

Live in the Present.

Some people waste years of their lives brooding over what has been, and worrying over what may come. Meanwhile, the blessings of the present flit, unenjoyed, to the limbo of the past, and the future draws swiftly into the unappreciated present. There is only one time to live, and that is now. Not that we would blot out the past, nor counsel recklessness of the future. An occasional reminiscence is good. The bright spots of bygone days are pictures hung in the halls of memory. The disasters have value for the lessons they teach, the hints they afford, and the part they play in the inestimable work of character-moulding. The future, on the other hand, is to be faced, but faced with courage, not fear, with resolve to improve on the past, to turn misfortune to account, and, above all, with a supreme confidence that, in the grand, Omnipotent scheme of material and moral evolution, the dark threads are necessary for the weaving of the completed pattern.

The past and the future are valuable for the light they shed on the present, for the help and comfort and inspiration they afford. Beyond this, retrospect is idle and anticipation vain. Now is the time to live. Make the most of the present.

Care of Our Country Cemeteries.

Someone has said that you can estimate the finer and better feelings of a community by the way in which the local burying-ground is cared for. Now, while it is hardly fair to accept any such thumb-and-finger standard as this, the fact remains that much more should be done to care for the last resting place of our fellow citizens. Too often the country cemetery is the most neglected spot in the whole countryside. The fences are either levelled or tumbling down. Many of the tombstones have fallen, or they are far from being perpendicular. The paths are hard to find, and the very graves are covered with a rank growth of nettles or burdocks, or other foul weeds.

It may be urged that it makes no difference to the dead where they lie, or how their graves are kept. That may be true. Their work is over. Their spirits do not rest beneath the sod. But, what must be said of the living who allow all that is mortal of the departed to rest amid conditions that would not be tolerated on even a fourth-rate farm? What sort of a son or daughter is it who can allow his parents' grave to be the source of every noxious weed? Surely a community is far gone in its loss of self-respect that ignores the last resting place of its pioneers, without whose labors and privations its present comfort and wealth could never have been brought about. Besides, what encouragement has a young man to toil, and deny himself for the good of the community, when he thinks that in a few short years his body will be covered up by nettles and thistles, and even his name forgotten? In this country we do not believe in the worship of ancestors. Indeed, we are too much inclined to forget that generations of men and women have lived before us, and that we have our comforts because they thought and toiled. In so far as we are thus forgetful, we are the losers.

This matter of the care of the country cemetery is one that concerns the community as a whole. Many families have buried their dead, and have moved away. Such cannot attend the graves they leave behind them. Rather, this is a matter for the organizations of the community. Let each congregation that has one attend to its own God's acre. Let our township councils consider this matter.

Our American cousins have a custom that we Canadians would do well to follow. Once each year, in the time of flowers and sunshine, the graves of the nation's fallen heroes

are visited and decorated. Would it not be well if rural and village Canadians had one day set apart for caring for the graves of their dead? On that day each man should turn out to work, or he should give a liberal equivalent for a day's work, the sum so given to be spent in procuring the necessities for a worthy care of the local cemetery. The form the movement may take is immaterial, but the time is ripe for many a community to wipe out the disgrace it has brought upon itself for the way in which it has neglected its burying-ground. O. C. Wentworth Co., Ont.

Red-winged Blackbird.

(*Agelaius Phoeniceus*—Blackbird family).

The blackbirds make the maples ring With social cheer and jubilee: The red-wing flutes his "O-ka-lee!"

—Emerson.

Passing near ponds or marshes at almost any time during the summer, you may hear the call, described by Emerson as "O-ka-lee" (with the accent and a rising inflection on the last syllable), rising above the low bushes, and if you watch closely enough, you may catch sight of the little patrol who has uttered it. The red-wing is not the soldierbird, but there is certainly something martial about his uniform, and something businesslike about his manners and his cry, as though he would warn you from the wild-rose bush, where his nest is hidden, and dare you to cross over the line.

If you see the male red-wing once, you are sure to know him again. His plumage is black as black can be, but the scarlet dash on the shoulder is edged with gold, like the gold braid on a soldier's epaulettes. The male, however, has taken all the fine clothing to

and fruit—and small blame to him if he wishes for a change in his bill-of-fare—seven-eighths of his food is made up of injurious insects and harmful weed seeds. Can we not recommend him to your mercy?

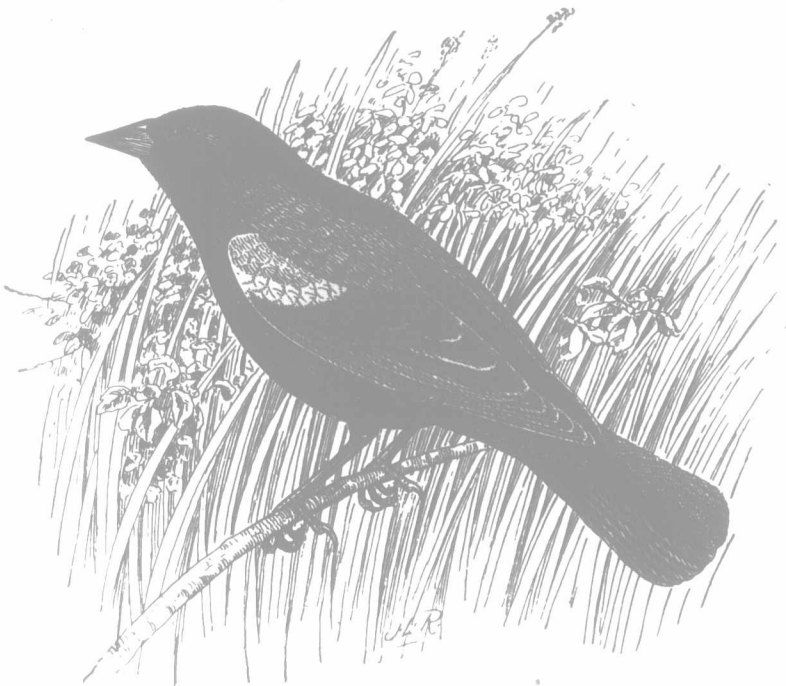
Current Comment.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

