



The
CONTINENT

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THE CONTINENT

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Japan's Policy in Korea

CAN RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION PREVAIL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY UNDER A CIVILIZED FLAG?

Arrests of leading lay and ministerial members of the native Christian church in Korea have mounted to such numbers that the meaning of the fact must be inquired into.

Allusion to the painful subject is here made with the deepest reluctance. There is scarcely any misinterpretation which The Continent would more deplore than to be supposed to have joined with American political agitators who would prejudice against Japan the sentiment of the United States.

The peril of renewing an opportunity for such hysterical disturbers makes a very potent reason why The Continent would much prefer to pass over this theme unconsidered.

But the terror and misery to which the Christians of Korea have been reduced—not only those thousands thrust into prison but the whole mass of their cowering coreligionists who shiveringly wonder whose turn comes next—demand on the simplest terms of Christian brotherhood that the Christian voice of America shall be heard in sympathetic protest.



The correspondence made public by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and reprinted substantially entire in this paper, reveals the general outline of conditions in Korea today.

The incarceration of a multitude of Korean Christians under military process, without right of counsel, information of charges or opportunity to call witnesses for defense, is admitted by the Japanese. But they deny any religious motive for the arrests.

To make excuse for the dragonnade it is alleged that a tremendous conspiracy existed among the churches of north Korea for the assassination of Governor General Terauchi.

But talk of such a gigantic intrigue, the missionaries say, is preposterous and cannot be honestly believed even by the Japanese.

The missionaries evince here a scrupulous wish to be absolutely candid. They admit that Christianity has in many quarters of the earth proved a seed of revolutionary nationalism, and on theory it might easily become that in subjugated and denationalized Korea.

But on their word of honor as trusted Christian men they declare that in Korea it has not been so. They have labored in most confidential relations with their native fellow believers, and they deem themselves perfectly competent to affirm that the temper of the Korean church ever since annexation has been for humble submission to their new Japanese overlords as "powers that be" which "are ordained of God."



There might, indeed, lurk within the church small sedition of which they would not know, but assuredly not any such widespread conspiracy as the Japanese profess to have discovered, involving nearly every church leader of any prominence in northern Korea.

Types of such men are instanced in the letter of Dr. Sharrocks, reprinted elsewhere. Another is Yun Chi Ho, the foremost Christian in all Korea, president of a Methodist college. These are men whose conception of Christianity is virtually Tolstoyan in the matter of nonresistance, and with whom those who know them declare that it is absolutely impossible to associate the thought of "direct action" in political affairs.

Why should such men be singled out for imprisonment? Has it been simply on account of their usefulness in Christian enterprises?

In Syen Chyun all the native teachers of the Presbyterian school were arrested. The school had to be closed. In a certain congregation all the elders were imprisoned. New elders were elected, and they too were promptly arrested. A third church session was then put in office, and its members immediately followed their predecessors to jail. Missionaries say these examples are typical.



But a more serious question remains: Are the Japanese torturing these Christian prisoners?

Terauchi, it will be observed, loftily dismisses this charge as an "impossible imputation." But The Japan Chronicle of Kobe bravely speaks out to say that it is not impossible—that the Japanese police use torture even in Japan.

Yet it is not doubted that Japanese officers are technically correct when they make denial. Reliable information is to the effect that the Japanese police code defines torture as "breaking the skin" and forbids it. Except in accidental cases the police in Korea have not "broken the skin." That would leave telltale signs on the body.

But out of the secluded military prisons of "Chosen" there come filtering dreadful tales of exquisite means employed for inflicting pain without leaving visible tokens of it behind—such, for example, as compelling men for hours to stand on tiptoe with sharp pointed stakes pressing up their chins, or applying "jiu jitsu" where it will arouse the nerves to excruciating sensitiveness.

These are the things the missionaries hear—and believe.



It all comes down, then, to a judgment of veracity between Christian missionaries and the agents of Japan's military rule in Korea. The world judging that issue will confront three problems:

Is Japan so unenlightened to this day that it would really undertake the ancient stupidity of trying to kill by persecution a religion to which it had taken a distaste?

