

had a general conversation, opened by me, upon Education in its largest sense, and on what we can do for ourselves and others. I took my usual ground: The aim is perfection; patience the road. . . . Mr. R. spoke admirably on the nature of loyalty. The people showed a good deal of the sans-culotte tendency in their manners, throwing themselves on the floor, yawning, and going out when they had heard enough. . . . All Monday morning in the woods again. Afternoon out with the drawing party; I felt the evils of the want of conventional refinement in the impudence with which one of the girls treated me. . . . In the evening a husking in the barn. . . . a most picturesque scene. . . . I stayed and helped about half an hour, and then took a long walk beneath the stars. Wednesday. . . . In the evening a conversation on impulse."

A more Arcadian description has been given by Mr. Lathrop: "Of a summer night when the moon was full they lit no lamps, but sat grouped in the light and shadow, while sundry of the younger men sang old ballads, or joined Tom Moore's songs to operatic airs. On other nights there would be an original essay or poem read aloud, or else a play of Shakespeare, with the parts distributed to different members; and, these amusements failing, some interesting discussion was likely to take their place. . . . Sometimes, too, the young women sang as they washed the dishes in the Hive; and the youthful yeomen of the society came in and helped them with their work. The men wore blouses of a checked or plaided stuff, belted at the waist, with a broad collar folding down about the throat, and rough straw hats; the women, usually, simple calico gowns and hats."

From such a description, one might wonder why Brook Farm should have been so soon given up—the community came to an end in a couple of years—yet probably each member found out, as did Hawthorne after his single summer of it, that living with "reformers and progressive people" was too strenuous for daily fare. Doubtless, also, Thoreau, who kept out of it, was the wiser. Unquestionably, he got more pleasure and satisfaction out of his individualistic life than was afforded by the communistic experiment at Brook Farm. When all has been said, the majority of people are really individualistic. Gregarious they may be—but to a limit. When that has been exceeded, "company" palls, and the sense of never being able to get away from people, and live one's own life, becomes a burden. To return, however, to Margaret Fuller:

In 1846 she went to Europe for her health, and was kindly received everywhere. Among others whom she met, she mentions Wordsworth, De Quincy, Carlyle, and George Sand. Finally she went to Rome, and, one evening, in St. Peter's, after vespers, accidentally met Count Ossoli, an Italian nobleman, somewhat poor, much younger than herself, and endowed with but a trifle of her brain-power. The Count, however, was attracted; so, eventually, was Margaret, and a marriage followed, kept secret for some time through the fear that certain property would be lost if the Count's relations learned of his union with a Protestant.

In 1844, during the siege of Rome, the Count fought with Mazzini's forces, and his wife was induced to take charge of a hospital, where she found plenty to do in caring for the flower of Italian youth who were brought in wounded. From her room she had looked down upon the terrible battle between the Romans and the French before St. Angelo. Then the French entered, and she had to fly with her husband. For some time the two took refuge among the mountains of Abruzzo and in Florence; then, in 1850, they set sail with their baby boy, Angelino, for the United States.

Margaret had always been superstitious, and before the voyage she was haunted by fears of a catastrophe. The Count also was fear-

ful, having been told long before by some seer to "beware the sea." Their presentiment proved only too true. From the beginning, the voyage was fraught with disaster. The captain took smallpox, and died of it, then the little Angelino contracted the disease. At last, when almost within sight of New York, the ship struck on a rock on Long Island, pounding upon it during a night of agony, in which, as survivors told, Margaret sang her startled babe to sleep. At three o'clock the ship began to go to pieces. For a moment little Angelino was handed to the steward, as his mother prepared, as a last resort, to walk down the planks; but a terrific wave carried him and the steward away. The last that was seen of Margaret Fuller was as she sat at the foot of the foremast in her white nightdress. Angelino drifted ashore, but nothing was ever seen more of the Count and Countess Ossoli. "I have known some happy hours, but they all lead to sorrow," Margaret had written once, and her short but brilliant life had come to this watery grave almost on the threshold of home.

In closing, may we quote from Henry James: "Some of her writing has extreme beauty, almost all of it has a real interest, but her value, her activity, her sway, were personal and practical." Her fame, then, as was said before, rests on what she was, and on what she promised, rather than on what she did. Her plans for many books were never carried out; yet, who, in reading of Margaret Fuller, can ever forget her, or when will the day come when her tragic history will cease to interest?



Who Are You?

(From St. Nicholas)

Re Grenadier Pond.

Major Barker, of Toronto, who has been doing some investigating since our inquiries re Grenadier Pond, kindly writes as follows:

Again I have dug up some further particulars re Grenadier Pond. Since writing, yesterday, Capt. MacKay has been delving into all the old records available, and the best information that we have been able to obtain is mostly contained in the Scadding's "Old Toronto," page 72, which is in substance as follows:

"During the War of 1812, the British Regiment, then known as the 8th King's, now the Liverpool Regiment, was stationed at York, and one of its companies, as was then customary with all line regiments, was a Grenadier Company, and this regiment was engaged in the defence of York with other British troops and a party of Indians. The Americans landed about where the west end of Queen Street now is, or what is known as Sunny Side, and, in moving to the defence, the Grenadier Company apparently lost its way and got bewildered in the vicinity of Grenadier Pond near High Park, and did not succeed in arriving in time to assist in the repulse of the enemy. It is presumed

that a number of this company went through the ice, but that part of the incident is not verified. However, the legend is to such effect: The Americans were repulsed at that point by the balance of the 8th Regiment and other British troops, assisted by a number of Indians under command of one Major Givins."

