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Choosing a Wedding Gift

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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE LAW AND THE RIGHTEOUS.

In one of his epistles, Paul says something to the effect that the law is not for the righteous but for a number of characters, whom he specifies. Perhaps there is no one thing in the Bible, which is the source of as much mischief as this expression, which is distorted from its plain meaning by people, who want some sort of an excuse for acting wrongly. There used to be a resident of Victoria—he left here a year or two ago, who was accustomed to quote this text with a great deal of satisfaction. He used also to argue after this fashion: A plan of salvation has been devised; I have accepted it; I am righteous for that reason, and therefore there is no law for me; I can do things with impunity, which another man could not do without sinning, because there is a contract between me and my Maker. This was his line of reasoning, and to do him justice, it must be admitted that he lived up to it. He recognized no laws except those, the transgression of which would send him to gaol. There are other people who take a similar view. They claim to have attained to a state of perfection, in which they say they are above all law and cannot sin, no matter what they may do. It is an exaggeration of this idea which enables such people as the "Holy Rollers" and the like to excuse to themselves all manner of debaucheries and horrible orgies. But it is not of the vagaries of such people that we propose to speak this morning, but of another class, which is eminently respectable, and also ostensibly eminently devout.

Every man, who is at all familiar with the general conduct of mankind, must have remarked frequently that the fact of any particular individual being a professing Christian does not always imply that from such person we are sure to receive those evidences of righteousness, which logically ought to be the outcome of a mind influenced only by a desire to fulfil the law of love. It is a somewhat sad comment upon the fruits of religion in everyday life, that men do not feel any safer in a business transaction when they are dealing with a man who is avowedly pious, than when they have to do with one who is avowedly worldly in his thoughts. There are some people, who think they are serving God by going to church and saying their prayers daily. These things make them righteous in their own eyes, and as for the righteous there is no law, they feel at liberty to live mean, narrow and selfish lives. There is an amount of good done in every-day life, by men who make no pretension to being good, that surpasses by far the uttermost conceptions of people, who expect some great blessing from the Almighty simply because they are halfway decent. The man above referred to, who relied upon his contract, only stated in rather startling terms an idea that hundreds upon hundreds of church-going people believe down in the bottom of their hearts, it one may judge from the way in which they act. It is an obsolute fact that, if a hundred people be taken, who are avowedly righteous, and another hundred, who make no claim upon the point at all, and their every-day life is analyzed, quite as many of the fruits of righteousness will be found among the latter as among the former. We recall a case where a wealthy man in an eastern province was appealed to by a widow for $1,100 to save her home, which otherwise would be taken from her under a mortgage. He absolutely refused to give her the money; he said that he had already supported her and her family during her husband's long illness; that she did not owe them a dollar and never did; that they were an ungrateful lot and so on. He swore roundly that he would never give them another dollar, and after his suppliant went out in tears, he walked his library floor for half an hour declaiming upon the improvidence and ingratefulness of mankind in general and this widow and her family in particular, and there is not a grain of doubt that what he said about her and her family was quite within the truth. Then he sat down to his desk and made out a check for $1,100 and sent it to the widow. This is a sample of the kind of things that are being done every day by people, who would make no claim whatever to being righteous. They do kind acts, but do not expect the Lord to reward them. They never think about reward; they would laugh at the suggestion that they should be rewarded. They do what is decent and right simply because it is decent and right. They make no pretensions of being righteous; in fact they know that they are not. They know that they are struggling through life and that others are doing the same. The struggle may not be obvious to the outside observer, but it is going on just the same—if not in money matters, perhaps in something else much harder to bear, and when they see a chance to do good turn to their neighbor they do it as a matter of course. Now it is a fact, regret it as much as we may, that many persons, "who profess and call themselves Christians" are not on the alert to do good to their neighbors; they grow selfish in proportion as their conception of their own piety increases. There is no need of going into further particulars. Every one who reads this will know what we mean. Such people think there is no law for them because they are righteous. They take up the list of people to whom Paul says the law applies, and checking it off, do not find themselves therein. The result is that very frequently with the profession of religion we find mean lives, where we ought to look for brightness, beauty and fragrance.

