



A Song for April.

By Robert Loveman.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

Tipperary.

A NEW VERSION.

By the Rev. W. Parton Shinton, in Titbits, London.
Up tae feckless London came a Highland-man lang syne;
As the Southrons were a wee bit saft he prospered fine;
Kept awa' frae Piccadilly, Strand, an' Leicester Square,
Stickit tae his wee bit chairge, forbye his hert was sair.

(Chorus.)

It's a lang way tae Auchtermuchty,
It's a lang way tae Perth,
It's a lang way tae get tae anywhere
Frae anywhere else on earth,
Guld-bye tae Ballachulish,
Farewell but an' ben;
It's a lang, lang way tae Auchtermuchty,
But I'll gang back again.

Sandy sent a wee bit screed tae tell the lass he loo'ed,
"O' the kiltie laddies a' the Empire's mighty proud,
If my letter should be longer, Kirsty, dear," said he,
"Remember that I'm somewhere wi' my rifle on my knee."
(Chorus.)

Kirsty wrote an answer maist becomin' in a lass,
Sayin' "Censors ken nae Gaelic, sae they'll let it pass.
Stay and finish fechtin' for auld bonnie Scotland's fame,
I'll never marry ye until the Belgians get back hame."
(Chorus.)

Browsings Among the Books.

FROM "MY RELIGION."

By Tolstoi.

[Published by Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, London, England.]

One rainy autumn day I rode on the tramway by the Sukhareff Tower in Moscow. For the distance of half a verst the vehicle forced its way through a compact crowd which quickly reformed its ranks. From morning till night these thousands of men, the greater portion of them starving and in rags, tramped angrily through the mud, venting their hatred in abusive epithets and acts of violence. The same sight may be seen in all the market-places of Moscow. At sunset these people go to the taverns and gaming-houses; their nights are passed in filth and wretchedness. Think of the lives of these people, of what they abandon through choice for their present condition; think of the heavy burden of labor without reward which weighs upon these men and women, and you will see that they are true

martyrs. All these people have forsaken houses, lands, parents, wives, and children; they have renounced all the comforts of life, and they have come to the cities to acquire that which, according to the gospel of the world, is indispensable to everyone. And all these tens of thousands of unhappy people sleep in hovels, and subsist upon strong drink and wretched food. But aside from this class, all, from factory workman, cab-driver, sewing-girl, and lorette, to merchant and government official, all endure the most painful and abnormal conditions without being able to acquire what, according to the doctrine of the world, is indispensable to each.

Seek among all these men, from beggar to millionaire, one who is contented with his lot, and you will not find one such in a thousand. Each one spends his strength in pursuit of what is exacted by the doctrine of the world, and of what he is unhappy not to possess, and scarcely has he obtained one object of his desires when he strives for another, and still another, in that infinite labor of Sisyphus which destroys the lives of men. Run over the scale of individual fortunes, ranging from a yearly income of three hundred roubles to fifty thousand roubles, and you will rarely find a person who is not striving to gain four hundred roubles if he have three hundred, five hundred if he have four hundred, and so on to the top of the ladder. Among them all you will scarcely find one who, with five hundred roubles, is willing to adopt the mode of life of him who has only four hundred. When such an instance does occur, it is not inspired by a desire to make life more simple, but to amass money and make it more sure. Each strives continually to make the heavy burden of existence still more heavy, by giving himself up body and soul to the practice of the doctrine of the world. To-day we must buy an overcoat and gloves, tomorrow, a watch and chain; the next day we must install ourselves in an apartment with a sofa and a bric-a-brac lamp; then we must have carpets and velvet gowns; then a house, horses and carriages, paintings and decorations, and then—then we fall ill of overwork and die. Another continues the same task, sacrifices his life to this same Moloch, and then dies also, without realizing for what he has lived.

But possibly this existence is in itself attractive? Compare it with what men have always called happiness, and you will see that it is hideous. For what, according to the general estimate, are the principal conditions of earthly happiness? One of the first is that the link between man and nature shall not be severed, that is, that he shall be able to see the sky above him, and that he shall be able to enjoy the sunshine, the pure air, the fields with their verdure, their multitudinous life. Men have always regarded it as a great unhappiness to be deprived of all these things. But what is the condition of those men who live according to the doctrine of the world? The greater their success in practicing the doctrine of the world, the more they are deprived of these conditions of happiness. The greater their worldly success, the less they are able to enjoy the light of the sun, the freshness of the fields and woods, and all the delights of country life. Many of them—including nearly all the women—arrive at old age without having seen the sun rise or the beauties of the early morning, without having seen a forest except from a seat in a carriage, without ever having planted a field or a garden, and without having the least idea as to the ways and habits of dumb animals.

These people, surrounded by artificial light instead of sunshine, look only upon

fabrics of tapestry, and stone and wood fashioned by the hand of man; the roar of machinery, the roll of vehicles, the thunder of cannon, the sound of musical instruments, are always in their ears; they breathe an atmosphere heavy with distilled perfumes and tobacco smoke; because of the weakness of their stomachs and their depraved tastes they eat rich and highly-spiced food. When they move about from place to place they travel in closed carriages. When they go into the country they have the same fabrics beneath their feet; the same draperies shut out the sunshine; and the same array of servants cuts off all communication with the men, the earth, the vegetation, and the animals about them. Wherever they go they are like so many captives shut out from the conditions of happiness.

