seeing it once more. This was "far" from "the bridge and the water under the bridge," and in his innocent misunderstanding of all save the letter of his father's command, he had no thought of danger or wrongdoing.

Little Mary was very tired. She had never traveled so far on this cold earth before. She sank into a little white heap among the pine needles on the bank, satisfied to watch her small brother throw chips into the rapid, swirling stream. Next he found long bits of bark, and calling them boats, launched them for short voyages or quick destruction.

At almost every point for miles a grown person could wade across the river, but it was a varying, capricious stream, sometimes flowing over shallows, whirling around big stones, or leaping quite over ledges of them to fall into pools that were comparatively deep.

Suddenly Freddy went half wild with delight at a group of little turtles on a log half-way across the stream. Stepping-stones made steps almost to the log, and Freddy, venturing out, was at close quarters with the betwitching "iccele gween turkles." Always unselfish, he next called out:

"Come, Mawee! Come, see 'most four, six, ten turkles all in a wow!"

Mary scrambled to her feet; her hat fell off her curly head, but she toddled from one flat stone to another until she stood by Freddy and saw the turtles flop off the log, much to her brother's disgust. She did not care, for she was intent on a pretty pebble in the water. She was sleepy, the sun was hot, and the moving brown current made her little brain grow dizzy. Freddy heard a splash, a cry, and Mary was in the stream. Not a second did the little fellow hesitate; he was always to take care of his sister. He stepped off the stones, the water not above his knees just there. His sturdy, outstretched arms caught her, but he slipped further, he too went, and then—there is little more to tell. The pool was "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door," but it was "enough," for the rocks all about were slimy with moss, even if each child had not clung fast to the other.

(To be continued.)

IN HIS PRESENCE PERFECT REST.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

CHAPTER I.



IT stood on the hill across the bridge, overlooking the chimnied town of Arley. A stately enough mansion—its windows, its verandahs, its flower-beds waiting in stiff outlines for spring; its clipped trees, its heavy iron fences, and arching drive-ways—everything had the same stately, established air.

What was known now as the kitchen wing had been the first house built there by Grandsire Montrose. Arley was then nothing but a group of six houses, a few oak-trees and corn-fields, and a black-smith-shop. Grandfather Montrose had built a woollen mill, and the woollen mill had built Arley. Afterwards he gained him a seat in the legislature. It was only a few years since he was laid to rest, with a tall, white monument recording his virtues.

Father Montrose, stern, iron-gray, and sixty, had erected the palatial house that now crowned the hill, and the new mill in the heart of Arley. The old home had become a kitchen, the old mill a warehouse. The Montrose family was progressive.

Two sons had been born to the house. They were now in the early twenties. When people spoke of young Montrose as having a good head for business, steady and shrewd as his father, they meant David, the elder son. When they spoke of young Montrose as perhaps erring a little in his own favor, in weighing the farmers' wool, or driving a sharp bargain, that was this same David.

When people spoke of young Montrose being seen coming out of O'Reilly's bar-room quite often, or of the old man Montrose having trouble with his son, that was Reginald, the younger.

When any one slipped into the house at three in the morning, or lay awake under the Montrose roof wondering how he would meet that little gambling debt without letting "Dad" know, that was the same "Reg," fair-haired, handsome, and happy-go-lucky.

The mother had died many years be-

fore. There was left to represent her a tall, dark-eyed daughter, not exactly pretty, but strong and well-built, and with that "feel well" look that makes a girl attractive. She came down the broad stairs this Sabbath afternoon. The house was very still. She went into the great deserted drawing-room with its stately furniture. She touched the piano.

"Some day the silver chord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King."

"Missy's got very religious since she come back from college," said the colored servant to a Sunday caller in the kitchen.

"It never used to be that we heard hymns in this house, but now she's singin' 'em Sundays and week-days."

"It's a rare voice," answered the caller.

"Yes, I like to hear her. This mornin' I heard her a-coaxin' her father to go with 'er to church nights."

The Montrose men had never been religious. The long line of ancestors had given men to the sea, the bar, and the battle-field, but never a man to the ministry.

It was during the several years Margaret had been away at school that her heart had been awakened, and she had come back praying morning, noon and night that a new life might descend upon the house of Montrose. That was months ago. She waited yet.

It was strange that the Montroses should be Methodists, for previous generations had always been Presbyterians. But when the old grandsire had settled in Arley there was only one church there, a Methodist. They had gone to it, that is, when they went anywhere, and, perhaps through indifference to churches in general, had never changed.

It was early spring—the first night the lights had not been on in the church before the service began. The semi-darkness seemed to fit the hour. A strange hush filled the place. The church had been waiting long for a revival, and now, when they stood on the very brink of it, the pastor had been suddenly stricken ill. A young man, a stranger, the Rev. Gordon Glynn, had come to take

his place. And what of the young man? There was a general feeling of disappointment.

But one face shone in the semi-darkness like a star. It was the face of Margaret Montrose. All that day and much of the previous night she had been away in the secret place. And now at the last moment they were all there beside her, her father and Reg and David. They had never sat there all together before. Her hopes were fixed on to-night. There in the crowded church, in the hush, and the shadows, and with the music of the bells in the tower, she waited for the Lord to fulfil his promise. She did not know that the beloved pastor was lying ill at home.

The lights glimmered, then were turned on fully. And up from the vestry door the young stranger came, and stood with bowed head among the white March lilies about the pulpit. Just for a moment Margaret was disappointed, then peace settled on her face. She could leave the instrument to the Lord.

That night the Spirit of God came down upon the church in Arley. The movement began among the working-men from the Montrose mill. It caught young Reginald Montrose, the scapegoat of the family. And that was too much for the father. A sob choked him. Father and son, workmen and master, were one in the new-born love of Christ. That was an after-meeting men talked of for years in Arley.

Young David, the shrewd and calculating, bit his lip hard and sat with his arms crossed very tightly upon his breast. He would not be swept thus into the Kingdom of God. But he was nearer than any one knew. It was a hard fight he was putting up. And ere many days the new atmosphere of his home was more than he could bear. He, too, was melted, like the rest, to tenderness and tears and trust.

CHAPTER II.

The flush of another spring had come. But it was later in the year. Sunset, a breath of violets, the fresh odor of young grass, the pale green of new leaves against the dark frown of the winter evergreens, and the "cheep! cheep!" of nestling birds.

Margaret Montrose stood out among the lilacs. She had gathered a great bunch of them, then paused, arrested by

a robin's evensong in the tall poplar. Her face was upturned toward the bird-song, the flush of health on her cheek, the strength of womanhood in her erect young figure—she had no idea what a picture she made. The Rev. Gordon Glynn approached her. He had been a guest overnight in her home. Indeed, he was often a guest there now. The change in the Montrose household had been thorough. The Montrose men never did things by halves. Their time, their wealth, their business, were the Lord's. Their pastor was as a brother in their home, and for young Glynn they had ever the warmest welcome. It was thus, in the evening light, that he came upon Margaret. A flash lighted his eye that did not come from the sunset. He stopped beside her, and they listened together to the robin's song. He touched her hand. She looked into his face and saw something that made her suddenly afraid. In a few broken words he was telling her. And she? She dropped her lilacs and ran.

Marry him? Marry him? No! No! No! She had never thought of such a thing? Marry that man who touched men's hearts till they were changed, as her father and brothers had been? Marry him? No! She might drag him down. She might spoil his life-work. It was too high a place. She could not be his wife. Some other woman, who was better, cleverer; some other woman, who had all his gentleness, his power. She loved him too much to want to be his wife for fear she should fail. But her love was so new she did not realize it yet.

She ran up to her room like some wild, wounded thing, and left him in his humiliation among the lilac trees below. Her wealth, her beauty, her musical gifts, the place these would give her in the world; his poverty, the self-denials of parsonage life—she was not balancing things thus. The greatness of her love, had made her humble. There had never been a minister in the family of Montrose, and what was she to venture into the inner life of a man like this? The girl was strongly tinctured with the old Scotch reverence for the "man of the kirk."

CHAPTER III.

The sun was setting on the little village of Carboline—setting on the blacksmith shop, the score or two of houses, the little match-box school-building, the

church, the store, and the parsonage with its patched roof. Mrs. Gordon Glynn, the wife of the pastor, was coming down the street. It was easy to see that Gordon Glynn had won his cause. There was no mistaking the face of the Margaret of four years ago.

There was the same swinging, healthsome step, the same glow on the cheek, but just now a shadow lingered on her face. She was looking into the pink and purple west as though searching there for something she could not quite discern. She stopped at the gate of a tumble-down house at the end of the street, stopped and watched the west a moment longer. A great bank of cloud divided like a dark river the day and the night. But its grim edges were fringed with gold, and in the radiance of the upper sky strange phantoms in scarlet and purple and pearl glided to and fro. Margaret, watching with her hand on the gate, suddenly became aware of the four or five little heads congregating at the window.

"The minister's wife's come, grandma! The minister's wife's come!" she heard the little voices calling.

It was a double house. She waved her hand to the children, and went in on the side where Granny Morrow lived in her big wheel chair that the church people had given her.

"It does do a body good to look at you," said the old lady. "And such a sunset as there is from this window just now. Pull your chair up closer where you can see. It'll all be gone in a few minutes. You're the only body I know that I can set an' enjoy a sunset with. There's so few that can be still. They want to talk right through the glory of it."

Margaret gave the hand of the old washerwoman a meaning pressure, and they both sat watching the pageant of the sky. The sentiment had not been all drained out of Granny Morrow's soul with the suds from the tub in the corner.

"Now watch that great grey lump of cloud comin' from the north. It'll take fire when it gits in the glory circle," said the old woman. "It'll be like a preacher fired with a new vision. There, it's got it now."

The grey mass had become dimpled with dashes of pink like wind-scattered rose-petals. Then all in a moment the cloud was a slow-moving isle of fire.

They watched till the west grew grey again, hand clasped in hand, the hand of the young woman of wealth and culture,

and the hand of the poor old saint, whose back was bent by many years at the tub.

"Did yeh ever see such sunsets in November," said Granny. "They're most like spring except for that cold, yellow sky that comes after and the cold that gits into your bones."

They talked a little longer, and Margaret, sitting in the old rocker, lifted her voice in Granny's evening hymn, as she called it. It was no common voice, that of the singer in the twilight, stroking the wrinkled hand and singing full and clear, without accompaniment and without effort.

