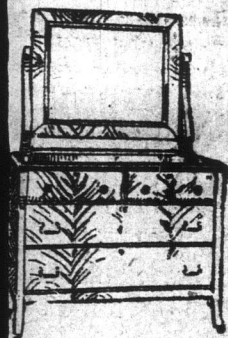


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An Hour with the Editor

WORSHIP.

The Rev. A. J. Stanley Ard, in his sermon on church attendance, took the same ground as Cicero did in one of his letters written nearly two thousand years ago. The great Roman statesman lamented the neglect of worship on the part of the people, and exhorted them to return to the practice of their forefathers. It would be a mistake to associate the idea of worship with Christianity alone. It formed an essential part of Jewish life. We are accustomed nowadays to look upon the practices of the Jews as in some special way related to our own, and perhaps they were, but we ought not to lose sight of the fact that Judaism was only one of many systems of religion existing contemporaneously, and that in all of these worship formed an essential part. Whether or not the Jews had a higher conception than other nations of the object and nature of worship, is beside the question. The point which we ought not to lose sight of is that mankind have at all times and in all countries, been to a greater or less degree given to worship, and it would probably be found on investigation to be true that, in proportion as this spirit of worship was active and general, the nations of antiquity were strong and progressive.

When one reflects upon the matter, it seems as though this must be so. Humanity is several-sided, and one might logically infer that development on all these several sides would produce the best possible results. We did not need the Book of Genesis to tell us that man was created in the image of God. The rudest savage, practising his incantations to protect himself against he knows not what, has a consciousness that in some way he is akin to the Unknown. On ten thousand monuments, some of them so old that we can only guess at their antiquity, men have recorded their recognition of it. The fear of the Unknown is the beginning of human progress. This sentence is very like another with which every one is familiar, namely, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The latter was addressed to people in an advanced stage of civilization, and as a guide to daily life; but it is true historically and true in its application to the existing conditions of humanity. The fear of the unknown lies at the very beginning of human advancement, and it seems also to be true that in proportion as this fear develops into worship, mankind advances into a higher stage, and, though it is a slight diversion from the argument, it may be added that "perfect love casteth out fear," or in other words, the expansion of the spirit of worship into perfect union with its object is the consummation of human progress. Worship, therefore, may be defined to be the effort of humanity to get in touch with the divine.

Worship is the act of the individual. Each must perform it for himself. Hence a church service is not in itself worship. It is only an aid to worship. It is a device for the elimination from the mind for the time being of all other thoughts than those appertaining to the act of worship. Herein lies the tremendous power of song in religious observances, and, by a strange sort of contradiction, also the potency of silence. We are such composite creatures that we are subject to a great variety of influences. Have you ever stood upon some headland jutting out into the sea, at night, with only the stars for company and the murmur of the waves to break the silence? If so, have you not been conscious that somehow you were a different person from the man, who, a few hours before, was driving a hard bargain in your office, or on the previous evening had sat in a card-room in your club, under the glare of electric lights, dimmed by cigar smoke and listened to the stories of a group of congenial spirits? Have you not on such an occasion realized the idea which Tennyson sought to express when he said:

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

If you have had no such experience, under such circumstances, you must be differently constituted from most people. One of the most active, energetic and successful business men in the whole Northwest Coast says that he never looks upon the mountains without a feeling of exaltation, and without repeating to himself the words of the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my aid. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer my foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber." In such instances as these we have the spirit of worship brought out by impressive surroundings, and so it is that the same spirit is developed by church services.