Yet what Paul wrote was true enough. Laws are not made for the righteous. Righteous people do not require any law; because law is meant to bring about righteousness. If there was one thing for which Paul was distinguished more than anything else, it was his sound common sense. It is not necessary to get a microscope to find out what he meant. He said what he meant, and said it so plainly sometimes that his language is rather shocking. Sometimes he allowed his mind to wander into the domain of metaphysical discussion, when perhaps he was not always as clear as he might be, although the fault may lie with the transcribers and translators and not with him. But when he talked about the practical things of every-day life, he went straight to the point without any circumlocution about it. What he had to hay to the Thessalonians, for example, he said to them; possibly if he were writing to the Victorians, he might express himself differently. When he was telling some of the people that the law was not meant for the righteous, he did not mean that people who thought themselves righteous were at liberty to disregard the law, but simply that compliance with the positive laws against wrongful acts was not enough. It is no credit to a man that he keeps the Ten Commandments. A man may do all that and yet be a poor sort of creature. But if he will fulfill the Law of Love, while he may not merit any reward for so doing, he will receive it, and this, not because it is promised, but because Love is the fulfilling of Law, and it must bring about its blessings. The laws of the spiritual world are just as immutable as those of the material world. No man can ever hope to get beyond their operation.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Do you remember when you used to have your daguerreotype taken? If you are old enough, you do. It was an ordeal. You went into a room, where the prevailing color was blue, and that was the way you felt yourself. You were seated in a plush chair, and a villainous iron was affixed to your head, and after delays innumerable, you were told to look steady and pleasant, and be careful not to move. An eternity passed, during which a fly was sure to get on the end of your nose, or you had an appalling desire to sneeze, or the tears rolled down your cheeks, or something else agonized you—and the sacrifice was over. Sometime in the indefinite future, you were given a picture of yourself, which exaggerated all your defects and diminished all your good points, and then your Aunt Elizabeth comforted you with the assurance that it looked just like you, only it reminded her of your great-grandfather, who had been dead some seventy-five years, and when she saw him must have been about eighty years old. The taking of the daguerreotype was not only an event. It was an epoch. Things dated from it, as they did from the circus, and next day you met the remainder of mankind with a feeling of superiority, which nothing in after life ever equalled. The solemnity of the occasion made a deep impression upon you, and you resolved down in the innermost depths of your soul that you would try and live up to that picture. Fortunately for yourself and your friends, you didn't.

It never could have entered your mind in those days that the time would come when some one would snap-shot you and exhibit you to the world in the act of walking with your toes elevated at an angle of seventy-five degrees, which seems to be how we all walk, although none of us ever knew it until the photograph told us. In those days the man with the camera was a mysterious being. We never imagined that the time would come when a girl in a shocking bad hat and a short skirt, would sit on the steps of the Parliament Buildings, with a ten-cent lunch and a kodak, whiling away the time until the steamer left, and incidentally snap-shotting His Majesty's liege subjects, for the purpose of showing her friends in Missouri what "a real genuine Britisher looks like." But the times have changed in the taking of pictures as well as in other things, and perhaps it may not be uninteresting if for a few minutes we say something about the wonderful art of light-writing, which is what photography means.

The original photographic camera was the camera obscura, invented by an Italian away back in the Sixteenth Century. Any one can make a camera obscura, and the experiment is interesting and so easily tried that every right-thinking boy ought to make one. All you need is a room that can be darkened in such a way that a small hole can be left in the window shutter, though which a small pencil of light can enter. The landscape will be reflected upon the wall opposite the hole, and if you bring a sheet of white paper within a short distance of the hole, you will find the landscape reproduced upon it, but in both cases it will be inverted. If you are skilful enough about arranging your paper, and have a steady hand, you can draw the picture upon the paper, although there will be a good deal of difficulty, because of the likelihood of getting in your own light. In the modern camera obscura, the light is allowed to pass through a lens and the picture is deflected by a mirror, so that it falls perpendicularly upon a table. This apparatus of course does not reproduce the picture permanently. Nearly two hundred years ago, a German mixed some chalk and nitrate of silver and spread them upon a flat surface. Then he put down on it a piece of paper upon which he had written some words, and exposed the arrangement to the sunlight. The light blackened the silver compound everywhere except where covered by the writing, and thus the modern photograph was born. After this experiments were frequent, but it was not until 1832 that Daguerre discovered the process which bears his name, and was afterwards improved so as to be applicable to portraiture. Daguerre had to expose his first plates for twenty minutes, and afterwards treat them with the vapor of mercury, and then give them a bath in chloride of sodium, a process which, when compared with "you press the button and we do the rest," shows what progress has been made in the art. The first portrait of a human face made in this way was that of Dorothy Draper, and the picture was taken at the New York University in 1840. After this improvements came thick and fast, and with the improvement of the process results have been attained of which its inventors never dreamed.