"Ah, that does a body good. You do me more good than the minister himself. You seem to understand a body letter."

The darkness was creeping from the corners of the poor little room, or you would have seen the shadow in Margaret's eyes deepen. She made a gesture as if fighting back something, then spoke lightly, and went out.

On the way home Mr. Wallace, one of the trustees, joined her.

"I've been wantin, to see yeh, sometime, Mrs. Glynn. It might be yeh could just drop a word in yer husband's ear that might do good at times. There's the Allens and the Browns, over on the ninth concession, feel a little hurt that he's never been to see 'em. They been talkin' some o' drivin' two miles farther to the Baptist church. They ain't never been very staunch Methodists. It might be you could just give him a hint to go over."

Again the shadow on her face. This time it was a decided look of pain.

Meanwhile, in a neighboring town, the Rev. Gordon Glynn was leaning against the mantel in a handsome, well-equipped parsonage. He was waiting for the train that was to take him home. It was only a forty-minute ride. He would be a little late for tea, that was all. Only forty minutes, yet what a change of surroundings! He looked around him at the comfortable study, the well-lined bookshelves. Ah! but he was book hungry! There were magazines in plenty on the table. There, through the fine lace curtains (they looked very fine to masculine eyes after coming out of Carboline), there was a glimpse of the splendid new church. Some one was practising. He caught the muffled swell of the organ.

"It is discouraging," he admitted to his brother host. "It is discouraging to get planted in a place like that; no culture, no stimulus of any kind. And there is Mrs. Glynn. I believe, really, her voice

would have made a name for her if—
if—”

“If you hadn't made her take yours,” suggested the Rev. Mr. Arden.

“Yes, if you like. But it doesn't seem the thing to take a girl who has been used to luxury to a place like Carboline. She never complains. But I can see there is something weighing on her heart.”

There was silence for a little, broken only by the crackling of the grate fire.

“Oh, there are moments when I feel that I should never have been sent there!” broke out Mr. Glynn. “I feel that I could have filled a larger place than that. I just feel it in me! There's a thrill goes through me at the very thought of a large and cultured congregation.”

“Yes, it was strange the Conference should send you to Carboline Circuit. You were always considered a better man than I at college. When a big church wanted a supply, you were always the one to be sent. And you had better circuits before you were married, strange to say.”

The little cuckoo came out of the clock and announced six.

“I've just time to catch the train,” said Glynn, and bolted.

Margaret Glynn stood by the kitchen window of the little parsonage, with wee Gordon clinging to her work-apron.

The kitchen fire shone brightly. Farmer Grey's Northern Spies sputtered in the saucepan. The chickens had long since come to satisfactory understandings about their places on the roost. The little jersey came “mooring” to the bars. And far and away the grey, frosty fields were spread out beneath the stars. The scene was peaceful enough. But Margaret Glynn felt conscious of a chill in the parsonage that night. To-morrow was the Sabbath day. She wished Gordon had not gone to town this afternoon. She was sure his expedition was not the best preparation for to-morrow. She knew it by his face when he returned and they were at tea. The shadow deepened again in her eyes.

“Margaret, you look troubled and not well of late,” he said, as he looked up at her face. “I've a mind to send you and baby home for a few weeks. This life is too poor and too hard for you. I never thought to have to bring you to a place like this. I thought there were better places for me—”

A quick sob interrupted him. And the woman who had fled from him under the

lilac trees one night, fled from him again, to the little rag-carpeted room upstairs.

“Poor girl! She's terribly homesick. I should never have married her and brought her to a life like this.”

He sat for a few moments in dejection, then went after her. She was kneeling by the bedside, the moonlight streaming through the window upon her.

“Can't you understand, dear heart,” she said, when she had listened to him a moment. “That is not what is troubling me at all. It is not the place nor the poorness. It is you—you.”

He felt the flash of her eyes even in the darkness.

“Oh, my husband, I don't want to see you with a big church! I don't want to see it, not just now. I want to have back the man I married. Do you think I mind the plain home and humble life so long as I see you as I saw you first? Don't you see your people here are needy? What if they are a poor little handful of untaught souls? You could feed them. You could do it?”

“When you asked me to marry you—you know I was afraid lest I should drag you down from the heights where you lived. But when you made me see that you really needed me, do you think it mattered then where we were sent? I would have gone with you to those little shacks you told me about on the prairies out west. I would have gone to China—anywhere—and been happy. For we were to live together in His rest. And I thought you would lead me in paths of such perfect peace that the place where we lived would not matter.

“‘I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain or plain or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.’”

“Do you remember how we sang that the night we were married, Gordon? Forgive me, dear, but you see, I came from such worldly people, and my early life was so different, and I thought life with the man who preached that night in Arley—I thought in life with him there would be no unrest or selfishness, no matter what came. And now, dear, it is you who are not satisfied with this little place. How can you give His people the perfect rest you promised them—you promised me—when you are not at rest yourself?”

“Do you think I do not know what kind of things you have been saying to Mr. Arden this afternoon, just as well

as if I had been there? Yet, dear, there is everything to do here in Carboline. You do not preach to them as you preached that night in Arley—as you preached when you first came here, even. And we shall have to leave Carboline some day—and the people—some of them, who had never been to church when we came here, have not come yet, and some—”

But she was alone. It was he who had left her this time. Far on into the night he was in his study alone. No light shone from his window. He needed no light. He was seeing himself. He had failed—failed miserably. And she knew he had failed. He did not know just the day it began, but somewhere back in the past he had let the Master's work little by little crowd out the Master himself. Here a call, there a call, had encroached on the quiet time, and then in moments of weariness dark spirits had come to him, whispering, “You have too great gifts for this place. There has been a mistake made about you—want of appreciation,” etc.

At first he did not mean to neglect his work, oh no, not for worlds. He could never do that. But he awakened to-night suddenly to find the strength he should have given it had been sapped. And she—his wife—she was burdened for his hungry flock. She was bearing the burden he should have borne.

Far on in the night the woman upstairs came out of the silent room to clear away the tea-dishes that still waited. There was something strange in this midnight labor of hers. She moved noiselessly about her work. For it was

as though the house awaited a messenger that night.

In the dark, just before the breaking of the Sabbath morning, Gordon Glynn went to his room. His wife's dark eyes were still open when he lighted the little lamp. She looked into his face, and knew that he had sought something and found it. There was no need of words between them.

The next morning, during the opening prayer in the little church, Margaret heard Granny Morrow muttering under her breath, “Praise the Lord! He's got in the glory circle! He's touched with the fire!”

And Margaret remembered the sunset cloud.

“That was a grand sermon, Brother Hanford,” said some one coming out of the door.

“Yes, an' yet not a sermon, either. You know he said himself he'd left the sermon he'd prepared at home, an' 'd give us just a talk.”

“Well, he'd better take to talkin' oftener. That son o' Mrs. Walker's wuz quite touched, I could see. They say he's tryin' hard to turn over a new leaf.”

“I wuz glad I heard him this mornin'. There's been some dissatisfaction lately. But a man that can talk like that, he's worth stickin' to tight.”

“Mark my words, Brother Mallott,” said another old member. “There's a revival comin' to Carboline. It's begun in the heart of the minister, somewheres between last Sunday an' to-day.”

“Yes, but I'm a-fearin' we'll not be let keep a man like he is long.”

“MY MASTER.”

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

If some day in the city's clamor, some day when the sun was low,
When the surge of the toilers like waters was hurlyng to and fro,
If One in the streets should pass me and his hand in the throng touch mine,
Would my heart know its Keeper's signet, the hand on my hand, divine?

If some night when the dusk was descending, the nebulous purples all starred,
A face in the adorant twilights passed me by with young visage marred,
Would I know it, and, speeding after, spent like stubble dissolved in the flame,
With lips to His feet on the pavement, cry out to the people His Name?

And I watch; I keep watch in the gateways, where the people of passion press,
His servant to wait upon Him, if prince or in beggar-dress,
And each face I scan as it passes, if perchance it my Master may be:
For I follow, I follow after, tho I hang at His side on the tree!

—The Independent.

SINGLE SISTER ELIZABETH.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



THE train, like all Russian trains, was slow, making about fifteen miles an hour, but it was comfortable, and your true Russian is rarely in a hurry, liking to travel at his ease with plenty of stops for good eating and drinking. To M. Davidoff, steward of Prince Fedor's estate of Andreyovna, the train was perfectly satisfactory, as he looked from the window at what to a foreigner would have seemed a dull landscape—a great treeless plain, mainly covered with stubble, for it was near the end of August, 1905; with here and there a village of thatched cottages bunched round the dome of a Greek Church.

They were passing over the Black Land, that immense fertile plain of southwestern Russia, where the soil is simply a bed of deep black mould, whose enormous and unailing harvests are one of the reasons for Russia's strength. Waste and mismanagement in high places; defeats abroad and revolt at home, may bring the nation to the brink of ruin, but as long as she can gather from those thousands of miles, the ripening gold of her heavykerneled wheat, she can always rebuild her fortunes. Perhaps it is the instinct of this which gives the Russian peasant his love and hunger for the land.

M. Davidoff was of peasant birth, an elderly man, still with plenty of energy and business ability, and in spite of education a peasant at heart, shrewd and kind-hearted, yet a fatalist and narrow-minded in many things. He lived for the great estate he managed, and the small one he had acquired for himself, and hated cities.

Now his heavy Slavic face lighted up as he watched the unending plain.

"This is Russia," he thought; "in the cities one is among a crowd of German traders, Jewish bankers, and English and Scotch managers and engineers, till it were not for the churches and the uniforms of the police, one might think himself abroad. But here we are on our own land, and there are no crazy students tainted with the poison of Nihilism."

His face darkened, for his ownership of land made him hate intensely anything

like a revolution which might rob him of it.

"Have you heard the news, Felix Peterovitch?" she said in an angry whisper. "General Count Korf was killed by a bomb this morning."

"This makes the fourth murder in our province during the last month," remarked Davidoff phlegmatically.

