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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent

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MOTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. D. H. R. GOODALE.

AH! little bird upon the nest,
What is it trembles at thy breast?
What is it thrills the tiny round
With pulsing, faint, reluctant sound?
What muffled stroke of fate draws near
The eager sense is strained to hear?

Oh! mother-bird, a quivering part
Of every vital throb thou art;
The tap that shakes the brittle shell
Must shake thy being's walls as well;
For that which wakes to life wakes thee;
It is the call of destiny.

What strange, new self has seized thy life?
Is care thy portion, timid wife?
For this alone the sticks were laid,
For this the hollowed nest was made,
That at that tender heart should lie
Earth's deep, unfathomable mystery.

AMHERST, MASS.

THE TRUANT.

BY DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

A TRUANT out of school am I
Who will not learn from bookish men;
On grassy banks all day I lie.
The wrens and sparrows saunter by,
And all their frugal ways I ken.
I sun myself each sunny day;
Still, as the moments go their way,
New joys and thrillings they bestow;
I never heed how fast they go;
And every happy morn I cry,
Who leads so blithe a life as I?

I live content; I beauty have;
I give my love to all who crave.
The birds, the flowers, the cheerful sun,
The woods, are free to every one.
Then are *you* sad? Go view the sky
And live as blithe a life as I.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

THE LAUGHING BROOK.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

"BROWN little sprightly, chattering brook,
'Tis forty summers since last we met,
You with the fish, I with the hook,—
And, as I live, you're laughing yet!

"Hoary infant! Still at your play?
Has nature nothing for you to do?
I've borne the yoke this many a day
Since I prattled and splashed with you.

"Come! Is the witch-pot foaming still?
The sweet-flag-root, is it here or gone?
Has Moonshine Gabriel built his mill?
And the Big Trout, does he live on?"

Gravely the banker dressed his hook,—
Softly stole to the haunts of yore;
The last I heard was the roguish brook,
Laughing still, as it laughed before!

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

PRACTICAL STEPS TOWARD UNION.

BY THE REV. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, D.D.

IT is a question with some of us, who have been preaching and talking Christian Union for a quarter century, if the time is not ripe for something practical in this direction. So far, fine words have buttered no parsnips; and, tho the spirit of union is in the air, to the many it is merely an iridescent vision. And yet, might not an alliance be struck between the Christians, the Free Baptists and the Congregationalists, with profit to all concerned? These bodies already possess much in common; and each, so far as I know them, permits wider divergence of doctrinal sentiment in its own membership than exists between the denominations as such. And overtures of organic union have been made, notably between the Christians and Free Baptists, which were progressing finely until suddenly terminated in 1886, and still more recently in the utterance of the last Triennial Council of the Congregationalists, respecting possible union with the Free Baptists. This expression reopens the whole subject and calls for some response.

In the light of recent experiences in these affairs, it may be taken for granted that direct organic union between either two of these denominations may not be immediately expected. Three barriers intervene.

1. The attitude of doctrinal extremists who, from loyalty to their own past, will strenuously oppose any movement that fails to support the doctrinal positions with which they have been identified.

2. The tendency of denominational life to self-perpetuation. A denomination is an organism. The more vigorous its growth the more jealously it resists self-effacement.

3. The conservatism of fixed capital as invested in publishing houses, mission boards, theological seminaries and the like. Many of these trusts are held on terms which require a continuity of denominational existence. In consequence, any activity from these sources may be relied on as inimical to organic union.

So much being understood, it remains to inquire if some arrangement may not be reached which shall secure some of the benefits of union while not disturbing property interests or overturning the formal existence of the denominations affected. The steps toward such a consummation would be:

1. Recognition, by prominent men in the three bodies mentioned, that such an alliance would be profitable and practicable.

2. A conference of such leading men to discuss and lay out a basis of alliance, not doctrinal, but practical, and covering the points desired.

3. The understanding that the basis is to become operative only when ratified by the highest governing bodies of the three denominations.

4. The points to be reached to be something as follows:

(*a*) A proviso recognizing that the three bodies are in alliance, that they have common interests, and that they are to labor for the promotion of the common welfare, without detriment to denominational institutions as at present constituted, such as conferences, associations, publishing houses and theological seminaries; all of which are to be unaffected by the alliance, until time demonstrates the feasibility of closer union.

