

THE DOUKHOBORS AT ST. JOHN.

Though we have printed a good deal about the *Lake Huron* Doukhobor party at Halifax and St. John, there are still many details in the dispatch of the St. John correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* which seem of interest, and we print the following extracts from it. The date was First month 23.

PROBABLY this city never saw such a sight before as when this afternoon the steamer *Lake Huron* with the Doukhobors on board, steamed slowly up to the Canadian Pacific Railway wharf on the western side of the harbor. The Doukhobors, that is, all who could find space, ranged along the upper decks, and, with heads uncovered, reverently sang their hymns of praise to God. The wharves were lined with thousands of people, who cheered and waved handkerchiefs to the Russian immigrants, and the latter, in acknowledging the salute, bent lowly to the deck, some even getting down on their knees and touching the deck with their foreheads. Two cannons in the harbor saluted the *Lake Huron* and her peculiar cargo, and the steamer replied by two shots from the stern of the vessel. Then came the tying-up of the *Lake Huron*, a few minutes after a new and a strange race of people, fleeing from their native land to escape persecution, had landed on our shores and were Canadians.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

The men are large and usually powerfully-built fellows, mostly young, there being only three or four old men in the party. They are dressed as one usually considers correct in the Russian peasant, long, heavy leather boots and a long cloth coat, usually of a blue or black pattern. This coat, however, is only the inner one, the outside coat being of sheepskin, with the wool inside, fastened around the waist by a leather band, and reaching to just above the knees. This coat gives them a very bulky and clumsy appearance, but some of the men wear even longer coats, which come as far as their feet. When a Doukhobor gets one of these on he looks like a perambulating mountain; but these coats are much in demand for bed coverings, in fact, that is one of the purposes for which they are uniformly intended. Every Doukhobor on the *Lake Huron* wears a fur cap, and this in all weathers. The little boys look like men cut down, the same stolid features, excepting the moustache, and the same costume, even to the fur caps. The women naturally have a fondness for bright colors, red, blue, yellow and pink, and sometimes all these colors are worked in their petticoats. They tie bright-colored cloths around their heads, which give them a very picturesque appearance. Coarse woolen knitted stockings, also in colors, and low shoes complete the visible costumes of the women, with the exception, of course, of the inevitable sheepskin coat, which, in the case of the women, has no band around the waist, that is all.

KINDLY AND POLITE.

The politeness of these people cannot be surpassed. Address one of the men, and he takes off his hat and makes a low bow. The little children are the same way, but some of them will look up and smile and say "Good morning," which is as much of the English language as they have yet conquered. Should a visitor to the steamer approach a group on

the deck they will immediately separate to allow him to pass.

The Doukhobors live together in the utmost amity, and the officers of the *Lake Huron* say that not one harsh word was heard between any of them during the entire voyage. Nearly all the adults of the party are married, and it is said that it is very hard to find a Doukhobor girl of over twenty years unmarried. It was noticeable, however, that there were very few babies on board. Most of the young children seemed to be from three to four years of age. The explanation which those acquainted with the Doukhobors give is that some years ago, while they were being subjected to cruel persecution by the Russian Cossacks, the men and women made a vow that they would not bring children into the world to suffer the torment that they were then suffering, and most of them have kept that vow. But apparently they realize now that they are in a free country, for yesterday there were no less than eleven couples married. [The correspondent gives the names—characteristically Russian—of the newly married ones.]

SOME INDIVIDUALS OF THE COMPANY.

Among those on board the ship were Messrs. Joseph Elkinton of Philadelphia, and Job Gidley of North Portsmouth, Mass., representing the committee of the American Society of Friends. The latter two gentlemen are Quakers, and have the quaint costume and speech of these brethren. They have taken great interest in the Doukhobors, and, although both old men, braved a rough passage round from Halifax in order to be with them and help them on their way. There were two other friends of the Doukhobors on board who had risked their lives to be with the persecuted peasants. They were Alexis Bakunin, a Russian doctor, and a graduate of Moscow University, and Maria Cayz, a nurse. They will not be able to go back to Russia now, after having assisted the Doukhobors, and they would not have been allowed to leave the country had it been known what their mission was. As brother and sister they succeeded in reaching Constantinople, where they caught the steamer. Neither of them speaks English. Unfortunately, their services were again required on the trip round from Halifax, for there are seven more cases of sickness on board, a woman of 40, a man of 44, a girl of 23, a young man of 25, a little child and a brother and sister, the girl, aged 18, suffering from consumption, and the boy, aged 15, having an abscess in the head. The sister will never reach the promised land in the Canadian west, for the doctor says her death is certain. None of those sick are suffering from any infectious disease, but they are kept in the hospital here until they recover.

Nicolini, as he is known among the Doukhobors, is a great favorite. He is a young fellow about 30 years of age, and is perhaps the only one in the party who does not wear the fur cap. Nicolini came to America to try and arrange for the exodus of the Doukhobors, and when he wanted to go back was not allowed to land at Batoum. However, he waited for them at Constantinople, and was warmly welcomed on board. The great character on the vessel,

though, is Leopold Soulergitzski, a short, thick-set Russian, apparently built on springs, and who talks all the time. In his own country Leopold is said to be a noble and a man of wealth. He is the friend of Count Tolstoy, and is in charge of this particular party of Doukhobors. A better choice could not have been made. Leopold has them all under perfect control, and he has only to order a thing and it is done.

SYSTEM AND ORGANIZATION.

The organization of this party was simply perfect. Men were detailed to look after the affairs of the immigrants, and day and night there was always somebody on duty. The lower decks were kept so clean that the officers of the vessel were simply astonished when the hatches were opened. There were no less than eight villages of Doukhobors on board, each in charge of their head men, and in settling them in the northwest none of the inhabitants of the different villages will be separated. The Doukhobors have their own cooks, but are anything apparently but heavy eaters. In the morning they take a kind of flat cake baked of flour and water, and salt potatoes and cake or bread made into a kind of soup forms their mid-day meal. This is simply placed in a pannikin, each family is allotted its portion, and they sit comfortably around and eat their meal. The bunks, which were built between the decks, were put up by the Doukhobors themselves with their own timber, and the latter is to be sold for their benefit in St. John. They have their own bedding with them, but very little of this was needed, as the Doukhobor merely spreads his great coat of sheepskin over him and goes to sleep.

THE HYMN ON BOARD.

As the ship neared the wharf, after the first salutes of welcome, there was silence for a moment, as the Doukhobors bared their heads and bowed towards the people on the wharf, and an instant later their voices were uplifted, and everybody was silent while the Doukhobors sang their psalm of praise. A translation of it was furnished me by Mr. Elkinton. It is entitled "God can carry us Through," and is as follows :

" Know all men God is with us,
He has carried us through.
We uplift our voices and sing His praises ;
Let all people hear and join in our praise
of the Almighty.

" They that planned our ruin did not succeed.
We never feared them because God was with
us and gave us strength.
Our Lord has strength to save us ; why
should we fear ?
They that trust in Him are never forsaken.
They that do not know Him now shall know
Him hereafter.
The light shines in the darkness and will
dispel it."

"Their songs," said Mr. Elkinton to me to-night, "seem to me to be a combination of the Psalms and the religion that has been handed down to them by their forefathers." After the singing of the Psalm all on deck prostrated themselves, the little children who were too small to do this being laid down face forward by their mothers.

day, and 8.20 a. m., on Fifth-day, in time for meeting.

The following arranged plan has been made for John J. Cornell, who expects to attend the Quarterly Meeting:

At Alloways Creek, First-day morning, Third month 5, and Salem in the evening.

At Elmer, Third-day afternoon, the 7th. Attend the Quarterly meeting at Woodstown Fourth and Fifth-day, and on Sixth-day afternoon at Mullica Hill.

At Woodstown, First-day morning, Third month 12, and Mickleton, Second-day afternoon, and Woodbury Third-day evening. Then proceed to Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting, on Fourth-day.

An earnest and very commendable effort has been made by Friends of Kennett Monthly Meeting, Pa., to put their records in order. A paragraph in a recent issue of a West Chester paper in substance says:

In response to a concern felt by Samuel Pennock, of Kennett Square, the late Pennock Barnard, of that borough with the assistance of the former, worked for about three years collecting data regarding the membership of Kennett Monthly Meeting. The

old records were in a mixed and mutilated condition. The work on the present volume, which is now completed as far back as the year 1827, will be the most full and valuable inventory ever possessed by this monthly meeting. The workers will begin at once to unearth the earlier records, which, however, are in tolerably good shape, though they will require copying and rearrangement. In the present task all the records have been copied into new books by Anna Mary Martin and Margaret Yeatman, of Kennett Square. Elma M. Preston, who has been one of the most faithful workers also, has given fully three months of her time within the past year in arranging the form of these records ready for the copyists. In the work she has been assisted by John Yeatman and others.

Bucks Quarterly Meeting of Friends was held at Wrightstown, on Fifth-day, the 23d ult., with a somewhat smaller attendance than usual. No ministers or others were present from beyond the limits of the quarterly meeting, and the only speaker was Walter Laing, of Bristol. He dwelt at some length on the spread of Friends' principles and the necessity for the perpetuation of the Society. The meeting for worship was not a prolonged one, and closed with prayer by Louis K. Worthington. Many matters of importance claimed the attention of the meeting for discipline, it being the last to be held before the Yearly Meeting. The state of the Society, as revealed by the answers to the queries sent up by the different monthly meetings, is but little different from

former years. Matters pertaining to the proposed new Friends' Home were discussed at considerable length. The business was concluded about 2 o'clock. [Newtown Enterprise.]



Group of Doukhobor women, at Halifax, Second month 17, gathering snow. ("Water was scarce.") Photo by H. V. Haight.

THE DOUKHOBOR MOVEMENTS.

As was expected, the Doukhobors, at Halifax, who came on the *Lake Superior*, and were placed in quarantine, were released on the 17th ult. At 9 a. m., the work began of transferring them from the quarantine ground on Lawler's Island to the steamship, and shortly before 2 p. m., "with a clean bill of health," she sailed for St. John. From there they proceeded, like the first party, by rail to Winnipeg.

