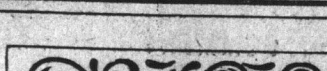




AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



A BIBLE MANUSCRIPT

Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement that Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit, is in possession of a manuscript, which may be an older version of the Bible than that which has been extant for many centuries. As all accounts of it come through United States sources, and as the proneness of writers for the press of that country is to magnify into a sensation things, which on investigation turn out to be not specially important, what is said of this old Greek document must for the present be taken with many grains of allowance. The story of its discovery by Mr. Freer is that in his search for antiques, he met an old man, living near Cairo, named Ali Arabo, who is a Mohammedan by faith. He is said to have stored away in six houses, which he occupies, all manner of relics of the past, and as he is a good business man, he is indifferent as to whether he preserves things pertaining to Islam, Christianity or the ancient faith of Egypt. Anything, for which seekers after antiques will pay money, is so much grist to Ali Arabo's mill. Early last year an American, in company with two representatives of the British Museum, called upon the old Arab to see some of his curiosities. While the representatives of the museum were in another part of the premises, Ali, in seeking to find something, which the American wished to see, displaced a box of manuscripts. The latter reported the fact to Mr. Freer, who was then in Cairo. Ali at first refused to permit him to examine them, but at length consented. There were four manuscripts in all. The smallest of them consisted of 155 pages, and the largest of 350. They are on parchment, and for the most part very clearly written in Greek. They had been buried in the sand for many centuries, and its heat has browned the edges, but, generally speaking, they are in excellent condition and easily legible. Freer had little idea of the value of the parchment books, but some friends to whom he told of his discovery, persuaded him that they might be very valuable. He proved of importance, especially as Ali said he believed they formed a copy of the Bible. All was not very much disposed to talk about them, but after many negotiations said that they had been found in the sand in the ruins of Panopolis, a town which used to stand in Upper Egypt, and was at one time a great religious centre. The end of the negotiations was that Freer obtained the manuscripts, and hurried them out of the country and took them to his home in Detroit, where they now are. A few weeks ago he showed them to some professors from the University of Michigan, and they are now available for translation. Freer himself does not pretend to know what their value is. He says that if they are what scholars, who have examined them, say they are, they must be of the greatest importance. Professor Sanders, who is one of the experts to whom they have been submitted, thinks that they may date back to the Fourth Century. If this is the case, it may be that they antedate any existing copies of the Scriptures.

The interest attaching to such a discovery is very great, although of course everything depends upon their assumed antiquity being established within reasonable limits. It is not special material that they should be proved to be older than any other version. If they are only a very old version of the sacred text, it will not be easy to estimate what part they may play. Apparently they are almost complete, that is to say, some of the omissions in other manuscripts seem to be supplied in these. There are also additional paragraphs. It follows as of course that any version of the Scriptures dating from the early days of the present Era is worthy of careful study, it would be impossible in the space here available to give even a brief description of the various documents to which scholars refer in their endeavor to ascertain what the original text of the sacred narratives was. It may be mentioned that none of them go back to a date within several centuries after the birth of Christ. The Hebrew records are of comparatively modern times, that is, when we consider the remoteness of the period to which the Old Testament Scriptures refer. All the versions are not alike, and it is well known that in the early days of the present Era there was much dispute among Hebrews as to the authenticity of the several versions then in use. The most notable of them all is what is known as the Septuagint. There are copies of this which are between thirteen and fourteen hundred years old. The authorship of the Septuagint is very uncertain. There is a claim that an Egyptian king, who reigned some two and a half centuries before Christ, engaged seventy-two scholars to write out in Alexandrian Greek the Hebrew Scriptures. This was accepted in the earlier centuries of the Christian Era as correct, and it is generally believed that the Jews living at the time of Christ were familiar with this version of their sacred books, and, in fact, used it in their temples. There is, however, a long blank period from the time the Septuagint was supposed to have been translated from the Hebrew to the probable date of the oldest extant copy of it, and for this reason, if for no other, any newly discovered version of the Old Testament, even if its antiquity is not as great as is claimed for the Freer manuscripts, would be exceedingly interesting for purposes of comparison, and it might be very useful for the purpose of clearing up any points in other versions, which are obscure either from omissions or from the imperfect condition of the text.

