

## A Grand Poem.

WE know not the author of the following lofty lines, but whenever we find grand prophetic truth thus beautifully set to sublime and thrilling poetry, we are willing to give it prominence:

EUROPE, mother Europe! why do you stand to-day  
With bristling steel and iron front in war's accursed array?  
Why roar your thundering forges, but not to shape the  
plough?

Must war's infernal horrors hang forever round your brow?

Where rolls the icy Neva; where flows the classic Rhine;  
Where Norway lifts her granite brows, and shakes her  
mountain pine;

Where toils the Finnish peasant on Bothnia's rugged  
shore,

And where the brave and light-haired Dane pulls manfully  
the oar,

There's a sound of coming conflict, as when November  
gales

Burst from the icy mountains where winter trims his sails,  
And sends his fleet forerunners, and bids his trumpets  
blow,

Before he hurls his shot of ice and musketry of snow.

The Russian bear is growling on his wild Tartar plains,  
And screams the Austrian eagle from bleak Carpathian  
chains,

And France, like couchant tiger, lies ready for the spring,  
With glaring eyes that never leave the German eagle's  
wing.

From where the lively Belgian toils ever at his loom;  
From where the sturdy Hollander keeps eye on dike and  
flume;

From Spain's ancestral castles; from everlasting Rome;  
From where the Turk grasps lance and sword to guard his  
father's home;

From where the Greeks are stirring, with old ambition's  
power;

Where bold Bulgaria trembles at each succeeding hour;  
From where the brave Swiss peasant keeps well his moun-  
tain wall;

From our own mother Britain, the bravest of them all;

Comes news of coming conflict and marshalling of men,  
As if our mother Europe, mad with maternal pain,  
Had in her womb a demon, who, when he shall have birth,  
Will let infernal furies forth upon our hapless earth.

O Thou, before whose presence the trembling nations  
stand,  
What hidden purpose hast Thou; what awful work on  
hand?

Must earth's foundation tremble, and hell her furies bring,  
For man's great final trial ere the coming of the King?

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## What the C.L.S.C. Did for Mrs. Brown.

BY MRS. G. L. BARNES.

MRS. BROWN was a bright, energetic woman, just the one to help along any good undertaking, but when I asked her name for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, she looked distressed, and groaned out:—

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes, don't ask me to join that thing! You're my pastoreess, and I'm bound to follow your lead in 'every good word and work.' I've joined the Missionary Society, and the Aid Society, and taken a Sunday-school class, when I ought to be in the infant class myself—but I can't go into anything so deep as this. You know how busy I am."

"But it's on purpose for busy people," I interrupted.

"Well, I'm too old to be—"

"It's just the thing for old people," I interrupted again. "One of the graduates is over seventy."

"Now, Mrs. Barnes, I might as well tell you my real reason for not joining—you'll give me no peace till I do. I am not capable: I don't know enough—to put it plainly—and that's the honest truth. I never had half a chance when I was young, and after I was married there was absolutely no time for reading. It was just work—

work. It is only in the last few years that I had any freedom or leisure. And now it's too late—when 'my head is blossoming for the grave'—as old Uncle Chester would say—to begin to try to be 'literary and scientific.' Why, the very name of that affair is enough to make my gray hair stand on end! I know you'll think it's dreadful, but I actually haven't read anything as solid as a history in twenty years. You've no idea how much I don't know."

"There is one thing you don't know," I answered, "and that is how to judge of your own capabilities, and what is required of members of the C.L.S.C. Now, I was for years a teacher, and ought to be able to judge of a person's intellectual ability. I am also a graduate of the C.L.S.C., and you ought to trust my judgment. Any ordinarily bright person, who can read and understand a newspaper article, can safely undertake the Chautauqua course. You ought to join it for my sake. Here I have walked miles, and talked like a book-agent trying to organize this circle, hoping to get our young people interested in good, helpful reading, but how can I hope to succeed when so few of the older ones take an interest?"