(*b*) That in consequence of the alliance, as church members make changes of residence, they be encouraged to choose a church home in the alliance, in preference over any other. The saving in membership under a compact of this tenor should soon show a marked gain to the churches.

(*c*) That ministers be free to accept calls from any church, or churches, within the alliance limits; feeling the same liberty in so doing, as if making change within their own denomination; and that, while remaining within the alliance, their names be retained on their own denominational lists, as if still working exclusively with their own people.

Could some such plan be adopted by these three denominations, it would mark a new era in the Church. At once we could feel that we were making progress in the recognition of Christian brotherhood. The smaller churches, which are clamoring for pastors, could unite in calling a minister more able than could be supported by a single congregation. Ministers now unemployed, because their gifts are hardly fitted for present relations, could have wider range, with better prospect of service. One can easily perceive obstacles to the plan proposed; but it is submitted with the conviction that there are none, which a brave Christian spirit and devotion to the Master may not easily overcome. Grant that it may be a dream, but how we would welcome the dawn of the new century, if it were to present this dream as a reality. May it not be hoped that brethren in the three denominations mentioned will give the proposition their prayerful attention?

LEWISTON, ME.

LET THE RICH BEAR THEIR SHARE OF BURDENS.

BY BISHOP ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D.

ONE of the occasions of discontent among the masses of working people in the United States to-day, to say nothing of European countries, is the firm conviction poor people have that the very rich do not bear their share of the burdens of government.

The General Government derives its income from a tariff on imported goods and the tax, collected by the internal revenue department, from certain domestic products, chiefly tobacco and liquors.

What proportion of the money the tariff laws collect is paid by the laboring class, is more than this writer knows—he suspects they pay most of it; there are so many poor people. Experts could give a rational estimate if they took the pains. That the laboring people pay most of the internal revenue cannot be questioned; and this is no honor to them. If the laboring people really knew how much they pay in both forms of taxation they would at first be stunned; then they would explode. When they do, it will be no small matter for discussion at dinner tables—between courses.

When it comes to State, county and municipal taxes, workingmen believe sincerely and profoundly that they pay more than their share. While they believe this their discontent abides; while they believe it every other occasion for misunderstanding and conflict between capital and labor is exaggerated, and every strife is exasperated. At such a time as this he is silly who is content to leave unremoved any removable occasion of antagonism between labor and capital.

When a very rich man dies and his will shows his disposition of many millions, while the tax lists only show that he paid taxes on a hundred thousand or so, the people cannot be persuaded that he bore his part of public burdens. Does any rational man believe that he did?

We are told that the very rich, as a rule, have their money invested in corporations, and that the head managers return the property of the stockholders and that the tax is paid by the company's treasurer. Doubtless there is truth in this statement.

But, right or wrong, the masses of the people do not believe that the great corporations, representing millions on millions, do actually pay into the public treasury their proportion of the taxes. Does anybody believe it? Do the great corporations believe it themselves? If they do pay their share the men who compose these corporations, of all men in the world, have reason to make it so plain that the people may see it and be sure of it. For the people do not believe it. They are firmly persuaded that by the arts of bookkeeping and other diplomatic and influential methods the big rich and the great corporations pay a great deal less than their proportion of the taxes necessary to maintain government and protection for the wealthy as well as the poor; and that by bearing less than their share of public burdens they increase the load of the "common people" and of the poor, who already have more than they can bear with comfort, who only know how to make honest returns of taxable property and pay the amount that comes to them.

We are told that many hundred millions are in non-taxable Government bonds. Nobody who knows what he is talking about proposes to tax the bonds issued for the national defense; but the statement does not make life's burden less to the poor—and most people are poor.

All these things are against the peace we long to see in the social order. They add impulse to the movement that organizes labor against capital. They are fuel to the red-hot fire that threatens social conflagration.