Premier Goremykin at present holds a most precarious position. After the recent terrible massacre of Jews at Bialystok he issued a declaration that amnesty—for which the populace of Russia has been crying since the beginning of the Parliament—would not be granted until assassination and outrages cease. As a consequence, the fury of the people has redoubled, and even the soldiery cannot be depended upon by the members of the aristocracy; it is rumored that disaffection is rife even among the regiments of the Guards. The Ministers of the Russian Cabinet, recognizing the crisis, all wish to resign, and may have done so ere this paper reaches its readers. Should this occur, and a new Cabinet be created, in part at least, from the Duma, there may still be hope for an abatement of the storm in Russia.

WALTER WELLMAN'S AIRSHIP.

All the world will soon be interestedly following Walter Wellman in his flight to the North Pole. On June 16th he sailed from France on the steamship *Frigga*, taking with him the airship in which the attempt is to be made. His party consists of 35 men, but only four beside him-



Red-winged Blackbird.

himself. He does not seem to be concerned at all that his spouse goes out in a very rusty black gown, dingly speckled with dull whitish and yellowish flecks, with, perhaps, a few touches of red and a tip or two of white on the wings.

The red-wing builds its nest near ponds, sometimes in low branches, hanging quite over the water, or among the reeds and grass of marshes. The nest is seldom more than four or five feet above the ground, although, occasionally, it has been found much higher. From three to five eggs, white or greenish-blue in color, and curiously streaked and mottled with black or purple, are deposited.

The whole blackbird race, with the exception of the meadow-larks, bobolinks and orioles, which are "cousins" of the dusker members of the family, have somehow received a bad name. Red-wing, however, scarcely seems to deserve the opprobrium perhaps better merited by some others of the connection. His long, conical bill shows that he is particularly adapted for insect-eating (that of the seed-eater is invariably short and stout), and, as a matter of fact, although he will, at times, eat both seeds

self will make the trip in the airship, the rest remaining on the Island of Spitzbergen, where a supply and observation depot will be set up, and a wireless telegraphy station established.

Walter Wellman is a Chicago newspaper man, and his trip to the North Pole was not of his own planning. He was, in fact, engaged on other work in Washington, when he received a telegram from the manager of the *Tribune* to prepare for an expedition to the Pole. The whole venture would seem, therefore, to be a monument to American newspaper enterprise and the craving of a reading public for sensation. Doubtless, however, should he succeed in the object of the trip, Mr. Wellman will contribute immensely to the cause of science.

The airship which he has taken was built especially for him in France. Its cigar-shaped balloon is 164.04 feet in length, and 52.49 feet at its greatest diameter. The rest of the apparatus consists of a steel car, three motors, two screws, a

steel boat, and motor-sledges for use on land. Food for seventy-five days will be taken aboard, besides instruments, tools, lubricating oils, and 5,500 pounds of gasoline for the motors. The length of the car, which is made of steel tubing, is 52.5 feet; the engine room and cabin for the crew are enclosed, and the steel boat is suspended immediately below the car. In it the gasoline, etc., will be stored.

PERSONNEL OF THE NEW PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY BOARD.

The personnel of the new Board of the University of Toronto, is as follows:

John Hoskin, K. C., LL. D., president of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation; Hon. S. H. Blake, K. C.; Senator Sir Mackenzie Bowell; Jas. L. Englehart, Petrolea, now a member of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway Commission; Rev. Father Teefy, formerly superintendent of St. Michael's College, now in a similar position at St. Basil's Novitiate; His Honor Colin Snyder, of Hamilton, Judge of the County of Wentworth; Byron E. Walker, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; G. R. R. Cockburn, president of the Ontario Bank and the Consumers' Gas Company; Chester D. Massey, treasurer of the Massey-Harris Company; Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, principal of St. Andrew's College; W. T. White, general manager of the National Trust Company; E. C. Whitney, Ottawa, brother of the Premier, a prominent lumberman; Dr. Goldwin Smith; Chief Justice Hon. Charles Moss, LL. D., the present vice-chancellor of the University; E. B. Osler, who represents West Toronto in the House of Commons; J. W. Flavell, president of the National Trust Company; J. A. Macdonald, managing editor of the *Toronto Globe*; Hugh T. Kelly, barrister, Toronto, partner of the Hon. J. J. Foy.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson has resigned as High School Inspector for Ontario, and has been succeeded by Mr. H. B. Spotton, M. A., F. L. S. Mr. Spotton is well known as the author of several popular text-books on botany.

Some Shots from Thackeray.

"The Duke (whom Major Pendennis and Pendennis met at a crossing) gave the elder Pendennis a finger of a pipe-clayed glove to shake, which the Major embraced with great veneration. . . . Old Pendennis, whose likeness to his Grace has been remarked, began to imitate him unconsciously after they had parted, speaking with curt sentences, after the manner of a great man."—Pendennis.

"And it must be remembered that this poor lady had never met a gentleman in her life until this present moment. Perhaps these are rarer personages than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle: men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of manners makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small. We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very center and bull's eye of the fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list. . . .

My friend the Major (Doobin), I write, without any doubt, is mine. He had very long legs, a yellow face, and a slight lisp, which at first was rather ridiculous. But his thoughts were just, his brains were fairly good, his life was honest and pure, and his heart warm and humble."—Vanity Fair.