The contents of the Freer manuscripts are thus described: No. 1 contains the books of Deuteronomy and Joshua. The books preceding Deuteronomy in our accepted version seem to have formed a part of it, but are now missing. No. 2 contains the Psalms, and although it is in rather poor condition, being the oldest of them all, it is said that there will be no great difficulty in deciphering most of these poems. No. 3 contains the four Gospels entire. It has been examined sufficiently to warrant the statement that it varies in some particulars from the version contained in the modern Bible. No. 4 is older than No. 3, and contains the Acts and the Epistles. It is not in a very good state of preservation, and some parts of it may prove indecipherable. The following paragraphs are translations of what follows the fourteenth verse of Mark XYL, that is, it would come in just before the famous instruction to the Disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature:

"And they answered, saying that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the (evil) spirits to comprehend the truth of God (and) his power. For this reason reveal thy righteousness now," they said to Christ, and Christ said to them:

"The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned in order that they may return to the truth and sin no more, the end that they inherit the spiritual and indestructible glory of righteousness (which) is in heaven."

This is extremely interesting, because as all students of the New Testament know, it has been claimed that the latter part of the last chapter of Mark's Gospel is an interpolation from a doubtful source. This is the part of the Gospel which tells the story that the disciples followed them to the place where they shall find them that believe. We have in the Freer manuscript proof that, whatever value may be properly attached to the verses referred to, they are no modern invention.

UNRECOGNIZED RESPONSIBILITIES

N. de Bertrand Lugin

From time immemorial it has been admitted that a man's duty is first to his State, second to his family and third to himself. It does not matter a great deal which we consider first, our country or our family; for, if we work conscientiously for the real betterment and advancement of the one or the other we are working for the welfare of both. Each of us can judge for himself in how great a degree he falls short of following this altruistic course of conduct which is supposed to produce the best of citizens.

We read a great deal in the magazines and the public press of today of the curse laid upon the masses by the growth of the wealth of the classes, and they and the employers, are usually the object of attack. Granting that much of the inventive and abuse is merited by these to whom it is given, there is yet another side to the question. In how great a degree does the responsibility for the existing condition of things rest with the employees, the tradesman, the ordinary citizen?

There is one truth that is perfectly apparent to every one who lets himself think at all, and it is, that as long as men and women have for their one object in life the wages they can earn and the amassing of money, just so long shall those men and women remain narrow and degraded, unenlightened as to the real meaning and worth of life.

A great many hundred years ago the wise old Spartan lawgiver, perceiving the root of the existing evils of Laconia, made it a disgraceful and well-nigh impossible thing for citizens to become rich in material possessions. He called in all the gold and silver and established as the only currency a sort of money made of iron "a great quantity of which was not little worth, so that to lay up twenty or thirty pounds was required a pretty large closet and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen." So wise indeed was the administration of Lycurgus that conditions closely approaching a Communism were established, each citizen possessing his house and land upon which to raise wheat and cattle, sufficient for the needs of his family. The country at harvest time was said to be a fair sight, dotted all over with equal sized lots, newly reaped, upon which were stacked the golden grain. "Methinks," quoth Lycurgus, "that all Laconia looks like one family estate equally divided among a number of brothers."

Bacon called riches the "baggage of virtue." "The Roman word," he writes, "is better still 'Impedimenta,' for as the baggage is to an army so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind but it hinders the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no use except it be in the distribution, the rest is conceit.—Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly. The ways to enrich are many and most of them are foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet it is not innocent for it withhold man from works of liberality and charity."

What Lycurgus acknowledged to be the root of the evil in his time, and what Bacon recognized as an impediment to virtue, is one of the causes for the envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness existing today, and is responsible for the unhappy condition of society, where the amassing of great wealth is considered the worthiest occupation. In which a man can engage. And the other cause, is this—that those who follow the trades, those whose lives depend upon their knowledge of a handicraft, hold that work or trade in such contempt, that their work is dishonest and they are dishonest to their employers and dishonest to themselves.

