

Philip was received at the three-arched doorway of the Deanery "dripping wet." Also, that "there was a splendid procession through the western door on the nuptial day." Queen Mary's chair is still in the cathedral, and more than once in my girlhood, when the attendant verger was pointing out other relics to his group of listeners, have I slipped into that chair, and, giving the rein to my errant fancies, have dreamed short but vivid waking dreams of what I, a very unimportant little personage, would have done if only I had been born centuries ago, and had been England's queen.

But I have reached my limit, and must tell you a little more about Winchester and its surroundings when my turn comes again, a fortnight hence.

H. A. B.

The Quiet Hour.

THE SHADOW OF PETER.

"It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night like morning light,

And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,

Yet little it cost in the giving."

While visiting in England years ago, I heard a sermon on unconscious influence, based on these words: "The Shadow of Peter." I don't remember the name of the preacher, but the peculiarity of the text impressed itself on my memory. It is taken from the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and describes how sick people were laid on beds and couches in the streets of Jerusalem, that, at the least, "the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." Sick people were also brought from other places, and "they were healed, every one." Of course, as the Apostle walked along, eager to help those who were diseased in body or soul, he could not always know where his shadow was falling. It was silently helping in the good work, without his knowledge. Is it not true that we are all in the same way unintentionally influencing for good or evil the people we live with, and even the people we only see occasionally, or even others whom we never see at all. It is a very solemn thought that we can't help influencing people, whether we wish to or not. And, like the shadow, a man's strongest influence is caused by his real character. He may preach virtue as much as he likes, but if he does not practice what he preaches, his unconscious influence must do harm. He can't control it, except by becoming what he wishes to appear. No one ever knows by what trifling word or action he may start another soul in a right or wrong direction. It is not for nothing that our Lord encourages such little acts of kindness as the giving of a cup of cold water. It is wonderful how much we all appreciate some little thoughtful attention, when it is not done for effect, but is the natural expression of a genuine spirit of friendliness. One of my near neighbors was ill a few years ago, and a friend of mine, who scarcely knew her at all, wrote me a very kind letter of enquiry, asking me to convey her sympathy to the family. It was not much trouble to the writer, but it cheered those who were enduring the deepest anxiety far more than a costly gift would have done, because it showed fellow-feeling and genuine friendliness. The same friend often writes kindly notes expressing sympathy with neighbors in times of both sorrow and rejoicing. Once when the blinds were drawn down, and the house was very still, because the Angel of Death had visited there, a few written words were prized when a visit would have been almost an intrusion.

"It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken,
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a fate beset by fears,
And groping blindly through mists of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken."

Later on, when the same near neighbors were dressing a bride for her wedding, came a few dainty flowers and a tiny note of friendly congratulation. How little any of us can measure the mighty influence of little things. Some time ago a young man left his happy home in California, got into wild ways, and was arrested and sent to the Sing Sing prison. He had a loving mother and sister, but it seemed as if their prayers and tears were wasted, and they probably thought they had no influence over him. But influence works mysteriously, and a spark will often light a great fire when the train is laid as it was in this case. Over the cot in that prison cell hung a picture. It only represented a little low-roofed cottage, which could hardly be expected to preach a sermon or point a moral, but it was the spark which lighted up the fire of repentance and love in that criminal's heart. It reminded him of another cottage in sunny California, where there were two women who loved him; and their influence was strong enough to drag him back from his career of crime and plant his feet in the path of righteousness and happiness. The shadow of that happy home stretched across America and healed a soul, in prison—in more senses than one.

"The memory of a kindly word,
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower,
Sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile,
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The word of cheer,
The hush that means, 'I cannot speak,
But I have heard!'
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry—
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;—
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh! who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?"

It isn't usually the people who preach at us most who succeed in making us try to do our level best. Anyone who is trying with all his might to be good is sure to inspire others with the wish to be good too. We sometimes meet one of these everyday saints on the street, and find ourselves going on our way with a new impulse towards the higher life stirring within us—healed by his shadow, almost unknown to ourselves and quite unknown to him. Sometimes it is only a glimpse of a pictured face which sets us thinking and resolving. It may be the face of a friend, or only that of a perfect stranger, which speaks eloquently of the noble soul within. It is said of the Apostles Peter and John that even their enemies "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," and no one can live constantly with Christ without showing it.

The smallest actions may reveal character, and it is not the action itself, but the character behind it, that influences people. A young man once folded his hands in quiet, patient surrender of his greatest earthly ambition, and that slight gesture has influenced many souls. It was not done for effect, but was quite unconscious, being the natural expression of his complete self-renunciation. God accepted and greatly blessed that sacrifice. This is how it happened. Many years ago, two young men in Nuremberg had set their hearts on being artists. They worked diligently for a long time, but when they compared pictures one day, it was very plain that failure was the only word to apply to the work of Franz Knigstein. Albrecht Durer's picture was full of life and beauty, but that painted by Franz was cold and lifeless. It was a great disappointment, but he said, bravely: "Albrecht, the good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours, but something, some homely duty. He has waiting somewhere for me to do."

Albrecht seized his pencil, and, telling his astonished friend not to move, made a rapid sketch of the hands so patiently folded together. Franz was more astonished than ever when his friend showed him the sketch, saying, "Those hands that may never paint a picture can now certainly make one. I have faith in those folded hands, my brother—friend. They will go to men's hearts in days to

come." Albrecht Durer's famous picture, "Folded Hands," is still preaching eloquent sermons to those who see or even hear of it. How little that young man thought that his unconscious gesture would influence the world. But it was not the gesture, after all, it was the noble soul within, whose shadow has been able to help other souls from that day to this.