The effects of photography are hard to estimate. Apart altogether from the social side of the art, which is a source of such infinite pleasure, it is of the greatest possible value in an educational sense. By it we are made familiar with parts of the world that most of us never could hope to reach. The man with the camera goes everywhere. The art of illustration has been vastly simplified and improved. By means of moving pictures, we are at last enabled to see ourselves as others see us, and much more besides. By photography the microscopist is able to reproduce minute organisms, which he can enlarge and study at his leisure, and the astronomer can find stars which are beyond the reach of the eye, even when aided by the most powerful telescope. The sensitive paper when exposed for a sufficient period gathers up the small invisible threads of light, which come from some star in the infinite recesses of space, and with mysterious art adds them together until they make a point on paper. This is an instance of what can be done by long exposure. In taking moving pictures the exposure need not be for a longer period than one two hundred and fiftieth part of a second. Compare this with Daguerre's twenty minutes of exposure. Doubtless the beginning of usefulness of this art has only been made. Some success has been attained in taking photographs over wires, and we suppose that the time is measurably near, when photographs will be taken by some yet undiscovered wireless process. Instead of going home, putting on your best clothes, and brushing your hair until it shines, as we used to do in the days long gone by, when you want to send a picture of yourself to the girl you left behind you, you will call her up by wireless telephone and she will snap-shot you by wireless process. This suggests such awful possibilities, as for example, that she might be able to snap-shot you when you did not know it, that we curb imagination at this point, and let you, like the kodak man, do the rest.

CATHERINE II.

Portraits of Catherine II. of Russia, usually referred to as Catherine the Great, show a woman with a full, smiling and rather benevolent countenance, which some people might call handsome, and certainly is fine-looking. Her hair is abundant; her eyebrows beautifully arched; her nose delicate and her cheeks plump. She has a suggestion of a double chin. Her mouth is a study, the artist, whether unintentionally or by design, has given her lips which seem to tell of a disposition in which the gentler passions have had little scope. The mouth contradicts the eyes, which are singularly pleasant. The face on the whole is one of rather a motherly woman, able to exert a great influence than that of one, whose life was one of constant activity along lines relentlessly followed to a desired end. Although in some respects the greatest of Russian monarchs, and the only one of them who ever rivalled in intense patriotism that greatest of the Czar, Peter, Catherine had not a drop of Russian blood in her veins, being by birth a Prussian. Her father was a Saxon, her mother a German. Her original name was Sophia Augusta; she took the name of Catherine upon joining the Greek church. The Empress Elizabeth having selected her nephew as heir to the Russian throne, Frederick of Prussia was requested to provide him with a wife. At that time the morals of the court of Russia were almost inconceivably bad, and the general customs semi-barbarous. Frederick hesitated to select as a wife for the future Czar a member of his own household, and offered the honor to Sophia, then a girl of fifteen. Nothing exhibits her character more strongly than the fact that she accepted the offer, and prepared herself for her future by going to Russia with her mother, where she studied the tenets of the Greek church for a few months. Her husband was only a few months older than herself. He was not much removed from idiocy, and was an habitual drunkard. His life even at that age was grossly immoral. Catherine was not slow to recognize her opportunity. She developed into a very handsome and attractive woman, and set herself out to win the affection of her people. She studied diligently and became proficient in the Russian language. She kept herself closely in touch with everything progressive in German thought and policy, and especially familiarized herself with French literature. Unfortunately she was unable to withstand the vices with which she was surrounded, and even at a time when she was laboring to perfect herself in the refinement of the day, she had a whole series of lovers. Her husband came to the throne when she was thirty-three years of age, and for a time she acted as though resolved to permit him to be nominally the ruler of the country, while she actually held the reins of power; but his avowed determination to rid himself of her and marry one of the most notorious women of his most abandoned court, determined her to dethrone him, which she did with the assistance of one of the Counts Orloff, who was at that time her devoted lover. By her directions, Orloff removed the Czar to a place which she described as being "not too far away nor yet too near," and in that place, wherever it may have been, he died not long after. Referring to his death, Voltaire, who was a great admirer of the Empress's talents, said that it was a little family matter into which it was not necessary to inquire too particularly. There is scarcely any doubt that he was strangled by Count Orloff by direction of Catherine. The Empress was not allowed to reign unmolested, for Ivan, a grandson of Peter the Great, raised a revolt, which she suppressed after some very vigorous fighting.

