October 13, 1908.

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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

MODERN CIVILIZATION

No argument will be necessary to convince readers that our civilization is better and higher than any that has preceded it; although, when one comes to name the points in which it is superior, the task may not prove as easy as it appears at first sight. Many civilizations have preceded ours. In a history of India lying before us, the expression "a remnant of a civilization that has passed away," occurs several times within a few pages, and in each case the reference is to a different civilization. We have no means of knowing when mankind first became civilized. John Rudd has prepared a Chronology of Universal History, and he says that, approximately, in 5867 B.C. Menes, the first ruler, of whose name we have any record, united the two kingdoms of Egypt and founded the city of Memphis. Events of this kind presuppose a previous civilization, and we learn that borings made in Egypt have brought up pottery and other relics from a depth, which indicates, measuring by the average deposits of Nile mud, that they were buried at least 11,000 years before Christ. A nation, whose people make pottery, has already made some progress in civilization, and, therefore, we will not be far astray if we say there is evidence that mankind had made progress in the arts at least 15,000 years ago. The rate of advance has been by no means steady. From time to time civilizations have been swept away. There have been other "Dark Ages" than those which beclouded Europe, after the overthrow of Rome.

It is not possible to fix with any certainty the beginning of any epoch in the progress of civilization. Almost every writer makes use of his own tests, and there is no standard whereby the accuracy of any of them can be tried. One authority says that our civilization dates back only to Waterloo. Another dates it back to the application of steam as a motive power. Another fixes it at the discovery of America; another at the Crusades, and so on. In fixing the origin much depends upon what is taken as the distinctive feature of our civilization. If it is the ability to use the forces of nature to the best advantage in the service of mankind, then the date is comparatively recent. If it is the development of the principles of individual liberty and self-government by the people at large, we must go a little further back. If it is the birth of an adequate appreciation of the beautiful in art and literature, we must go further back still, and in that case we will have same cause to fear that our civilization is on the downward grade. It is hopeless to think of fixing any date which any number of people will agree to accept. More interesting is the question if our civilization is likely to be permanent, or will it, like those that preceded it, be swept away by a great racial movement. None of us will be quite as certain that there is no ground for fear on this score as we would have been a quarter of a century ago.

Undoubtedly one of the chief factors in modern civilization is the nature of the social fabric. Unlike the civilizations of the past, that of the Twentieth Century does not recognize slavery. It may have developed conditions, which in some cases are no better, and possibly, are even worse, than those existing among slaves; but we no longer admit that a man can have any right of property in his fellow man. In this lies, perhaps, the greatest distinction between our civilization and those that have preceded it, so far as we know anything of them. The great cities of antiquity, whose ruins are marvels of the builder's trade, owed their existence to the labor of slaves. We build great structures today with the voluntary labor of free men. Slaves built the great galleys of antiquity, and slaves, chained to their oars, propelled them, whether in battle or the peaceful pursuits of commerce. Today our ships are built by free men, and free men feed the engines with fuel. While we preserve the fact as well as the name of freedom, we may feel safe in assuming that our civilization will endure, but no man, who watches the signs of the times, can feel any great degree of certainty that this preservation is assured. Our present high advancement has been due to individual liberty. The free man, exercising his mental and physical powers as he saw fit, whether in government or handicraft, has made modern civilization what it is, and there is serious danger that this individualism may be overthrown. If it is, the way will be rendered easy for invasion of civilized lands by races alien in every respect. To state the case more specifically: If the principles of Socialism ever become dominant, Europe and America will become an easy prey to Asia.

We think the real basis of modern civilization is individual liberty, restrained in its operations by the principles of Christianity. The fundamental rule of Christianity is to do unto others what we would that they should do unto us. Upon this proposition, negatively stated, Confucius founded a social system, which has existed for twenty-four centuries. "Live and let live," may be said to be the corner stone of Chinese social organization, and upon it there has been reared a structure of the most democratic character. An observer, who lived in China for many years, said that in no other part of the world had the principle of individual liberty of action been carried to such an extent. But Christianity is superior to Confucianism, in that it teaches aggressive benevolence. It enjoins us not simply to avoid injuring others, but to seek to do good to others. The salvation of our civilization will be found in the practical application of the principles of Christianity to everyday life, and by the recognition of that other great fundamental doctrine of our faith, namely, the existence of spiritual forces. If we make of Christianity a mere mass of lifeless dogmas buttressed by an assumed authority, if for freedom of individual action we substitute the tyranny of socialism, under which we level society down to the grade of the lowest, for this would be its inevitable result, the time is not far distant when our nation and its boasted civilization will be "one with Nineveh and Tyre."