As long as the masses believe that the system of government and business under which we live "makes," by

But modern psychology is destined to modify the thought of men respecting the doctrine of revelation, by its exposure of the very subtle and manifold relations in which our conscious mental life stands to the unconscious. "The Unconscious"—as every reader of current psychology and philosophy knows—has been personified, endowed with numberless powers and aptitudes, and so far deified as titly to be spelled with a capital! It is expected, as Father Dalgrains once sarcastically remarked of Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable," that such a procedure will operate, in a manner corresponding to the tall hats of the old-fashioned English grenadiers, to excite awe in all beholders. And, indeed, "awe" is no unbecoming feeling when one considers how modern scientific investigations are showing potencies and activities that are, in some sort, ours—*in* us and *of* us—welling up constantly from below the "threshold of consciousness" to furnish conditions and laws for conscious mental life. And right here we will abate no whit of what we have already said concerning the ultimate, for us, in deciding all questions of science and religion. No science, no knowledge, no faith, no ideal aims, no revelations, that are not states of human consciousness; and yet all science, knowledge, faith and conscious nobility in striving, rest upon a basis, and are informed and interpenetrated by a myriad of factors that belong to the realm of existence beyond our human consciousness.

Those utterances in which the ancient Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures abound, and which poets and artists have confirmed in all ages and times, attributing the thoughts, feelings and purposes of man to that which is "not-ourselves," are receiving confirmation in many startling ways by modern science. Our attention is being called to the many instances of "tact," of anticipatory, instinctive action, in the case of those whose intelligence is far below the grade necessary to account for such marvelous intellectual (?) achievments. In these curious states of "double consciousness," so-called, where two or even more continuous and inter-connected streams of consciousness get separated from each other, as it were, and collected about the requisite number of *egos*, we see what strata of purposeful and spiritual being it would almost seem, constantly underlie that being of which we are consciously aware, in our humdrum waking life.

We hear much talk nowadays of "unconscious cerebration," as tho, indeed, all *cerebration*, as such, were not equally unconscious. But what the study of mental life is emphasizing under this term is this: namely, how much of that which is ordinarily supposed to be gained as the result of conscious thinking, calculating, striving, may be gained by divination, so to speak, by the blind, unconscious leap of the mind upon a goal, whose direction and situation had never been consciously seen. And then how suggestive is the modern study of the psychology of child life! Here is the young animal called human, with its wonderfully complex but still most plastic and untrained brain-mass, and yet of all young animals most lacking in power of self-help. Out of the complicated forms of chaotic assault which the different forces of nature make upon its skin and other organs of sense, it proceeds to construct a world of rational and orderly things. These blows from the external stimuli of heat, light, sound, pressure, etc., strike from it in time harmonies that really sing the praises of the fully formed mind in the environment which rouses, trains and *reveals* itself to the inchoate and slowly forming mind of the child.

We read of Mozart's father ascribing the wonderful achievement of his son, as he played the grand organ when first he saw one, even treading the pedals with his feet, to God as his "gift." The psychology of genius is a most interesting study for the modern investigator of mind. In music and every other form of art, in mathematics and invention, in moral and spiritual insight and foresight as well, such rarely gifted minds have existed as the revealers not only of the "will," but of the beauty, the science, the wealth of feeling and of practical energy, that are in God. But near what would at first seem to be the other extreme of human capacity, in the case of the hypnotized subject, who is, as is popularly said, under the power, or "subject to the will" of another, capacities for the performance of feats of incalculable origin, and baffling all our present known means of explanation, are to be observed. "Suggestions" made days and weeks before, and conveyed about beneath the threshold of consciousness (shall we say *in* the brain, or *in* the mind? either is but a confession of our ignorance of all satisfactory explanation), arise at the set time appointed, and dominate and control that conscious mental life.

Now if we find the immediate cause of these changes, which so preform and modify our consciousness but are not changes of consciousness, in the physical basis of consciousness (in the brain, that is to say) we give to the hand that can play upon this wonderful molecular mechanism an incalculable power. And not less so, if we ascribe the origins of what arises *in* our conscious minds, but is not *of* these minds, to another Mind than ours. It seems to me that whatever scientific effort at explanation modern psychology may adopt, its discovery of this vast and various field of influences that so subtly and manifoldly influence the life of consciousness, but themselves lie outside of consciousness, is favorable to one result. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." This philosophical tenet is the essential principle of all revelation. That revelation should take place in the consciousness of selected individuals, as a birth of thought, feeling and purpose, which our fullest knowledge of that consciousness cannot explain—all this is in accord with the nature of the mind, as viewed by modern science. Of every mind it is true that its roots strike down into the Infinite Mind. All knowledge and growth in knowledge is, in some sort, a revelation of that Infinite Mind. And having admitted this, shall it then be denied that to particular minds, in special circumstances, revelations of moral and religious truth—"revelation" *par excellence*—can take place?