"And is that all you can say?" cried Catherine. "Don't you see that Antichrist himself is here? Look at the mutiny of the 'Potemkin,' and the riots in Odessa; and now this wide-spreading revolt in the Baltic provinces, where troops of armed ruffians are burning houses and harvests, and murdering openly. I read of France's revolution; and I feel it is coming nearer us every day, the fiery circle of savage anarchy is contracting round us; and it means worse than death. Did you hear the details of the murder of those officials they killed near Riga last week? They dragged them by their feet over rough roads, they—"

She stopped shuddering, and Davidoff felt a sudden pity for this woman with her four young daughters, in Central Russia, on the brink of God alone knew what.

"Catherine Vassilievna," he said gently, "the peasants have not risen, except in a few detached cases, and these probably on estates where they had been greatly oppressed; and you must remember that the peasants are nine-tenths of the population of Russia; the other tenth including the nobility and official class, the priesthood and traders, etc.; in fact, all the city folk, discontented workmen, students, Nihilists, and all. These riots which trouble you so are the work of so few, and are viewed with such indifference by the mass of the people, the peasants, that you need not be alarmed. The Nihilists and foreign papers may talk of a revolution, but they do not know what they are talking about, the peasant will never rise."

"Until Antichrist comes," retorted Catherine, "and I tell you he is here."

They went on the train which crossed the great estate, 50,000 acres of the fat black land, 7,000 of which was forest round the castle kept in order for the master who never visited it; the rest was

under careful cultivation—wheat and barley, and beets for the big sugar-making factory.

"I have just been to see my nephew, Catherine Vassilievna," said Davidoff cheerfully, "Noah Stefanovitch, my brother's son; he is a student in St. Petersburg, and I expect him to pay me a visit soon."

"Is he a Nihilist?" snapped Catherine. "Of course not," said Davidoff testily, "he has had typhoid fever, and needs a change of air and rest."

"Educated peasants are the curse of the country," said Catherine, heedless of her slur on the man beside her; "the peasants are quiet until some of their educated fellows get among them, peasants who have been to college,—and then is the day of Antichrist."

The train stopped at the station where a crowd of peasants waited, unwashed, unshaven men, with small, half-closed dull eyes. Behind were their clumsy four-wheeled carts, and Davidoff's carriage with its uniformed driver, and four big black horses of the magnificent Orloff breed harnessed side by side. Catherine stepped into the carriage as a matter of course, Davidoff followed her, the crowd uncovered their heads and bowed, and the black horses galloped down the track of wheel ruts which served as a road.

The carriage stopped before a little house with many gables, in a garden overflowing with roses and mignonette, where a middle-aged man in spectacles was working, the Professor, Catherine's husband; she went past him into the house without a word, and he turned to greet Davidoff.

"Good day to you, Felix. Ah, my poor Kate, she feels these troubles of our day very much."

"And you do not, my dear Albert, because you really live in Chaldea, isn't it? about 4,000 B. C., I suppose they knew nothing of Nihilism nor anarchy then—happy people."

"On the contrary," the Professor's mild face became suddenly animated. "I can show you that their agrarian troubles resembled ours."

He produced a bulky notebook as he spoke, but Davidoff put out a protesting hand. "Spare me, my friend, one century's anarchy is all I want to know of. Beside I wish to speak to you on a business matter; do you know you are the father of the most beautiful woman in the province?"

"Are you speaking of Kate?" said the bewildered Professor.

"Is Catherine Vassilievna your daughter? no, I was speaking of our 'single sister' Elizabeth."

"But Elizabeth is not a woman; why only this morning, she, or was it Marie? was telling me she was fourteen to-day."

"It was Tatiana," said Davidoff calmly; "Marie is sixteen, and Elizabeth nineteen; she told me so herself."

"And Ogla is twelve, I remember that," cried the Professor in mild triumph. "I am very surprised at Elizabeth's age, but if she told you so it is all right; Elizabeth never makes mistakes."

"And you must not make the mistake of failing to find a husband for her."

"A husband, Felix! I can't possibly do anything of the kind."

"Then listen to my proposition; I expect my nephew here soon, he is a healthy young man, good looking and without vices; and he took the highest honors of his class at the university. He is poor certainly, but if he wins Elizabeth, I will find him a good position, and make him my heir. Now have I your consent?"

The Professor was silent for a few minutes, then he said gently, "If your nephew is like you, Felix, there is no one I would so readily give my home-darling to. But let all this arranging, all this talk of a position and estate, be a secret between us two until the betrothal day, if ever it is God's will that it come."

Davidoff drove off well satisfied. "So he will not tell even Catherine Vassilievna of our plan," he thought, "that is good, for if she knew anything, she might find out all; she is a good detective, and if she once knew that my unlucky nephew was now in prison for Nihilism, then good-bye to my hope of seeing Elizabeth's children round me to lighten my old age. And then there is no other way to save that wretched boy."

He thought of the visit he had paid to this hitherto unknown nephew in prison; he remembered the set white face and defiant eyes of the young man, who, sick unto death, was still stubbornly silent. Men who should know, believed he could give information that would unravel the plots which were threatening the throne of the Czar; yet he was dying, and silent. So Davidoff had been able to procure his release; for three months he might live at Andreyovna, and then,—the steward smiled to himself, "Then he will be in love with Elizabeth, and when he knows that to win her and an estate of good land he has only to speak, he will forget all his anarchist oaths. Yes, he is saved, for at twenty-four when the blood is hot,

no man could turn from the arms of a woman like Elizabeth, to go back to death in a Russian prison, because of his so-called honor."

A month later, Noah Stefanovitch Davidoff, white faced and walking unsteadily, yet with steadfast eyes, reached Andreyovna at midnight, in charge of Golinka, the police sergeant; and was brought to the office where his uncle was waiting.

Properly Noah was hardly a Nihilist; he had spoken too freely, and he had friends who were marked as suspects by the government; and in the panic which had seized on Czardom after that terrible Red Sunday, when the square before the Winter Palace was stained with the blood of unarmed men and women who had followed Father Gapon to make their petition to the Czar, he has been arrested to force him to tell what it was supposed he knew, and he had chosen to suffer himself, sooner than that others, who for aught he knew were as innocent as he was, should fall into the hands of the Russian police. His release had surprised him as much as his arrest and he waited with an inward fear to know what this unknown, stern-eyed uncle had to say.

Davidoff spoke coldly and formally, "You understand that your release is conditional on your not leaving Andreyovna, and on being under strict police surveillance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you wondered how you, an educated man, could possibly support yourself in a village of poverty-stricken peasants?"

"In my present state of health, sir, I fear I could not support myself anywhere."

"If I give you a home till your health is restored and then work suitable for you, will you give me your word that your true position here is only known to us three? You will never mention your imprisonment, etc?"

"Certainly not, sir; you are very good." The young man's face softened suddenly at the utterly unexpected kindness, but Davidoff frowned.

"And do you understand this?" he said roughly, "as your uncle I wish to help you, but before all things I am the servant of the Czar; I mean at any cost to prevent trouble here; and if I find you saying as much as a word to the peasants that might kindle their smouldering discontent into the fire of rebellion, I will flog you, educated man though you are,

as I would flog a peasant beast I found trying to fire my barns."

"I understand you perfectly, sir." Noah's face was set and dull again.

Then Davidoff unbent suddenly, and rising, kissed his astounded nephew. "Then it is all settled," he said gaily, "Golinka, you can go. And now, my dear boy, you must make yourself quite at home; everything in the house is at your service, and if you would like more books I will get them for you. I fear I cannot offer you much society; there is our doctor, Prof. Webber, and he has a daughter, but she is a kind of Moravian nun, single sister Elizabeth."

"Am I really awake and not dreaming?" thought Noah as he followed the respectful valet to a room furnished with a luxury he had never dreamed of, "and what a Russian of the old school my uncle seems, a mediæval mixture of generosity and barbarity."

It was noon when Noah awoke and slipped out of the house to feel that he was free again to stand in God's sunshine. The mellow light of early fall lay on the landscape, and the air was sweet with the smell of ripened things. Beside him was a bed of asters in blossoms and impulsively he knelt down by them, not to pick, but just to feel their delicate life, with fingers that were hot and trembling from having touched nothing but the cold damp of a prison wall so long. Then there was a quick light step on the garden path, some one stopped suddenly behind him; and he looked up at Elizabeth.

A woman in his place might only have seen a tall handsome girl, in a cheap white cotton dress with last season's sleeves; but to Noah it seemed that all the beauty and glory of that late summer day, all the liberty and light which God has given to the world, were personified in that vision with her robe of white glory, and her crown of golden hair.

He rose, feeling that properly he should have stayed kneeling at her feet, and in a voice that he thought was as sweet as her eyes, she said, "I beg your pardon, but I am Elizabeth Albertovna, M. Davidoff's stenographer; and you, I think, are his nephew, Noah Stefanovitch. He will not be in to luncheon, and he asked me to take it with you."

Elizabeth spoke with the calm assurance of the business girl of the twentieth century, and Noah felt unutterably stupid; he wished to say something brilliant and appropriate, but he had always been shy

of women, and now he only heard himself say meekly, "Thank you, I will come in. It is a nice day. Do you live here?"

"Yes, Noah Stefanovitch," she answered, "my father is Prof. Webber, of whom you may have heard, for he was well known in St. Petersburg when he held his position in the university; then his health and eyesight failed, and M. Davidoff offered him the post of village doctor here."

"I heard my uncle speak of Prof. Webber last night, Elizabeth Albertovna, but I thought he said his daughter was a Moravian nun."

Elizabeth laughed merrily, "That is what M. Davidoff always calls me," she said, "and I am a single sister. My father is a Moravian, and though he married outside the congregation, he sent me to be educated at Herrnhut. There, as in all our settlements, we have a house where all the unmarried girls and women belonging to the community live; we wear a white headdress, always sit together in church, and are called the single sisters. Outsiders often call us nuns, though really marriage is highly thought of, and encouraged among the United Brethren."

"I remember the American poet Longfellow wrote a poem, 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem,'" said Noah, "Have you read it, Elizabeth Albertovna?"

Elizabeth had not, and she listened with interested eyes while Noah repeated the verses.

"How very beautiful," she said with a contented sigh as he paused. "But it is only poetic license that could find in one of our plain little churches, 'dim mysterious aisles,' with censers swinging before the altar, or a chancel and 'crowded heads'."

"Longfellow was a man and therefore fallible," said Noah wisely, adding to himself that if all Moravian nuns had eyes which were 'walls of changing light,' a man could not be expected to give anything like an accurate description of other things of no consequence near them.