—o—

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXV.

We have seen that Timur invaded India and, after a successful compaign, retired to Samarkand laden with booty. The wealth of India in gold and precious stones was enormous. Some time after the Tatar invasion, Mahmoud, an Afghan ruler, sent an expedition down to Somnath to destroy a temple in which he had heard there was much wealth. The temple proved to be rather a mean affair, the only conspicuous object in it being a large idol. In his anger at finding nothing more valuable, the Afghan general struck the idol with his mace, when it fell to pieces, and diamonds and rubies fell in piles upon the floor. Timur left representatives at Delhi to collect tribute for him, but an invasion of the Afghans put an end to the Tatar supremacy and established a new empire, which continued until the year 1525. Then Baber appeared on the scene.

Baber founded the Mogul Empire. He claimed to be the great-grandson of Timur. At the age of 14 he inherited a little kingdom known as Khokund, situated on the Jaxartes river, which flows into the Sea of Aral. He engaged in war with neighboring rulers and as a result at first was able to extend his territories, but later he was unfortunate and fled to Afghanistan, where he set up a new kingdom. In his forty-third year he determined upon an invasion of India, which he undertook with a force of only 10,000 men. He met with great resistance, but was successful and set up his throne in Delhi, as the first Mogul emperor, a title which was continued in his successors until after the suppression of the terrible Mutiny of 1857. Baber has written down his own character for the world to read, and he has not drawn a very flattering picture of himself. He tells that though a Mohammedan, he was fond of drinking bouts and dissolute living. Almost anything was a temptation to him. If in his journeys abroad he came upon a shady wood, or a hill, from which there was a fine view, or a stream in which he could float idly in a boat, he gave way to excesses. At the same time he was gentle and affectionate. In battle he was energetic, and his ambition was without limit. In some respects his disposition resembled that of Alexander the Great. He had the same fondness for athletic sports, the same warmth of friendship, the same love of pleasure, the same personal courage.

Baber is called a Mogul. In considering the different races, which have come out of Central Asia, there is a great confusion of names. We have the Turks, the Tatars, the Mongols, and so on. It is customary to say that the word "Mogul" is another form of Mongol, but this, while correct enough, is misleading. The people known as Moguls were a branch of the great Mongolian family. It is suggested that they were identical with the Royal Scythians described by Herodotus as the ruling tribe of Central Asia. Father Rubrug.us, who traveled through Asia about seven hundred years ago, so describes them. It is certain that the people, who were led by Baber to the conquest of India, were dissimilar to the great mass of the people of Central Asia. Their faces were different in outline from the general Mongolian type, and they were of fairer complexion. They resembled the type of men found in Persia, rather than those, who spread over China, and whose facial characteristics are familiar to every one. On the other hand, they were unlike the Afghans, whose faces were so much of the Hebrew type that some investigators have been inclined to accept the claim, which they make on their own behalf, to be descendants of one of the tribes of Israel.

The Mogul Empire was established on a firm basis by Akbar, grandson of Baber. He was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. He succeeded his father at the age of 14, and, so precocious was he, that he was conducting a campaign in what is now Afghanistan when he was summoned home to assume the crown. He proved an efficient ruler in every respect; but perhaps the chief of his administrative acts, certainly it has proved the most far-reaching in its effects, was the establishment of a perfect religious equality among the people of Hindustan. Previous to his time the Mohammedan ruling classes had at times displayed a refinement of cruelty towards the Hindus, who professed other creeds; but Akbar put an end to this. Personally, he does not appear to have had any fixed religious ideas. By birth he was theoretically a Mohammedan, but he adopted idolatry at the instance of his wives, although at one time he was quite favorably disposed towards Christianity and sent to the Portuguese at Goa for instructors in that religion. He died a Mohammedan, at the age of 64.