Secure upon the throne, Catherine gave her attention to extending the boundaries of her realm. Whatever may have been the case with other great women in positions of sovereignty, there never was any question raised as to who was responsible for Catherine's policy. Of favorites she had many; they followed each other as the whim seized her, but none of them was her equal in any respect. When Gregory Orloff sought to induce her to marry him, he was ignominiously driven from her presence, and the same fate befell Gregory Potemkin, who succeeded Orloff in her affections, after several others had enjoyed them in the interim. These were the only two strong men, to whom she attached herself, but their influence upon her policy was not great, although Potemkin was always consulted by her. It was she who made European Russia what it is today. The partition of Poland was chiefly due to her efforts. She extended the borders of her empire to the Black Sea. She planned the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. She conquered the Duchy of Courland, which made Russia supreme in the Baltic Sea. In short, she gained for her adopted country a place among the great powers. When she died in 1796 it was said of her that she was the only ruler of Russia that ever was able to grasp and carry out the plans formed by Peter the Great. That Czar found Russia a barbarous state, confined to the central part of the plains of eastern Europe, with certain not very well defined claims to territory in Asia. Its only seaport was on the White Sea, and this was frozen up for six months in he year. He built St. Petersburg, but left it a city of hovels. Catherine converted it into a city of palaces.

As an administrator of domestic affairs, Catherine was quite successful, although her attempt to introduce a code of laws was a failure. This was not her fault, for it was a task beyond human skill. It has not yet been accomplished. She promoted education, the establishment of industries and commerce. If Russian society had been less corrupt, or if she herself had not been so grossly immoral, she would have accomplished more than she did in the way of reform. Towards the end of her reign she grew very cruel. The French Revolution discouraged her from all attempts at progress. Whether her powers failed her towards the close of her career, or she became satisfied that the task of establishing the Russian nation upon any other foundation than those of absolutism was hopeless, cannot be said with certainly; but it is known that she abandoned many of the ideas which earlier in her life she had cherished. She died of apoplexy in her sixty-seventh year.

Catherine was undoubtedly the greatest woman which the eighteenth century produced. The contemporary of some of the strongest men who have ever played a part in European history, she proved herself the equal of the greatest and the superior of most. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the qualities requisite for high office, but their usefulness was impaired by her extraordinary vices. The latter did not affect her influence abroad, but they did undermine it at home, for they prevented her from obtaining honest service from those whom she entrusted with carrying out her domestic reforms. Naturally she seems not to have been either cruel or vindictive. She was better than her times in some respects, that is for Russia, although her life would have been a terrible scandal in Germany, or even in France, where immorality may have been as great, but was certainly not as conspicuous. She was kindly. A dismissed lover was never forgotten. She always loaded him with wealth and treated him in the most friendly manner. Even Count Potemkin, whom she banished from her presence for presuming to aspire to her hand in marriage, was created something resembling a deputy governor in southern Russia, and the greatest friendship existed between him and his royal mistress for sixteen years after he had been compelled to leave court. We cannot judge of Catherine by the standards of the Twentieth Century. She was the product of an age, and yet in many ways was better than the age which produced her.

The subject of the next article in this series will be Semiramis.