Is the statesmanship of Japan so brutish and belated that it believes terrorism a more effective method of ruling a subjugated people than justice and conciliation?

Is Japan still at heart so barbarous that its government can tolerate the effort to extort from suspected criminals confessions by means of inflicting physical pain?

This last is the most crucial question. Genuinely civilized government could not in any imaginable case permit use of torture to secure proof of crime.

Japan desires above all things to have a sure standing place on the stage of civilization. Here has come its test.

Whatever else Japan may do or not do in Korea, the world will expect from it at least this—the throwing open of Korean prison doors wide enough to let the world see that torture is actually (not simply theoretically) impossible within them.

Moreover, if Japan wishes to walk side by side with the enlightened nations of earth, it must also free itself from every possible imputation of being recreant to the ideals of religious freedom.

These are matters so stupendously significant that it is a disgrace even to be suspected of failing in these premises.

Let Japan clear itself quickly.

We asked him why he did not like it and he replied that it was "onhealthy." A lifetime experience with the colored people led us to suspect that there were other reasons why the black man did not like this luscious fruit, so we plied him with more questions. He dodged, and it was with considerable difficulty that we cornered our quarry and got the following story:

"Boss, it's dis way. We niggers use ter live down side er de river, yas, sir. An' on de udder side er de river dere was a man what owned a watermillion patch, yas, sir. On dem moonlight nights we niggers use ter strip stark naked an' swim across de river an' steal dat man's millions an' put 'em down in de water an' give 'em a push an' swim along with 'em till we got 'em to our side er de river. Den we would buss 'em on a stump an' eat 'em; yas, sir. Well, sir, dat man foun' out about us niggers stealin' his millions an' swore dat he wuz gwine ter stop it, an' he done it, too. One night he tuk an' loaded his ole gun with cow peas an' hid behin' a big black stump till us niggers come an' got our millions. I got a great big one, called a rattlesnake million, an' put it down in de river; an' boss, I didn't give dat watermillion but one push 'fore dat man riz up from behin' dat stump an' panted dat ole gun at me an' it said bang! bang! an' dem cow peas flew all over my body! Well, boss, since dat I ain't never liked no watermillion. It tastes to me jes' like cow peas, yas, sir."

Also a "character," but entirely different, is Kinchen Carter, widely known and universally loved. Blacksmith, hunter, fisherman, literatus, gentleman, he is big-hearted and generous to a fault. Kinchen is decidedly eccentric, but his eccentricities are honorable and attractive. He is out-of-center as to selfishness and that cold materialism which bids us to "look out for number one." He belongs to the aristocracy of the kind and high-minded. The Eccentric Parson has known him from boyhood, and if he has ever done a mean thing the Parson has not heard of it. Kinchen has brains. Had he chosen literature for his profession his name would have been known from sea

to sea. In conversation he is interesting, whether the subject be a deer drive or Rob Roy or Canadian reciprocity or colonial history or the making of turpentine tools. When he has visited our camp we feel that we have talked with a man.

This has been a joyous and profitable vacation. The expense, after reaching camp, has been about \$1 per day, and the returns have been many fold. We have taken a new lease on life.

With lofty mountains in the west and lovely lakes in the east no wonder that every native of North Carolina loves to repeat the toast—

"Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine,
The summer land where the sun doth shine,
Where the weak grow strong and the strong
grow great.
Here's to down home, the old North state."
ECCENTRIC PARSON.

Nine Boys in Camp

A PARTY OF nine boys, myself included, decided to go camping. Four of us had just completed our senior year in high school and were pretty well used up with our study and confinement. Not far from our city is a lake well known among Wisconsin's many resorts. In this lake are two islands, one of them covered with beautiful cottages, hotels and summer homes; the other is as yet

but slightly inhabited. On one very wild and secluded corner of the latter island is a cottage owned by a gun club, of which two of the boys' fathers were members. Through them we were able to gain free use of the cottage, also three boats. I had been camping before and knew just a little bit about cooking.