"Oh, well, if you put it in that light, if you need my help, I shall have to join, and trust Providence to help me through. You know the old Negro said: 'If de Lawd tills me to jump frew a stone wall it's my duty to jump at it, and trust de Lawd to take me frew.' I confess I should enjoy the idea of belonging to such a grand institution as your C.L.S.X.Y.Z., if I could do it without making a 'visible fool' of myself. But what'll I do if they ask me to write an essay on something? I shall back right out if they do. They might as well ask me to fly to the moon. I'll read the books and attend the meetings, but you must promise not to ask me to do anything else."

"I'll promise to stand between you and all harm," I replied. "Come to the meeting Monday evening, and bring paper and pencil."

Fortune smiled on my efforts, and I had reason to be proud of the company that gathered for the first meeting of the Chautauqua circle. Mrs. Brown was there, looking pleased and interested, but anxious withal.

"Take me under your wing," she whispered, slipping into the seat beside me, "and remember your promise. The idea of telling me you needed my help, when you have such a lot of nice people—as good as there are in the city! I think it's just splendid—but I must own I feel shaky."

An organization was soon effected: the president read an address to Chautauquans by Chancellor Vincent, made a few appropriate remarks, and then proceeded to read the list of books for the year's course.

"'A Brief History of Rome,' 'Preparatory Latin Course in English,' 'College Latin Course in English.'"

Mrs. Brown drew a deep breath.

"'Political Economy,' 'Human Nature,' 'In His Name.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes!" with a little hysterical laugh.

"'Pomegranates from an English Garden,' 'The Bible in the Nineteenth Century.'"

Mrs. Brown turned to me with solemn impressiveness.

"What have you got me into? I never even heard of one of these books! I can't do a thing with them!"

"Wait, wait; they are easy, if they do sound formidable. Trust your pastoreess."

Waiting for a street-car, a fortnight later, Mrs. Brown grasped my arm. "Oh, shall you be at the

Chautauqua to-night? I can hardly wait for it. I have my lesson all ready, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I'd no idea Roman history was so easy and interesting. I wouldn't take ten dollars for what I've learned in these two weeks. I have been hearing all my life about these things, in lectures and sermons, and wishing I knew about them myself; and now, those old Romans begin to seem quite like neighbours already."

It is hardly necessary to say that, before the Chautauqua year closed, Mrs. Brown had become so familiar with "those old Romans," that she didn't hesitate to join in discussions on their character and works, and even an essay had lost its terrors.

Eighteen months later, a letter from her contained this passage:—

"Don't worry because you are obliged to give up work for a time; think how much you did for me, and let that satisfy you for the present. It may not seem much to you, but it is a good deal to me. You helped me to 'discover myself,' as Miss Willard says. You showed me that I had a mind worth improving, and how it could be done. It never would have occurred to me to join the C.L.S.C. if you hadn't insisted on it, and it has opened a new world to me."

Later she wrote:—

"I can hardly wait for the Chautauqua year to begin. Our meetings last year were all good, and we had some fine lectures. I am reading the *Marble Faun*. I don't know as it will do me much good, but I know it would have been Greek to me if I hadn't read Roman history and literature, and I never would have done that if you hadn't taken an interest in me, and led me into new and pleasant paths."\*—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## Wait.

I SAW the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbour:

"Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready reply.

"Well, then, bring your basket."

The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the white and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence meanwhile, and hopeful. At length he re-appeared with a well-replenished basket, saying:

"I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you have to wait, the more grapes."

It is so, I thought, with the Proprietor of all things. He says to me and to all: "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel—my needy but capacious soul. He disappears.

I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out: "How long! how long!" At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying: "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while."

Then I look, and, behold! fruits more, richer, than I had asked for! and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait the more he gives.—Home Circle.

\* The Epworth League Readings are on the same general line as those of the C.L.S.C., but are simpler for beginners.