I have thus far spoken of certain general consonances, which the more vague and yet secure persuasions of a study of psychological science suggest, with the general doctrine of revelation. Surely, not all that is most certain and choice in judgment of truth, most tender and purifying in feeling, most tactful or effective in action, is born of conscious striving. Man's mind appears linked in with the development of his brain and nervous system, and so with the development of all life and the great round of nature, in a most intricate and thoroughly solidified way. And yet *his conscious* mind, with its recognizably higher and highest experiences, holds the key to unlock the mysteries of all being, if such key is anywhere to be found. For of the "key" that unlocks this door—

> "*Earth* could not answer; nor the *Seas* . . .
> Nor rolling *Heaven*."

The "*Thee in Me*" must answer our most pressing, ultimate questions, if such answer is to be reached.

Now there can be no doubt that the present philosophical drift and import of psychological science is Monistic. I state this here simply as a matter of fact, without approval or debate. But there seems just a little doubt that some form of monistic philosophy is most favorable to the general doctrine of a divine self-revelation. Certainly biological science, and indeed all natural science, in so far as it is inclined to recognize the possibility, not to say the presence, of the Supernatural, will have this *super*-natural not to be *extra* or *contra*-natural, but immanent in the so-called natural, as its very core, essence and life. The dualism of the old-fashioned Deism is particularly offensive to modern science, whether such Deism is styled "orthodox" and insists upon the supernatural as a "violation" of the natural, or admits the supernatural but denies the possibility of any violation of the natural. The half-baked philosophy of psycho-physics, so current nowadays, which is willing to consider mind and body as two "aspects" of *one* entity, but will hear nothing of any influence of mind upon body, may be not very palatable or nutritious food, but it comes from the oven kept heated by the workers in all so-called "natural science."

There are, moreover, certain very interesting points of sensitive contact between the biblical and Christian revelation and modern psychological science. It is really remarkable, when you come carefully to consider the facts, how very little emphasis the biblical writers lay upon *nature* as a revelation of God. There are, indeed, individual expressions such as those which inform us that "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth *his* handiwork." And it is, of course, everywhere assumed that God is the very ruler and life of nature, the real worker in all natural phenomena. He uses nature to revenge his enemies and to reward his faithful people. In all this the Hebrew Scriptures are pronouncedly Monistic. But, on the whole, it is in the soul of *man*, and by the mouth of *man*, and through *human* history, that God is made known. Nature is of little or no interest to the writers of revelation, except as nature is connected with human eudemonistic or ethical interests. It is the "Word" that comes "upon," or abides "within" man, the Logos, the Spirit, which is the true Revealer. And *the* revelation pre-eminent is *the* man—what he is, what he thinks, feels, does and says. Now all this is most perfectly consonant with psychological interests and truths, most agreeable and gratifying to the enthusiastic student of psychological science.

Nor does psychology fail to find fruitful illustrations of its general facts and theories in many of the phenomena described, or referred to, by the biblical writings. From one point of view we may exclaim, in the name of modern psychological science, How familiar and "natural" are such phenomena of the human mind! The dreams and visions, the insights and foresights, the speaker's own mental conflicts and struggles to know what it would be given him to say, the merely vague and partial comprehension of one's own best thoughts, the appearance, unbidden and surprising, of convictions and insights, the artistic grasp upon truths that defy logical statement and proof, the anticipation by the "foolish" of conclusions adopted long subsequently by the "wise," the frank expression of audacious questionings and complainings directed against the Infinite Himself, and the refusal to construct, at the expense of plain, moral common sense, some over-refined scheme of a theodicy—all these, and many other "states of consciousness" are eminently true to the soul's universal and undying life. And in such states of human mind does God stand revealed.