In preparing for the outing we planned to do away with as much work as possible. The cottage was well supplied with dishes, but to do away with washing we purchased pasteboard pie plates from the baker at 5 cents a dozen. After each meal the dishes were burned. To make the change more radical and to do away with bed-making, we brought hammocks from home. When the weather permitted we hung our hammocks out of doors and slept in the open. We carried but little clothing. All wore khaki pants. Each brought several changes of shirts, socks and underwear and one "dress up" suit. Tennis shoes and straw hats must not be forgotten, nor our bathing suits. Each brought a sweater coat for cool weather.

Every morning groceries, vegetables, milk and even ice were delivered to us by launch. Our supplies for the two weeks were as follows: Bacon, 15 pounds; salt pork, 5 pounds; salt, 1 bag; cornmeal, 10 pounds; flour, 25 pounds; baked beans, 20 cans; baking powder, 1 pound; sugar, 25 pounds; butter, 15 pounds; lemons, 3 dozen; oranges and bananas, 7 dozen each;

pasteboard plates \$2.50, ice \$2; total cost \$66.70; total cost per person \$7.41. A cottage such as we used would rent for \$12 per week, which would have brought the total cost per person up to \$10.07. CHRIST GRIFFING.
Fox Lake, Wis.

Looking Back at Makemieland

IT WAS MY good fortune to spend a bit of a vacation in the "land of evergreens"—the famous eastern shore of Maryland—made dear to us all through the self-sacrificing spiritual labors of our early Presbyterian fathers. It was my still better fortune to have as my friend and guide in my delightful rambles through a portion of this region the venerable Dr. L. P. Bowen, beloved pastor of the old mother Presbyterian church, Rehoboth, whose building still bravely stands, "of time and storm defiant," overlooking the cypress-stained waters of the Pocomoke river.

It was here that Francis Makemie, the father of organized Presbyterianism in America, wrought his God-given task of planting the seeds of the great church, the members of which not only inspired the revolt against British tyranny, but also contributed so greatly to the winning of the revolutionary struggle.

Once the Pocomoke was lined with stately sycamores. A giant cypress—pathetic reminder of "the days of old"—though dead for many years, still stands as strong and erect as when its storm-defying branches were clothed with beauty and wooed by the caressing breezes of southern summers. Doubtless Makemie passed this old landmark numberless times as he went up and down the noble river.

The accompanying picture shows good Dr. Bowen, the historian of the region, kneeling on the tomb of Stevens. The inscription reads: "Here lyeth the body of William Stevens, Esq., who departed this life the 23 of December, 1687, aged 57 years. He was 22 years Judge of this County Court, one of His Lordship's Council, and one of ye Deputy Lieutenants of this Province of Maryland. Vivit Post Funera Virtus."

It will be recalled

that it was a letter of Stevens written to the Irish Presbytery of Laggan that induced Makemie to come to America in 1683. The five churches founded by Makemie are still in existence—Rehoboth, Snow Hill, Pitts Creek, Manokin and Wicomico. This historic section is well worth a visit. H. P. FORD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Week at "Kamp Kinnikinic"

WE COULD not afford an expensive trip and had been casting about for some unusual way in which to spend our week's vacation, when one of our party discovered in the country an unoccupied house, set well back from the road in a grove of maples and only a few rods from the river. She at once decided that here was an ideal place to while away that precious week, and then and there christened it "Kamp Kinnikinic." It was but thirteen miles from our home town, and adjoining the farm owned by friends of our family. We lost no time in making arrangements to occupy the "discovery," and our friends loaned us everything necessary in the way of furniture and cooking utensils. They also met us at the depot with a big wagon and carried us, bag and baggage, to the door of our new abode.

The kitchen was large, and we used only it and the pantry. Plenty of soap and water and



See "A Garden Vacation"

A Flood of Sunlight That Reveals the Beauties but Not the Quiet Recesses

molasses, ½ gallon; condensed soup, 12 cans; eggs, 10 dozen; lard, 10 pounds, milk, 75 quarts.