The scenes at Halifax were described in the newspapers of that city. The *Halifax Herald* says that, in going from the quarantine to the ship, "every man had his great bundle of baggage, and they were passed singly through a gate, at the head of the wharf, where they were carefully counted. Before any one, man, woman, or child, could pass the gate they had to show at least two tickets. One of these, colored red, signified that the holder had been vaccinated, and that it had taken effect; the other was yellow, and indicated that the holder had been fumigated. If a white ticket was presented it meant that the first vaccination not having taken effect, the operation had been repeated a second time.

"The count showed 1,977 Doukhobors. This included a number of cripples, who had to be brought down on sledges, and one or two idiots who were not capable of walking from the buildings to the steamer. A party of eighteen rather sad-looking Doukhobors were not included in this number. They are members of the families of three invalids, who were too ill to travel. One of them has pneumonia and two suffer with acute rheumatism. With those three their families were left. The total number, therefore, in quarantine was 1,995."

Dr. Montizambert, the health officer, who, with Dr. Jones, port officer, had remained with the Doukhobors throughout the whole time of detention, said "that never before had he been in quarantine with so many people, nor under such trying circumstances. The cold had been unprecedented, and the buildings were inadequate to the numbers handled. But the people had been easily managed. Not in his experience had he seen men and women so amenable to rule, and who could be handled with so little trouble."

Though one died of small-pox on the voyage, the number of Doukhobors on the island was the same as left Batoum, for a child was born in quarantine. It was a boy, and its father's name was Semon.

Some pathetic circumstances are given. The wife and three children of Timofey Samerodin came from Batoum, and are in the party, but he himself is detained in Russia. He was arrested as the *Lake Superior* was leaving Batoum, on a charge of having

escaped from exile in Siberia. Another man, A. Zhitnawa, was more fortunate. For four years he was in banishment in Siberia, but he made his escape from exile and reached Constantinople. From there he made his way to Batoum, and, without recognition by the Russian police, he got on board the steamer, rejoined his family, and is now safe with them in Canada. The Halifax papers mention the valuable services of "Joe Bernstein," the "quarantine interpreter," who is said to speak fourteen languages. Russian being one of his accomplishments, he could converse with the Doukhobors fluently.



Group of Doukhobor women and children, at Halifax, Second month 17. Photo by H. V. Haight.

Count Sergius Tolstoy, who came with the party, and was in quarantine with them, made a brief visit to Halifax, before the *Lake Superior* left for St. John. With him on board, as she sailed away, were the two Friends, Joseph S. Elkinton, and Job S. Gidley, and also Herbert P. Archer, the young English friend of the Doukhobors.

The *Lake Superior* safely reached St. John on the 18th, and the movement by train from that city was begun next day.

Our friend and correspondent, Harry V. Haight, of Halifax, has sent us seven new and very interesting photographic pictures of the Doukhobors, and we

reproduce three of them in this issue, as giving a better idea of the people than the picture given last week. H. V. Haight says: "I could not get a photo of a small group of them, as they all wanted their pictures taken, and crowded around in front of the camera in hundreds."

Joseph S. Elkinton, of this city, made a second visit to Halifax. He went, as above said, with the party to St. John, and has since returned home.

There seems to be an impression that the Doukhobors who went to Cyprus have come to Canada. This is not the case. The number who went to Cyprus last year was over eleven hundred; of these some eighty had died, (of fever and other diseases), at last report; all the remainder are still in the island. As has been repeatedly stated, they appear desirous of joining the larger body in Canada, and this, it seems most probable, will be accomplished later.



On the steamship *Lake Superior*, at Halifax, Second month 17, showing the Doukhobors on board, after being released from quarantine, and preparing to sail for St. John. Photo by H. V. Haight.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GRANDMOTHER'S ANSWER.

GRANDMOTHER, why did thee sigh last night,
When I brought a pack of cards in sight?
And why, when I asked Jack Young to play,
Did thee wipe a falling tear away?
Where is the harm, do tell me, please,
Which in a pack of cards thee sees?

Listen, my darling, and I will tell
Of the life of a man whom I knew quite well;
Full of promise,—handsome and bright
As is Jack Young who was here last night;
The only stay of a widowed mother,
A loving son and devoted brother.
One night, in calling, others came,
And 'twas proposed all join a game;
Progressive Euchre'' was its name.
'Twas his first play, but from that night
He lent himself to its delight.
Here first the gambler's greed took root
Which ripened such disastrous fruit.
Each evening now he spent away,
Each midnight found him still at play.
Larger the stakes he played for grew,
Deeper he sank before he knew;
Thinner his mother's whitening hairs,
Deaf ears he turned to all her prayers;
That fearful vice with talons grim
Had seized with deadly clutch on him.
Then came the end,—temptation's power
Too strong in an unguarded hour,—
Embezzlement—a felon's cell,
And little else remains to tell,—
Remorse—despair; here ceased the strife,
His own hand took his ruined life!

What do I see in a pack of cards?
Untimely graves in our full church-yards,
Breaking hearts, and weeping eyes,
Saddened mothers and desperate wives,
Hungry children and want and woe;
These are the pictures that come and go.
And oh, how I pray, each young man that I pass
May shun the first game, as he does the first glass!
Each gambler's career has at some time begun;
Shall it be in thy parlor, my darling one?

R.

IN AN OLD MEADOW.

How oft the housewife crossed this meadow wide
To gather healing plants, in sweet old days!
Stooping along the tangled, stony side,
Where flourished herbs, and weeds, and briery sprays.

Within her basket, wove of birchen bark,
She laid faint-scented plumes of golden-rod,
And slender culms of rushes, jointed dark,
And mallow leaves, close growing to the sod.

In dim, damp nooks, the bitter boneset grew
For her, and comfrey, with its roots of black;
And tufts of fragrant pennyroyal blew
Above the ribwort plantain in her track.

Pale catmint spikes she found in sunny spots,
And tansy leaves, like notched and heavy lace;
And wool rosets, with buds in golden knots,
Where shafts of mullein rocked with lazy grace.

Green mustard pods, and yellow roots of yarrow,
She took, with hoarhound's square and rugged stems;
Then softly mused, "I'll come again to-morrow!"
And homeward went beside the meadow hems.

—Eliza Woodworth, in *Independent*.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

From the *Halifax Herald* we take an account of the arrival of the steamer *Lake Huron* at Quebec.

It was a picturesque sight that was presented on board the steamer so greatly laden with human life. The decks were well covered with men, women, and children—sturdy Doukhobors, but only a rather small proportion of them could obtain places on the rail.

"Welcome, Doukhobors!" shouted Mr. Gidley in stentorian tones, and every heart on the tug, though the words were not uttered, cordially endorsed the Friend's greeting.

The sound of singing broke from the steamer's decks. It was low and melodious, but very distinct. The *Herald* asked Prince Hilkoff, who was standing by the rail, to translate the words.

"God is with us,
He has brought us through,"—

was the way in which the noble prince exile explained the words of the song. The psalm was heard for several minutes and grew stronger as the tug approached closer to the Beaver liner.

The faces that bent over the rail were intelligent and keen, young and old, child and parent, looked out with dancing eyes on the first faces from the new world that they had ever seen; on people whose liberty was a birthright, a privilege those exiles from home had come to share under the British flag.

Look at that gray-headed man near the companion-way, with grizzly beard and fur-lined coat and boots. He is a Crimean veteran, who strange enough is now numbered with the Doukhobors, who cannot bear arms without sin. He was a sailor on a Russian man-of-war. Long after the war was over he joined the Doukhobors and laid down arms for ever.

Another aged man, who had seen more than 85 years, ten of which were in exile in Northern Siberia, was pointed out by Prince Hilkoff.

One face that was peculiarly attractive was observed by all. It was that of a young woman, evidently not a peasant like the others. This surmise by the reporter was correct, for on inquiry it was found that she was a lady physician, who had volunteered to cross the ocean with the Doukhobors, not as an immigrant, but to do what she could to render the voyage more pleasant.

By this time the tug was made fast to the liner, and one of the quarantine officers shouted:

"Prince Hilkoff and staff and Deputy Minister Smart and staff may come aboard."

Prince Hilkoff and the two members of the Society of Friends were the centre of an animated group a few feet away. Impetuously they kissed the Prince. This exhibition of exuberance of joy lasted but a few moments, for their heads were uncovered and the voice of J. S. Elkinton, of Philadelphia, was heard in prayer; thanks and supplication for continued mercies found expression in earnest tones. The psalm singing had ceased when the prayer began to ascend to the throne of grace.

Ten minutes flew away all too quickly, and then the order was given for all visitors except the quarantine officials to go ashore. There was need for hurry-

peace societies, sick benefit societies, total abstinence societies, employment agencies, etc., etc. In fact the effort is made to provide for the scholars a very large part of all the entertainment, as well as instruction, which they are likely to have time for, or to care for, and thus to keep them within the range of wholesome influences not only fifty-two days in the year, but almost three hundred and sixty-five.

How devoted and persevering many Friends are in this large work may be seen in many places, in the smaller ones and in the larger. At Lincoln, the meeting had been laid down, but it has been revived. The old house has been put in order, and is made a centre for sundry worthy activities. At Sheffield the classes are large; there were 2,350 on the rolls last year, of whom 1,403 were men, 418 women, 529 "juniors."

But in Birmingham, the numbers of the scholars, and the ample scale of the arrangements, are probably most impressive of all. The work in that city was begun in 1845. On the 12th of Eighth month, that year, a meeting was held at the home of Joseph Sturge, the Quaker philanthropist, in Edgbaston (the southern residential suburb), and it was resolved that the work should be undertaken,—the establishment of a school "especially for those who had not been in the way of receiving instruction in other schools." Joseph Sturge is regarded as the father of the work; in 1895, when its semi-centennial jubilee was celebrated, a medal bearing his portrait on one side, and a teacher and scholars on the other, was struck. (He died in 1859.) From 1845 to the present time there has been a remarkable growth. In 1850 there were 282 men and 145 women in the classes; in 1895 there were 3,396 men and 968 women. In 1898 the numbers of adults, both sexes, on the rolls, was 4,816, and of children 4,250, making over 9,000 in all. For the children's classes there were no less than 212 teachers.