Finally, and without abatement of respect for, and interest in, the successes of the physical sciences, the believer in revelation may well look to the present wide-spreading study of psychological science with much more interest and expectation of final reward.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PULPIT AND SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ.

THE attitude of the Anglo-American pulpit in relation to Southern outrages is one of the most discouraging features of the so-called Negro problem. There are more than seventy-five thousand white ministers in this country. These are all, according to their profession, God's representatives; and the function of the ministry, as set forth in God's Word, is to cry aloud and spare not, to lift up a standard for the people; and yet, as a matter of fact, it is the rarest thing in the world to hear one word from these pulpits against the terrible crimes that are being daily perpetrated against the Negro. Whether this is the result of cowardice, whether these ministers are afraid of offending those to whom they preach, and thus of endangering their position or their support, or whether it is because they see nothing to condemn, because they think the Negro is receiving just what he deserves, or whether it is the result of indifference, I do not know. This may be said, however—not infrequently, when a word is heard, it is rather in the tone of palliation or justification than of condemnation. We have, as an illustration of this, the utterances of Bishop Fitzgerald, of the Southern Church, which were so justly criticised in THE INDEPENDENT at the time. Where the pulpit is not absolutely silent, it is found almost invariably just where the Bishop is found, throwing the weight of its influence in favor of oppressors and law-breakers and murderers. We hear a great deal to-day from these same pulpits about suppressing the liquor traffic, about gambling, about Sabbath desecration. When the question of overthrowing polygamy in Utah was up they had a great deal to say. When the suppression of the Louisiana Lottery was in question they had a great deal to say, and from many of them rung out eloquent appeals in favor of stamping out that great gambling scheme.

What a tremendous protest has been heard from pulpits all over the land against opening the Columbian Exposition on the Sabbath. But not even a whisper has been heard on Southern outrages. It is not because the pulpit is ignorant of the actual condition of things. Ministers are men of intelligence; they take the papers; they read the news; they are more careful to do that often than they are to read their Bibles; they are, as a class, well informed. And yet, as a general thing, not a word is ever uttered by them, either in their sermons or in their prayers, that would lead any one unacquainted with the facts to suppose that there was anything wrong in this country in reference to the treatment that is accorded to the black man. Read the sermons that are published every Monday in the daily press, and in the weekly papers; read the homiletical magazines, with their long lists of sermons and synopses of sermons by the great lights of the pulpit, and show me a line, if you can, in which there is any evidence to be found that anything is being done by the religious leaders, with very few exceptions, to call attention to these wrongs and to create a public sentiment that will right them. It is true that at the meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Omaha, a series of resolutions was passed condemning these outrages. Thank God for that! But what will these men do now that they have returned home? Has the spirit of these resolutions remained with them? Will anything be heard on this subject from their pulpits? Will there be any effort made by them to arouse the public conscience, to influence public sentiment to right these wrongs? At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Portland, Ore., a similar series of resolutions was introduced. For this, also, thank God. But what did these men, who spoke in behalf of Northern Presbyterianism, do after they had returned home? There are more than seven thousand churches on the roll of the General Assembly. Will anything be heard in these seven thousand pulpits on the subject of Southern outrages and protection to the Negro? Do these resolutions mean anything? Have they back of them an honest purpose and a resolute determination to work for the suppression of the crimes which they condemn, and which are a standing reproach to our country and a disgrace to our boasted Christian civilization?