It has just been said that the perfect equality which Akbar established between the followers of Islam and the adherents of the various Hindu cults was very far-reaching in its effects. One may say that therein lies the secret of modern India. This equality has never been disturbed. The Mussulman, the Brahman, the Parsee, and all the almost innumerable sects, live side by side in perfect toleration. Talboys Wheeler, in his history of India, says of Akbar:

"He resolved to amalgamate Hindus and Mohammedans into an imperial system, in which the one should be a check upon the other. In a word, he foreshadowed that policy of equality of race and religion, which maintained the integrity of the Mogul empire for more than a century, and since then has been the mainstay of the British Empire in India."

Akbar was tall and handsome, broad-chested and powerful. His nut-brown complexion was ruddy; the aspect of his countenance was attractive. In strength and courage he had no superior. He delighted in athletic sports and contests of all kinds. Yet he was at times very cruel, as was shown by his destruction of Chitor, "a city of a hundred temples and innumerable houses," which refused to yield to his demand for its surrender. He left it absolutely tenantless. He exhibited jealousy and suspicion to a degree that it is difficult to understand. While without any fixed religion, he sought to make himself the final authority in all religions, and while enforcing equality among all sects, at times persecuted the Mohammedan priests without mercy. He was a man of strange contradictions, but such as he was, he was undoubtedly a great Maker of History, the fourth of the same family to play a great part in the affairs of Asia. Genghis, Timur, Baber and Akbar were a remarkable quartette. It is doubtful of the second of these was a direct descendant of the first, but they were of the same ancestors. We shall next Sunday say something of another member of this remarkable family.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

IX.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

MARAT, DANTON, THE GIRONDINS AND ROBESPIERRE

Jean Paul Marat was born in 1744. He was one of the most infamous characters of the French Revolution. It is a mystery how a man of such low principles, such ferocious instincts, such horrible personal appearance could have any influence, compel any following. But of such a depraved nature had become the populace of France through the cultivation of bloodthirstiness and all ferocious proclivities, that Marat was given the questionable honor of being one of their most admired leaders, and, at his death the crazed people, even went so far as to pronounce the following blasphemous eulogy upon his heart, "O cor Jesu,, O cor Marat you have the same right to our worship. Marat and Jesus, divine men whom heaven has granted to earth in order to direct the peoples in the way of justice and truth. If Jesus was a prophet, Marat was a god."

We read of this sanguinary character as first distinguishing himself, while, teaching school in Edinburgh by stealing some valuable books from the museum at Oxford, for which crime he suffered a short imprisonment.

During the revolution in France he published an inflammatory and defamatory paper which he had the presumption to name "L'ami du peuple." He used this incendiary little sheet as an outlet for his own misguided sentiments, and nothing was too grossly immoral, nothing too lyingly base for him to print if he thought by it to arouse the people against authority.

With Danton he has been held responsible for the horrible massacres of September 1792. The terrible atrocities which then took place are too revolting to bear description. No one was sacred from the hands of the butchers. The prisons were thrown open and those within were driven into the streets, where they fell under the blows of the crazed people, who drunk with blood, sought afterward the Abbaye and the convent of the Carmelites where many priests were in hiding for their lives. The doors of these sacred precincts were forced, the priests, many of them old and white-haired were pursued to the gardens by the cut-throats where they were put to death. Sanctuary had been sought in the church but the reverend men were murdered even there. The Swiss soldiers were detested as much as the priests. They met their death unflinchingly. Their leader, a young man of noble bearing, passed first to execution. "I have done nothing but obey the orders of my officers," he said proudly, and immediately fell, pierced by the pikes of the assassins.

At the Assembly, the Girondins, the members of the moderate party tried to appeal to the better feelings of the people. Quite in vain they poured forth their eloquence. The crowd would not allow them a hearing. Roland used all his persuasive powers, but only succeeded in so angering the Extremists that Marat issued an order for his arrest which, however, he was prevented by Danton from delivering. The beautiful and courageous Princess of Lamballe, confidential friend of the queen, was murdered on the 2nd. of September. After a farcical mock trial she was delivered over to the will of the people and later her head was borne on the end of a pike to the Feuillants where Mary Antoinette might see it from her window.

Not only was Paris the scene of massacre, Meaux, Reime, Charville, Caen, and Lyons hastened to follow her horrible example, and priests, magistrates and hundreds of prisoners were murdered.