"But the poem is beautiful," repeated Elizabeth. "Would it be too much trouble, Noah Stefanovitch, to repeat it over again, so that I can take it down, and then type it for my scrap-book?"

Of course it was not, and Elizabeth was soon looking over her shorthand copy with a satisfied smile. "What an unusually long title," she said, "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the consecration of Pulaski's banner." Who

was Pulaski? it sounds quite Russian, and the Moravian Bethlehem is in the State of Pennsylvania, America.

"His name was really Count Kazimierz Pulawski Albertovna. He was a Polish patriot, and took part in the American War of Independence. Privately I am afraid he was rather an anarchist, rebelling against 'lawful authority' wherever he found it; and but for poetic license, his blood red banner hanging before the altar, might be the red flag of anarchy."

"I am sure the Moravians would not have consecrated it if it was," said Elizabeth greatly shocked. "As a rule we do not approve of war at all."

"Yet you approved of that rebellion against one of the wisest and strongest governments on earth, because in a moment of temporary insanity it ordered taxation without representation? I am afraid those Bethlehem Moravians were no better than our Nihilists, Elizabeth Albertovna."

"Now I know you are laughing at me," said Elizabeth laughing herself, "for I know what the Moravians are, and I know all about Nihilists. M. Davidoff always explains Russian politics to me; he says that Nihilists are men who won't work and spend their time in drink shops, drinking and loafing and making bombs to throw at anybody they have taken a crazy dislike to. You know they are at the bottom of all these awful riots and murders so near us in the Baltic provinces. M. Davidoff will not let me read the papers now; he says their stories are too horrible."

"I suppose he will let me read them," answered Noah, thinking he had said all he had better say on the subject of revolutions.

Luncheon was soon over and Elizabeth took him to the library, showing him the files of French and German papers, before she returned to her office; yet, even as he read the news with the hunger of a man to whom the world has been dead for eight months, he found himself wondering what his uncle thought of Elizabeth; what she thought of him was easy to see, evidently she gave him the love and trust she might have given her father; but did he think of her as a daughter?

It was over a month since Noah had come to Andreyovna, and across the great levels of Russia, the first breath of winter was already felt, whenever the north wind blew from where the thick ice was piling in the Arctic sea; and in the steward's big house they lighted the fur-

nances and put on the double glazed windows. Davidoff's home was a large white, two storied house, the upper flat being his residence, magnificently decorated and furnished in the German style. The lower flat was all offices, parted from each other by half glass walls, where a troop of clerks, all Germans, worked, and Elizabeth sat in the master's room. Everything was in perfect order and very official; floors and furniture were of polished hardwood; telephones gave connection with the sugar factory, dairy, etc.; and electric light bulbs swung from the lofty ceiling.

Probably, as all over Russia, there was too much bureau (office) in Andreyovna, yet the estate was factory as well as farm, and beside his general managership, Davidoff was trader too, in many cases shipping his goods direct to the foreign merchants he dealt with. The peasants elected their own council, the *Zemstvo*, which in matters relating only to themselves, ruled the *Mir*, but the Government police were under Davidoff's control and he kept the affairs of the *Mir* under a rigid censorship.

She looked down at her work hurriedly, but saw nothing; she was conscious of feeling afraid, she could not think of what, and at the same time of being happier than she had ever been before. Then she looked up again with frank bright eyes, and saw that he seemed grave and troubled.

"You know all about the way they live in the peasants' village, Elizabeth Albertovna?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, Noah Stefanovitch, my father is there a good deal, and my sisters and I used to look after the daily school there: also we had a Sunday School, where the grown-up people tried to crowd in among the children, and I never saw such earnest orderly classes anywhere. Then after the defeat in the war, all this dreadful anarchy began, and M. Davidoff thought it best to close all the schools."

"What legal right had he to do that?"

"Noah Stefanovitch, your tone sounds as if you were charging me with high treason. M. Davidoff would not have done anything unless it was right, and besides he explained to me how the Nihilists, were using night schools and Sunday-schools all over the empire to spread their poisonous teaching. But it does seem hard, the peasants are so docile to their teachers, and so ready to be taught, yet they can have no schools, because I suppose it is better that they should re-

main ignorant than become anarchists."

"There is no country on earth that takes such precautions against anarchy, and has as much of it, as Russia."

"For this you must thank the Nihilists, Noah Stefanovitch."

"Who made the Nihilists, Elizabeth Albertovna? In most countries a small proportion of the people are miserably poor most of the time; but in Russia the enormous majority of the people are miserably poor all the time. The peasant works from dawn to dark for black bread and not too much of that; he weaves his own coarse clothing, he makes his shoes of bark; he is taxed out of all reason, yet has no voice in the government, and is entirely at the mercy of the officials, or the nobles and their stewards. This morning the half starved cow belonging to a peasant widow broke into the meadows of the estate; she did very little damage, but her owner must pay thirty kopecks (cents) fine, I don't suppose she has three in the world, or give two days' labor on the estate. Then a man who took a few sticks of wood from the thousands of acres of forest, has been sent to prison for a year. And do you know that this year's harvest has almost all been sold to the Jews, to get money to pay the added war taxes? God knows how millions of peasants mean to live without food through an almost arctic winter. Here they are already practically killing off their babies, really letting them starve so that there will be fewer to feed. And you wonder what makes a man who thinks, a Nihilist!"

"Noah Stefanovitch, I pity the peasant with all my heart, but I do not see how turning anarchist is going to help him. I am sorry you should have seen Andreyovna at its worst, for until last year the peasants here, though hard worked and very poor, were never starving, and seemed quite happy and contented; but the calling out of the reservists and the war taxes, have brought them to their present terrible position. As for the cases you mention, there must be discipline, and I do not believe M. Davidoff was ever deliberately unjust. He cannot go against the laws and customs of Russia, and he is doing all he can to help the people; you will understand that if you go to the front office now."

The front office had a counter across it, behind which were a score of German clerks; before it stood a crowd of peasants, and more were outside waiting their turn to enter. Noah watched the howling, childishly smiling peasants, and listened

as they told their stories in indifferent sing-song voices; they were very much the same, Ivan, or Feter, or Nicholas, as the case might be, had been called out to Manchuria; there were old people or little children left behind; there was less work done, and higher taxes to pay. The clerks asked questions, entered names and all particulars in their book and promised a very small measure of relief.

"M. Davidoff is doing this partly at his own expense, but mainly with funds sent him by some of the ladies of Prince Fedor's family," so Elizabeth told Noah when he returned to her.

"I do not wonder at your respect for him," said the young man. "He is a good man, and also a wise one, to conciliate the peasants when there is revolt so near us. That is the way the terrorists excuse their atrocities; by committing a few crimes, they say, they can frighten men who are indifferent into helping their fellows."

"Noah Stefanovitch," said Elizabeth, angry for once in her life, "I will not listen to you excusing anarchists, nor refusing to see anything but evil in M. Davidoff. Are you mad to talk as you do? I suppose you think that being educated and so belonging to the privileged classes, will save you from punishment?"

"I am quite sure it will not, under M. Davidoff's government," said Noah very quietly. "Elizabeth Albertovna, pardon me for saying what I have to you; I have said too much in Russia, and to prevent possible trouble I will repeat all I have said to M. Davidoff, and also tell him of your refusal to listen to me."

"You need not do the last, for I like to hear you talk," said the girl, "and I am going to ask you what you think is the real remedy for all this. Only my mother says so much about educated peasants becoming Nihilists that it hurt me to hear you excuse them. And you had better talk over things with M. Davidoff, he understands matters better than we can; and he is a decided Liberal, his speeches at the rural meetings of the province made quite a stir."

"If M. Davidoff was the Russian Government, and you were its advocate, I am afraid I should join Catherine Vassilievna in her sweeping condemnation of all sorts and conditions of Nihilists," said Noah smiling. "Elizabeth Albertovna, I believe every government has a right to expect military service from its people, and demand taxes; also men must be punished for crimes of any sort. But I believe the people should have a voice in the making

of war or the spending of taxes, and that even an anarchist should not be punished without trial. The peasants believe that everything would be right if they owned the land which the nobles will neither sell nor rent to them, except at impossible rates; and the only way to arrange this would be by a free parliament of the elected representatives of the people, who are more ready for this than many think; I was surprised to hear some of the men I have been working with say that the first things they would use taxes for would be roads and schools."

"You can thank M. Davidoff for that; the Mir sends its delegates to the Volost, (group of communes), where they hear the debates of the provincial government at its rural meetings."

"And if they, the only representatives of nine-tenths of the people, make 'inconvenient speeches,' they can be sent for seven days to the Volost jail. Don't you think it must be maddening for a man to know that his friends are starving, and that his country has been disgracefully defeated by an inferior foe, and yet he must be silent, or suffer as an anarchist?"

"If he has the instinct of self-government, yes. If not, M. Davidoff thinks that a benevolent and able despotism is the best for him."

"M. Davidoff's rule may be all that, but what of a cruel or incapable man in his place? Russia is supposed to have some laws, yet I know that M. Davidoff has illegally flogged and imprisoned peasants in his position as one of the provincial government. I grant these men deserved their punishment, but if one man sets aside all forms of law to punish the guilty, another man may do the same to the innocent. I might be punished off-hand as an anarchist, because I talk too much to you."

"You belong to the privileged class, I am very glad," said the girl quickly.

"But if I happened to be marked as a suspect by the police, I should have no privileges then; it is her treatment of real or supposed political criminals that in the greatest stain on Russian civilization."

"We have no politics to try here," said Elizabeth. "But I am sure M. Davidoff would never treat anyone unjustly, and I hope there are more like him among Russian officials than you think."

That evening Noah told his uncle of all that had passed between him and Elizabeth, not suspecting that Davidoff knew it already, his surveillance being far closer than the young man imagined.

Now he looked up from his cigar at the quietly defiant face of his nephew, and said lazily, "You unmitigated fool, in my young days a man did not try to bore a lady to death with political economy; I would like to know what she is thinking of you. To-morrow you can move your desk into Hugo Smeldt's office. Perhaps you won't feel so inclined to detain him after working hours to listen to your ranting; in fact you may as well quit talking of politics at all. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir; and do you mean me to cease visiting at Prof. Webber's home?"