In choosing the above we tried to take those things which required least preparation. The lake abounded in black bass, pike, pickerel, perch and sunfish, and many a fine fry we had. Our largest fish we kept in a live box to take home with us. The woods were full of berries to be had for the picking. One afternoon we had an exciting time smoking out a swarm of bees and procured honey enough for the rest of our stay. The honey went well with our "flapjacks."

On the whole the days were spent in lounging about, fishing, boating and bathing. Oh, how we enjoyed bathing! What fun the water fights were and how we enjoyed lying on the warm sand and listening to the lapping of the wavelets. One day we went in swimming during a warm rain. The sensation was wonderfully delightful. Another thing which we enjoyed thoroughly was boating by moonlight. In that short two weeks we boys came to know each other as we had never done before, and the ties of friendship were cemented into bonds which I believe will be ever enduring. All too soon our two weeks were over and very reluctantly we packed for home.

The total cost of our two weeks' outing was as follows: Railroad fares \$14.40, freight charges \$2, launch fares and cartage \$5, groceries, fruit, milk, vegetables, etc. \$35.80;

a vigorous scrubbing made everything sweet and clean, and a crackling fire in our little stove soon dried the floors. We then put away our supplies, arranged the furniture, had a light supper and went to bed to sleep the sleep of the just, not even the nibble of a mouse disturbing our slumbers.

Our rising bell (a big cowbell we found in the attic and kept by the chaperon at the head of her bed) always rang at 8:30. After our morning's work was done we donned our bathing suits and scurried down to the river for a plunge. This was a special treat, for none of us lived where she could enjoy that privilege. The young people of the neighborhood sometimes joined us, and we had joyous times. Clamming was another of our diversions. A beautiful white pearl had been found by a young woman in that vicinity and we waded up and down the muddy-bottomed sloughs searching for its counterpart, alas! in vain.

We had hoped to supply our table with fish of our own catching, but recent rains had made the water turbid and they were not biting. In consequence we were vegetarians for a week.

Our nearest neighbors on the south were Winnebago Indians. We went one day to visit their camp and asked permission to take a picture, but were refused. On the way home we gathered wild grapes, which grew in abundance all along the river. We pressed out the juice and had unfermented grape juice instead of tea or coffee at our meals—and a most delicious substitute it was.

A picnic was the crowning feature of our last day in camp. Our neighbors were making hay out in the marshes and invited us to accompany them. We went on a hayrack and after a drive of several miles reached the place in time for dinner. And such a dinner! After dinner we all took a turn at pitching the new-mown hay and were then ready for the drive home.

Our vacation expenses, including railroad fare, were but a trifle more than \$5; and in no other way could we have spent so pleasant a week for so small an outlay.

ISABELLA VAN LOON.

La Crosse, Wis.

Vacationing in Hawaii

THE IDEAL vacation includes pleasure, improved health and a storing up of energy for future days. Thus we thought, planning for a trip to the Hawaiian islands. The desire being to spend as much time as possible on the water, passage was secured on a sailing packet engaged in transporting sugar from the islands and carrying passengers, hay, grain, lumber and live stock on the return voyage.

This is a delightful trip, the distance between the two ports being covered in from fifteen to twenty days, according as the wind blows. On our trip wind and tide served well until we reached a point 1,000 miles out, when we entered a belt of calms, and for two days we drifted, now this way, now that. The unclouded sun beat unmercifully upon the glassy sea and fickle winds refused to blow, notwithstanding the strenuous whistling of the anxious, nervous captain.

One forenoon a large turtle was observed asleep on the unruffled water a few rods from the ship, and two or three sailors put out in a small boat to capture the tempting prize. Silently the boat was rowed alongside the unconscious crustacean, and well directed movements turned the victim over on his back and he was quickly pulled into the boat. The turtle soup and tender, juicy steaks served for dinner, cooked as only a veteran sea cook could prepare them, would have delighted the most fastidious epicure.

Next day the wind sprang up, the captain put on all sail and we were soon bowling along at a good rate. For several days large sharks followed in the wake of the ship, and the captain, with his well aimed rifle, made one very sick indeed. A day or two before we sighted Diamond Head the sailors caught a number of deep water fish, good eating, all of them. In the lingering death throes the silver-sided dolphins turned to various colors, the brilliancy of which, and their kaleidoscopic effect, it would be difficult to describe.