Robespierre, Danton and Marat, all the leaders of the Commune, including the Duke of Orleans, who had resigned his title and assumed the name of Phillip Egalite, were elected to the national convention. Opposite to these leaders of the "mountain" as the Extremists now styled themselves were ranged on the right, the Girondins, with Petion as their president. Marat the "friend of the people" sat apart, hated and feared, avoided by all, not a member of either party would sit near him.

The trial of the king was now insisted upon, though the Girondins were very reluctant in declaring themselves in favor of it. It was necessary for their own safety however, that they decide with the majority. As for Louis XVI., as soon as he knew that he must plead his cause before the hostile people he had no doubt whatever about the issue at hand. "They will put me to death," he said. "For all that let us engage in the trial as if I were about to gain. I shall gain it really for justice will be paid to my memory." The old philosopher Malasherbes whom Voltaire delighted to praise, was one of his counsel and he had an able advocate in M. Deseze, of Bordeaux. We are told that the slightest sign of favor accorded to the royal prisoner during his trial was greeted with howls of derision from the "mountain." One of the members of the "Plain" had the courage to protest against this, but his objection was not sustained.

Robespierre spoke boldly "Let the Convention decide Louis Capet guilty and deserving of death."

Danton said, "I am not one of that crowd of statesmen who know not that there can be no composition with tyrants; who know not that they must be struck in the head; who know not that nothing can be expected from Europe except by force of arms. I vote for the death of the tyrant."

Marat went still further and objected to the king having any counsel but declared that he should be condemned without a hearing.

So death for the king of France was finally decided upon, and old Malasherbes brought him the pitiful tidings. Louis XVI. was no coward. Though he had lacked firmness always, his vacillation was due more to his mental incapacity to grope with the terrible conditions than to any moral weakness. He showed no fear now, nor any grief save for those whom he loved and who should be left sorrowful. He met death quite bravely and quietly, objecting only against his hands being tied, but when the priest who stood beside him whispered in his ear, "Like Jesus Christ," he submitted without further word.

The whole power was now in the hands of the unscrupulous three, Danton, Robespierre and Marat. The latter was not to be suffered to live long in enjoyment of his fiendish triumph, and his fellow conspirators were to fall in turn victims to the unbridled passions of a maddened, demoralized people.

THE STORY TELLER

Would Like to Learn

Small Boy—"Papa, how can a camel go through the eye of a needle?"

Plutocratic Parent—"I don't know, my son; that's what is worrying me."—Des Moines Register.

The Real Demand

"We will give you some orators who will fire your imaginations," said the campaign worker.

"I dunno's I want anybody's imagination fired," answered Farmer Corntossel. "What we want is to get some of the fellers that's holdin' office fired, so's to give our friends a chance."—Washington Star.

Libelous

"I wouldn't allow any one to speak as disrespectfully of my father as that fellow just spoke of yours."

"Did he insult my poor old dad? Let me get at him. I'd have him know my progenitor is just as good as any one. What did he say?"

"He said you looked like your father."—Des Moines Register.

A Literary Project

"So you have a great idea for a novel."

"Yes," answered the publisher.

"Who is going to write it?"

"Oh, I haven't gone into details. What we're at work on now is one of the most striking cover designs ever introduced to the holiday trade."—Washington Star.

It Died Hard

"It is clear, Poston," said Herlock Shomes, "that the farmer who raised the spring chicken was very tender hearted."

"How in the world do you know that?" asked the astonished Poston.

"It's simple enough. The farmer hesitated so long before striking the fatal blow."—Boston Transcript.

The Corsican Brothers

The revival by Mr. Martin Harvey of The Corsican Brothers at the Adelphi, says M.A.P., will doubtless bring back to the popular actor's memory an amusing but not too flattering circumstance which was associated with his production of the play in Liverpool last year. One day Mr. Harvey was given a letter addressed by a firm of express delivery agents to "Messrs. the Corsican Bros." Taking The Corsican Brothers to be a music-hall couple of "the Two Macs" order, the firm offered to remove their "props" from town to town at specially low rates. Mr. Martin Harvey, entering into the joke of the thing, expressed his pleasure at hearing from them, and stating that he was more than satisfied with their terms, which he considered uncommonly moderate, begged them to be so kind as to fetch five railway trucks of scenery and one of costumes. The Express Delivery Agents were silent. Probably they had only reckoned upon "carrying" for "Messrs. the Corsican Bros." a basket containing "artistic rags," a bludgeon or two, a few red noses, a bald head, and some brimless hats.