We can't control our unconscious influence, and yet, in one way, we can. The surest way of healing, instead of harming people by it, is to live very near to God. He can, if He will, use our smallest actions as he did those "folded hands." While we are thinking of the great and noble things we should do if we only had a chance, other people are unconsciously carrying out God's plans for the healing of the nations in the kitchen or the fields, as His own Son did for years in the little village carpenter shop at Nazareth.

"God's ways are not our ways: we lay down
Schemes for His glory, temples for our King,
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship Him;
Meanwhile, upon some humble, secret thing
He sets His crown."

HOPE.

Current Events.

The Emperor of Austria is convalescing.

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The population of Toronto, according to recent statistics, now amounts to 272,600.

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The Government has approved of plans which, when carried out, will make Toronto Harbor the best and safest on the lakes.

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A writ has been issued by the Ontario Bank against the former president and directors to recover damages for negligence.

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Mr. John D. Rockefeller has offered to loan large sums of money to a number of New York institutions to tide over the present financial crisis in New York.

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An English firm is equipping a new ocean liner with an electrical turbine system which, it is calculated, will permit a speed of thirty knots an hour, the fastest time on record.

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Another French troopship has been despatched to Morocco, in consequence of a serious repulse of the French troops at Casablanca. Some of Kaisuili's followers who have deserted him and come to Tangiers, state that, on account of French interference, he will kill Kaid MacLean by inches.

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The unrest in India manifested itself on October 17th, the anniversary of the partition of Bengal, by a cessation of business throughout the Province and the taking of the "swadeshi" vow by 30,000 Bengalis, who thereby pledged themselves to aim at a boycott of British goods in Bengal.

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In the recent International Balloon Race, which started from St. Louis October 21st, the German balloon Pommern won by a few miles, the French balloon Isle de France coming second. The Pommern and Isle de France landed in New Jersey; the Dusseldorf in Delaware; the St. Louis and America in Maryland; the Anjou and Abercorn in Virginia; the United States at Caledonia, Ontario; and the Lotus II. (English) in Ohio.

The Ingle Nook.

Could we choose the subjects for our thoughts we would, in all probability, have them ever of light, and happiness, and beautiful things; yet in this world there are so many sad phases of life that we must, if we would do our duty, sometimes even perforce turn aside from the brightness to those things which can only fill us with sadness. Among the latter is the subject of tuberculosis.

Probably there is not a single reader of this column who has not, at some time, lost a relative or friend by reason of this dread disease, which carries off, on an average, one out of every seven of the human race. Sometimes it is the strong one who is stricken down; but more often it is the weak, or the strong whom a temporary weakness makes vulnerable. A few weeks ago a man was found lying in one of the parks in this city very ill. He was taken to one of the hospitals, and a few days later passed away. His death was due to exposure, the doctors said—and yet the weather was not then cold; but "he looked consumptive." That explained the inability to stand a little hardship, a little exposure, which would have meant probably nothing at all to the hardy, health-filled man used to being out in all weathers.

And yet the medical authorities the world over tell us that this disease, if taken in time, is not incurable. There is a woman in this city who had become emaciated from it, but who threw it from her, and is to-day apparently as well as anyone need be. As one said in describing her struggle, however, she "fought for her life." Realizing what rest, nourishing food, sunshine and pure air mean in the conflict against tuberculosis, she made all of these her possession, retaining at the same time the services of a skilled physician to keep hindering disorders in check and mark her progress. Part of her time she spent in a glass-walled annex to the house, built especially for her, where it could catch all the sunshine; but she also spent many hours every day, even in midwinter, sitting on the southern veranda, swathed from head to foot in blankets and comforters sufficient to keep out every suspicion of chill. This practice was much similar to the more convenient method now adopted in sanitariums of having patients sit in sheltered situations out of doors enveloped to the neck in Klondike bags.

I have often wondered if people, on the whole, realize how absolutely necessary pure air is to the prevention and staving off of consumption. Pure air from the outside, night and day, summer and winter, with an avoidance of overwork and a nourishing diet of milk, eggs, meat, bread, fruit and vegetables—these are the best specifics against this insidious plague. Perhaps some of us can remember when "night air" was considered "bad," and bedroom windows were kept tightly closed, the sleeper breathing and re-breathing the vitiated air of the interior all the night through. Possibly, many adhere to this custom yet, and then wonder why they feel heavy and dull in the mornings, or why they are so subject to colds and sore throats. If there is one thing more than another which should, I think (along with the doctrine of dry feet), be preached the country over, it is the necessity of breathing, at all times, pure air. It is not necessary to suffer from cold through having outside air come into a bedroom all night long. Let the room be as warm as you choose while you are undressing, but just before you get into bed draw your window down a little, possibly but an inch, at the top, raise it a quarter of an inch at the bottom, and place a screen to keep drafts from blowing on you. If you have plenty of warm, light, woollen coverings on the bed you will not feel the cold, will even be warmer than if the room were to grow cold and the window were not up, for pure oxygen of itself sets up a combustion and a heat within the body. Last winter I had a room with a north window. I kept it up several inches every night, except a few times when a driving storm was blowing from the north, and an inch, or less, of open space was sufficient, yet I never suffered less from the cold. On very sharp nights