Native boys greeted us as we moored alongside the wharf, inside the reef at Honolulu, diving deep in the harbor's waters for coins that were thrown to them. They seemed like human ducks, spending most of their time in the briny waves.

Honolulu we found to be an attractive city with its motley population and tropical verdure. One street was lined on either side with Chinese shops, the industrious artisans assiduously plying their various trades. Saturday was a special market day, when the natives brought fish and vegetables and fruit to be offered for

human sacrifices had been offered. But that was long ago—over a hundred years. Not one of the numerous grotesque idols formerly worshiped is to be found today. A year or two before Christian missionaries went to the Sandwich islands, in 1820 or thereabouts, on their own volition, or rather at the command of their



See "Happy Days on the Muskoka" "Walking through sweet-smelling woods"

sale in the large public market, which had a thatched roof but no sides. The most appetizing article of food coming under our observation was a good-sized porker, cooked a la mode, and, steaming hot, sold in quantities to suit the buyer. The pig had been well dressed and placed in a deep hole in the ground lined with rocks intensely heated, then he was covered with large tropical leaves, earth was piled on top and his pigship was allowed to cook for an allotted time.

After enjoying varied attractions of the city for a few days we took the interisland trip for Hilo. The world-renowned volcano Kilauea was at the time in violent eruption. For many miles over forest-clad hills, filling up gulches often 1,000 feet deep, the molten lava, in its irresistible flow, made directly for the pretty town of Hilo, thirty miles distant.

The unsolved mystery in mind was, Where did all this lava come from, flowing uninterruptedly for months? Hilo was threatened with dire calamity. Some of the older natives, who had never given up their heathen superstitions, prevailed on Princess Likelike to act as their priestess and propitiate the goddess of the volcano, Pele, by making sundry offerings. Roast pig, rice and other articles were

king, all idols were destroyed, even before the natives had learned of the Christian's God. It all paved the way for the establishment and rapid development of Christ's kingdom in all the islands.

On our way home around the island of Hawaii we passed by Kealakekua bay, where Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was massacred in the latter part of the eighteenth century by the natives. They took him—the first white man they had ever seen—for a god direct from heaven, but the discovery of their error was fatal to the world-renowned navigator.

A. W. ROBINSON.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

In Wordsworth's Country

SOME DECADES ago, in the past century, all well reared girls committed poetry to memory. It was a part of our education, just like learning to play on the piano—we might have no taste for either poetry or music, but nevertheless we memorized yards of Sir Walter Scott's rhythmical ballads and Wordsworth's exquisite verse. Mrs. Hemans may be laughed at in this nonsentimental day, but we had admired her in the fifth reader and



See "Camping on Mount Rainier"

A Pause Near the Summit

Photo by Asabel Curtis

thrown in the fiery molten stream, and it is actually true that on the following day the river of lava took a turn to the right, passing to one side of the presumably doomed town.

So much for heathenism. We saw, in another part of the island, forsaken heathen temples, with their large, flat altar stones on which many

learned by heart, "He never smiled again" and "The breaking waves dashed high." Generally the music met an early death; but often the love of poetry survived to be a lifelong joy.

It was this youthful memory that led me one summer vacation into Westmoreland, that I might see Wordsworth's country with my own

eyes. We arrived at Ambleside damp and weary. The bright day had darkened into typical lake district weather and the nightfall brought a regular downpour. Fortunately the White Lion, "mine inn," welcomed us with tea and a hot cake that refreshed the inner man; and after I had persuaded the trim little maid to remove much fluffy white tissue paper ornamentation from the tiny grate in favor of a thimbleful of coal the party grew quite cheerful.

The hotel was only half a mile from Lake Windermere and a morning walk revealed to us all its placid beauty—the quiet water that mirrored sky and wooded shore in its clear depth, and the great mountains that formed the lovely picture.