A Pleasant Interchange

There had been an unpleasant moment when Mrs. Holliday realised that she had on a somewhat soiled shirt-waist, whereas Mrs. Greenough's thin, pretty silk was spotless and in the height of style. Then she remembered her blessings. "It must be so hard for you, having your husband away travelling so much of the time," she said, sympathy in her gentle tone.

"Oh, I've grown used to it," said the prosperous Mrs. Greenough. "When he's at home, I mean in the city, he's generally at his club for the evening."

"I don't know what I should do if Edward went to a club," said Mrs. Holliday, with restored confidence in herself. "He spends all his evenings right at home with me, reading or playing duets."

"He was always just like that as a boy," said Mrs. Greenough warmly. "Solid gold. Never cared for pleasures or entertainment or anything of the kind. He must be a comfort. Good-bye, dear, here's my car."

"Good-by!" said Mrs. Holliday. "Now I wonder—" she murmured, as she twisted the wrists of her shirt-waist to make the soiled places come underneath.—Youth's Companion.

A traveller, who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, had, before retiring left explicit instructions to be called for an early train. He was very much in earnest about the matter, and threatened the clerk with all manner of punishment if that duty was neglected.

Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well!" he demanded sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you," replied the boy.

The guest was up in an instant, opened the door, and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore open the envelope hastily, and found inside a slip of paper, on which was written in large letters:

"Why don't you get up?"

He got up.

Most specimens of pulpit humor betray confusion of terms merely, but sometimes there is purpose under them. One clergyman, who is often quoted, was announcing a communion service for the following Sunday, with confirmation in the evening, and he put it:

"The Lord will be with us in the forenoon, and the bishop in the evening."

At another time, when his congregation had tried hard but without success to raise by contribution a sum of money to meet the interest charges on the usual mortgage, he announced:

"I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary way and have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar will do."

One more faux pas came in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity:

"Many a good woman comes in God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged)—to show off her best clothes."

Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added: "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you come here for so unworthy a reason."

A Unitarian Umbrella

A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Cleveland, O., tells the following story which had been related to him by a relative of Mr. Beecher over twenty years ago:

Among the financial friends of the great preacher was one old broker in New York—an aggressive Unitarian, which sect he often said bore "the trademark of honesty." One day he met Mr. Beecher hurrying toward Wall Street ferry to avoid the downpour of a sudden rain-storm.

"Take my umbrella," said the broker. "I don't need it; the coming bus takes me to my door."

At the ferry Mr. Beecher met a lady, a prominent church-worker of a sister church, who, having no umbrella, was lamenting her inability to reach her car safely. The urbane preacher forced the umbrella upon her as he said: "I will be out your way tomorrow and will call and get it."

Two hours later as Mr. Beecher was sitting in the old arm chair in his study the door-bell rang and when he responded to the call a boy hurriedly presented him with an umbrella, together with an unsealed note, which read:

"Dear Mr. Beecher: My husband, Mr. M., demands that I return the umbrella you so kindly loaned me at once, and join him in saying that under the circumstances the pleasure of an anticipated call is unregretted. Upon opening the umbrella you will become more fully advised of our united action."

The great expounder of truth and honesty was horrified when upon opening the umbrella he discovered a pasted slip upon which was written in a bold round hand, "Stolen by some Presbyterian thief!"

"Why Not?"

"You will get three tickets?" He looked at her in surprise. They had known each other for some time. But this had happened to be the first time he had asked her to the theatre.

He had become quite fond of her, although he recognized a certain primness, perhaps a prudishness rather unusual.

"Three tickets?" he asked.

"Yes—one for my maid."

"Must you have a maid?"

She looked at him quite decidedly.

"Oh yes, I think so," she said. "You know mamma is quite strict—really, it wouldn't be proper for me to go out with any young man without a maid."

"You know who I am."

"Certainly."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Well, really, it isn't that. But it wouldn't be proper."

He smiled—and bowed.

"Certainly," he replied; "I shall arrange this matter as you say. I will be here at 7.45 with the carriage."

