

ling than appetizing." He tells us of the friends that he slowly made; of the worrying attacks of ill-health that interfered so often with the routine of college-work; of the happy Sunday evenings spent with his mother in an adjoining street, where she had taken rooms that she might watch over him, while his father, for love of him, submitted to the loneliness at Herne Hill; but he tells little of any great aspirations engendered or influences gained at the University. Indeed, it does not at all appear that, as a student, he by any means distinguished himself there. In English, it is true, he attracted some attention, although it was not until on a third trial that he finally succeeded in winning the Newdigate Prize for a poem. In mathematics, on the other hand, he confesses himself, throughout his school career, a melancholy failure: "I went easily through the first three books of Euclid, and got as far as quadratics in Algebra. But there I stopped, virtually forever. The moment I got into sums of series, or symbols expressing the relations instead of the real magnitudes of things—partly in want of faculty, partly in an already well-developed and healthy hatred of things vainly bothering and intangible—I jibbed—or stood stunned."

In 1840, however, he became seriously ill, and his Oxford life came practically to an end. An unfortunately one-sided attachment for Mlle. Clothilde Adele Domecq, the daughter of his father's continental partner, who, he says, reduced him "to a heap of white ashes in four days," aggravated the trouble. He was pronounced a consumptive, and was taken by his parents to the Continent, where the winter and spring were passed in the study of cathedrals, paintings and mountains.

On his return, he took his pass degree. But a much more important occurrence was his embarkation upon a new enterprise, for which the way now seemed prepared. Some years before, in 1836, a fierce attack had been made upon some of Turner's pictures, then exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition. It had been the custom of the artists to use white and black for light and shade. Turner had had the audacity to use warm and cold color instead—an innovation, hence, fall upon Turner tooth and nail! In fiery indignation at these attacks, Ruskin had written a burning article in defence of his idol. He had intended it for Blackwood's Magazine, but before submitting it, had sent the manuscript to Turner himself. Turner, who merely laughed at the critics, had, in turn, forwarded it to the man who had bought the picture most fiercely attacked. This man had promptly lost the paper, and so, for the time, the matter had been dropped. Now, however, a copy of this lost paper was discovered; Ruskin conceived the idea of expanding it into a book, and so it became the germ of the first volume of "Modern Painters"—"By a Graduate of Oxford." He had found his vocation; he would preach ideals of art, and with them ideals of life. Later, the interest in art was to be submerged by the interest in life, but of this he knew nothing now. He would write his book; and so the volume rapidly took form, and was finally published in 1843, when its author was but twenty-four years of age. Henceforth, the voice of Ruskin was recognized at that of a power to be reckoned with in English art and English literature, and English ideals.

(To be continued.)

Re King's Palaces.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

On page 1060, Vol. XLVI., No. 978, I see, under the heading of "Some of the King's Palaces," two mistakes. The photograph labelled "Balmoral Castle, Scotland," is St. James' Palace, London; that labelled "Osgoode House" (don't you mean Osborne House, I. of W.?), is a back

view of Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, taken from the Mall. I expect this will be one of very many letters on this subject. However, I hope you will forgive my pointing this out to you.

H. LYNE EVANS.
Nova Scotia.

[We are very thankful to Mr. Evans for his kindness in writing us re this matter. By an unfortunate accident, the original photos of the palaces could not be found at time of going to press, hence the confusion.—Editor.]

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Way of Fellowship.

It is too hot for any concentration of thought this week. If I tried to give you a talk on any subject, it would certainly be as limp as one's collars—with all the starch melted out of the ideas. So I will give you a few extracts from a very beautiful book, which was one of my Christmas presents. The book is by Rev. F. W. Drake, and is called "The Way of Fellowship."

"God has made us for Himself. That is the secret of the Way of Fellowship. Therefore God ever claims our highest. He asks that we should love Him with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our soul, and with all our strength. That is the measure of the Fellowship which He seeks. In the secret springs of will and affection, in the hidden depths of life, God seeks the steadfast response of a growing consecration. And the soul, thus aroused to the call of Fellowship, God draws ever to Himself with that unchanging love which He bears towards the least shadow of His own Divine Goodness. It is a high ideal. We need encouragement to hold it ever before our eyes. For there is no road so fraught with sorrows of disappointment, so beset with the perils of impatience and the horrors of despair, as the path of the earnest disciple who would make a whole-hearted offering of his life."