Some New Books

During the Boer war, the Colonist published many verses. Some of them were good, many bad, most of them indifferent. Among the good ones were occasional contributions signed R. W. S., being the initials of Robert W. Service. They gave promise of brilliant work, and therefore when we opened a little volume entitled, "Songs of a Sour Dough" with Mr. Service's name on the cover, it was with pleasant anticipations of what the book would contain. Perusal of its contents did not bring disappointment, but rather a conviction that a new star has arisen in the literary firmament. Mr. Service is at present teller in the Bank of Commerce at White Horse. The following brief biographical sketch is furnished by his publisher, William Briggs, of Toronto:

Mr. Service, whose parents reside in Toronto, was born in the middle seventies in Preston, Lancashire, and at five years of age removed with the family to Glasgow, where he was educated in the Hill Head High School and in Glasgow University. His father speaks of the boy's school days, as marked by application and giving promise of future literary accomplishment. He was a schoolmate were pointed out with pride by the master as his "young cocks-o'-the-walk." At fifteen he was contributing to the Glasgow Herald.

Coming to Canada with his family some eleven years ago, Mr. Service went through to the West and for the last ten years has lived in various parts of British Columbia, and engaged in various occupations. "I left home," he writes a friend, "about ten years ago, and have been on this coast ever since. I know it all from Alaska to Mexico. I have done nearly everything, chiefly, however, ranching on Vancouver Island. My experiences include a study of sociology, as a tramp in California, when I tramped many weary miles and learned to be cheerful though broke. However, I look back upon that as the happiest time of my life, and often feel the wander-lust spirit still."

Mr. Service describes his work as "a poor echo of Kipling" but he does himself a great injustice. He has put into vigorous verse the ideas which are in the minds of most of us, who have come into contact with the men, who have lived on "the edge of things." If he resembles Kipling, it is because his themes can be best treated in the measure with which the poet of another frontier has made us familiar. We quote the first stanza of the opening poem in the volume, entitled "The Law of the Yukon."

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever
she makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send
me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane,
for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men
who are grit to the core.
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce
as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in
the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend
me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them
will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them
will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures
—I trample them under my feet.
"Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
Ye would send me the spawn of your
gutters—Go take back your spawn
again."

"The Parson's Son" is another vigorous poem. It begins:

This is the song of the parson's son, as
he squats in his shack alone,
On the wild, weird nights when the
Northern lights shoot up from the
frozen zone,
And it's sixty below and, couched in
the snow, the hungry huskies
'moan.'

Then follows the story of wild life in the northern mining camp for twenty years. The picture is drawn with masterly strokes, and we know of nothing finer in its way than the closing stanzas. The Parson's Son is falling off into a sleep that knows no waking, and strange visions flit through his brain, and thus they are described:

Come, Kit, your pony is saddled. I'm
waiting, dear, in the court...
Minnie, you devil, I'll kill you if you
skip with that dossy sport...
How much does it go to the pan, Bill?...
Play up, School, and play the
game...
Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name...

This was the song of the parson's son,
as he lay in his bunk alone,
Ere the fire went out and the cold crept
in, and his blue lips ceased to
moan,
And the hunger-maddened maimutes had
torn him flesh from bone.

Terrible reading this; but some one had to tell of the tragedy of the North.

"The Younger Son" is full of life. It tells of the men who are working to clinch the rivets of an Empire down, and tells it well. We would like to quote much from this delightful volume, but the difficulty is to know what to choose. We do not know how the critics of the cities will take it, but it is wonderfully true to life. It is not all of the rugged type of the quotations above given. Sometimes the poet takes up gentler themes, but after reading them one is forced, while admiring their beauty, to entertain a hope that by and bye he will get an experience, which will open his eyes to the beautiful things of life. That he will do great things in other lines is very evident, and the following stanza from "The Tramps" proves it:

Along the road to Anywhere, when each
day had its story;
When time was yet our vassal, and
life's jest was still unstale;
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts
as, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to Anywhere we watched
the sunset pale.

Mr. Service is par emphasis the poet of the pioneers in a rugged land. His poems ought to be widely read, not only for their excellence from a literary point of view, but because they lay bare some of the things which are transpiring in the out-of-the-way parts of the world. "Songs of a Sour Dough" have an educational value.