A few hundred years ago in England there was a bearded noble old statesman and scholar, who left behind him a work so worthy that the ideas involved in it have been used by hundreds of philanthropists and socialists since his day, when they have endeavored in one country or another to establish an ideal state of society. Probably Sir Thomas More borrowed some of his ideas from the history of the civilization of ancient Egypt, that great country, which gave to the philosophers and reformers of old much of their wisdom. We read that up to profession in Egypt was considered as sordid or groveling. By this means all arts were brought to their highest perfection. The poster of the father was handed down to the son, men became expert in their employments which they had always learned from infancy and the arts were improved by wonderful and numerous inventions. Sir Thomas More went a step further in describing the state of society upon his imaginary island. "Besides agriculture," he writes, "which is common to all, every man or woman being instructed in it from their childhood, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wood or flax, masonry, smith's work or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is not held in great esteem among them. The chief business of the magistrates is to see that no man may live idle but follow his trade diligently working six hours a day. And the trades follow are usually those handed down from father to son, though if a man choose he may change his profession to one more congenial to his fancy."

And just here is brought to mind the old glass-workers of Venice. Here was a trade so noble, that none but a few chosen members of the aristocracy knew the wonderful secrets involved in the making of the matchless ware. The secret of its manufacture and coloring were handed down from father to son until so perfect became the art that Venice was famous for that and that alone and the fame lives to this day.

What is true of one trade must be true of another; all work becomes better and purer and more nearly perfect as we undertake it with greater earnestness and nobility of purpose, and having in mind the wage we earn but rather the perfection of our handicraft. And all work becomes menial, cheap and degrading, if we undertake it contemptuously and as a despised means to an unworthy end.

If it could be understood once and for all that money does not mean happiness, that very often it means everything else but that, and that those who follow their trades diligently and wisely are far nobler, far more capable of happiness than those who make money-getting their aim, no matter how prodigious their wealth, and that the responsibility of existing conditions today rests with the masses just because they are the masses, then would it be possible to face the great issues that confront us today sanely and fearlessly.

For these are strenuous times with us in America. There are great questions to be decided, questions that involve the peace of our nation, the sanctity of our homes and our freedom. If we love our country, if we honor the flag under whose protection we were born, then must we think and think without prejudice, we must play our part as true citizens let us degrade it for the sake of a mean motive. There will we hesitate to lay down our honest tools to listen to the harangues of some mistaken agitator and to follow him in a course that can have no honorable end. Then shall each one of us decide for himself what his duty is, and he will do it wisely and bravely as a dweller in the most beautiful country upon God's earth as a citizen under the flag that has always stood for freedom.

MAGIC

What is magic? Taking the word in its broad meaning it may be said to be the operation of unknown laws. To an Australian aborigine many of the simplest transactions of ordinary life are magical. Most people have heard the story of the African totem, a missionary had given a chip on which he had written a message to his wife, asking her to send him a saw. To the African the saw was magic. We may smile at the absurdity of such an idea, but it is not so far from the truth. In the past, when we were not so much familiarized with wonders, there are discoveries of science that would appear to us to be magical. To be able to talk into a little box and hear hundreds of miles away, with neither tube nor wire connecting us with the person spoken to, would seem magical. If we had not learned that there are laws governing such things, therefore we must be cautious how sweeping we make our denunciations of events alleged to be magical, for we cannot tell which of them may not be due to the operation of laws of whose operations most of mankind are ignorant.