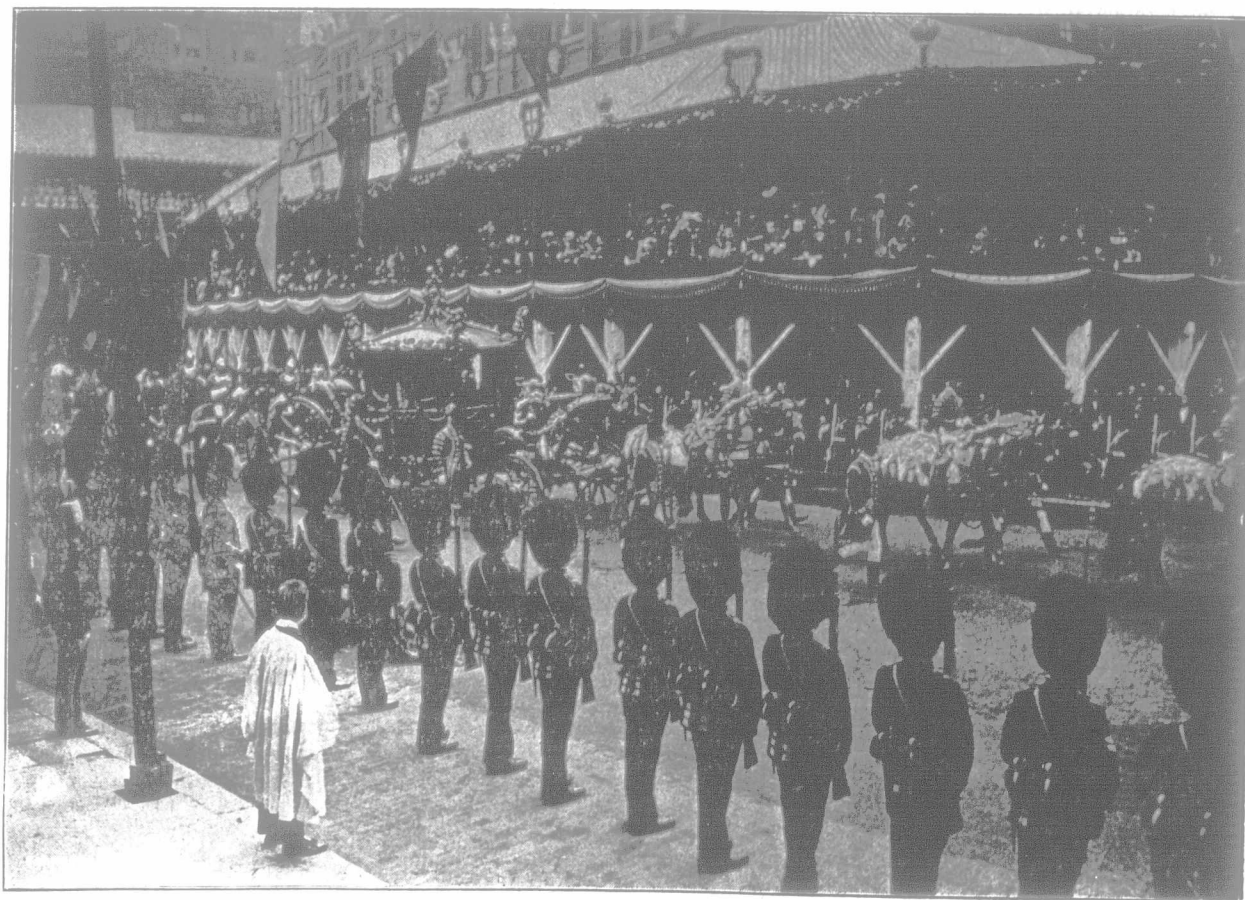
"The Spirit of God works in different ways in different souls. Each soul is of value as great as mine. Never ought I to be so conscious of the value of all other souls as when in growing penitence I bow before the Cross and adore the wonder of their redemption. Never must I be so loving, so patient, so winning in my ways. Let that be the test of my growing surrender. Does it take me out of myself? Does it make me live in God? Does it make me more tender of others for whom Christ died? The world watches us in our growing

fellowship, not unkindly, but wistfully, expectantly, with an infinite hunger at its heart, and a pathetic hope that when it sees us at our best, there may dawn upon its gaze a vision of beauty so attractive, so compelling, that it can no longer withhold its allegiance, but must itself be taken captive by the love of God, and enter humbly on that way of Fellowship which has ever been its high destiny in the Heart of the Eternal."