The fact that these terrible outrages continue in the South; that lawlessness is increasing instead of diminishing; that the spirit of bitterness against the Negro is more pronounced and vindictive now than ever before, notwithstanding the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of ministers in that land of blood preaching Sabbath after Sabbath to the very people who are either directly guilty of these crimes or who are in sympathy with them, is proof positive that the Southern pulpit, at least, has been and is recreant to duty, and false to the God whom it professes to represent. And the fact that the North looks on in silence and sees these wrongs without any serious effort to right them, is proof positive that the Northern pulpit has been equally recreant to duty. The power for good of seventy-five thousand men of the intelligence and social standing and influence of our ministers, in virtue of their position as the spiritual leaders of the people, representing a constituency of fully twelve millions of professing Christians and an equally large constituency of non-professing but congregational members, cannot be overestimated when properly exercised. This, I believe, has not been done. If these seventy-five thousand men had done their duty, had taken the pains to set clearly before their people their duty in this matter in view of the requirements of God's Word and the principles of justice and right, which require us to render to every man his due, to do by others as we would be done by and to love our neighbor as ourselves, the outlook for the Negro would be very much more promising than it is to-day; his condition in every respect—material, social, political—would be far better than it is at present. The Anglo-American pulpit is very largely responsible for much of the suffering and indignity to which he has been subjected, and is still being subjected. Its silence, as the representative of religion, as the highest exponent of morality, and as set for the defense of the faith, and of all that that faith implies and requires in the way of righteousness and truth and purity, is a tacit admission on the part of the ministers that these outbreaks of lawlessness, these invidious distinctions, and the insults that are heaped upon us, are right; that they see nothing to condemn, nothing inconsistent with the religion which they profess; or else, that altho they see these things to be wrong, they are afraid to lift up their voices against them. In either case, whether their inaction is the result of cowardice or of blunted moral sensibility, their silence has operated equally against us. This is the charge that I make against the Anglo-American pulpit to-day. Its silence has been interpreted as approval; bad men have been encouraged to continue in their lawlessness and inhumanity. As long as the pulpits are silent it is in vain to expect the people to take any deeper interest in the matter than they are now taking. And, therefore, it seems to me that while we are praying it would be well if our prayers for the Southern whites could be followed by a day of special prayer for the pulpits of this land; that God would put into them a little more backbone and strength of character and conscientiousness; that he would fill them with men who love righteousness and hate iniquity, who are not afraid to do their duty, or afraid of suffering, if need be, in the cause of truth and justice.' A cowardly ministry is a curse to any nation, and always makes it more difficult for an oppressed people to overcome oppression.

With a brave and conscientious ministry, with the pulpits of our land filled with men who are penetrated by the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, in less than a decade there would be a revolution in public sentiment; this terrible flood-tide of iniquity, this deluge of crime and violence would be arrested, and the Negro be treated as a man and a brother.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TWENTY YEARS ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

BY THOMAS P. HUGHES, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF THE "DICTIONARY OF ISLAM."

IV.

IN the spring of 1876, I was at Peshawar when Bishop Milman, of Calcutta, paid his last episcopal visit to that station, and was seized with the sickness which ended in his lamented death. Bishop Milman may be said to have been the first Government bishop of Calcutta, who took a direct interest in mission work, and who made it the engrossing object of his life. I do not mean to say that former bishops of Calcutta were not interested in missions to the heathen and Mohammedans of India; but they conscientiously made it subservient to their duty of taking the oversight of the Government chaplains. But Bishop Milman was heart and soul a missionary. In one of his last letters, written to a friend in England, he said: "The cry is as agonizing as ever; send us more men." He was seized for death during his visit to Peshawar, but was removed to Rawal Pindee with the hope that the change might be beneficial. But he never rallied. He met the last summons, as every Christian bishop should do, with calmness and resignation, and almost his last words were those of the *De Profundis*: "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." It has been well said that there is a halo of grandeur around the bishopric of Calcutta, for the departed bishops have all laid down their lives in the midst of active labors. Five of them have been men of mark. Middleton was the learned author of "The Doctrine of the Greek Article." Reginald Heber, "the gentle Heber" still lives among us in the oft-repeated sacramental hymn "Bread of the world in mercy broken." Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, at an advanced age, volunteered for the office, not deterred by the short-lived episcopates of his predecessors. Cotton was the trusted lieutenant of Arnold at Rugby, and the distinguished master of Marlborough. Robert Milman was neither a poet nor a scholar, but he was undoubtedly the most apostolic in life and work of all the bishops of India. And I consider it a notable reminiscence of my life that I was among those who partook of the sacrament with him on his deathbed, and assisted in the burial service in the Rawal Pindee cemetery. Bishop Milman's powers of work were enormous. Altho a man of sixty, he would ride horseback forty or fifty miles at a stretch, and take a service and preach a sermon at the end of the journey. He was a man of great sanctity of character, but had a strong sense of humor; and it is unfortunate that in his Memoir, written by a loving sister, the marked individuality of the man is not portrayed. He was singularly quaint in his way of putting things. For example, when on one occasion the veracity of a Christian gentleman of Jewish extraction was called in question, the bishop replied: "The man is not a hypocrite; but he has an Old Testament conscience!"