This Birmingham work is most energetically and intelligently directed. The men of affairs at the head of it do not manage their own business with more earnestness, more industry, or more system. The principal buildings used are large and well arranged and appointed. The new one, in Moseley road, erected by the late Richard Cadbury, at his own cost, and given for the work, cost some £30,000, or \$150,000. It was occupied only a few months ago. It is a model building as to careful planning and excellent construction, and contains many rooms, of various sizes, for all purposes of the work. Had Richard Cadbury lived it would have been in his charge; since his decease, last year, his son Barrow Cadbury directs it.

One of the oldest, perhaps quite the oldest, of those engaged in the work is William White, who celebrated his half century's connection with it last year. He is one of the best known of the citizens of Birmingham, and has been identified for many years with its municipal and business life, serving as alderman, mayor, etc. On the First-day of my visit there (Ninth month 3), I attended the teachers' breakfast at Severn street, and then spent a half-hour in William

White's class, which was engaged in Scripture study. And it may be remarked here that the energy and devotion of the Birmingham teachers are well exemplified in the Severn street schools. The breakfast for them is ready at 7 a. m., and punctually at that hour they sit down together. On the morning of my visit, there were some twenty or more at the table. One of them was George Cadbury, head of the large cocoa manufacturing establishment, and others besides were men with large business, whose week-day engagements are exacting and engrossing. The class-work begins promptly at 7.30, and at that moment teachers and scholars were in their places. If the reader will reflect how much self-denial and devotion this calls for, week after week, he will see what the adult-school work at Birmingham implies.

H. M. J.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO DOUKHOBOR VILLAGES.

Job S. Gidley, of Mass., in *The Friend*, Phila.

WITH the various belongings necessary for a camping out trip for a week or two, we left Yorkton on the first of Eighth month on our journey over the prairies, which was a new experience to most of us save the drivers; but nevertheless a very interesting and instructive one to us all.

The various paths, or more properly called trails, over which we travel, were very similar in appearance, so that a guide must have good judgment to be able always to take the right one. We were fortunate however in this respect, for our drivers seemed to understand the lay of our land, and always succeeded in bringing us out at the places we desired to reach.

A short distance north of Yorkton we passed a very fine looking field of wheat waving in the sunshine. This lot was a half mile in length, and adjoined our trail. A fine field of oats of the same length was next to the wheat. Both fields looked as though they would yield a good crop.

Trails over the prairies are found leading from place to place, wherever it is the least trouble to make them. Instead of being straight, as one might suppose them to be, judging from the general survey of the country, they are often found winding around on the east side of one swale, and perhaps on the west side of the next, or going along on the south side of this hill and on the north side of another, or wherever it is judged the draught will be made the lightest. Sometimes a fence will be found placed across an old trail that may have been used for many years, by some farmer who had recently "taken up a claim." In such cases the old trail must be given up, and a new one made. The drivers and guides over the prairies understand all these things, and they seem to have a remedy for each and every hindrance.

In one instance our drivers, in order to make a short cut to a village, drove through the "brush," where the young poplars as large as one's arm and ten or twelve feet high were bent down by the neck yokes of the horses, and they seemed to be as much at home going through the "brush," where there was

edge with a small hammer. I saw one young man doing this out on the prairie where there were a number of men mowing. After the hammer has been applied, they use a whetstone, in the same way as a rifle is used. They keep their scythes apparently as sharp as though they were ground.

After leaving the hay field, on our way towards the village, we saw a man plowing with three oxen, having two lads to drive them. Two of the oxen were yoked together and attached directly to the plow, while the third was harnessed somewhat like a horse, and put ahead of the others as a leader. One boy drove the yoke and the other the single ox. After holding the plow awhile we proceeded towards the west, to reach the village, where we joined the rest of our party.

Previous accounts have sufficiently elaborated our crossing the Assiniboine River; but our journeyings along the Swan River are worthy of a more extended account. After reaching Swan River and partaking of our dinner somewhat after the middle of the day, our friends the Jews, to whom allusion has already been made, took leave of us, as they were quite anxious to reach a Jewish settlement a short distance north of Thunder Hill, and return to Yorkton before the end of the week. One of the men was president, and the other secretary, of a fund called "The Baron de Hirsch Fund," the amount of which is \$2,000,000 or more; the interest is to be given to Jews who settle in Canada. These people were taking some of the income of this fund to assist this colony of Jews. Before leaving they expressed satisfaction in having joined our company, and we bade them farewell, desiring that they might be successful in performing the remaining portion of their journey.

This Doukhobor village is in two sections. The eastern portion contains eleven houses and one hundred and twenty-two persons; the western, about half a mile further up the river, through the "brush," contains eight houses and one hundred and two persons.

The interpreter and I went alone to this section, to give notice to the villagers of our visit, and that we would like as many of them as were desirous of so doing to go back with us to the east section. Most of those who were at home and able to go accompanied us on our return. Very soon there was quite a large gathering near one of their houses on the hillside. After an impressive season of silent waiting, E. H. V. [Eliza H. Varney] appeared in supplication, "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." After she had finished, Ignace Alamanoffsky gave its interpretation, after which the Doukhobors, with tearful eyes, all bowed themselves to the earth.

Testimonies were then offered by E. H. V. and myself, which were interpreted in parts, that is a sentence or a few sentences at a time. These words also seemed to be received with grateful hearts, and we were made to rejoice in the Lord for all his benefits to the children of men.

Soon after the meeting closed, preparations were made for our crossing the Swan River. The regular place for fording the stream was a mile or two further

down the river, and our drivers both thought that it would be almost impossible for their horses to draw the carriage up the steep bank on the other side; but the Doukhobors kindly offered their services, and removed all the goods from the wagons, then unhitched the horses and attached ropes to the empty wagons, and pulled them across the river and up the bank on the other side.

The drivers rode on horseback across the stream. The rest of our company and all our baggage that had been removed from the wagons were taken over on a raft of logs, made by the Doukhobors for such purposes. All was accomplished without accident, and our horses were saved two or three miles drive by the kindness of our friends.

Quite a number of Doukhobors gathered on the south bank of the river, watching us as we were moving slowly over the water, and one might conclude by their animated countenances they were wishing us God speed.

WEST CHESTER CENTENNIAL ODE.

Read at the Hundredth Anniversary of the Borough of West Chester, Pa., Tenth month 11th.

BY JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

I.

HERE in the golden waning of the year,
When vale and wood are wrapped in drowsy peace,
And languid vapors dim the distant hill,
When from his toil the farmer finds surcease,
And 'mid the orchard's shadows cool and still
The robin twitters clear,—
We come from clangorous cities far away,
From quiet villages, from peaceful farms,
Long wandering children to the Mother's arms,
Here at the tranquil ending of her Century gray.

II.

The sickle and the scythe are laid away,
The sheaves of harvest long are gathered in,
And corn-shocks crown the hill in rustling row;
The wheat is stored in granary and bin,
The ample mows are filled to overflow
With sweet and odorous hay,
Rich Autumn reigns o'er field and wood and stream,
The Queen of peace and of abundance she;
No troubles vex her deep tranquillity,
No discord mars the placid glory of her dream.

III.

The golden-rod is drooping by the road,
From bended boughs the ruddy apples hang,
The aster and the crimson sumac gleam
By fields where late sweet harvest-carols rang;
And up the old barn bridge the latest team
Hath labored with its load,
What happier season than the Autumn old,
What fairer time than ripe October days,
To turn upon the Past our loving gaze
And hail our centuried Town with greetings manifold!

IV.

It is a precious and a touching hour,
An hour of mingled happiness and tears;
We stand to-day and see a Century's close,
From out the silence of those hundred years
Comes, like the fragrance of a faded rose,
Old Memory's subtle power.
The Future looms before us dim and vast;
With prayerful hopes we face a Century's dawn,
With fond regret we mourn a Century gone;
This sacred moment links the Future with the Past

no trail at all, as they were in moving along in the trail on the open prairie.

All the trails of recent date are made by the driving of double teams, and all the wagons being of the narrow gauge pattern, the horses and wheels move along in nearly the same path. This arrangement seemed desirable, except where the soil was of a clayey nature, but in such places immediately after a rain I noticed that the horses would slip more or less on the inclines, which made their traveling somewhat difficult.

The prevailing wood where we journeyed was white poplar and willow, mostly of a small growth, except on or near the rivers. This is owing to prairie fires. The "brush" grows for a few years, then it is killed by fire, and then it takes a fresh start again. We saw very little poplar away from the streams more than six inches through at the butt, and very little as large as even this.

Golden-rod was very plentiful, as was also dwarf sun-flower. In many places the prairies were yellow with it. In one field of oats which we passed these flowers looked quite as prolific as they did in some other places out on the open prairie.

Birds and animals were numerous. Gophers appeared to be the most common. One would often see them just ahead of the horses running along in the trail, and on either side, bobbing their heads up and down. I hit one with my foot while walking along a path near a field of potatoes. We saw one badger, fat and sleek, only a few feet from our carriage.

Birds were quite plenty. Prairie hens and chickens were often seen on the wing. Hawks and crows were quite numerous; the former were seen on the top of dead poplar trees. King-fishers were seen also, which shows that fish abound in the lakes and streams. Plovers were also quite plenty, and as we watched them in their flight, we were reminded of the lines of Sir Walter Scott:

"More stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam."

For the open prairie does look much like a great lake. Very often after we had left the "brush" and entered upon a stretch of open prairie, where one has an unobstructed view for miles, did I hear Ignace Alamanoffsky exclaim, "O beauty! O how beautiful!"

There were many wild ducks also seen upon the lakes and ponds which we passed. In one flock seen near Good Spirit Lake it was estimated that there were more than five hundred. In one village we saw a young crane which had been tamed by the Doukhobors.