Another inevitable condition of happiness is work: First, intellectual labor that one is free to choose and loves; secondly, the exercise of physical power that brings a good appetite and tranquil and profound sleep. Here, again, the greater the imagined prosperity that falls to the lot of man according to the doctrine of the world, the more such men are deprived of this condition of happiness. All the prosperous people of the world, the men of dignity and wealth, are as completely deprived of the advantages of work as if they were shut up in solitary confinement. They struggle unsuccessfully with the diseases caused by the need of physical exercise, and with the ennui which pursues them—unsuccessfully, because labor is a pleasure only when it is necessary, and they have need of nothing; or they undertake work that is odious to them, like the bankers, solicitors, administrators, and government officials, and their wives, who plan receptions and routs, and devise toilettes for themselves and their children. (I say odious, because I never yet met any person of this class who was contented with his work or took as much satisfaction in it as the porter feels in shoveling away the snow from before their doorsteps.) All these favorites of fortune are either deprived of work or are obliged to work at what they do not like, after the manner of criminals condemned to hard labor.

We must rid ourselves of the savage prejudice which leads us to think that a man who has an income from a place under the government, from landed property, or from stocks and bonds, is in a natural and happy position because he is relieved from the necessity of work. We must get back into the human brain the idea of work possessed by undegenerate men, the idea that Jesus has when He says that the laborer is worthy of his food. Jesus did not imagine that men would regard work as a curse, and consequently He did not have in mind a man who would not work, or desired not to work. He supposed that all His disciples would work, and so He said that if a man would work, his work would bring him food. He who makes use of the labor of another will provide food for him who labors, simply because he profits by that labor. And so he who works will always have food.

The Fortifications of Paris.

(From "Paris, Past and Present," by Henry Haynie, Stokes Pub. Co., New York.)

Besides the credit of having inaugurated the first railway, of having had the nephew of an Emperor and son of a King tried for conspiracy against the State before a Court of Peers, of having brought Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, of having erected the Colonne Juillet, of seizing and holding Algeria, and of lighting Paris with gas, to mention only a few of the more important

events,—the "Citizen King" (Louis Philippe) and his Government are also responsible for the fortifications which still surround the capital.

This wall, as it is called by most foreigners, is impassible only to peaceful people, for any army could get over it, or batter it down without much trouble. It was constructed at the instigation of Monsieur Thiers, who was then the King's advisor. Here and there are portes or gateways, in all thirty-two or three, through which trains, carriages, tram-cars, and persons may come into or go out from the great city. For defensive purposes, these ditches and works are really of no consequence; nevertheless, just outside of them is a military zone, which is as much under the control of the War Department as any part of the French army.

The fortifications, or barriers, serve effectually for the octroi service of the city, but the necessity of the military zone is something not so easily understood. However, these dry moats and earth-covered walls are now and then threatened by the spades and picks of demolishers, for the talk every few years is that a bill is about being introduced into the French Parliament, the intent of which is to suppress the fortifications. Twelve or fifteen years ago it was a question of demolishing them, but the Deputies and the Government officials could not agree as to the better way of going about it, and so it was permitted to rest in peace among the pigeon-holes of unfinished business.

The question is more complex than one would suppose. If it were only necessary to consider civil interests the thing would be all right and quickly attended to. Everybody in Paris is aware of the inconvenience which these fortifications create, not to speak of the great spaces of unprofitable land that serve only for the shanty habitation of the worst prowlers in Paris, a result of the dense overcrowding of the population.

The surface occupied by the military grounds measures close on to one thousand and fifty-five acres, the zone itself is one thousand nine hundred and fifty acres at the least; fortifications render useless more than four million square metres, and the military zone more than seven million square metres of land. Counting the average price at which land is sold in the city, it is easily seen that, owing to these barriers, a colossal fortune is not being used at all. This is an immense loss, especially for a population the density of which gives to each Parisian a superficial space of only about one hundred and forty feet. If we take into account the space occupied by the River Seine, the Champ de Mars, the Tuilleries Gardens, the Champs Elysees, and the other promenades, also the quays, streets, boulevards, railway stations, and government warehouses, this space is reduced by about half to the actual surface for each individual. There are parts of town where Parisians have no more land to live on than that accorded them for their last sleep, which is two metres.

Moreover, there is not another capital anywhere in the civilized world which is surrounded by walls or fortifications. London has none, nor Berlin, nor Vienna, nor has Paris always had them, although we read a good deal about them in her past history. Of that past enough has been already written; suffice it to say here that Louis XIV. gave orders to have the walls pulled down, and their site was turned into boulevards.

But under Louis XVI., and in 1782, a new wall was constructed which enclosed not only the capital, but several suburban villages or faubourgs; however, that was done, not for defense, but to facili-