I fear we looked in vain for some of the landmarks our poet's graceful fancy had made dear to our hearts. That islet—

" . . . with the ruins of a shrine
Once to our Lady dedicate"

was not to be found. But many grassy footholds seemed to float upon the water, large enough for a few trees to find a home. And one afforded room for a turreted mansion with gardens and a tangled wildwood, where the swan found safe harbor and hiding place. A little steamer carried us the length of the lake, and its captain pointed out "Dovenest," perched high on a hill, where Felicia Dorothy Hemans once found a home.

One day we went over to Hawkshead to see the school where Wordsworth was sent, a boy of 8. The master was very kind, and proudly showed where the lad had carved his name. The school was founded in 1585 by Edwin Sandys, archbishop of York; the charter granted by no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth. It has her portrait on it and her title, "Queen of England, France and Ireland," and is emblazoned with the lion and the unicorn, harp and shamrock, but the lily of France took the place of Scotland's thistle. This Edwin Sandys was the stout old prelate who nearly lost his head in Queen Mary's reign, and was one of the translators of the "bishops' Bible."

Those were the days when the wise man's rule, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was practiced as well as preached; the quaint old seal of the school pictured master and pupils, the master's left hand holding a birch rod. We walked to Knoll, the ivy-covered home of Harriet Martineau. Beyond was Fox Howe, the residence of Dr. Arnold of Rugby fame. But, alas! the leafy, half-hidden home of Wordsworth's later years was not shown to visitors. Dove cottage, to which he brought his sister Dorothy when that happy legacy enabled him to return to his beloved country, is in the adjoining village of Grasmere. It was in this cottage that De Quincey came to live after the Wordsworth family had outgrown it. Wordsworth had a lovely daughter, a mere child, to whom the half mad genius gave his whole heart. One day little Kate died very suddenly, and De Quincey's grief was overwhelming, until he found comfort in the belief that each night she came back and walked with him; he on one side of the flower-clad field, the little maid on the other.

At Allan Bank cottage Coleridge came on a long visit to Wordsworth, and finally made himself a home in this beautiful country, and is buried in the churchyard. I shall never forget my walk to that churchyard. The way lies between hedge rows laden with blossoms where the pimpernel opens its blue eyes in the sunshine; and in the shady corners great ferns cluster thick and fresh in the springtime; for Dame Nature washes her face so often in England that it never has time to grow brown and dusty.

Wordsworth has made every step of the way his own; and the very violet one gathers from the roadside seems that—

" . . . violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye"

of which he sung. And when we reached the little River Rothay we looked involuntarily for the golden glimmer of the "primrose by a river's brim." Behind us rose the stern heights of old Helvellyn; before us stretched the quiet pastoral landscape which the poet has painted with such exquisite touch I shall not try my 'prentice hand. When we came into the little church we were glad he was not buried there, quaint as it is, and rich in armorial bearings of many Westmoreland families.

We read the inscription on the tablet his

neighbors had reared to his memory and looked at the sternly featured face of the medallion, then gladly went into the churchyard to see the place where they have laid him. For the man who walked so close to nature all his waking moments, who said—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her,"

should sleep within her arms. The grass and the daisies cover his grave; the trees drop their brown leaf buds on it in the spring, and



"All aboard!"

See "A Week at 'Kamp Kinnikinic'"

cover it with a golden mantle in the autumn, and the snow drapes a pall of purity to keep it from the winter's cold.

He does not sleep alone; wife and sister and children rest beside him, and his faithful friend lies at his feet. And so we left him there, with the soft voice of the little river singing him an eternal vacation song, and took up our homeward way.

CAROLINE OWSLEY BROWN.

Springfield, Ill.

My Week on a Farm

AT THE END of a trying summer I had only a week in which to refresh myself for the opening of school. Friends living temporarily in an old farmhouse, pending the division of an estate, asked me to spend the week with them. I agreed, albeit with a feeling of injury at being deprived of a longed-for summer trip.

Mrs. Thomas called for me at the end of a day's shopping and we drove out past quiet fields lying warm in the sunshine of late afternoon. It is the time of day that artists love and that dreams are made of. Twilight was falling as we neared the little white schoolhouse opposite the pasture gate. The freshly mown



Studying the Old Tombstone

See "Looking Backward at Makemieland"

grass and swept stoop gave it the appearance of a boy who has been caught up from his summer ranging and cleaned and clipped for school.