The Canada Law Book Co. Ltd., of Toronto, have issued a work on "Procedure in Criminal Cases before Justices of the Peace." The author is Charles Seager, crown attorney for Huron County. It is a very business-like compilation of the law on the subject of which it treats, and its directions to magistrates on points of procedure are very clearly stated.

The Story Teller

Governors of the Carolinas

The traditional salutation of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks," is now out of favor with the executives of these states. At the opening ceremonies of the Jamestown Exposition Governor Woodruff, of Connecticut, discovered that Governor Heyward, of South Carolina, and Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, had never met When an occasion was offered he introduced them. The Richmond Times Dispatch tells the rest:

The high admirals of the two adjoining ships of state shook hands with true southern cordiality," continues Gov. ernor Woodruff. 'I was surprised, and I guess I looked it. There was the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina, but where, oh, where was the usual greeting? I coughed, fidgeted uneasily, and then said:

"I expected the usual salutation, when the governor—"

"'To be sure,' broke in Governor Glenn, 'should like to oblige you, but I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'

"'And I, too, would be deeply honored to live up to tradition,' said Governor Heyward, bowing deeply, 'but I, like my brother Governor, am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'

"It is significant that the Governor of North Carolina should say to the Governor of South Carolina, "I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler," and that the governor of South Carolina should reply in the same words. It denotes a wondrous change and a famous tradition is retired. Hereafter when one gentleman says to another, "What was it the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina?" the reply will be "I'm a prohibitionist and a teetotaler." Seriously, it denotes a wondrous growth of temperance sentiment throughout the south. And it may be added that one of the prominent candidates for the gubernatorial nomination in Virginia during the last campaign, who will be a candidate next time is also a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.

An Ignoramus

An ex-governor of Wisconsin, a famous story teller, thus reported his experience at a New Jersey, clam-bake. "I started my speech," said the ex-governor, "by stating that I had been enjoying their low-necked clams. A long-faced old man across the table scowled and said in a stage whisper, 'Little Necks, not low necks.' I paid no attention to him, but after dinner he followed me out of the hall. 'You don't have many clams in Wisconsin, I reckon,' said he. 'Well,' I said, 'we have some, but its a good way to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore.' 'Why man alive,' said he, 'clams haven't any feet!' Soon after that he button-holed one of my friends. 'Is that fellow governor of Wisconsin?' he demanded. My friend admitted that I was. 'W-e-l,' said he, 'p'raps he may be smart enough man for Wisconsin, but he's a good deal of a fool at the seashore'"—Catholic Register.

Piety With Cooking

A well-known bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the south he was in a small country town where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the women preferred to do their own work.

He was awakened quite early by the tones of a clear soprano voice singing "Nearer My God to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, law," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."—Rochester Herald.

A Slight Joke.

It was 11.30 p.m. according to the gyrations of the cuckoo clock.

There is something the matter with my watch," remarked DeBorrem. "It doesn't go."

"Perhaps," remarked Miss Wearyun, as she vainly tried to strangle a yawn, "it is due to the unconscious power of personal association."—Chicago News.

Assisted Politeness.

She—Mr. Bloom does not pay his wife much attention does he?

He—No, the only time I ever knew if his going out with her was one time when the gas exploded.

The Pleasant Husband.

Mrs. Oldgirl—Don't you think, dear, the baby gets its good looks from me?

Mr. Oldboy—I guess so; and it seems to have got about all you had.—Judge.

"Frank, if you didn't smoke I believe I'd marry you."

"But, my dear, how can you expect a man who is burning up with love to keep from smoking?"—Denver Post

Current Verse

Joan of Arc at Domremy

(By Charles Buxton Going)

Lord Christ, if I might serve thee in
my heart
Within some convent close, whose
quiet walls
Enfold a garden—there with thee
apart
To walk in holiness, where sunshine
falls

And birds sing through the arbors all
the day!
Or, if this may not be, then in
my room
Warded by angels, might I hide away
And, glad and silent, with my wheel
and loom

In toil and meditation, maidenly,
With prayer and fasting, make my
soul so white
The Blessed Virgin might reach forth
to me
Her arms that cradled thee! Lord,
if I might!