The Windrow.

Lord Pentland is to be the next Governor-General of Australia.

The cottage women of England are sending a petition to the Queen, asking that automobiles be forced to go slowly through the villages.

Walter Brookings, in a Wright biplane, flew from Chicago to Springfield, a distance of 192½ miles, on September 29th.

The trial of the Standard Oil Company, on a charge of accepting rebates, will be held at Memphis this month. If the Company should be found guilty on all counts, the fine provided by law would range from \$1,528,000 to \$30,560,000.

Dr. Grenfell, in a letter to The Globe, says that, on account of high prices, the outlook in The Labrador is the blackest that he has seen for eighteen years, some of the inhabitants being already on a dry-flour diet. The Agricultural Department is trying to bring about better ultimate conditions by importing oxen from Prince Edward Island, and encouraging the growth of hardy vegetables and alfalfa, but the immediate need is pressing.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

A Mind to Work.

So built we the wall, and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof, for the people had a mind to work.—Neh. iv: 6.

"In the long run, fame finds the deserving man.

The lucky wight may prosper for a day.

But in good time true merit leads the van.

And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way.

There is no chance, no destiny, no Fate, But Fortune smiles on those who work and wait.

In the long run."

I am writing this on my way home to Canada. After a wonderfully calm passage across the ocean, we are now steaming peacefully through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After a day's holiday, it is natural enough that I should have a mind to work. I tell you what was the original of the saying, "Work is man's road play, and idleness his road work." It is a saying with a terrible truth in it, although it is not so far more necessary to the world as it is.

and helps on the work of the world tremendously.

But I have often written about "play," to-day my subject is "work"—earnest, valuable, telling work, with lasting results. Plenty of people have "a mind to work" in order to gain something for themselves. There is no need to urge you to "rise up early and late, take rest and eat the bread of carefulness," in the hope of getting on in the world. But it is quite possible to work very hard and be "successful"—in the opinion of one's neighbors—and yet to have wasted the golden years, having done nothing to help others nearer to God and righteousness. It was a very successful man who was called a "fool" by Christ the Judge. He was so successful that his barns were not big enough to hold his crops, and he had money enough and ambition enough to be prepared to enlarge his farm buildings. Why did he deserve the terrible name of "fool"? Because he had worked only for worldly success. Death's narrow door stood right in his path, and beggary lay beyond it. He had worked hard to lay up treasure on earth, but had cared nothing for the success which could follow him into eternity. Those who die in the Lord are called "blessed," for their works do "follow them."

Our text reminds us of the time when brave and loyal Jews had set their hearts on building up the wall of Jerusalem, which had been broken down by enemies. Nehemiah had given up his easy and lucrative position in Shushan, where he was high in favor with Artaxerxes the king, to direct the various workers. He was not content to be a superintendent only, but set the example of enthusiastic work. He—the governor—says: "So we labored in the work. . . . neither I, nor my brethren, nor my servants, nor the men of the guard which followed me, none of us put off our clothes, saving that every one put them off for washing." Each one had his own special part of the wall to build; but there were many enemies, so every builder had his sword girded by his side and was ready at a moment's notice to run to the assistance of any fellow-worker who needed him.

The people had "a mind to work," and each one faithfully and earnestly repaired the particular part of the wall which was allotted to him. In spite of the hate and active opposition of their foes, the wall was finished in less than two months; for it was built by men who were not only workers and fighters, but who leaned on their God. Nehemiah says: "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night."

Those who are thoroughly in earnest in a good cause, fighting watchfully and working prayerfully, are sure to win in the long run.

We also are given our special part of the wall of Jerusalem to keep in good repair. Have we "a mind to work" at this great business; or are we too much engaged with our worldly ambitions to have time to spare for God's work? The wall of the new Jerusalem is built of precious stones, "living stones"—men and women. The souls of men are very precious in God's sight. Are they precious in our sight, too; or is it nothing to us if they are stained with sin and tossed aside as useless rubbish?

Let me tell you a few stories I heard yesterday in the dining saloon. The gentleman who sits next me at table began to talk about the great results which sometimes follow apparently trivial actions. He said that he had given up attending Sunday School when he left the infant class, and had drifted into utter carelessness about religion. When about eighteen years old, he went to live in Washington. One Saturday afternoon a lady called on him, and, with the most charming courtesy, invited him to come to her Bible class next day. In order to please her, he said he would be there, if she would not expect him to answer questions or hunt up texts in the Bible. At the end of a year, he had the record of unbroken attendance each Sunday, very soon he started active Christian work on his own account, and then showed his appreciation of his teacher by marrying her daughter. "I owe my great happiness in life to that one friendly visit," he remarked, looking at his wife as if he meant every word he said.

But it was not only that first call which had won him over. The teacher of that young man's Bible class had "a