The old farmhouse looked gray and lonely with its background of dark woods. A little figure came flying out as we crossed the pasture toward the second gate.

"Daddy and I put the potatoes on to boil, mother!" called 10-year-old Ruth, climbing nimbly up the back of the buggy.

The cheerful supper table was spread in the long, low-ceiled dining room, with its huge fireplace, uneven floor and the marks in both ceiling and floor where Great-Grandmother Thomas's busy loom had hummed long before dark war clouds swept the horizon.

"I hope you'll not be lonely in your little room under the eaves, nor hear the footsteps of departed Thomases creeping up and down the stairway, as my cousin fancied she did," said my friend as she wished me "good night."

I spent a wakeful night, but I heard no ghostly footsteps; there was only the soft cutting of a row of young turkeys at roost on the mossy ridgepole of the old smoke house under the locusts, with an occasional gabble from a flock of sensation-loving geese. These and the faint whistle of a far-away interurban car were all that broke the stillness until the sunrise chorus of farm voices.

After breakfast, with the eager little girl for a guide, I fared forth to explore the farm. There were the old barns where the baled hay was being stored, and beyond these the orchard, planted by an apple-loving ancestor and fairly dripping with fruit. Apples beloved of my childhood were there—winesaps, bellflowers and seek-no-furtherers. There were rich yellow peaches, sugar pears and a row of laden grapevines. Under a snow apple tree a creaking cider press poured forth an amber stream. Fat red pigs followed us about and I thought of the joy of Ichabod Crane as he contemplated the richness of the Van Tassel farm in Sleepy Hollow. We sought and found the watermelon patch, an enchanted spot, hidden far from desecrating hands in the midst of a sheltering cornfield.

A neighbor drove in to return the great brass apple butter kettle, for forty years a neighborhood benefactor. Fully as useful, if not so good-looking, is its companion the soap kettle. Both testify to the benefits of an outdoor life. Their contemporary, the hominy mortar, hewn from a walnut log, has been honorably retired and stands in the smoke house awaiting transportation to the rooms of the Illinois Historical Society.

"You must see the grapevine swing," said Ruth, and away we trailed across the creek and into the woods, green and still with the silence that is like no other. The ancestor who loved apples loved also the primeval forest, and this one stands a monument to his memory. The red haws were ripe, the hickory nuts were beginning to fall and the squirrels kept cannily on the other side of the tree trunks. The swing hung from the top branches of a great elm. With a spring the little girl caught the swaying vine, and, standing on the natural crosspiece, swung to and fro in the green mist of the woods. Fingers of sunshine snatched at her yellow hair and bare white arms. She was a wood fairy and my eyes searched for gnomes among the brown trunks.

One night as I slumbered in my little room a storm arose. It rolled up over the dark woods, seized the old house and the great locusts in an angry grasp and shook them till they groaned as if in fear and pain. Only the reflection that the tempests of sixty-five years had passed harmlessly over the old roof-tree kept me calm.

When I left the old farm I carried in my heart its message of peace—of tranquil lives, of still green woods, of wholesome fare and restful sleep—and the message will linger long.

JULIA V. CRISWELL.

Normal, Ill.

Happy Days on the Muskoka

NINETY-TWO, ninety-three, and on up to ninety-eight degrees went the thermometer in Chicago. How attractive, then, sounded the name "Our Lady of the Snows," which Canada has been sedulously trying to throw off! "Canada shall be the scene of our holiday this year," we said.

And so we set out for the Muskoka district, where, we heard, were clear skies, blue lakes, bracing air and quiet. It was a fourteen hour railroad journey to Toronto, and after a short wait there we boarded a train for the first stage of our trip to "the royal Muskoka" on Lake Rosseau. Arrived at Muskoka wharf, some three hours from Toronto, we found the pleasant confusion of tourists bound for who-knows-whither. The air by now was bracing, the height of this region being 1,000 feet above sea level, and a fresh breeze blew from

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