"Thank you."

Promptly at 7.45 the bell rang. She was on hand. Behind her stood a modest female figure.

"Thank you for being so prompt," he said.

"Oh yes, I am always that way."

He helped her out to the carriage—a double one. He opened the door.

She put her foot on the front step. As she started to enter she gave a sudden scream and fell back.

"What is it?" he asked, pleasantly.

She turned her frightened face towards him, as she indicated the dark interior of the carriage.

"There is a strange man in there," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"Who is he?"

He bowed slightly. "You didn't think it was proper to go with me unaccompanied by a maid, did you?"

"Why, no—"

"Well, I felt the same way about you, and so I got four seats instead of three. Don't be alarmed. That gentleman in there is only a detective from headquarters."—T. L. Masson, in Harper's Weekly.

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Taft, like Bryan, enjoys in Europe so wide a fame that perhaps for the first time in American history two presidential candidates confront each other with reputations enabling the foreigner to institute a comparison. The Paris Temps finds the men alike in personal integrity; but whereas Taft is the constructive administrator, Bryan is a popular orator. "Taft can solve a problem by doing something. Bryan would talk about it." Both statesmen are able, "but the ability of Taft is practical. The ability of Bryan is theoretical. The Ohio candidate has experience. The Nebraska candidate has ideas. Taft knows. Bryan thinks. There is little likelihood of Bryan's election. Still, there is a possibility of it." Nothing impresses this Paris paper more than the conviction in the mind of the average educated American that Bryan can not possibly be elected. "Those who have looked below the surface, those who have followed the details of the situation from first-hand knowledge, understand the defection of the humbler classes of the citizenship from the Republican party, in spite of the power of the Roosevelt personality. The very poor everywhere are for Bryan. The working man are for Bryan largely. The educated, the cultivated, the conservative are for Taft. But these classes, failing to realize the extent of class cleavage in the Republic, are out of touch with the realities around them. Nothing is so misleading as the opinion of the situation to be gathered in the offices of business men, in the studies of the leisured thinkers, in the lobbies of the fine hotels." Bryan, we are told, has a much better chance than the people of the better sort in America now suspect.

WITH THE POETS

On An Old Book Rebound

An old, worn, shabby book, it was to thee;
No more:
But unto me,
'Twas written o'er and o'er
With childhood's lore;
Pictures and memories of that golden age
Gone evermore.

'Twas taken, of its old clothes dispossessed,
And in new livery dressed;
And unto thee,
It seems more fair to see;
But unto me,
It is the body with the spirit flown;
It is the canvas with the picture gone
—E. E. K. Lowndes in Canadian Magazine.

The Toiler

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.
So brief the sunlight and this task so great,
What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand
Of this I weave, and, in the weaving, hate!
What profits it if, long compelled to wait,
At twilight by the finished work I stand
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land
Lures me with sweet insistence and command.
Taskmistress Life, be once compassionate,
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.
—Theodosia Garrison in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

To Arcady

Across the hills of Arcady
Into the Land of Song—
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long!

It will not lead through solitudes
Of wind-blown woods or sea;
Dear, no! the city's weariest moods
May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
Lit by some distant star.
No! Arcady is where you stand,
And Song is where you are!

So walk but hand in hand with me—
No road can lead us wrong;
These are the hills of Arcady—
Here is the Land of Song!
—Charles Buxton Going in Harper's Magazine.

The Upper Room

In my house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the mist-gray gloom,
And I looked my soul in the face.
(O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when they called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs,
(And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house
Has grown, the empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gathered around my gate,
(From my Upper Room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.)

I have fought my fight. Hark, they bring the prize
—I have won; I have won the race!
But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face.
(For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)
—Mary Roberts Rinehart, in Success Magazine.

Unbelief

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in a slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "The unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart that lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why!
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

"I Had Not Heard His Voice."

Charles Hanson Towne writes these verses in the Century with Francis Thompson in his mind:

He had been singing, but I had not heard his voice;
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
Oh, many a morning long!
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild summer noon,
Knowing that late or soon
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice,
He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song.
No cadence wild and strong.

But one day from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds
Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine, and softly bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be,
Hills, hills of song, springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pump and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom.
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns—
These, all these I saw
With that ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into eternity.