There is one crop which grows upon the prairies that is of great value to the Doukhobors, and which costs them nothing in labor to cultivate. This is the berry crop, which grows in abundance. While at East Selkirk we were told that during the strawberry season the Doukhobors would pick about ten bushels of them per day. The season for these berries, however, was about over when we were there. At that time they were picking saskatom and goose-

berries. I saw several come into camp with eight or ten quarts each of these, which they sold at East Selkirk for about five cents per quart. Red raspberries were also plenty. In many places we saw quite a large number of women and children gathering these, and strawberies also, for the different villages visited beyond Yorkton. Being so much farther north than East Selkirk, the strawberry season is later than at the former place. We were often supplied with both kinds of these berries by the Doukhobors, which was a great treat to us, and we always made it a point to leave something in return at each place as a full equivalent that may be more substantial to them than the berries.

On our first day out from Yorkton we saw a man near the trail who held up a paper as though he wanted some information. Our driver stopped, and he was asked what was wanted. He handed us the paper, upon which was written, in English, information to the effect that a certain man whose name I have forgotten had lost two horses and a colt, which the owner had heard nothing from for about a week.

The man proved to be a Russian, who could make his wants known to our interpreter. He wanted to reach a certain farmer living several miles away. Our driver happened to know where this man lived, so that by a little help from our driver and interpreter, the stranger was directed which trail to take, and he left us and went on his way, I doubt not with rejoicing. We were also glad to be able, in a small way, to assist a stranger in a strange land.

We reached Jacob Wurz's soon after midday, where we were kindly received, and as it had begun to rain, we were doubly glad that there were good roofs over us and our horses and carriages. After we had partaken of a substantial lunch, the rain had subsided, and we proceeded onward, reaching the first village of Doukhobors on White Sand River, late in the afternoon. Just before reaching this place, however, we saw not far away, on the right of our trail, ten Doukhobor men mowing. The interpreter and I alighted and went to interview them, and the rest of our company drove on to the village.

All of these men were in Halifax last winter, and they all appeared glad to see me once more. Ignace Alamanoffsky told them that I was also a farmer, and had come two thousand miles or more to see them. They seemed grateful that one had come so far to visit them.

I tried one of their scythes, which was rather peculiar; they are about three feet in length and are attached to a stick which is perfectly straight, in the middle of which is fastened only one nib or handle. This is made by taking a stick about a foot and a half in length, having about half of its thickness cut out in the centre, and then bent around the scythe stick, and the ends fastened securely with a string. The first stroke or two I took with this novel mower seemed a little awkward; but I soon got used to the hang of the scythe, and had no trouble in cutting the grass, for the scythe was a keen one.

The Doukhobors have a novel way of sharpening these scythes, when dull. Instead of using a grindstone, they place them upon an anvil, and pound the

The educational energy shown in America has impressed the English Friends, especially the large gifts and bequests of money made for our schools and colleges. They regard with interest the work carried on here by Friends, and the name of Swarthmore College is more familiar to them than any other connected with our body. They are anxious to have their own institutions better equipped and more liberally endowed, and I have no doubt the next twenty years will see a decided advance in these respects. The institutions they now have present many excellent features, and in some respects I should say they have nothing to learn of us. The instruction in the English schools is thorough, and the discipline (at Ackworth, at least) well enforced. The new dormitory building at Leighton Park, as I have already said in another place, is better than any I know of in our Friends' schools;—perhaps some of those at Bryn Mawr College may exceed it. It is, however, true that the endowments of the English Friends' schools are very inconsiderable, and that they much need better provision in that respect. Ackworth has very little, and some others practically nothing. The English Friends have given liberally, from time to time, to educational work in America, and some of them jokingly remarked to me that they might now send over here for help for their own institutions. However, I was able to remark upon this that as our body of Friends had not been down in their books for so many years, I supposed they would hardly find any balance against us on the school account.

In conclusion it may be said, from the impressions received during my visits, that the English Friends are a serious body, the great majority of them earnest and steadfast in their desire to maintain the essential principles of the Society, and to have it worthily fill its place in the religious and social life of England. They have a large percentage of members, of both sexes, who know and could readily state the grounds of their faith. The devotional feeling is given a large expression; the frequent vocal prayer in meetings is one form in which this appears, and the general usage in families of reading to the gathered household from the Scriptures, once if not twice a day, is another.

They have, of course, their own special difficulties and trials. Some of these I have referred to. One other is the pressure upon them by "the Church"—the Established Church of England. They lose to it, year by year, some members. It has, of course, a very great attractive power. It has the great cathedrals, the multitude of parish churches standing here and there in every city, town, and village,—both cathedral and church identified not merely with the religious life of each locality, but with its history and traditions far back into the past. The Church has also its showy and æsthetic ceremonial, and its overwhelming social importance. Add to these that it has many clergymen of high scholarship, refined culture, and generous Christian temper,—men, indeed, who have done a great part of the work of oversetting dogmatic narrowness, and exposing creedal error,—and it will easily be seen by how many means it may attract "dissenters" to its fold. The old days of the

seventeenth century, for example, when the "parsons" were of the sort that George Fox describes in his Journal, coarse and careless pastors of their flocks, are altogether gone by, and in many neighborhoods the Friends realize, as others do, the good influence which the rector and his family exert, and appreciate the good works which they carry on.

It is because the Friends do understand the ground of their differences from the Church, and do hold convictions which forbid them to join in its forms and ceremonies, or to sustain its priesthood and hierarchy, that they effectively resist such powerful attractions as have been described, and suffer but a relatively small loss, year by year, on their account. The present tendency in the English Church towards extreme ritualism,—a tendency altogether natural, when the road of form and ceremony is once entered upon,—and beyond that to a cordial relation if not actual union with the Church of Rome,—this movement has illustrated to earnest Friends, within the last few years, the importance of the testimonies which they have in charge, and has helped them to see afresh the need there is for continued faithfulness. The contrast of a spiritual religion with a ceremonial one cannot but impress itself upon earnest and sincere seekers, and the greater the contrast the stronger the impression.

In the future, therefore, of the Society of Friends, the body in England must continue to be an important factor. There will be, I think, in the next twenty years, a nearer approach of all bodies and all individuals in every country, who are definitely and positively attached to the substance of Quakerism. That there will be any closer organic union than at present exists may be doubtful, but the tendency of those who think substantially alike, and who are engaged in similar endeavors, under circumstances of trial and difficulty, always is to draw nearer together, and to unite their strength. The field is wide, the Friends are few, their work is great; to weaken its performance by needless distraction would be blameworthy indeed. H. M. J.

VISITS TO DOUKHOBOR VILLAGES.

Job S. Gidley, from the *Friend*, Phila. (See previous article on the subject, Tenth month 14.)

LEAVING the Swan River we rode a short distance up the hill to Oswobozdenie village; and while our drivers were pitching our tent for the night, E. H. V., [Eliza H. Varney], Alamanoffsky, with a few Doukhobors and myself, went a little further on up the hill, to see some grain and garden vegetables which were growing there, that the Doukhobors were anxious for us to inspect. We saw one field of barley and quite a large field of rye. Both were looking well, some of the grain in the latter standing nearly up to my shoulders.

Potatoes, beans, beets, carrots, onions, and a few other vegetables were seen, and all looked in a thrifty condition, save few of the tender plants, which had been nipped by frost. The small kind were all sown broad cast, and the carrots much too thick. It was explained to them through the interpreter that they would be likely to succeed far better another year if

they would plant these in rows or drills, which suggestion was listened to attentively.

Here was the first experience in camping out to some of our party. We all enjoyed it, however, and after having a good night's rest, and partaken of our morning meal on the open prairie, we were refreshed and strengthened for the labors of the day. Having had a religious meeting, which brought us all into unity of spirit, and tendered our hearts, we bade them farewell, and many were the kind words spoken to us; and although in another language, we felt we could understand the spirit in which they were uttered.

A young Doukhobor went to show us the way to the next camp, estimated to be two or three miles away. But one finds the estimates are pretty sure to be less, rather than more than the exact distance, as there are a great many ins and outs that are not fully considered in judging of distances. This was found to be the case that morning, for in one place we found a plowed field across our trail which we had to go around, and there were many hills along the stream that had to be skirted, and it took some time to cover the estimated distance. Finally, we reached the top of a hill, a half mile or more from the river, and in sight of the long looked-for Doukhobor settlement located near the stream. Our drivers said, "Our horses can never go down this steep hill and get back again." It was then concluded that our interpreter and myself should proceed on foot to the village, while the rest waited with the teams upon the hill. We found that most of the people here landed in Halifax last winter, and we had an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance.

After spending a little time with them in a social way, and having a religious opportunity, we retraced our steps, feeling well paid for having made the effort to see them. Reaching the top of the hill we proceeded again on our way some six or seven miles farther down the river, being guided by another young man. We passed quite a number of Doukhobors, some mowing, some raking, and others heaping up the hay. (Prairie farmers call heaping "coiling.") Still others were picking strawberries and raspberries. Judging by observation one might say that the men do the mowing, the women the raking, and the young people the heaping up of the hay. We found on approaching the river, that the next village was located on the south side. We drove near to the stream on the north side, fed our horses, made a fire, prepared and ate our dinner, then crossed the stream and had a meeting.

We then moved onward toward the next stopping place, where we spent the night. It was this place where E. H. V. writes, that they were all ready to receive us, their dooryards being swept and made presentable.

There was quite a large number of Doukhobors gathered in groups awaiting our arrival, and the language arose as we entered their midst, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will to men."

This company seemed glad indeed to see two Friends among them, and especially glad to see a woman Friend, and it did appear that the hand of the Lord was in it. After having had a favored religious

opportunity with this people, and eating our supper in the open air, with feelings of thanksgiving for the favors of the day, we repaired to our tents under the hillside.