A belief in magic seems to be among the earliest developments of human intelligence. No race is so low in the stage of progress that it does not explain many things by magic. Indeed one might say that in rudimentary civilization everything which could not be explained, was attributed to magic. Thus the native races of Australia accounted for some of the simpler phenomena of nature, such as thunder, shooting stars and the like as due to the magical influence of means. If a hawk cries in the night, they think it means that a child is about to die, which we all know is very absurd, even if we wonder what it portends if the dog howls under our window three times in succession. But a belief in magic is by no means confined to primitive peoples. In Egypt, Babylon and Rome at the very height of their civilization and power the people believed in magic. Every one is familiar with the story of the Plagues of Egypt. Now because the Jews attributed all extraordinary things to the special interposition of Jehovah, we explain these plagues by saying that Moses brought them about by divine command, but it will be remembered that Moses and the king's magicians gave an exhibition of their magical powers. Moses cast down his rod and it became a serpent; whereupon the magicians cast down their rods, which became serpents, but the rod of Moses devoured the rods of the magicians. All these, whatever else it implies, implies a belief in the Jewish race in the power of Jehovah. The Middle Ages a belief in magic was universal. It is universal today; that is, it is as widespread as the human race, although there are more people now, who do not believe in it than ever before. In short, as the domain of actual knowledge is being broadened, the domain of the magical is necessarily being narrowed, and as so much that was once thought to be magical has been proved to be simply the operation of known laws, there are thousands of people who would just as soon not spill the salt and would prefer to see the new moon over the right shoulder.

WILHELMINE VON BAYREUTH

Those women of the eighteenth century, who have gained a place in literature, are notable chiefly for their memoirs. There had not arisen a school of literary women. Lines of social demarcation were drawn more sharply then than now, and the tendency of the time was not to lead many persons to the pursuit of letters. The cost of producing books was relatively large and the number of purchasers small. The field in which the lady novelist found her clientele had scarcely any existence when Frederick the Great was influencing the fate of Europe. Literature was tolerated rather than respected. Hence it came about that those women, whose inclinations were in that direction, gave expression to their ambitions in letters, which would reach a small and select circle of friends, and which would not meet with publication, until it might seem auspicious to lay bare the secrets of courts. To Wilhelmine von Bayreuth we are indebted for an inner view of life in the Prussian capital during those eventful years when Frederick William I. and his great son above named were upon the throne. She was daughter of Frederick Wilhelm, of George of England. She was born on July 3, 1709. Her father was a man of almost inhuman characteristics. He was mean, sordid and cruel. For a long time he walked with a crutch, and with this, when angered, he would belabor his wife, his children, his ministers of state, his guests, his servants—any one, in short, who for some real or fancied cause might have incurred his displeasure. His wife was naturally disposed to be gay, but lived in a state of almost constant terror. She was very ambitious for the future of her children, and one of her most cherished plans was to make her daughter queen of England by marriage with her cousin, the then Prince of Wales, father of George III., but the influence of the Emperor of Austria, was sufficient to prevent the union from being brought about. Wilhelmine does not appear to have much regretted the failure of her mother's plans, for she shortly afterwards became the bride of the Margrave of Bayreuth, a man of very superior qualities, and with whom she lived happily, although the surroundings of Bayreuth were hardly in keeping with her great tastes and strength of character. This union closed the door to all avenues of political ambition, and disdaining the petty intrigues and jealousies of her own little court, she gathered around her a circle composed of cultured and thoughtful men and women. It is probable that she would have played a conspicuous part in the development of eighteenth century literature, but her health was never very good, and her constitution was shattered by her vigorous life in her father's household. She died in her forty-ninth year. Between her and her brother, Frederick the Great, there were ties of an unusually deep affection, and one writer says that "the shadow of her death stretched across the remaining years of his life."

As a writer Wilhelmine is noted for her directness. She wastes very few words on her descriptions, and never interrupts the thread of her story to give us her ideas or reflections upon what she is describing. She exhibits all the simplicity and graphic quality of Tacitus. Speaking of the visit of Peter the Great of Russia to the Prussian Court on her return to Berlin, she writes: "As soon as the Emperor saw me, he recognized me—having seen me five years ago—took me up in his arms and kissed me all over my face. I boxed his ears and made frantic efforts to get away from him, telling him he had insulted me. This delighted him and made him laugh heartily." In such simple sentences she tells the story of this historic visit. Of Peter's wife she writes: "The Countess was small, broad and brown-looking, without the slightest trace of beauty. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand and was trimmed with some dirty-looking silver embroidery. The bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen orders and round the bottom of her skirts hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly-harnessed mule."