Davidoff threw his cigar down angrily. "You young ass!" he cried. "If you don't love Elizabeth Albertovna I think I had better send you to an insane asylum; and if you do, why on earth don't you tell her so?"

"In my position, sir, I could hardly ask a woman to marry me; as far as I can understand I have as much civil rights as a convict in the mines."

"And who put you in such a position?"

"As we should not agree, it is better not to discuss that, sir. I cannot regain my freedom except at a price I will never pay; and Catherine Vassilievna will never consent to her daughter's marriage with a man suspected of Nihilism."

Davidoff was silent for a few minutes then he said slowly, "I have loved Elizabeth Albertovna as a daughter, and I will give her 10,000 roubles on her wedding day. Also I have strong reasons for believing that the Czar will call a national parliament, the Douma, and I intend to secure your election to it; but first of all see if Elizabeth will accept you."

Noah did not obey his uncle for a few days, then he went one Sunday afternoon to the Professor's cottage. Elizabeth was sitting alone in the tiny living room by the tiled fireplace, when her lover came in excitedly, with a bundle of newspapers in his hand.

"The Czar has given us our freedom," he cried, "the mail was delayed by the railway strike, but the news has just come. On October 30, the autocracy of the Romanoffs and all the old order of things ended; Czar Nicholas gave way to his people, and Count Witte is now in power as a Minister-President. The Douma will be called, a free parliament elected by the people with workmen and peasants among its members, and having legislative powers. Then the imperial mandate

gives the whole people freedom; the conditions on which Count Witte accepted office include the freedom of the press, the right to meet in assembly, and the real inviolability of the person; not even a peasant can now be punished without trial. And probably thousands of merely suspected persons will soon be pardoned."

"And will the revolt be stopped?" said Elizabeth eagerly.

"I expect we will have peace soon, but owing to the general strike in the cities it is difficult to get even the imperial manifesto printed, and then the universal tie-up of the railways makes it impossible to distribute the mail."

"But haven't they called off all their strikes now that the Czar has given way?"

"I am afraid they don't quite realize it yet."

"It looks as if they didn't trust him a bit. The great trouble with Russia seems to me that no one will believe in anyone else, but I am glad you think there is hope of peace."

"I am thinking of all those who have been suspected, and felt themselves being slowly forced towards anarchy, and who now are free to serve their country without the fear of being misunderstood."

"You speak as if you knew of many such people," said Elizabeth. "I am very glad they are free."

He was sitting on a stool before the fire with his papers, and she leaned back in a low chair with her knees crossed, one little foot resting on the floor, and one raised and peeping from under her skirt. And hardly knowing what he did the man caught it in his hand for an instant, "Oh, Elizabeth, I want you," he said.

He met the girl's astonished eyes, and stood up abashed, not daring to look at her for a minute. Elizabeth stood up too, and when he looked at her at last, her eyes were fixed on a picture of Zinzendorf, but she did not look angry at all, he thought.

"Elizabeth, I love you," he said softly, but the girl still looked at the portrait of the Moravian leader.

"Elizabeth, don't you love me?" his tone was a little bolder now, and the girl looked down.

"What will M. Davidoff say, I am only his typewriter?" she said.

"He consents, if you do; Elizabeth, won't you marry me. I love you."

She held out her hands to him in shy surrender. "I think I have loved you always. Noah," she whispered.

THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Our ever-youthful General Superintendent is a marvel of consecrated energy. Like the Apostle Paul he is in labors more abundant. Notwithstanding his well-nigh four-and-seventy years, his travels across the continents and seas, and his indefatigable travail would tax the strength of many a younger man. The following is a brief record of his life story, in part, from Morgan's "Men of the Time":

He is the son of the late Philip Carman, of Iroquois, Ontario, who was for many years reeve of his village and for a time warden of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, by his wife Emmeline, daughter of Colonel Peter Shaver, long a member of the Upper Canada Legislature. He has good right to his patriotic spirit, for he is descended on both sides from the United Empire Loyalists, the pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. He was educated at the Dundas County Grammar School and Victoria University, Cobourg. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Mathematics of Belleville Seminary, afterwards Albert College. His talents for teaching and organization procured his election as principal of the seminary, also filling the chairs of Mathematics and Physics. Through his instrumentality the college was affiliated with Toronto University, and received a charter in all the faculties, as Albert University. He was its first chancellor till 1874, when he was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada by the General Conference of that body. He was also a moving spirit in establishing Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas.

After the union of the Methodist bodies in 1883, he became General Superintendent or a chief executive officer of the united Church. This position he has held first

in association with the Rev. Dr. Rice, then with the Rev. Dr. Williams, and since the death of the last named as the sole General Superintendent.

Dr. Carman has represented the important body over which he presides at the Ecumenical Conference held in Washington, 1898, and in London, 1901. He has wielded important educational influence in the Senate of both Victoria and Toronto University. His life has been too full of journeying and the care of the Churches to permit of much literary labor, though his many contributions to the press on the important topics of the times give evidence of his vigorous thought and fearless expression. Dr. Carman has always been a stalwart prohibitionist and an active member of the Alliance for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

A specially distinguished characteristic is his ability as presiding officer in the many church committees, and especially in the General Conference. He sees into the very heart of a question, keeps the debaters to the point, disentangles many a tangled skein, and by his incisive promptness greatly facilitates the discharge of business. He is a fervid speaker and preacher, throws his whole soul into the doctrine or topic which he discusses, and carries conviction with his close-linked logic. For over a score of years now he has been a unifying link between the far-severed sections of the Methodist Church and has greatly helped to harmonize the administration of discipline throughout the wide region from the Bermudas to Japan. His bow still abides in strength and he exhibits in the General Conference, 1906, the same marked vigor and vivacity which characterized him a score of years ago.

WHAT DOTHTH IT PROFIT?

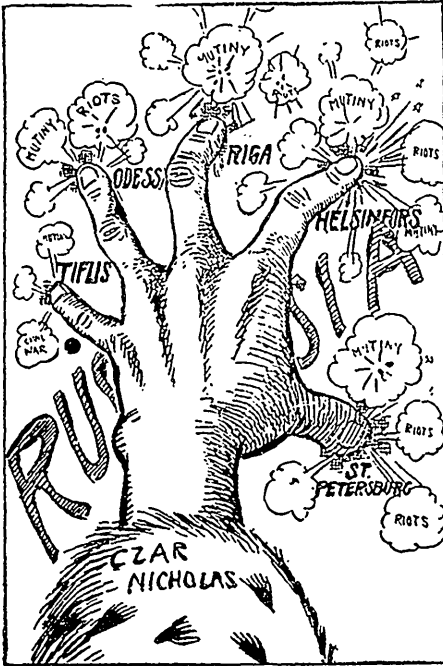
BY BERTHA COOPER FRASER.

My heart is sad for this trampling throng :
Swirls in the dust by the wayside ;
For greed of gold is their goad and thong,
And the weak are crushed who impede the
strong :
Wails in the dust by the wayside.

And their goal attained, do the victors rest ?
Health in the dust by the wayside.
They have trappings of purple and golden
crest
And marble halls to reward their quest.
Love in the dust by the wayside.

—S. S. Times.

Current Topics and Events.



TOO MUCH FOR ONE HAND.
—W. L. Evans, in Cleveland Leader.

“HE MAKETH WAR TO CEASE UNTO
THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

The Rev. Dr. Perrin's able and eloquent sermon on Peace, printed in this number, made a profound impression as heard in the Metropolitan, and will be read, we are sure, with deep interest. His reference to the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in the royal gallery of Westminster will justify a fuller account of that great event. In that magnificent hall of the Parliament Buildings, London, through which the King passes to the opening of Parliament, in the presence of the great historic paintings portraying England's victories at Trafalgar and Waterloo, was assembled in the interests of universal peace, this gathering of the statesmen of twenty-six nations who were or had been members

of the Parliament or Congress of their respective countries. Mr. Stead eloquently refers to this red-letter day in the history of civilization:

None who were privileged to be present at the great International Festival celebrated on that day in Westminster Hall can ever forget the memorable scene. Conference marched in long procession, with the Lord Chancellor at its head, to the ancient banqueting hall of our Norman Kings. Westminster Hall has witnessed many famous scenes in its chequered history, but none, not even the great day of the sentencing of Charles Stuart, presented so hopeful an augury for the future as this Feast of Fraternity when the representatives of twenty nations sat down in a great sacrament of international communion. It was the Coronation Feast of Internationalism fitly celebrated beneath the lofty roof of Westminster Hall.

A FEAST OF FRATERNITY.

Seldom has any great historic function passed off with such brilliant success. The animated scene in the spacious hall—filled to its utmost limits by representatives of all languages and of all races—left nothing to be desired in color, in brightness, and in gaiety. For this was no sombre gathering monotonously male. On the tables were lovely flowers, and round the tables sat not less fair representatives of the women of all nations. From the pipes at the far end of the hall a band played the national airs of Europe and America, with due recognition from each nationality thus saluted. The Lord Chancellor spoke pithily and well, praising arbitration and laying significant stress upon the fact that in discussing the limitation of armaments an ounce of example is worth a ton of precept. Count Apponyi, an ideal Magyar noble, tall and graceful, revived reminiscences of the eloquence of Kossuth by the skill with which he handled our English speech. Mr. W. J. Bryan, not less typical of the New World alike in features and in oratory, thrilled his audience by the simple directness with which he addressed himself to the heart of things. M. D'Estournelles de Constant spoke with the fervor and passion of the Gaul.

TWO NOTABLE SAYINGS.