The next morning, Eighth month 4, the ground was white with frost, and I felt a great deal of sympathy for the Doukhobors who had worked so hard in trying to raise something this year; their potatoes were planted a little too late to mature during the short season of this latitude, so I fear that this crop will avail them little or nothing; yet I trust a way will be made whereby they may have a supply of them for the coming winter.

Before leaving this place I felt like giving the children a little instruction in English. I had but one primer with me, but when I opened the book and tried to teach them, they all appeared eager and interested to try to repeat what was told them, and I soon had a very interesting class of little boys and girls around me. I counted forty children in the group. E. H. V. had them repeat a few lines of poetry after her, which they did very nicely. What a field is here for those who have the welfare of these people at heart, who would be not only interested in teaching book knowledge, but correct principles of life as well! When schools are established among them, may their instructors all be true Christian men and women!

The next village seemed to be in rather a poor location. The soil was light and sandy; one could see no land near that he could ever hope to till with success. Still there may be better ground not far away where one might plow with a better prospect of raising a crop.

Down under the hill is a large and excellent boiling spring, whose waters were welling forth pure and clear as crystal. The Doukhobors had a piece plowed and planted just below this spring, and had dammed up the little stream flowing from it, and had dug a trench eight or ten rods in length, leading the water from the stream into their garden. This locality for a camp may have been chosen partly on account of having good water near at hand. While we were looking over the land E. H. V. was dispensing medicine to the afflicted ones in the village.

After having had a religious meeting among them we started for the camp located southeast of Thunder Hill, the furthest point east reached upon Swan River, omitting two villages which we visited afterward on a journey back to Yorkton. Just before reaching this place we passed about half a mile south of the corners of the provinces of Saskatchewan and Assiniboia. We took our dinner at this camp, and heard of another settlement about three miles from the river on the south side. As there was no good trail for carriages to that place, Alamanoffsky and myself, with a guide, started off. We found some pretty steep hills to climb, but succeeded in reaching the settlement in about an hour.

The people told us that they were first located at the northeast of Thunder Hill, but not liking the place they had moved down where they then were; but added, that they were soon going to move again, about two miles further west. I thought it a great

pity that after they had built their houses they should take them down again so soon.

One woman told us that her husband left them eight days before, to go to Yorkton with an ox team for provisions, and had not yet returned. One who can step into a corner grocery at almost any hour of the day for his supplies, can hardly understand the condition of those who have to go on a journey of eight or ten days for the same.

LABOR NOT A CURSE.

Christian Register, Boston.

ONE of the most discouraging features of the controversy concerning labor is the backsliding from the noble position occupied half a century ago by the friends of the laboring man. It was then held that labor was honorable and noble, that it was not a curse, but a blessing. This was the doctrine taught not only in all liberal churches concerning what had for centuries been called the primal curse, it was also the plea made by the laborer himself. He expected to work. He claimed that his calling was an honorable one, and he asked all men to accord to it place and privilege according to its merit. The doctrine was sound, the teaching was wholesome, the effect was good. The good results still survive everywhere. With the majority of good citizens manual labor is held in higher esteem than ever before. We have no fear that the world will go backward, and on any large scale reduce the rank of the laborer to that of the slave.

But there is a mischievous teaching abroad, which, while it will not subvert society, will bejuggle many young men and women, and temporarily work harm to small groups of workers just at the time when they need the bracing doctrine of a former generation. Many energetic and voluble speakers and writers are filling the air with their outcries against the degradation and the pitiable condition of men and women who are compelled to work with their hands. Labor is contrasted with leisure, as if leisure were the only source of health and blessedness. The cry is not merely that the laborer is not suitably rewarded, that the hand labor of the farmer and mechanic shall be made honorable in the sight of all men, but it is a glorification of leisure as contrasted with work.

Now the wholesome way of regarding labor—which, in spite of this outcry, is prevailing and will conquer—is that labor, and not leisure, is the condition of happiness. With the innumerable openings for the exercise of mental activity in the new trades and professions, educated young men and women are more and more coming to forget that there is any line marking off manual labor from mental toil, making the one shameful and the other honorable. Leisure is valuable only because it gives one a wider range of choice as to the work he will do. The most enviable condition is that in which one can freely choose whether he will do work of this kind or that.

He who chooses to do no work or to work a few hours as possible in every twenty-four, will count for little or nothing in the strenuous, happy days that

are coming. Given the widest range of choice, and the meanest work finds its place and its honor. The surgeon, incited by love of his work, does work so disagreeable that an untrained laboring man, even looking on, turns sick with disgust. Scientific men, whether as explorers in unknown regions or adventurers in the interest of knowledge, perform the meanest tasks and count no service disgraceful if it comes in the line of their proper work.

Leisure, except for needed rest, for time to plan new work, or for an opportunity to aid others in doing their work, is not a blessing, but a curse. If nothing comes of it, if no work is done because of it, or if better work does not follow on account of it, then leisure has not been a blessing to him who enjoyed it and almost invariably works harm to him or to others who are affected by it. Among the practical evils coming from the desire to escape the drudgery of manual labor is the overcrowding of the places where the manual labor is light, the growth of the military spirit among men who think it more honorable to fight than to work, and the increase of that army of incapables who find no opportunity and prefer to be supported by others rather than to soil their hands or harden their muscles by doing the work which the world offers them to do. Carlyle was right when he said that all the happiness a true man asks is happiness enough to get his work done.

POVERTY.—The gospel accepts poverty as a practically permanent condition of a large part of the human race. But it does not condemn it as an unqualified evil. Nor, on the other hand, does it regard poverty as an unmixed good. It treats the state of being poor as it treats other conditions, that is, as largely depending upon circumstances for its character. It says to the poor man: "Do not be ashamed of honorable poverty. It is wholly consistent with self-respect and with the possession of the respect of others. Do not hate or envy those who are rich. Do not feel humiliated because you are poor, unless your poverty is the result of some conduct on your part for which you know you are to blame." The gospel is a blessing to the poor in this, its effort to promote their self-respect.—*The Congregationalist*.

I HAVE never disguised my conviction that a comparative study of the religions of the world, so far from undermining our faith in our own religion, serves only to make us see more clearly what is the distinctive and essential character of Christ's teaching, and helps us to discover the strong rock on which the Christian as well as every other religion must be founded.—*Professor Max Muller*.

WHAT is it that brings peace to the atmosphere of a room, of a whole house sometimes? It can only be something in the individuality of some person in it. We talk glibly of the comforts of being settled, of the peacefulness, the restfulness of it. Some people, it would appear, are always settled, of settled convictions, settled mind, settled purpose.—*H. S. Merriman*.

placed the king of Ethiopia (Shabak, or "So"—II. Kings, xvii, 4) on the throne of Egypt, and he promised aid against Assyria. His promises proved of no avail. Shalmaneser IV., the new king of Assyria, was upon Israel before help could arrive, the country was overrun, and, after a long siege of three years, Samaria was captured (722 B. C.) by Sargon, successor to Shalmaneser. The city was plundered. Thousands of the leading inhabitants of Israel were carried away to Assyria, where they were made into colonies, while they were replaced by a mixed multitude from Assyria, Babylon, and Arabia. These in time adopted the god and the ceremony of Israel and became the Samaritans. But the kingdom of Israel was at an end.

VISITS TO DOUKHOBOR VILLAGES.

Job S. Gidley, in the Friend, Philadelphia.

ON Seventh-day morning, the 5th of the Eighth month, we visited the two villages on the Swan River, which we had passed by on the previous day. One of these was near to the ford, the other was a mile or more further up the stream, but on the same side. To save two or three miles' drive for our horses, we had sent word the day before to the people living at the latter place that we proposed, the next day, to pass over the trail on the south side of their village, and that we would be pleased to have them come and meet us if they desired to do so. Having made a satisfactory visit at the village near the ford, we proceeded on our way up the hills, through the "brush," for a mile or more, where we saw a few Doukhobor men and women on the trail who had come to meet us.

They turned and followed us. When we reached the top of the hill, in sight of the open prairie, which is at the south of the village referred to, we saw a fine company of Doukhobor men and women, standing together in the bright sunshine, all dressed in their best attire. When we got within hearing distance we found that they were chanting a plaintive melody. It was truly an impressive sight.

When we reached them they soon ceased singing, and a sweet, solemn silence ensued, which was broken by a supplication by E. H. V., this being followed by testimonies, which were listened to with close attention.

One must be void of feeling not to be touched by such a scene. Here was a meeting for worship held upon the prairie, under the canopy of heaven, where the Dispenser of our manifold blessings seemed near at hand. It brought to mind thoughts of the simple way in which the early Christians performed their worship.

After our meeting was over, a few of the women went to their village to get something for us, presenting a nice handkerchief to E. H. V. and another to myself. As we took leave of them they began again singing one of their Russian psalms.

We thought to stop on our way from this place to Fort Pelly, and feed our horses and partake of refreshments, but, it being very dry, there was no suitable place to get water for ourselves and horses, so we made no halt before reaching Pelly, about the

middle of the afternoon, tired and hungry, having ridden about thirty miles, according to the driver's estimate, the longest continuous journey that we took.

We stopped this time at E. A. W. R. McKenzie's, whose daughter, about twelve years of age, soon had a bountiful luncheon prepared for us, by which we were greatly refreshed.

After resting a little we left for the Assiniboine River, about half a mile away, where we were so much delayed on our outward journey. The ford was soon reached and crossed in safety, and, after a drive of about two hours, we reached the village near White Sand River, visited on the 1st instant. Here we saw fields of rye, oats, and barley, all looking well. The next morning, after having had a religious opportunity with the people, we bade them an affectionate farewell, not knowing whether we would ever meet them again. Some of them, however, went with us to the next village, where we took our mid-day lunch, and had the second meeting of the day.

Here we saw Nastasia Verigin, who told us that she had three sons who have been exiles in Siberia for several years. She is eighty-three years of age. She pleaded with us to do all in our power to have these exiles liberated, that they might return to their people. Judging from their pictures, which were shown us, these looked as if they might be numbered among the best of this long-persecuted people. We saw the wife and two daughters of one of them, and fine-looking people they were. The daughters were nearly grown to womanhood. While sitting in their house, in silent waiting among them, just before leaving, E. H. V. appeared in supplication, craving that the Most High would soften the heart of the Czar to let these people go, for vain is the help of man. The Doukhobors were also encouraged to put their faith and hope in God, and to remember that if "ye have faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, ye may say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove."