She describes Peter as tall, well-formed and handsome, although with a coarseness of expression that inspired fear. The Emperor's visit lasted two days, during which time he lived at a beautiful palace known as Monblous, which Wilhelmine describes as "really a little gem," and from which the Queen had taken the precaution to remove everything that might get broken. "As the Russian gentlemen are not noted for being particular or over-careful," but the prudence availed nothing, for she tells us "This barbarous court happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monblous, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house." In such words pictures as this she describes the court life of her time. Her treatment by her father during the time she had the small-pox was incredibly cruel, and her description of it gives us an insight into court custom of a time, when, according to most of the superficial historians, great men were making money in a great way. She exposes the pitiful littleness of the life with which she was surrounded unsparingly. Her memoirs are of the greatest value to those who would have an insight into European life a century and a half ago.

"We wish," writes the editor of the Tartown "Trumpet," to correct an error which crept into our issue of last week. In describing the unfortunate runaway accident on Main street we wrote: "While waiting the arrival of the ambulance, Doctor Skinner, who was fortunately present, took the victim's pulse. It was the printer who carefully changed the 'I' in the last word to 'r'. We make this correction in justice to Doctor Skinner, whose fees are always moderate, and who never prescribes a bill in advance. Office over Jed Kimball's drug store.—Cleveland Leader."

Arguing for a Reduction

In Mrs. Lapham's family circle her powers of reasoning were accounted most remarkable and convincing. Outside the family her ability to convince was not so marked. "See here," she said without releasing the ten-cent piece for which the conductor of the trolley car had come to her side. "I've only brought Willie with me. He's 8, so I've to pay his fare. I've left Myra, that's 4, and Neddy, that's 2, at home. Now you wouldn't have charged me for them, would you?" "No, madam," said the conductor. "Your fare, please."

"Well, they'd have taken one seat," persisted Mrs. Lapham, still retaining her hold on the trolley car. "I couldn't have held 'em both. I thought of bringing them, only it was too far. Now, why can't you take off something from Willie under the circumstances?" "Youth's Companion."

"What kind of coal do you use in your house?" "Pea-coal. You know we are all vegetarians."

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world."

"But we have no cradle any more."

"No, and you haven't noticed the world rocking to any considerable extent, either, lately."

"I'm introducing an automatic machine," said the caller, "that will pay for itself in a year."

"I'll take one, if it will do that," promptly replied the manufacturer.

"If it will pay for itself in a year—"

"No, if it will automatically pay for itself in a year."

"Did you complain to the grocer that he hadn't sold us pure olive oil?"

"Yes, and he made me ashamed of myself for speaking."

"What did he say?"

"He reminded me that to the pure all things are pure."

"I notice the DeGolds don't speak to their country cousins any more."

"No, the country cousins made a terrible blunder at the swell dinner party."

"How was that?"

"Why, they asked if the family crest in the tablecloth was a laundry mark."

"Sorry I took the horse," said the captive, "but let's compromise this thing. If there's going to be any hanging done, let me do it."

"You mean suicide?" asked the leader of the lynching party.

"No. Suppose you just permit me to hang my head with shame and let it go at that."

THE STORY TELLER

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WITH THE POETS

The years are speeding away, away,
Out on an ocean vast and wide,
Moment by moment, day by day,
Like the ebbing away of the tide,
But, unlike the tide, they never return,
Never come back to the haunts of yore;
The tide of that ocean will never turn,
For it hath no other shore.

And what of the years that are gone?
Ah, me!
What is the record they've left behind?
Will it bear the test of eternity?
Or will it vanish as doth the wind?
What of the hasty words we've said?
What of the unkind acts we've done?
Where are the famished we might have fed?
Where are the souls we might have won?

Give answer, O soul! And, O, be true!
And as the year ebbs out its life,
Gird on thine armor; thy strength renew;
Be a gallant soldier in the strife.
Let the warning past be not forgot.
As the new-born year unfolds its leaves,
Lest thy Lord should say, "Ye did it not,"
When He garners in the sheaves.

Where our deeds die not with the dying years;
Our words return, as the swelling tide;
And what if our words bring bitter tears?
And, O, if our deeds should not abide!
Take heed, O soul! Take heed, take heed!
The past can never be undone;
Sow every day Love's precious seed,
While life shall last, till victory's won.
—Jennie E. Wilson Howell.