"Let each day begin with a simple act of faith in the love of God, and the atmosphere of God's love will surround us all the day. Whatever happens, God's love is the one thing each day which we will never allow ourselves to question. That is the pivot on which life hinges; that is the light which is to irradiate every dark corner; that is the driving power of our enthusiasm, the secret of our peace, the certainty of our happiness. . . . And every moment, whether of difficulty, anxiety, or joy, will bear its own message of God's love. Beneath the squalor and meanness of the most miserable conditions of life, we shall detect the quiet workings of God's love, the lowly adjustment of the infinite resources of Divine pity to the needs of sinful men, God's unceasing appeal for Fellowship. There will be no failure in our response to His call, while we thus keep the certainty of His love before us day by day. We cannot fail to love Him while we remember that He first loved us."

"Prayer is conscious fellowship with God—not merely communion with God, but co-operation with God. In the neglect of this truth lies the origin of most of our difficulties about prayer. Co-operation, not compulsion, is the secret of true prayer. Often our first idea about prayer is that it means our strenuous effort to alter and change the direction of the Divine Will. We see what we need. We would impress that need upon the mind of God, and the intensity of our prayer is in proportion to our determination to bend God's Will. But prayer calls us not to compel God, but to co-operate with Him; calls us unto fellowship of will with Him. . . . If prayer, then, is not a changing of the Divine Will, where is the use, the help, the comfort of praying? If God's Will must in all events be fulfilled, would it not be sufficient if we be dumbly resigned and bow our heads meekly before the sovereign magnificence of the Divine Will? Those questions are always being asked. And the solution lies in realizing that the essence of Prayer is Fellowship. It is the free and full entering of the human will into conscious fellowship with the Will of God. This must always involve a great effort and a continuous strain. In the prayers of Christ Himself we can see this. The

very fact that He, in all His Perfection, should pray, and pray so earnestly and so often, is significant of what prayer must mean for us. The nights spent in prayer, the hours of solitude, the agony of blood, are eloquent of the demand upon the will which true prayer must ever make, as man rises into fellowship with God. . . . Prayer is the right direction of the redeemed will. It is the uplifting of the will by which we desire above all things the consummate fulfillment of God's Holy Will of Wisdom and of Love. We bend all the forces of our personality that way. We will it vehemently. It is the active outgoing of ourselves with all our faculties of heart and mind and will to co-operate with God. 'Thy will be done' is the supreme prayer. . . . And the effort of my will, by God's gracious ordinance, sets free the energies of the Divine Wisdom and Love. God was waiting for the submission and surrender of my human will before He could grant His full blessings. But His blessings, when they are granted, will not be according to the poor measure of my own weak wisdom and love, but according to the perfect measure of His own Divine insight and infinite love. He will grant the best. . . . Holiness of character must be the condition of effectual prayer; not, of course, consummate holiness, but a will that pursues what it knows of holiness. The desire to rise to the highest and best one knows, the real effort to identify self with all that is beautiful and good, the absolute repudiation of all that is known to be wrong—that is the condition of true prayer. Thus prayer shows itself in the life, and the life becomes prayer. . . . Many of us have lives that are filled to the brim with busy activities, that wear out brain and soul and tire out hands and feet. While we know and feel the need of quiet hours to be alone with God, the day gives no chance of mere than the merest moments, if the work is to be fully done—work that gets us up early and sends us weary and late to bed; work so absorbing that our energies are worn out by its strenuous demands. Then it is good to remember, that if our work is consciously dedicated to the glory of God, it is prayer. It is the oblation of the will along the lines that God has marked out for us. It is the means of our Fellowship with God. And though, because of the mental stress of the work, we cannot at each moment be actively conscious of God, yet it is work which at the beginning has been dedicated to Him, and again and again we are able to make short acts of realization of the Presence of God. Such work sanctifies us, and unites us to the Will of God, and deepens our Fellowship with the Will of God, who eternally works. Many an earnest



A Bit of the Coronation Procession.