From the speeches of Count Apponyi and Mr. Bryan two passages deserve quotation for remembrance:

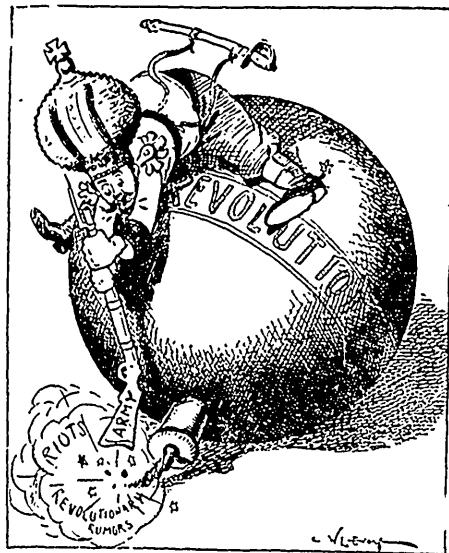
The noble ideal of patriotism was often set up against that internationalism which they cultivated. But patriotism was love; why should it be allied with hate? Patriotism was self-immolation; why should it be devoted to the immolation of others? Patriotism was devotion to one's country; why should it take shape in the exaggeration of armaments and huge expenditure? Patriotism was a mission for one's nation; but why should that mission be the mission of the prize-fighter? Why should it not be devoted to the great work of benefiting the whole human race? To sum it up in one word, patriotism was a religion. They knew that there were still some dark spots on the earth in which religion took the form of human sacrifice. Was it the betrayal of religion, that they had done away with those horrors and worshipped a God who held bloodshed in abhorrence?

MR. W. J. BRYAN.

The more he thought about war, the more he marvelled at the disregard which its advocates showed of the transcendent importance of a human life. He stood the other day by Shakespeare's birthplace, and he asked himself what the world would have lost if, instead of devoting his genius to verse, Shakespeare had been a Tommy Atkins, and had in the early bloom of youth died upon some battlefield. Let them measure the influence of such a life upon the world. He stood also by the birthplace of the Scotch poet, and he asked what the world would have lost if Burns had never sung his immortal songs to the world. But even the humblest human life may be of infinite importance. He read the other day that the great Welsh Revival was begun by the courage and fidelity of a young unknown Welsh girl, whose heart burnt within her until she stood up to testify to her Lord. From that utterance by that poor, humble girl sprang the great spiritual awakening which had changed so many lives and transformed so many communities. Let them never underestimate the value of a single life.

THE STANDSTILL OF ARMAMENTS.

A question dealt with by the Conference was the necessity of checking the ascending march of war expenses.



CAN HE PREVENT THE EXPLOSION.

—Cleveland Leader.

Bankruptcy or revolution lie ahead unless we can check this infernal annual increment, estimated by M. Messimy as amounting to £8,000,000 per annum in Europe alone.

OUR "OUNCE OF EXAMPLE."

"Great Britain," said M. Messimy, "has been the first to oppose the steady and dangerous increase of military expenditure. She appeared resolved to give to the world the signal of a new policy."

The Naval estimates of the late Government, on the eve of leaving office, showed a reduction of £3,000,000, and Mr. Robertson has now announced a reduction in the shipbuilding vote of £2,500,000. Mr. Haldane has reduced the Army to the tune of £1,500,000, so that in the last twelve months we have reduced our expenditure by £7,000,000. That is only an ounce of example, but it is a beginning, and if any other Power will follow it, there may be some chance of getting something done.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF C.-B.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sprang at a bound into the unprecedented position of a Palmerston of Peace. His speech to the Interparliamentary Conference for thoroughgoing advocacy of Arbitration, Limitation of Armaments,



HOLY RUSSIA. A CONTRAST. PAGAN JAPAN.
—Rehse, in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

and Peace, amazed and astounded those who heard it. Since the Czar's Rescript there has been no such discourse in favor of peace. Mr. Gladstone himself never did anything better. But I have called him the Palmerston rather than the Gladstone of Peace, because of the dashing audacity with which he plunged into the midst of the internal politics of a foreign country in order to express the universal opinion of his countrymen. His declaration "The Douma is dead. Long live the Douma!" startled the world. And those who most condemn the calculated impulsiveness of his "Long live the Douma!" will live to see that no statesman ever spoke a truer word or one more useful for Russians and their rulers to hear.

Japan is having the better of Russia in peace as she had in war. While the bureaucracy is sharpening its sword for the suppression of the people Japan is sharpening its sickle for reaping the harvest of Manchuria.

"ALL QUIET AT WARSAW."

"They make a desolation and call it peace," said the Roman historian. "All is quiet at Warsaw," says the censor, for pretty much the same reason. The revolutionists are either dead, or in prison, or in exile, or in hiding. But this is the peace which is no peace. Beneath the surface Enceladus still struggles, and the ground may at any moment reel with the throes of earthquake. Despotic cruelties goad the peo-

ple into new acts of terrorism and anarchy. The irreconcilables justify their outrages as being their only way of making war upon the bureaucrats. They take their lives in their hands in their mad endeavors to rid the world of their oppressors, while the Grand Dukes surround themselves with a triple cordon of Cossacks and police. Alas for unhappy Russia! Through the throes of desperate convulsion is it struggling to a seeming far-off liberty.

"A TEMPEST IN A TEACUP."

The Cuban rebellion is probably a tempest in a teacup. Freedom has not had time as yet to "broaden down from precedent to precedent." Even in older countries elections are not always conducted without fraud. The disappointed grafters, as is the wont in Spanish American republics, find redress for their grievances by attempting to overthrow the Government. Palma has always stood for peace, but though the glove be silken the hand is steel. The greatest danger is the disturbance of labor conditions. The immigrants whom



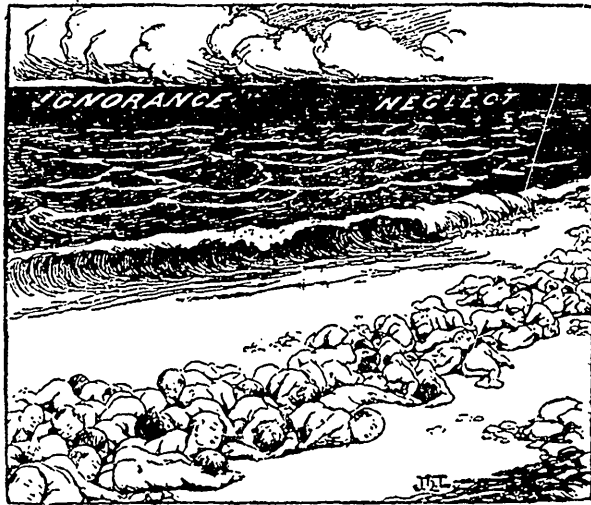
FALL STYLES FOR THE TRUST MAGNATE.
—The Minneapolis Journal.

the Government has brought in are leaving by the thousand, or in some cases joining the malcontents. This on the eve of the sugar crop, whose value will amount to ninety million dollars, causes a financial panic. Banks will not advance the money needed for the harvest in the unsettled condition of the country. This, therefore, will cause more loss than the revolution itself. Unless the Cubans show more wisdom it may be the best thing if Uncle Sam will interfere to stop their squabbles. Many think his act of abnegation in retiring from the island was a little "too previous."

It has become a by-word in the United States that wealth will procure exemption from punishment for almost any crime, that while the poor man is imprisoned for the theft of a dollar, the rich man may steal his millions and go free. This is not quite true, as the ice magnates who were sent to prison in Philadelphia for collusion and fraud can feelingly testify. We remember, too, that Boss Tweed, the mayor of New York, largely through the influence of Nast, the cartoonist, was driven from power and died wearing a felon's garb in the Tombs prison, New York. Our cartoonists show the consternation caused by recent convictions of fraud in high places among the trust magnates.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

It is a startling fact, but a true one, says *The Review of Reviews*, that every year 120,000 children die in England and Wales before they have attained their first birthday. They are cut off on the very threshold of life. Besides this annual slaughter of the innocents, the massacre which made King Herod infamous pales into insignificance. Think of it! One hundred and twenty thousand infant lives sacrificed every year to neglect and ignorance! Out of every 100,000 infants born, 17,139 do not live to see their first birthday, and nearly 25,000 succumb before their fifth; while



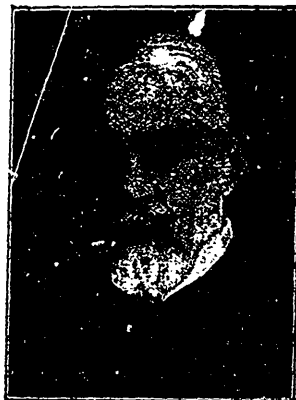
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

"There are, roughly 100,000 lives sacrificed in some form or another every year, not to man's inhumanity, but to neglect, carelessness, thoughtlessness and ignorance."—Mr. John Burns at the National Conference on Infantile Mortality.

of the total of 500,000 annual deaths, one quarter are of children who have lived "but a handful of days."

DOCTORS IN COUNCIL.

The recent meeting of the medical and surgical profession in Toronto has been described as the most important medical congress ever assembled. It was made



H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES, M.D.,
M.CH., R.U.I.



LENNOX BROWNE, F.R.C.S.

up of the leading members of the profession from almost every part of the English-speaking world as well as from the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa. Many of these busy men travelled long distances by sea and land to contribute their quota of knowledge to the common good and thus laid the world under greater obligation than ever to the healing art. Officially this was the seventy-fourth annual gathering of the British Medical Association, but large numbers of representatives from the United States presented papers and took part in the discussions. Science knows no national limits. This was illustrated by the great number of countries represented at this congress—Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Bombay, Madras, Egypt, Griqualand, Johannesburg, France, Germany, Switzerland,



W. ROSE, M.S., F.R.C.S.

also many States of the Union and provinces of Canada.

The congress met in a score or more of sub-sections in the various buildings of Toronto University. The inaugural session was held in the new Convocation Hall, when this august body received cordial welcome to the city and Dominion from the mayor and representative citizens. The learned members of British, American, and other universities, in their academic gowns and hoods, black and white, pink and green, purple and crimson, with here and there a brilliant military uniform, and the white gowns and turbans of the delegates from far-off India, made a pageant of almost mediaeval splendor.



A. W. MAYO ROBSON, F.R.C.S.

A fitting compliment to Toronto was the election of one of its leading physicians, Dr. R. A. Reeve, to be president of the association. It is of interest to us to know that Dr. Reeve is one of many members of the conference who are members of the Methodist Church. His inaugural address reviewed the remarkable progress in medicine, especially in surgery, in recent years. He paid a high tribute to such distinguished men as Lord Lister, of England; Pasteur, of France; Koch, of Germany; Professor Chittenden and Dr. Mayo, of the United States, and pronounced a glowing eulogy on the brave physicians who, at the sacrifice of their own lives, had extended the bounds of knowledge and conferred unspeakable blessing on mankind. He referred to the notable experiments in the physiological economy of nutrition by Professor Chittenden of Yale and to the importance of

fuller knowledge of dietary standards. Looking into the future he anticipated that the protective and curative serum would prove an antidote to pneumonia and spinal meningitis. Preventive medicine, as the result of the last decennium alone, he said, gave sure promise of saving more lives and sparing more misery than would even universal peace.