But, ah, the Visions and the Voice,
Lord!
Thy heaven is all a flashing of
white fire
And every angel bears a flaming
sword
Calling me forth * * * Lord, if
at thy desire

I must put by the distaff and the
wheel,
I am thy handmaid * * * Make
me unto France
A heart of adamant and edge of steel
Like Deborah of old. Cry the advance!

Yet be thou near, in this thy way I
take—
For look, dear God! Across it falls
the shame,
The shadow of the scaffold and the
stake—
And in my flesh the writhing of
the flame!

—From Harper's Magazine (May).

An Oracle of Canada, or Empire, Science, Faith

By Rev. Alexander Brodie Brockwell, M. A., Alexandra professor of divinity in the University of King's College, Windsor, N.S.

All hail! Ye happy sons of God's Dominion
Of Canada, the Lady of the Tides,
Robed in rare ethereal radiance!
The queen of myriad islands, boundless
lakes,
Of foaming rivers, rainbow waterfalls,
Of lightning rapids, eddying gulf and
stream,
Of snow-capped mountains, moonlit glades
and dells,
Of sweeping prairies and of forests vast;
The paradise of birds, and beasts, and
fish,
Whose rocky caverns, crags and monuments
Tell of the ages numberless to man,
Stamped on the potter's most primeval
clay,
The most stupendous of God's handiwork.
Proud sons of Nature's prodigality,
Of peerless Shakespeare's most imperial
tongue,
And glorious Milton's pure and dauntless
faith:
Scions of honor, justice, freedom, truth,
Whose hopes transcend your father's
wildest dreams;
Whose waters are the pulse of many
marts,
Prime springs of culture, art and industry;
Whose forests are the shipyards of the
earth,
Which number prophesies of lasting
peace;
Whose mighty mountains heave with mass
of ore,
To link in hearts of steel the British
race;
Whose valeys yield more wealth of purple
grain
Than all the fertile gardens Nature gills;
Whose prairies stand so thick with golden
grain
That half the world is nourished at your
hand.

Ye greater sons of Britain's greater realm,
In whose strong grip God's greatest Empire rests,
Think ye, so long as ye have sober wills,
Britain's world-wide freedom can be
crushed?
The mother and her children dwell apart?
Her elder daughters live in selfish state?
Her sons pay fealty to alien powers?
Her ancient glory perish in the dust?
Her sister tides of science and of faith,
Born of the contemplation of the stars,
And yearning for the Dayspring from on
High,
Be hurled back, rudely from their mutual
course
By indolent and timid anglers,
Who quail in blinded vision on their
shores,
And feed the hungry fish with meaty
crumbs?
Do not the tides of empire, science, faith,
In three-fold confluence breed divinest
hope
Of fellowship, in those rare gifts and
graces
Which, disunited in our creeds and prayers
We sorely need?
Yea, in their healing and commingling
waves
E'en now a more pervading, thrilling
power
Than iron order or external law,
In pious commonalty knits our hearts
To the mighty Father on the Eternal
Shore.

—Montreal Star.

The Tip-Topical Song

Punch has the following specimen of "Tip-Topical Song." (Air: "Peace, Peace.") "I cling to the Topical Song!"—From the dicta of Mr. Paul Rubens.

There's a craze nowadays for the musical plays;
The success they enjoy is enormous;
They're inconsequent quite, but we love
them in spite
Of the critics' attempt to reform us.
Though they've got little plot, it don't
matter a jot
It makes room for a popular item;
For the topical song, if things ever go
wrong,
Is invariably certain to right 'em,

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the piece will run easily along;
There's nothing that "grips"
Like some suffragette quips
In a typical, topical song.

When the best little jest has been voted
a pest,
And the comic man can't raise a titter,
When the baritone, too, has been met
with a boo
From the galleryite and the pitter,
When they've tried, O, ye pride of the
South London side,
With but little effect to burlesque
you,
Then some Rajah of Bhong with a topical song,
Wil come, turban and all, to the rescue.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And they say you can never go wrong;
For the rest, though abused,
Will be quickly excused
By a typical, topical song.

"Waiter, every time I come in here I seem to get the same potato."

"Well, you never eat it, sir!"—Illustrated Bits.