Before leaving this house, while we were seated on the piazza in the sunlight, a half-dozen little Doukhobor boys, whose ages ranged from five to seven years, stood before us, and each in turn recited a Russian psalm, after which I showed each how to count ten in English, using his fingers as counters. A few minutes later each one came to me and counted in the same way without making a single mistake.

I hardly expected to see a piazza attached to a log house, but we saw quite a number of them in different places. This house, taken throughout, was the best arranged and best finished of any that we saw. It even had a good cellar under one end, about ten by fifteen feet, and six or seven feet in depth. This was the only cellar seen under any of their houses.

After visiting the next camp, a mile or a little more further towards the west, and holding a meeting with the people, we took a circuitous route towards the east and south, re-crossed White Sand River by the bridge, traveled a long distance, and reached the largest village of Doukhobors, north of Yorkton, which is sometimes called "Winter Quarters." Here we found about six hundred people.

A considerable number collected together on our

arrival, in the west part of their camp, where we held a meeting that was felt to be a tendering season of Divine favor.

We then proceeded to the east side of their village, where we met the patriarch of the Doukhobors, John Machortoff, who told us that in his youth he saw two Friends in Russia. He took supper with us, in the nurse's tent.

In the evening there was another meeting, which was even larger than the one held in the afternoon, it being the fifth meeting held during the day. E. H. V., in her supplication at the last meeting, rendered thanksgiving for the manifold favors of the day.

After visiting all the other camps, save one, on White Sand River, and holding a meeting at each village, we reached Yorkton late Fifth-day evening, the 10th of the Eighth month.

On Seventh-day, the 12th, we left Yorkton for Good Spirit Lake, at the north and east of which are seven villages of Doukhobors; Herbert P. Archer, one of the committee appointed by the Canadian government, accompanying us. We reached the first village, some thirty miles or more from Yorkton, late in the afternoon, and spent the night there. The next day we visited and held meetings in four villages, then drove about a mile further north, where lived Robert Buchanan and his wife, who are much interested in the Doukhobors. One of our drivers had formerly lived here, and recommended it as an excellent place for us to spend the night, which we found to be true on accepting their kind invitation to remain with them. Learning of a village about a mile to the north of this place, as the sun was still above the western horizon, I wandered off toward the Doukhobor camp. As I passed alone around among their houses and tents, although I could not understand much of their language, yet by a few simple words and signs I found that they were in Halifax last winter, and that they recognized me.

One man invited me to stay all night with him. This he did by laying his head in his hand, inclining his body and pointing toward his tent. I thanked him, and replied that we would visit them on the morrow.

In the morning Robert Buchanan started for his hay field, but his wife went with us to the village already alluded to, and I noticed that she was gladly welcomed among the Doukhobors. After holding a meeting at this village we visited the other two, where we also held meetings, and returned to Robert Buchanan's.

On Third-day morning we turned our faces homeward, stopping at a farmer's by the name of Hutchinson, who formerly lived in England, and is a member of the Society of Friends. His family consists of a wife and three children, and a young Doukhobor woman in their employ.

This farmer has a nice garden, and succeeds in raising an early variety of sweet corn. We saw some nearly ready for the table. This was the only corn of any considerable size seen north of Yorkton.

We reached Yorkton before nightfall, having been away four days.

Although the Doukhobors have been seriously handicapped in having so little to do with, they have nevertheless made an excellent beginning, and one is greatly impressed by seeing what they have accomplished in building their houses, sawing their lumber (by hand), making bricks, plowing their lands, cutting and stacking their hay, and in attending to various other duties. They are a peculiar people, worthy of the favorable consideration of every lover of peace and goodwill in our land. Doubtless there will be suffering among them this winter, unless they receive assistance from those who are charitably inclined.

Their needs are many and various. Their houses were unfinished, most of them lacking windows. Very few families are supplied with any kind of artificial light. A supply of other food than bread would benefit them greatly.

I see no reason why they will not be able to succeed in the home of their adoption, if they are carried safely through one or two winters by the assistance of those who are interested in their welfare.

A RECENT observer has noted that as a religion (that is, a denomination) becomes older it tends to become more careful as to its orthodoxy, and less careful as to its morality. In other words, it becomes more careful to have a correct formula. A denomination like Friends, which is now well into its third century of existence, needs to consider this statement, and to see to it that it be careful on the one hand to have firm hold on Truth, and, on the other, to let the natural result of its faith show itself in right living. A distinction has been made between religion and morality; but either without the other is weak and ineffective.—[The Interchange, Dr. R. H. Thomas, Baltimore.]



SELF-CONTROL.—We know of a man who bought, at a low price, a blood horse, because the animal was so much in the habit of balking as to be useless. The buyer was noted for his great firmness and self-control, qualities whose temper the horse severely tried, as he was driven to the farm, some twenty-five miles distant. Horse and man were twenty-four hours traveling those twenty-five miles, but not a word of anger, not a stroke of the whip, did the horse receive. Hundreds of times he balked, and was met with a patient firmness, which at last, conquered. The horse never balked after that memorable drive. The man did not take a city, but he captured a horse by ruling his own spirit.—[People's Comrade.]



WHENEVER we yield ourselves obediently to the true law, a higher principle of order enters our life; we rise out of childish weakness, out of animalism and evil; we are renewed and transformed into children of light; we become conscious of a steady upward tendency, and of a godlike and immortal quality.—*Charles G. Ames.*



AFFECTION is a kind of moral gymnasium, in which the disciples of Christ are trained to robust exercise, hardy exertion, and severe conflict.—*Hannah More.*

Assistant Clerk. The committee on the provision of lunch at Valley meeting-house, at the time the Quarterly Meeting meets there (once a year, in the Eighth month), reported that Valley Friends did not desire to make any change at present. The Philanthropic Committee reported on the work undertaken at 151 Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia (described in the INTELLIGENCER, Eleventh month 4), and the meeting granted \$200 in aid of it.

John Orr Green, an Elder, with a minute from Belfast Monthly Meeting, Ireland, was acceptably in attendance at Race Street meeting, Philadelphia, last First-day evening, also at Green Street in the morning.

It was agreed by both branches of the Yearly Meeting at Baltimore that in future the meetings will be held in joint session, the trial of the new system in the three sessions this year having been satisfactory.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS' DOUKHOBOR VISIT.

Dr. William Saunders, an intimate friend of James T. Shinn, of Philadelphia, is in charge of the Central Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, Canada, as head of the Agricultural Department of the Dominion. He has recently visited the Doukhobors in their new settlements, and as his testimony is impartial and reliable, we quote at some length from a letter to James T. Shinn, dated Tenth month 8, 1899.

I WANTED you also to know how greatly these long-suffering people appreciate the kindness shown them, by not only the Canadian Government and people, but also by the generous aid sent by the good Friends in Philadelphia, and in England.

I went to this district partly to see the country, and partly to see how far I could make our own agricultural work beneficial to these people, and I can now see many ways in which I can help them, and shall be glad to do all that is in my power to further their interests, and I know that the Canadian people will be willing to sanction any reasonable expenditure sufficient to keep these worthy people from suffering. They do not, however, ask for help, and in the pleasure they feel in being free from persecution they seem happy and contented with the most frugal diet. I feel sure that in a very few years they will become a prosperous community, and henceforth live happily in the enjoyment of freedom.

On Sunday I made the necessary arrangements for a start northward; on Monday morning we took provisions for ourselves and the horses for three days, a large fur robe, and a pair of heavy blankets, so that we might be able to sleep out if necessary. I also got an order for an interpreter, who lives fifteen miles out on the trail, and is employed by the Government, to go with us to the first two villages, and after that we were to be our own interpreters and get along as best we might with words and pantomime. The first village we (that is my driver Jack and myself, with the interpreter) stopped at was about thirty miles from Yorkton, and the second about forty miles. As it was now getting dusk when we reached the second village, I thought at first we would spend the night with the Doukhobors, but after seeing the conditions of this village, I reconsidered the matter.

This camp has as yet but few houses, and each house is a single room used for all purposes—eating, cooking, and sleeping. In the first one visited we found about forty people in all, mostly women and children. In the next house they were less numerous, about twenty-five in all. In the third there were five horses at one end, and about a dozen, more or less, of children at the other. The larger building would be, I think, about 25 by 35 feet, the smaller ones about 20 by 30. The furniture in all the Doukhobor houses is home-made, and consists of a few stools and one or two benches. The beds are made with a continuous row of poplar poles arranged along both sides of the room, about two feet from the floor. On these some hay is laid, and on the hay a thick piece of coarse felt, and on this felt such bed-clothes as are available. In the buildings densely populated, a second tier of beds is built, and the people lie with their heads to the wall and their feet out.

I thought the prospects poor of either a quiet or comfortable night at either of these places, so I talked the matter over with Jack the driver, and we finally concluded to push on to Fort Pelley, which was eleven miles distant, leaving our interpreter with the Doukhobors. It was cloudy and very dark, so that we were often unable to see the horses' heads, but we kept the trail without any mishap, and about 11 we approached the Assiniboine river. I never liked fording a river in the dark, but Jack had been over this trail a number of times, and so we started, and in a few minutes we were over, and in ten or fifteen more we were at the Fort. The Factor, Mr. McBeth, had gone to bed, but we roused him up and got him to take us in. We had driven 60 miles that day, much of it over rough trail, and being tired I was soon asleep. At 8.30 next morning we were ready for a fresh start. About 11 we passed through one or two other Doukhobor camps but did not find any one with whom we could communicate, so we pushed further on and forded the Swan river, over the roughest ford I ever saw, the bottom being made up of a succession of big boulders which threatened every moment to upset our rig, and tumble us into the very rapid stream. We got safely over, after which a drive of two or three miles brought us to another village where we knew there lived a Doukhobor boy who could speak some English, Fred Ivan by name. His father was Ivan Ivan, who left Russia some months before the general exodus took place, and resided at Purleigh, near London; there he learned some English and in part adopted their ways of living. I found Fred to be a very bright boy*about (I should think) 14 or 15 years of age. He was two months in Winnipeg last winter, and learnt what English he knows while there. His sister, some two or three years younger, also spoke some English. The father and mother are very nice people, and very hospitable, as far as it is possible for them to show hospitality. Before I had quite exhausted Fred Ivan's stock of English, a Russian young lady appeared on the scene, Miss Welastchikina, who is a physician, a graduate of the University at Berne, in Switzerland; she spoke English fairly well, and from her I learned much of the condition of the people.