Among the many distinguished delegates to the congress, already loaded with honors, who received at a special convocation the honorary degree of LL.D., were the venerable Sir Thomas Barlow, physician-in-ordinary to both Queen Victoria and Edward VII., a benignant-looking gentleman in the seventies, but still alert and active; Sir William Broadbent, also physician to the King, well-known for his researches in neurology; Professor Allbutt, described as "a field-marshal of the profession" in England; Sir Victor Horsley, a master of surgery; Dr. Lapique, of the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, a distinguished French physiologist; Professor Aschoff, of the University of Marbourg, one of Germany's most famous physicians; Dr. W. J. Mayo, president of the American association, in whom, said Principal Reeve, "the deft hand had become the willing instrument of the cunning brain."

The papers, discussions and demonstrations were in large part of a technical character, but there were some that were of wide popular interest. No subject attracted more attention than "The White Plague," against which the profession is waging such strenuous war. A very complete exhibition of models, diagrams, photographs, tabular statistics, illustrating the ravages of tuberculosis and the best methods of its prevention and cure. The importance of fresh air, of absolute cleanliness, good food and plenty of it, were shown.

A significant function of the congress was the reception tendered by the Prohibition Alliance of Canada. At this meeting Sir Victor Horsley and Professor G. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge, gave striking testimony as to the decrease in the use of alcohol in both medicine and surgery. They showed how in the best

hospitals the expenses for spirits were greatly reduced and that for milk and nutritive food greatly increased—with the happiest results. The recent exposure of bad methods in the preparation of canned meats, the adulteration of other foods, and the improper mode of distribution of milk causing great mortality, especially among children and among the poor, not merely in the United States but in Great Britain and France as well, received much attention. Professor Glaister, of Glasgow, gave much valuable information on the model methods employed in that city for the control and



A. CARLESS, M.S., F.R.C.S.

administration of milk supplies, thus securing purity of this important article of food. The importance of civic sanitation, the danger from sewage in the pollution of lakes and streams and the antidotes to these evils received conspicuous attention.

The meeting of the International Congress on School Hygiene called attention to the importance of instruction in health conditions in the school and in the home. By preventive means in the care of the teeth, eye-sight, and general health of children great benefit will result to the community at large.

A PROLOGUE.

Across the fog the moon lies fair,
Transfused with ghostly amethyst,
O white Night, charm to wonderment
The cattle in the mist!

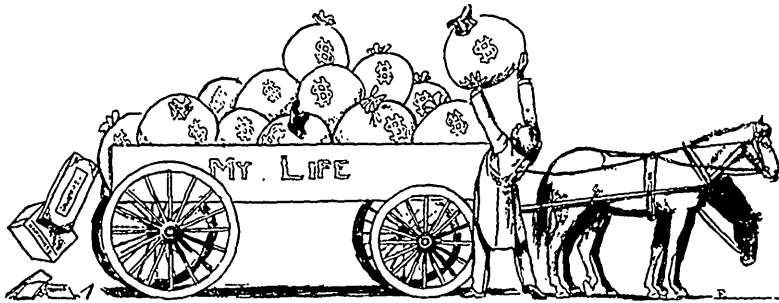
Thy touch, O grave Mysteriarch,
Makes dull familiar things divine.

O grant of thy revealing gift
Be some small portion mine!

Make thou my vision sane and clear,
That I may see what beauty clings
In common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things!

—C. D. G. Roberts.

Religious Intelligence.



LEAVE ROOM IN YOUR LIFE FOR SOMETHING BESIDES MONEY.

The recent revelations of frenzied finance, of the fraud and corruption in high places, lend a special emphasis to the words of our Lord, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" We have the spectacle of men rolling in wealth who, for the sake of adding more millions to their ill-gotten hoard, part with all that is best worth living for—honor, name and fame, peace of mind, and the favor of God. Some of them are fugitives on the face of the earth, others are arraigned at the bar of justice, or if they escape that doom, are arraigned and condemned at the bar of public opinion.

Our cartoon shows the folly and fatuity of such paltering with the highest issues of life. These are something more than money can procure. The pelf for which men barter their honor and often their souls, shall perish with the using, but that which is given to hasten the coming of Christ's kingdom in this world is treasure laid up in heaven where moth and rust cannot corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal. An impressive picture in the National Gallery, London, shows a silent figure on a bier covered with the sweeping folds of a mortcloth that half conceals and half reveals the rigid effigy of death. At the base of the bier are piled the symbols of the honors, pleasures and gauds of life—the idle sword, the plumed casque, the silent lute, the faded coronet—and beneath are written the words of the Roman moralist, "Sic transit gloria mundi"—"So passes away the glory of

this world." At the background are written the nobler philosophy expressed in the life motto of the founder of Methodism, a motto which he so gloriously illustrated by his example, "What I spent I had. What I kept I lost. What I gave away I have for ever."

"THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."

As this magazine goes to press the General Conference of the Methodist Church meets in Montreal. It should be the object of earnest prayer for divine guidance and blessing. The great subject of Church Union in Canada and Japan, and the growing needs of the great commonwealths of the North-West, will tax the wisdom and skill of this body. While not venturing to predict the course of events, we trust that the important topic of union in Canada will advance another stage in its progress, that it will be passed on the Annual Conferences and quarterly boards for further and fuller discussion and action. It is essentially a people's question. They are the final court of appeal.

We believe that the spirit of our Lord's prayer will pervade this august assembly. While Christian men may differ widely and conscientiously when they endeavor to frame a system of theology or of church polity in their separate synods and assemblies, yet when they draw nearer together around the feet of their common Master and Lord and utter the prayer which Christ himself hath taught them, they cannot but feel

the force of this truth: "For one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." When we repeat the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," we anticipate the time when all outward distinctions of church polity and theology shall be swallowed up in the universal reign of righteousness, when the church on earth shall be but the ante-chamber to the general assembly and Church of the first-born above.

A MISSIONARY OUTBURST.

The recent Nottingham Conference, it is said, will go down in the Methodist history of England as the Foreign Missionary Conference. In May there was some anxiety felt over the debt and shortage of income. But the spontaneous outburst at Nottingham has given a magnificent lead by the representative Conference of the connexion. The Missionary Society went to the Conference with a debt of £15,000 and a shortage in income of £10,000. To-day they are thanking God for the entire removal of the debt and the guarantee of at least £4,000 increase in income. Mr. Perks increased his annual subscription from £10 to £500, and others in proportion.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

The following is the substance of the Educational Bill adopted by the House of Commons and which we venture to think will pass, with little change, the House of Lords:

From January 1, 1908, all schools maintained by the local education authority must be "provided" schools.

Not a penny of public money is to be used in denominational instruction.

Teachers will be appointed by the local authorities without any tests.

All schools receiving rates will give the same religious education.

Religious instruction may be given in these schools two mornings a week by arrangement with the local authority.

Attendance will not be compulsory during religious instruction, and religious instruction will not be given by the ordinary staff.

There will be a further grant of \$5,000,000 from the Exchequer for the educational purposes of the bill.

This bill will put an end to the injustice which has so long obtained of the Established Church wielding the enormous influence of its many thou-

sands of schools to the advantage of that body and to the great disadvantage of the dissenting communities. A British cartoon presents this as a new game of Fox and Geese in the school playground. Mr. Birrell is trying to screen behind his ample skirts a group of schoolchildren whom a mitred bishop is endeavoring to hve in a conventicle of his own.

It was an able and eloquent speech that Mr. Birrell, himself the son of a Nonconformist minister, delivered in support of this bill. Just as he was saying that many a poor Primitive Methodist in a remote village would now be freed from the domination of the Church, one member laughed. Mr. Birrell turned on him exclaiming that it was easy and safe for one to laugh there—"but I know what I am talking about. I have not lived my life among Nonconformists for nothing—these things can't go on for ever, this domination must cease." Mr. Birrell was equally vigorous in his defence of religious teaching—the undenominational teaching which has stood the test of six-and-thirty years' experience. Turning to the advocates of secular teaching who said, "Think of the child—of his ailments, his playground, his games," and so forth, he exclaimed:

"Yes, but what is the child? Whence came it? Whither goes it? Conscience, sin, immortality—are you going to drive all these out of the ordinary curriculum of school life? I would urge those who dream dramas and see visions of a good time coming, when the condition of the poor and the miserable will so poison the existence of the rich and the comfortable as to make all society to combine to do all that it can to redeem that lot—I ask them where are they to find the alkahest which is to transmute the base metal of selfishness into the pure gold of altruism? I say they will find Christianity to be the potent force which will ever be the best friend of poor and helpless man."

OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH MISSIONS.

"It is of good omen," says the British Weekly, "that most of our great foreign missionary societies have been able to announce an increase in their income for the past year. Contributions to the London Missionary Society have advanced £17,000, as compared with the previous twelvemonth. The Bible Society's receipts have risen nearly £13,000. The home contributions to the Wesleyan

Missionary Society show an increase of £1,500. The returns of the Baptist Missionary Society show that its supporters have increased their gifts by from £5,000 to £6,000. The Church Missionary Society reports a magnificent income of £382,000, which is no less than £46,000 above the previous year's record total. All this looks in the right direction, although, considering our unexampled commercial prosperity, there is little to boast of."



THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

The Methodist Times gives an interesting account of the farewell reception given the Rev. George Jackson, M.A., on the eve of his departure for Canada. A valuable watch was presented Mr. Jackson as an expression of the high regard in which he was held, and another token of their esteem was given Mrs. Jackson. The work accomplished by him during his ministration in Edinburgh is a marvelous record. Some of the canny Scotch

folk thought, "What an impertinent young chap to come to Edinburgh and set up shop in the midst of that Presbyterian community." But the record amply vindicated his consecrated audacity. When he came to the Athens of the north there were eight Methodist members, now there are eight hundred; then there was no property, now there is property worth over sixty thousand pounds. But what figures can measure the moral and spiritual benefit to the multitude of people who came under the influence of his ministry during these years. Mr. Jackson is loaned for a time from the Old Land to the New. We pray that his sojourn among us may be one greatly owned and blessed of God.