It was in the autumn of this year that Lord Lytton, the newly appointed Viceroy of India, visited Peshawar with the intention of initiating a change of policy on the part of the Indian Government toward Afghanistan. Knowing my interest in the Afghan people, my knowledge of their language and my acquaintance with Ameer Shere Ali Khan and many leading Afghan princes and chieftains, Lord Lytton requested me to call upon him and in an interview of some length asked my opinion regarding a change of policy. At such times a Christian missionary is placed in a position of unusual difficulty. It is always said that missionaries should have nothing to do with politics; and yet the whole history of the Church shows that Christianity has influenced the political life of nations in all ages. The avowed policy of Lord Lawrence, supported by Mr. Gladstone, was the closing of Afghanistan against the traveler, the merchant and the missionary. Lord Beaconsfield's policy was the opening up of the whole of Central Asia to British influence, whereby it might become possible not only for the merchant, but for the evangelist to carry on his vocation in a land where the Gospel had not been preached. It was, therefore, impossible for me to be entirely a disinterested spectator of the great course of events which unfortunately culminated in the Afghan War.

The outcome of Lord Lytton's visit to Peshawar was a political conference between Sir Lewis Pelly, the British Envoy, and the Afghan embassy, Syud Nur Muhammed Shah. The first meeting between these two envoys took place in my library on January 30th, 1877, and of the individuals who took part in that historic event I am the only one living. The negotiations lasted several weeks, and the Afghan plenipotentiary died during the conference. I was with him only a short time before his death. History has revealed the fact that while Lord Beaconsfield's policy was grand in its conception the instruments selected for the undertaking were singularly incompetent. I am myself convinced that the impression on the Ameer's mind was that the British intended to seize his country; and I have often regretted that in my desire to abstain from taking part in political matters I never attempted to take some steps whereby I might assure Ameer Shere Ali Khan to the contrary. I think he would have believed me. The poor, unfortunate Ameer, who had been my genial guest in March, 1869, eventually died from fright and excess in drinking, being under the impression that the English were determined to destroy his dynasty.

War was declared with Afghanistan in September, 1878; and it was when, on a short visit toEngland, I was walking in the garden of the old Gurney mansion of Earlham, near Norwich, that I heard of the taking of Ali Musjid, and the death of a Peshawar friend, Major Birch, who was killed when leading his regiment in the attack, September 24th, 1878.

Upon my return to Peshawar, in 1879, the Afghan War was being carried on with vigor; and I made a visit to Jalalabar. I am somewhat proud of the fact that on this journey I walked through the Khyber Pass alone and unarmed. After staying a night at a military outpost I proceeded to Jalalabad, where I was very kindly entertained by Colonel Ball Acton, commanding Her Majesty's 51st Regiment. On the day of my arrival the battle of Fattehabad was fought. It was an undoubted victory for the English, but its glory was dimmed by the loss of Major Wigram Battye, of the Guide Corps, and of Captain Wiseman.

The bodies of these officers were brought into camp the evening of the victory, and the next morning they were interred in a cemetery outside the walls of Jalalabad. I read the burial service. It has been my lot to take part in many military funerals; but the burial of these two officers was one of the most striking military incidents of my life. The whole military force, both European and native, of that large encampment marched to the grave, with arms reversed, to the solemn strains of "The Dead March in Saul." The native corps followed the remains of Mayor Battye, and the European regiments the remains of Captain Wiseman. It was a touching incident, in connection with the burial of Wigram Battye, that the native soldiers of his squadron, Hindu, Sikh and Moslem, cast the earth into his grave with loving hands in testimony of the affection in which he was held by those whom he had led to victory. When the war was over the body of Major Battye was removed from Jalalabad cemetery and placed in that of Hoti Mardan, within the limits of British territory. It was conveyed on a raft, and floated down the rapids of the Cabul River; and it is a sad circumstance that the solitary orderly, who was seated on the raft protecting the remains of his beloved officer, was shot by the enemy from the mountain hights above the river.

