

HOME JOURNAL

Life, Literature and Education

IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Miss Julia Magruder, the American novelist, died in Richmond, Va., on the ninth of June.

Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago, the noted preacher and orator, gave lectures in Winnipeg on Gladstone and Savonarola.

Caruso, the great tenor, has signed a contract with Conried for four years at a salary of a million francs a year.

Thorlief Larsen of New Westminster has been awarded the Rhodes scholarship for British Columbia for this coming year.

Sketches by Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and two drawings by Raphael have been stolen from the Haarlem Museum, Holland.

Jesse James, son of the notorious bandit of the same name, has graduated from the Kansas City School of Law at the head of a class of thirty-eight.

A vaulted edifice containing gold ornaments and believed to be the palace of the Homeric king, Nestor, has been discovered by German archaeologists near Pylos, Greece.

Edward Sells, of St. Louis, believes he has identified a painting that he purchased a year ago for less than a hundred dollars, as the famous "St. Jerome," painted by Titian about 1531 and missing since 1629.

The board of Laval University, Montreal, has promised to loan twenty pictures to the Toronto exhibition. The pictures represent historical events, many being portraits of early Canadian pioneers.

A Chinese newspaper, the *King Pao Metropolitan News*, has just celebrated its 500th anniversary. During that time many of its editors have lost their heads literally when their productions displeased the court.

A shrine is to be erected at Waubaushene, Ontario, in memory of the French Catholic missionary Brebeuf, who died a martyr there in 1615, where the friendly Hurons on the Georgian Bay shore were attacked by the Iroquois.

Recently in St. Mary's Church, Montreal, two beautiful memorial windows were dedicated. One, representing a woman with a child in her arms and another at her feet, was presented by the members of the church in honor of Miss Sarah Maxwell, the teacher who gave her life for her pupils. The other, representing the Good Shepherd, was a gift of the St. Mary's Sunday School in memory of the little children who lost their lives in the fire.

A UNIQUE WILL.

The following last will and testament, written by a man who died in the Cook County Asylum, Illinois, was read by the justice into whose possession it came before the law school alumni association of New York University:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all

else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herein-after given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes of the strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fire-side at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Items: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Helpless and infirm old age has no attractiveness. Everyone would like to pass the limit set by the Psalmist if he could do so with eye not dim, and natural strength unabated. The question is, How can it be done? To ask that question aloud is to be inundated with advice—advice of many shades and complexions, but with this in common, that it all recommends the doing of what we do not like and the leaving undone of what we do like if there is to be any health in us after sixty. Beyond that the several varieties are very contradictory. We are almost persuaded by one counsellor to abstain

from alcohol and tobacco, but abandon the resolution when a hearty nonagenarian vows he has used both for the last three quarters of a century. We are tossed to and fro similarly over eating meat, taking cold baths, committing matrimony or going to funerals, until we are in danger of dying young from the effects of reckless mixed advice.

But it can be done. One class of people have discovered the secret of longevity without searching for it, and possess it unawares. They are the men and the women having a healthy interest in humanity and living a life of activity for the benefit of other people. They are not self-centered and the machinery of being seems to run more smoothly when we are not continually engaged in watching the wheels go round. This living from the inside out, instead of from the outside in, appears to be as conducive to lengthening one's days as the scriptural one of honoring father and mother.

There are any number of examples to be cited in support of the truth of this statement and to disprove the more common one that the good and those whom the gods love die young. The "goody-goods" may, but the genuine article, barring accidents and epidemics, is too busy forgetting himself and remembering other people to do anything but live on to a happy old age. Do you want a better example than General Booth, the Little Father to Britain's poor and discouraged home-seekers. Considerably over seventy he is as full of energy and enthusiasm as other men forty years younger. Then there is Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea. The hardships of the primitive army-hospital did not prevail against her unselfish courage. The years since then have been filled to overflowing with efforts to relieve others' pain, and now, at eighty-seven, she is still heartily interested in the outside world of men and women.

Lord Lister, whose antiseptics have eased the pain and saved the lives of thousands, was, ten years ago, when I had the privilege of seeing him, a hearty, rosy little man still studying and experimenting to perfect the balm of healing which he has made his life work. A few weeks ago his eightieth birthday was celebrated by his friends with great rejoicing. Among those who have gone, but whose lives were long, honored and happy, there are no better examples than the great philanthropist, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Victoria, England's Good Queen, the one laying down her burden of dispensing her wealth to the poor at ninety-three and the other completing the good rule of a great people at eighty-two. John G. Paton at eighty-three passed to the reward befitting a man who took his life in his hand to carry civilization and Christianity to the cannibals of the New Hebrides; while Dr. William Bayard of St. John, N. B., who has devoted his life to the healing of men's bodies, has lived ninety-five years, seventy of them in his profession, and still visits a few patients.

MAKE MEN HAPPY.

I would much prefer that people should try to make me happy than that they should try to do me good. They have ninety-nine chances out of a hundred to succeed in the first, for the desire for happiness is the highest common factor in the make-up of humanity, and to a very great extent the same things make us all happy—a word of cheer; praise that has been earned; a gift, large or small, inspired by love. There is no danger of making a mistake in giving these to anyone, no matter what his peculiarities may be. And in making him happy you go a long way toward making him good.

To dispense happiness is to give out sweet bread and pure water. Every one can take and use what you have to give. But "doing people good" is bestowing upon them certain dishes that suit your own palate and digestion, and expecting them to make a full meal before your very eyes regardless of the effect it will have on their systems.