In assuming the pastorate of the Sherbourne Street Church, Toronto, Mr. Jackson announced one new departure that gives promise of most beneficent results. He purposed, he said, to preach a short five-minutes' sermon frequently to the children of the church. We regard this as of very great importance. It will make them feel that they have a place in the service of the sanctuary, that they are recognized as a part of the church, and will secure more of family religion than now obtains.

THE LATE REV. DR. AYLESWORTH.

In the death of Dr. Aylesworth Methodism has lost a life that for more than half a century stood prominently in the forefront of service. As writer, preacher, lecturer, humorist, in some or all of these capabilities he is known to the people of Canadian Methodism. His sallies of wit, his nature touches, his fellow-feeling for human beings have won for him the place of a friend everywhere during the fifty-two years of his active ministry. Some of the preferments that have come his way are: Fraternal delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States at the General Conference of 1884 at Philadelphia; member of the Board of Regents of Albert University, Victoria University, and at the time of his death trustee of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas; also the presidency of the London Conference in 1893 and 1894.

Dr. Aylesworth's death at the home of his son, in Detroit, Mich., was the triumphant passing of a Christian into glory. He leaves a widow, four daughters, and three sons, who will have the sympathies of the church.

Book Notices.

"Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada." A Simple and Popular Guide to the Names and Descriptions of the Flowers that bloom above the Clouds. By Julia W. Henshaw. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxvii-384. Price, \$2.00.

Our readers will remember the sumptuously illustrated article on our Canadian wild flowers in the June number of this magazine. Since that article has appeared the book itself from which these plates were taken has been issued from our connexional press and is one of the handsomest books ever published in Canada, or out of it for that matter, as far as its subject is concerned. The accomplished author was an enthusiast in her study of flowers. She has followed these wildlings of the mountains to the most out-of-the-way recesses, she studies lovingly their habits and presents a classified account of their genera and species. A most important feature of this sumptuous volume is its splendid illustration, a hundred full plate pages exquisitely reproduced from nature these lovely flowers. In order to procure absolute accuracy in their delineation the author made herself an expert photographer, secured a very expensive outfit and conveyed it up apparently inaccessible places. Descriptive articles on these mountain wildlings are given with quotations from the poets and the folk-lore concerning them. The book has won wide recognition and is simply indispensable for the study of our wild flowers.

"The Vocation of Man." By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated by Wm. Smith, LL.D. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. xii.-178.

The story of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the German philosopher, is one of romantic interest. He was born the son of a poor weaver in 1762 and owed his education to a wealthy nobleman; he studied theology at Jena, Leipsic and Wittenburg, became the friend and interpreter of Kante, died in Berlin 1814. While nursing the sick and wounded in the military

hospitals, his devoted wife became infected with typhus. She recovered, but her husband, who had also taken the disease, succumbed to it. This book gives a translation of one of his most famous works, "The Vocation of Man," which he treats in his own unique way under the heads of Doubt, Knowledge and Faith.

"Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism." God, Freedom, Immortality in View of Monistic Evolution. By the Rev. W. L. Walker. Author of "The Spirit and the Incarnation," etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp., viii.-484.

This is an important addition to the theological library issued by these standard publishers. The author discusses, first, Christian theism and monistic evolution. The monistic affirmation is that the spiritual element exists originally only in an imperfect, undeveloped state, so that mental elements are formed out of elements not yet mental in the sense in which mentality appears in conscious beings. This theory the author vigorously controverts. Haeckel, Dr. Carus, Professor Lloyd Morgan and other monists do not agree among themselves, but Lloyd Morgan sees in evolution as a whole a "selective synthesis," which is higher than all and deeper than all and finds its expression in the primary laws of nature and mind. Thus he shows its action in the inorganic world in crystallization; in the chemical sphere in the selective synthesis of the atoms in a definite and determinate manner, and he shows that synthetic action as a distinctive quality of mind. Both he and Dr. Carus assert that Evolution proceeds under the influence of a Power which is neither Matter nor Force in its ordinary manifestation. That power, says our author, we can only describe as omnipotent and all-working Reason. The whole subject of evolution, organic and inorganic, is ably discussed. Chapters are devoted to the Divine transcendence, the Incarnation of God in Christ, the Christian Conception of God. Part II. treats of Freedom and Monistic Science, the Determinism of Psychology, "the Deter-

minism of Matter," the Rise and Development of Will, and the Christian Doctrine of Freedom. Part III. treats the august subject of Immortality, giving reasons for this almost universal belief, the exposition of the "Christian doctrine of continued life and resurrection," and Eternal Life the Divine Purpose.

"The Throne-Room of the Soul." A Study in the Culture of the Spiritual. By Carl G. Doney, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp., 219. Price, \$1.00 net.

These discourses have stood the test of delivery and newspaper report. They are thirty-five in number, and deal with such popular subjects as, Forces that Heal, The Strength of Weakness, Pilate and Pilatism, The Successful Church, The Child and the Kingdom, Work and Its Tests. They are terse, strong, intensely evangelical and practical.

"Christian Missions and Social Progress." A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. By the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. Vol. III. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. 8vo. Pp. xxxvi.-675. Price, \$2.50 net.

This is the third volume of this great work, which is a striking illustration of the prominence which the subject of missions has won in the world of literature. The special subject of the present volume is the contributions of Christian missions to social progress. It is a perfect treasure-house of information for those who would understand the far-reaching influence of missions, not merely in the conversion of the non-Christian races, but in their social and physical uplift as well. Among the many subjects treated is the educational progress which it has caused. The school and college everywhere accompany the Christian mission and have a most benign effect in the intellectual development of the races whom they reach. A most practical form of this is the development of industrial training, which helps to solve some of the most difficult problems of mission work. The production of wholesome and instructive literature and the quickening of general intelligence are further manifestations of this social progress. So also are the disintegration of caste and abolition of objectionable social customs, as of foot-binding and the opium habit in China, the cultivation of the spirit of freedom and true patriotism, the recon-

struction of law and the form of judicial procedure, the improvement of administration methods, the elevation of the standard of government service, the improvement of international relations, the creating of new standards of commercial integrity and better methods of transacting business, improved systems of finance, development of trade and commerce, improved hygiene, physical as well as moral reform, the adoption of the Christian Sabbath with its benign influence, and many other forms of social uplift. The book is sumptuously illustrated and admirably indexed. It is a perfect mine of information on this subject.

"Spinoza and Religion." By Elmer Ellsworth Powell, A.M., Ph.D. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp., xiii.-334.

Spinoza was one of those Jewish writers who have left their abiding impress upon literature and philosophy. He was born of Jewish parents in Amsterdam, 1632, the son of a Portuguese merchant, who fled from persecution to Holland. He was suspected even as a boy of verging towards heresy, but in his twenty-fourth year the "anathema marantha," or Greater Execution, was uttered against him. He was one of the most learned men of his times. Exiled from Amsterdam, he went to Leyden and the Hague, and maintained himself by polishing lenses. On the death of his parents, his family attempted to deprive him of his share of the inheritance. Having established his right by law, he contented himself with taking only a bed. He was offered a professorship in philosophy, but refused it on account of the limitations demanded. He published many controversial and philosophical works. The life and writings of such a man are well worth thoughtful study. He endured the toils and wants of poverty, often aggravated by months of serious illness. This book is a record of his life and interpretation of his philosophy.

"The Citizen of To-morrow." A Handbook on Social Questions. Edited by Samuel E. Keeble, for the Wesleyan Methodist Union for Social Service. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv.-312.

It is a significant fact that the Methodist Church on both sides of the sea is devoting special attention to the subject of social economics. The Wesleyan Methodist Union for Social Service issues

an admirable volume entitled, "The Citizen of To-morrow; A Handbook on Social Questions." The very organization of this society is proof of the increased interest taken in the reform of society, as well as the reform of the individual. This book consists of papers by men who have made a special study of the different aspects of this great topic. Among these are chapters on, From Serf to Citizen, John Wesley and Social Service, Christianity and Socialism, Labor and Poverty, The Drink Question, Gambling, Citizenship and Service, The Housing of the People, Women and Social Problems, The Land Question; Children, or Citizens in the Making; The City, or the Service of the Citizens. The two great plague spots in Britain, and measurably Canada as well, are the drink traffic and the social cancer of gambling. It is strange what an infatuation these have. Against them we must fight to save the commonweal.

"The Church and the Social Problem." A Study in Applied Christianity. By Samuel Plantz. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp., 356. Price, \$1.25 net.

Similar in character to the last is this thoughtful study by Dr. Plantz, President of the Lawrence University. He considers that in the social problem the church of the twentieth century has to face a crisis of the utmost importance. He discusses the historical aspects of this question with ample citations from standard authorities. His most important constructive chapter, a section, is that on How the Church May Help Solve the "Social Problem." This is a book of such importance that we shall make it the subject of a special article at an early date.

"Persecution in the Early Church." A Chapter in the History of Renunciation. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp., xx-382.

This is the Fernley Lecture for the current year. The author is well known as Principal of the Westminster Training College, and author of several important works on the church history. This is a comprehensive work, expanded largely from the Fernley Lecture as delivered. The great conflict between Christianity and paganism for the conquest of the world is a stirring story. On one side was the embattled power of Rome, all the influences of hereditary faiths, ancient use and wont, and the entrenched power of a wealthy priesthood and fanatical people; on the other were the lowly Christians, armed only with the Sword of the Spirit, the Shield of Faith, and the mighty Power of God. But before these the might of Rome yielded and early in the fourth century Christianity, despite the most flagrant and cruel persecution, had won its conquering way to the highest and remotest parts of the empire.

The Canadian Congregationalist Year-Book is a handsome volume of two hundred and thirty-seven pages, giving very full information concerning the Congregational Church in Canada. It furnishes ample opportunity for the study of this sister church, of special interest to us in view of the negotiations for closer union. The address of the Rev. J. B. Silcox, chairman of the Union for 1906, on the Revival of Religion, has a soul-stirring, evangelistic note. Several portraits and half-tones of churches are included.

CONTRASTS.

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
 Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
 The battleship lunges along, a fortress a swim in the seas,
 But over the self-same waves, the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might?
 What rules the world? Is it love?
 Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph,
 or right?
 Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove,
 But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might.

—By E. S. Martin, in Scribner's.