The victory of Fattehabad resulted in the treaty of Gundamuck, which was signed by Yakoob Khan, as Ameer of Afghanistan, and by Sir Louis Cavagnari, representing the English Government, on the twenty-sixth of May, 1879, making over to England what Lord Beaconsfield called "a scientific frontier." It is a question which has never been settled whether this frontier line was "scientific" or otherwise; but it has certainly given the British a hold upon Afghanistan which could not possibly have been obtained under the "masterly inactivity" policy of Lord Lawrence. By the Treaty the Ameer consented to receive a British resident in the City of Cabul, and Sir Louis Cavagnari was appointed to the post.

Just before Cavagnari left Peshawar, he called to see me; and I have retained his card with its P. P. C. as an interesting relic. Sir Louis Cavagnari was a brave but impulsive man. When reminded by the Ameer, only a few days before his death, that his political mission was fraught with some danger to himself, he replied: "An Englishman is not afraid to die, and remember, if you kill me there are thousands ready to take my place."

The Cabul massacre was followed by another Afghan war, which finally terminated with the placing of the present Ameer, Abdur Rahman Khan on the throne. People unacquainted with the peculiarities of mountain warfare have not the slightest conception of what is needed to carry on a successful campaign in Afghanistan. Statistics show that not fewer than sixty thousand camels died during the campaign. The mortality among the troops was also very great, and the retirement of the army was enforced by the prevalence of sickness among both European and native soldiers. There can be no doubt that events have shown what a mighty barrier the Afghan hills must be to a Russian invasion of British India.

During the first ten or twelve years of my residence at Peshawar our missionary labors among the Mohammedans on the frontier were greatly hindered by the influence of the great Akhoond of Swat.* This religious luminary died at the little village of Sidu, about fifty miles from Peshawar, in the year 1876, at an advanced age; and it was a fortunate circumstance that this formidable Moslem leader was removed from the scene before the Afghan War commenced; for had he been living it is not improbable that he would have succeeded in raising a Mohammedan rebellion in that part of Central Asia. There is a curious incident in American journalism in connection with the death of the Akhoond. It appears that when Mr. Lannigan, the night editor of the New York *World*, was in his office receiving transatlantic messages the news came: "The Akhoond of Swat is dead." "Who on earth is the Akhoond of Swat?" exclaimed the night editor. "Men of the Times," enclycopedias and dictionaries were consulted in vain. The night editor was perplexed. Still, the strange name haunted him, and early in the morning, ere Mr. Lannigan retired to slumber, he penned the nursery rhyme which has made the name of the Akhoond of Swat famous in the Western world:

"Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akhoond of Swat?
Is he tall, or short, or fair?
Does he sit on a stool, or a sofa, or chair,
Or squat?
The Akhoond of Swat.
Does he drink his liquor cold or hot?
Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or cot?
The Akhoond of Swat."

When Lord Lytton visited Peshawar I presented his lordship with my story of the Akhoond, which I had written for the information of the Viceroy. I believe it is the only account of the great ascetic which has yet appeared in English.

In the religious world of the Moslem on the Afghan frontier the place of the Akhoond has been well filled by another Moslem celebrity known as the Manki Mulla. This Moslem priest resides in the little village of Manki not far from Peshawar, and came into notoriety during my time under peculiar and interesting circumstances. A certain tribe of Afghans, known as the descendants of Kaka Sahib, had placed in the Mihrab of one of their mosques a sacred black stone upon which their ancestor had sat centuries ago. It was an heirloom of the tribe and much venerated, and altho the congregation of the mosque had prostrated in the direction of this black stone, no one had ever raised the question as to whether they regarded this black stone, or the black stone at Mecca as the Kiblah of their heart, or whether the veneration paid to it was *latriadulia* or *hyperdulia!* But one night the Manki Mulla entered the mosque with a crowbar and smashed the venerated relic in pieces. Some said that he was prompted solely by the love of fame, others that he was actuated by the same honest convictions that prompted the prophet to clear the Meccan temple of its idols. I now hear that the Manki Mulla is one of the great men of his day in those regions; and I am glad to remember that many years ago, when I visited him in his mosque at Manki, I left with him a

* See INDEPENDENT, Vol. 37, No. 3.