Sea-Drift
Once in a twelvemonth given,
At midnight of the year,
To rise from their graves as vapor
That shadow the face of fear,
And up through the green of surges,
A-sweep to the headland's base,
Like a white mist blown to landward,
They come to this lofty place—

Pale as the heart of sorrow,
Dim as a dream might be—
The souls of shipwrecked sailors,
And them that are drowned at sea,
In swift and silent procession
Circle the lonely steep,
Where the wild wind faints before them,
And hushed is the roar of the deep.

Between the stroke of midnight
And the first gray hint of day,
They gather and form and falter,
And noiselessly sink away—
But to the listening ocean
That has held its breath to hark
What the ghosts of its ocean victims
Might mutter and moan in the dark.

But up on the grassy headland
Never a moan is heard,
As they pass and pale in the soundless night
They utter no plaint nor word,
But as a mist dissolving
In the dawn star's pallid ray,
They vanish. And over the eastern hills
Stealth the light of day.
—Lisichen M. Miller, in Putnam's Magazine.

In Praise of Keats.
All over-thumbed, dog-eared, and stained with grass,
All bleached with sun and time, and eloquent
Or afterwards in golden-horned Romance,
You turn them o'er, these comrade books of mine

And idly ask me what I think of Keats.
But let me likewise question you round whom
The clangor of the Market sweeps and clangs—
In summer toward the murmurous close of June
Have you ever walked some dusty meadow path
That faced the sun and quivered in the heat,
And as you brushed through grass and daisy-drift,
Found glowing on some sun-burnt little knoll,
One deep, red, over-ripe wild strawberry?—
The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies,
And in that sun-bleached field the only touch
Of lustrous color to redeem the spring—
The flame-red passion of life's opulence
Grown over-sweet and soon ordained to death!
And have you ever caught up in your hand
That swollen globe of soft deliciousness?
You notice first the color, richly red,
And then the odor, strangely sweet and sharp
And last of all, you crush its ruddy core
Against your lips, till color, taste, and scent
Might make your stained mouth stop the murrum.
—This

The very heart of summer that crush—
So poignant, through its lusciousness it seems!
Then what's the need of Keats, of foolish words:
I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.
—From "The Woman in the Rain," by Arthur Stringer

Here is an exile's song by Mary Adamson from the very readable Christmas number of Chamber's Journal:
Oh, the sunshine's blithe and bonny in this land of
bush and veldt,
And a nothing else but sunshine that I see;
But my heart knows one snug island where my
childhood's days have dwelt,
And it's Memory's sun that lights that land for me.
Oh, the flicker of the log on the Old Home Hearth!
Oh, the faces it has lit for me.
Is there a joy so sweet
As at twilight try to meet
The dear ones 'neath the old roof-tree?

But the log shall never flicker as it did for me of
yore,
Nor the ruddy embers quite so warmly glow:
For some have crept out darkly by the dusky shadowed door,
And my heart is fain to ask them where they go.
Oh, the flicker of the log on the Old Home Hearth!
Oh, the faces once it lit for me!
When our
Round the hearthstone 'neath the old roof-tree!

O City Stones
I love you all, so worn so old,
O city stones
O sanctuary grim and cold,
To which, with faltering heart, I make
My pilgrimage for memory's sake;
Retracing ways he used to know,
The streets he passed not long ago,
O city streets!

A rude through surges o'er your breast,
O city stones!
The very paths his feet have pressed.
My heart cries "Scorn to her side, I've only brought Willie with me. He's 8, so I've to pay his fare. I've left Myra, that's 4, and Neddy, that's 2, at home. Now you wouldn't have charged me for them, would you?" "No, madam," said the conductor. "Your fare, please."

Perchance his splendor left behind
With you, O stones!
Where city by-way twist and wind—
Where, gay and brave, all people meet—
Some motley maskers fill the street—
Some subtle peace, some calm, some grace,
That all may gather in the race
Through stony ways.
—Claire Wallace Flynn, in the Scrap Book.