They are all vegetarians and as far as I could learn none of them will eat meat. Their fare at present is very meager; dry bread made from the cheapest grade of flour, soup made with flour and water, with cabbage, beets, and onions, was as far as I could find out, the fare of most of the people; but in some instances they had potatoes. I did not find butter, cheese, or eggs in any of the settlements, but I did not hear a word of complaint. I think Ivan Ivan's settlement is perhaps about as well off as most of the villages, and there I got fuller particulars from the nice little lady, the Russian Doctor, than I could get elsewhere. In that community there were 90 souls, seventeen of the men were away working on the railways and among farmers, earning from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day; these men have remitted to their several villages from \$20 to \$25 a month each, and from the money thus earned a stock of flour is being laid in, sufficient for winter. They also buy such supplies as they need in building their houses, such as windows, hinges for doors, and more or less lumber. In Ivan Ivan's village there are four horses and a colt, and one cow,—I think horses enough to furnish one for each family there. I inquired from the wife of Ivan Ivan as to the share of their family of the milk of this cow, and was told it was a small cow, not giving much milk, and for their family of seven, five children and themselves, they had a teacupful night and morning! Of fowls they had one hen and one cock, so I did not inquire further as to the supply of fresh eggs. They seemed very careful of such animals as they have, but they must have more before long.

They have got a good deal of land broken, about 100 acres at Ivan Ivan's village, but the men were most of them were absent, [in the spring, at the time of arrival] and the horses were engaged in bringing in supplies most of the time, and about one journey to Yorkton, 90 miles and return 90 miles, is all they can do in a week. The women undertook to do most of the plowing. It took (to use the language in which it was given me) seven pairs of women to each plow. I inquired how much of the 100 acres I saw had been plowed by the women, and was told that they had done the larger part of it. The land is good, but it will not be in very good shape for seeding next spring; still I have no doubt they will get a fair crop from it.

The houses they are building are warm and comfortable, and they have plenty of wood for fuel on their lands. They will also, I think, get in a fair supply of potatoes. The women are going out to work, to help settlers, wherever there are any, within twenty miles of the villages, and while it will take a good deal of food to supply 5,000 people,—which is about the number of Doukhobors in that part of the country,—they seemed very contented, and I did not hear a word of complaint and all seemed busy doing something.

I left that settlement on Tuesday afternoon and went north and east, which led us near some of the other villages, but having no interpreter I did not think I could gain much further information; besides

Dr. Welastchkina had promised to write me and give me particulars regarding the other villages. I learnt from her that she was much in need of medical supplies, and on reaching Winnipeg yesterday I reported this need to the proper authorities, and made arrangements to have the necessary supplies sent on without delay. It seems much more difficult to help a community of vegetarians in this country than a community of meat-eaters, but I think they would prefer to starve than eat meat. They are just the sort of stuff of which martyrs are made.

It would take too long to tell the story of our adventures after leaving Ivan Ivan's, but early Wednesday afternoon we reached a little frontier town in the Dauphin district, tired and hungry, as we had left everything we could leave behind us with the Doukhobors. The latter part of the journey was very rough, over new trails through a wooded country, where the trees were not cut very close to the ground, the stumps being left a foot or more high, and so thick that it was not possible in driving to avoid more than a part of them. Although pitched about in every direction, I escaped without injury, except to one of my fingers, which in driving over an extra high stump got jammed between the wheel and the vehicle. Fortunately I had a handkerchief convenient, which I tore up and bound the protruding flesh and staunched the blood. It was very painful for about an hour, but afterwards the pain subsided, and it has given me very little trouble since.

I had something over fifty miles of driving in the Dauphin country, then took train at the town of Dauphin on Friday morning, and reached Winnipeg that night. Next morning I reported to the Government officers the condition in which I found these people and Mr. McCreary, the chief officer, promised to have the medical supplies sent on at once. He also told me that ten or twelve more cows were on their way to the settlements, and he had that morning received a telegram from some of the Friends in Philadelphia to buy a car-load of potatoes, and a car of onions, and forward them to the settlements. I did not know until I visited the district that the Friends in Philadelphia and in England had done so much to help these worthy and persecuted people. But there I learnt of the kind visits of Joseph S. Elkinton, William Evans, [Job S. Gidley], and Eliza H. Varney, and of the very substantial help which has been received, for all which these poor people feel truly grateful. The Canadian Government has, I learn, much exceeded the sum which was placed in the estimates, and which was then thought to be sufficient, but considerably more yet must be done before these good people can be quite independent.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "The publisher of a local trade paper has just received an inquiry from Smyrna, Turkey, for ready-made frame houses or cottages of two stories, with veranda on the first floor, shingle roof, either painted or white, complete in every detail, excepting the window panes. They must have from three to five rooms, not counting the servants' quarters and range in price from \$200 to \$1,000 and upward. They must be shipped 'knocked down.' From 1,000 to 2,000 houses a year will be ordered."

- Unlike most of the prophets, Jeremiah was of the priestly class. His call to prophecy came just before the discovery of the book of the law (621 B.C.), which was the starting-point of the reforms of Josiah. There is no evidence, however, that either he or his contemporary prophets, Zephaniah and Nahum, took any very active part in these reforms. Indeed, the prophets had probably come to see that there was no great hope in formal observance of law. Though a man's every act is regulated by law, if his heart is not filled with love for his fellows, his righteousness will be barren of great results in character. Only government from within leads to the highest development. And this was the special message of Jeremiah: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts . . . and they shall teach no more every man his neighbor . . . for they shall all know me from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord." Feeling this, it is not surprising if Jeremiah stood aloof from the promulgation of a formal law which so far regulated the lives of men that but little was left to be determined by the law within. Yet he himself shows the effect of the new law, quoting from it on almost every page; striving, no doubt, to write its high teaching on the hearts of the people, so that it should be no outer law, but should be obeyed in spirit and in truth.

Jeremiah's personal character seems to have been gloomy and discouraged. We do not find the keynote of hope which is so prominent in Isaiah and others of the prophets. Yet he was faithful to his high calling even in times of despair—forcing himself, even in face of persecution, to deliver his unwelcome message of the necessity for righteousness, of the uselessness of a merely superficial reverence.

The times were indeed times of despair. The death of Josiah, who had given himself up to the renewal of Jehovah-worship in its purity—who seemed to the reformers the ideal king—was a sad blow to the faith of Judah. Could not the Lord protect his own? Josiah's death was practically the end of the Jewish nation. For a short time the nation was subject to Egypt. After the defeat of Necho II. at Carchemish, Babylon became her master, Jehoiakim, brother of Josiah, being placed on the throne. But repeated revolts and intrigues with Egypt brought speedy punishment. In 602 B. C. Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem and carried the king into captivity, together with thousands of his fellow-countrymen. Under Zedekiah, who succeeded to the throne of Judah, another intrigue resulted in another siege and in the final destruction of Jerusalem (586 B.C.). In these troubled times Jeremiah, following the uniform policy of the prophets, urged the policy of quiet submission to the suzerain, and worked untriflingly against alliance with Egypt. He was persecuted and imprisoned, but never faltered. As a reward, the Babylonian conqueror gave him his choice of residence after the surrender. He elected to remain in Judah, but afterward went to Egypt, where he died. As in the preceding conquest, the chief inhabitants of Judah were carried into captivity in Babylon, where the work of the prophets was carried on by new messengers of the Lord of Hosts.

THE "MOLOKAINS" IN THE TRANS-CAUCASUS.

Seeking the Molokains, a sect in Russia, somewhat like the Doukhobors, Thomas Van Ness, a Unitarian minister of Boston, had an interview with one of their elders, at night, very privately, in a little room in a village. He thus describes it in the *Christian Register*. We have condensed his article materially.

It was a close, hot night. Not a breath of air seemed stirring without, and the low room into which I was ushered appeared to me like a dry furnace. The heavy wooden shutters had been thrown open by Mr. H. (for hereafter I will call him so) on entering the room. At the same time he had taken the precaution to pull the curtains, so that no one without on the street could see the occupants of the room. His extreme care and the quietness with which he did everything—for I followed all his motions—did not add any to my assurance.

There was a gentle knock on the front door. Mr. H. arose quickly, and passed out of the room. I could hear some low conversation; and then he re-entered, followed by a large, heavy-set man, dressed in an ordinary suit of clothes and wearing high boots. His hair was long, though not disagreeably so, and parted in the middle. His beard and mustache were iron-gray, and underneath his abundant eyebrows there twinkled the kindest of blue eyes. The whole face was unmistakably Russian and of the peasant type, though far more intellectual than is usually seen among the peasantry of Middle and Northern Russia. Mr. H. simply said, "This is the Molokain elder," and then addressed a few words to the stranger, who shook hands with me heartily and commenced to inspect me from head to foot, as I did him. Somehow I had thought of this elder as a slight man with perhaps rather a fanatical, or at least a resolute, kind of face; and instead here was what looked to be a pleasant-faced, well-fed farmer.

At length I said to Mr. H.: "I wish you would ask him one or other of those ten questions. We'll then get down to something of value."

"All right," he returned; and with that he commenced a Russian conversation, I listening all the time to see whether I could catch its drift. Turning once again to me, Mr. H. said: "He tells me there are, all told, some 30,000 Molokains in this Trans-Caucasus region. How many more there are in Russia proper, he does not know. Further, he wishes you to know that, inspired by the success which attended the Doukhobor migration to Canada, there are now some 7,000 Molokains who would like to go to America. The Russian authorities are averse to this exodus. If there is to be any movement of population, they wish to influence it toward Siberia and the new lands across the Caspian, and not towards the United States. For that reason they are suspicious of all Englishmen or Americans who come among us. If it were known, he is saying, that I, a Molokain, am here with a Protestant minister who has no official right to be in our country, the authorities might send me into exile. However, I am so old now that I do not fear; and I am glad to give you hearty greetings for myself and my co-religionists."

"Is this true?" I asked in English of Mr. H.

"Possibly," he replied. "We are living under

military rule here, and there is no telling what might be done."

The Molokain elder beginning again to speak, Mr. H. listened to him, and then interpreted as follows: "In the Russian villages no more than two Molokain families to every 500 inhabitants are allowed. The consequence is that, though the parents will not go over to the orthodox (Greek) faith, yet a number of their children do. We are not growing in strength, he says, for that reason. We are not persecuted, but are subjected to many petty annoyances. In the Caucasus country there are now 5,000 Molokains and Baptists, who were banished in Alexander III.'s time. These people are very, very poor. Most of them are in the district of Kars. We hold it a sin to beg. Help is given only in extreme cases. Even then great difficulty is experienced in getting a Molokain to accept charity."

"Where do you get your money?" I asked through Mr. H.

"We get it by voluntary contributions, though in the poorer places the sum collected is distributed to the needy. The calls upon our communal safes have been so large and so continuous, owing to bad crops, famine, and the help we have rendered to the banished ones, and there is now no commune having over £12 in its safe."

"The Molokains are known from their neighbors because they still continue to wear their hair long. They do not shave, nor smoke, nor drink spirituous liquors. Even at weddings they are not allowed to drink. They place the emphasis on character,—life. Recently a number of the Molokains have been going over to the Stundists because they believe it necessary to be baptized."

"Put the sixth question to him," I said, when Mr. H. had finished with his interpretation. "I am particularly anxious to know if the Molokains are still believers in the spiritual essence of Deity."

The elder became quite animated when this question of the religious basis was asked, and I was more than ever sorry that my slight knowledge of the Russian language made it impossible to know exactly what he was saying.

"Yes," interjected Mr. H., nodding his head at the same time affirmatively, "he says the Molokains do not believe in images, shrines, icons, or any representation whatsoever of Deity. They hold that Jesus possessed the spirit of God, but we may all partake of that spirit." The elder was talking all the time in Russian while the interpreter was stating this to me in English, and it was no easy matter for Mr. H. to listen and explain at one and the same time. "I understand, I understand," he kept saying, for that particular Russian word I knew. Then, putting up his hand for silence, he again turned to me, and said: "They do not worship Jesus, nor Mary, nor any of the saints. Worship should be paid to God alone." "What is the form of their service?" I asked. "Interpretations from the Bible, Psalms, chants, sermons, texts, prayers from the heart," was the answer.

"Have you regular ministers or preachers?"

"No, the Doukhobors have. Their leaders

preach. We read chiefly from the New Testament. There are the Sabbatarians among us. When the spirit moves, they get up and speak or pray. However, we do not suffer because of the absence of regular preachers; for we have men among us who are able to interpret passages from the New Testament understandingly and intellectually. You misunderstand, when I say we do not pray. We do not have formal prayers. Yes, we sing the Psalms. Our service is very simple. At its conclusion the men kiss one another, then the women kiss one another; though this practice is objected to by some of us."

To my next question, "Have you any written literature?" the elder sadly replied: "No, nothing. We are not allowed to print, so that all we know of our past is from tradition and hearsay. Some of us came from along the shores of the Volga. Our chief colony was the Molochnaia, on the Molokai River, north-west from the Sea of Azov. Yes. Just back of the Crimea land. I told you," he continued, "that some of us believe in baptism, though I do not. It is merely an outer sign. The church (orthodox Greek) christens in childhood; but what can a child know of this rite and its value? Baptism, I hold, is the renewing of man by the teachings of Jesus. The word 'water' is used in a symbolic sense in the New Testament, just as is the word 'fire.'"

"In what way can we in America best help you?" I asked.

He sat silent, and pondered. By and by he answered, "Through helping us—those of us who wish—to emigrate, but particularly through literature, literature. Give us books, books, books."

"What particularly do you want?" I inquired.

"First of all, the Bible; *i. e.*, the Protestant version of the Scriptures, which is not allowed us by the authorities."

"Is this so?" I said in English to Mr. H.

"I think it is," he answered. "The ecclesiastical authorities do not allow these people to have in their possession other than the regular authorized (orthodox Greek) version of the Bible."

"What else do you want?" I inquired.

"Some liberal Biblical exegeses, the history of the ancient Christian Church in the time of the apostles, some Unitarian statement of faith, the orthodox Greek catechism, the Roman Catholic catechism, and some Protestant catechism."

The remainder of our conversation was devoted to ways and means of obtaining this literature and getting it into Russia. It will not be prudent to publish this part of our talk. I had just promised to send the elder a Protestant (Russian) Bible from London, and had written my name and Boston address upon a card which I was passing across the table, when suddenly there came a bang, which made me jump to my feet in nervous terror, while the other two were also alarmed as they turned to look back of them. The unexpected noise proved, however, to be nothing more than the heavy wooden shutter flying back to its place from the force of wind that had now begun to blow, and which threatened a heavy downpour of rain. The hour was now so late it

seemed best for us to break up our meeting. The elder promised to write out, in a more logical way, his beliefs, and have them forwarded to me by our prearranged "underground" railway. They could then be translated, and printed in England and America.

I shall not soon forget my parting on that memorable night with the Molokain elder. "Your visit has brought us light and hope," he said: then almost sadly, "but you will soon forget us." "No," I solemnly answered, "I will not forget you; and, as much as lies in my power, I will help you and our common brothers in the faith."

"Take my greetings and my blessing to your Boston. Ah! in your free land, you do not know how happy you ought to be. We are in darkness." I tried through Mr. H. to say some last words of cheer and courage.

He held me by the hand as we spoke, and then lifted his hands to heaven as in blessing. It was a solemn moment. Bending down, he kissed me first on one cheek, and then on the other, and almost instantly, without further word, passed out through the doorway.

During the rest of the night, or rather morning,—for it was past midnight before I left the house of Mr. H.,—I thought of that parting and the kiss of benediction. It seemed as though I had passed down and back along the ages. I could understand now the condition of the early Christians as never before. Something of the courage and resolution of those first days came to my soul through this Molokain. It is, therefore, with sincere thankfulness and gratitude that I pen these words of acknowledgment to him.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

WITH earnest thought, I from the past
 Draw threads of varied hues;
 But memory's shuttle flying fast,
 Weaves not the pattern I would choose;
 The colors fail in perfect blending;
 Brightest ones have quickest ending.
 But yet the loom moves swiftly on,
 Nor heeds my efforts to control;
 'Til the supply of threads is gone,
 And discontent has filled my soul;
 With tear-dim'd eyes I view the weaving,
 Half with doubting, half believing.
 Then through the mists I see a thread,
 Unlike in texture from the rest;
 Woven unbroken through the web,
 And strong to bear severest test;
 Then spake a voice: "'Tis Love Divine
 Which doth thy human life entwine."
 The vision of the loom has flown,
 But 'mid the years of busy life,
 The depth of Love I thus was shown
 Remains to bless, thro' storm and strife,
 And when for time the weaving's ended,
 I'll view the work as God intended.

Delta, Pa.

SETH L. KINSEY.

ONE thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.—Geo. F. Angell.

A PATHETIC DOUKHOBOR INCIDENT.

Eliza H. Varney, relating her experiences among the Doukhobors in the Eighth month last, writes as follows in a private letter to a friend in Philadelphia, from Bloomfield, Ontario, under date of Eleventh month 15, 1899.

I WAS most mercifully cared for. I feel I have every cause for thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for his care and protection; for his giving ability to labor in their midst, as he alone can, I humbly trust, not only to their comfort but edification. I must say I love them; and that love of the Truth was largely reciprocated by us all. Our interpreter seemed to be brought into deep and tender feelings at times by what he was interpreting. His name is ———. He is a Russian, but not a Doukhobor, unless he has joined them since.

One thing I have not written thee, and knowing thee likes to preserve all such things, I will tell thee what occurred at the close of one of our meetings. A man stepped into the open area, around which the Doukhobors were yet standing, and made a remarkable communication.

When he was a *very young* man, he said, he remembered that in the year 1818 two of our Friends (Stephen Grellet and William Allen), came to their meeting in Russia, and one of them said if they, the Doukhobors, continued faithful to their religious and peace principles, the time would come when they would have to endure persecutions, "and many would have to lay down their lives in prison, and in various ways; and their property would be taken from them, and they would be driven from their homes and exiled; and when all this was done, God would hear their cry and answer their petition, and would make a way for them—take them out of that land to a strange land, and to another nation, another people, and another language or speaking people, where they would make their homes, and when they were settled in that land, God would send some of our people [Friends] to visit them."

"And I have lived," he said, "to see that *all fulfilled this day!*" And he bowed his aged head almost to the earth in thankfulness to God. His name was Evan Marshintoff. He was a remarkably smart old man of ninety-seven years of age. J. G. [Job Gidley] said when they went to the fields, he out-walked many of our younger men.

There are several hundred Doukhobors still in prison in Siberia. Word came a few days ago that there was no hope of their ever being released. The weeping and wailing was hard to be witnessed,—to see wives and mothers mourning for their loved ones in that far-off land, and no remedy! It is hard to think of what it must be to endure such trials. Oh! if your Nation and ours could intercede for them, that the captives might be set free, and sent to their loved ones here!

Who would come to others' aid
 Must the price of grief have paid;
 Who would play the pilot's part
 Must the way have got by heart;
 Who would be another's guide
 Must by pain be qualified.

—Eliza Fuller Maitland.