But, some may ask, indeed many have asked: Why cannot I worship God as well in the forest, recesses or in my canoe, as in a church? The answer is that you can, but that you will not. It is folly to speak of a spirit of devotion resulting from a search after game, or the whipping of a stream with a trout line. The rhythmic motion of your canoe is not conducive to that end, even if you are alone, and still less so, if there is a dainty miss with a parasol sitting with her face towards you, and only a yard or so away. It is just as well to be honest about these things, and admit at once that, while it is possible to worship God under such conditions, the chances are that you will not do it. Another objector will say that he does not go to church because he gets no good out of the service, and he will blame the minister. This is a foolish objection, for, if worship is an individual thing, there is no sense in expecting the minister to do it for you. The ignorant Hindu, who sets up his prayer-wheel and expects it to secure a compliance with his de-

sires, is not half so absurd as you are, if you go to church and expect the parson to worship God for you. Indeed, the Hindu is the wiser, because he believes he will achieve his object, while you do not. You do not like the way the prayers are read or spoken; you are dissatisfied with the way the hymns are sung; you criticize the way the minister preaches, or perhaps you do not pay a degree of attention to the service sufficient to do these things, and only arouse yourself when the plate comes round. Then you go home and tell yourself that after all, there is very little good in going to church. And there is not, if that is the way you go; but if you go for the purpose of worship, if you go because you feel the need of a moral uplifting, or spiritual, if you like the word better, if you permit yourself to enter into the spirit of the service, looking within yourself for its effects, and regarding preacher, choir, and organist simply as means to an end, perhaps you may find church-going a season of refreshment to the soul. As well wonder why you are hungry, if you leave your food untasted, as be surprised that your spiritual longings, and you have spiritual longings, no matter how disinclined you may be to admit it—as well be surprised that these are not satisfied by attending church, unless you enter into the spirit of the service, and realizing that God is a Spirit, worship him in spirit. And, good sir, or madam, be you never so rich, powerful, learned or independent, you have not yet risen to your full potentiality unless you have found the way through worship to Him who is the source of all that is. Intelligent, open-mouthed, spiritual worship of God is the culmination of human wisdom and achievement.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

There is no more romantic story than that of the family whose head had assumed the English crown on the death of Stephen, and is remembered as Henry II., or Henry Plantagenet. Its origin is lost in the shadows of the Dark Ages; but we are told that a certain Tertullus, a woodsman, was ennobled by Charles the Bald, who was King of France between the years 843 and 877. Just what is meant by the term "woodsman" must be left to the imagination. Tertullus may have been what in later times was called in Quebec a *Coureur du Bois*, an adventurer, who made his home in the forest and lived by the strength of his good right arm, something after the fashion of Robin Hood. He may have been a bold robber, who by some valiant act attracted the attention of the king. He may simply have been, as some writers suggest, a man who labored in the forest. But, whatever else he may have been, he was a man in whom there was potential greatness, for he founded a family which played a very conspicuous part in the history of Europe, and his blood flows in the veins of many modern royalties. Ingelgar is the first of the family of whom much can be said with historical certainty: he was Count of Anjou in 870, and he exhibited the aggressive quality which characterized his race, by extending very considerably the region over which he was lord. To him followed Fulk the Red, and to him Fulk the Good, who is remembered chiefly because he said "an unlettered king is a crowned ass." Then came Geoffrey of the Grey Tunic, and after him Fulk the Black, a famous fighter, who after a life of violence, went to Jerusalem as a penance for his sins. Next in succession was Geoffrey Martel, who had the courage to defy William the Conqueror, although the result showed his valor to have been greater than his judgment. Geoffrey the Bearded and Fulk the Red succeeded this valiant soul, and the latter thought it wise to write a history of the family, which, though not very long, is useful, because of the rarity of such documents. After his death, a second Fulk the Black was Count of Anjou, and his son was Geoffrey Plantagenet, to whom Henry I. of England gave his daughter Matilda in marriage, principally because he wished to keep the good will of Fulk, who was a soldier and statesman of unbounded resourcefulness and courage. The son of Geoffrey and Matilda was Henry, who asserted his mother's right to the English crown and was induced by Theobald of Canterbury to permit it to remain in abeyance until Stephen died, when he was to become king. Thus was the line of Angevin kings established upon the throne of England, and the name Plantagenet passed into the history of the land. It is hardly necessary to tell that the Plantagenets took their name from the fact that Geoffrey was accustomed to wear a sprig of broom in his cap or helmet, but the matter is worth mentioning, for taken in connection with the Counts of Anjou, it shows them to have been a family with strong characteristics, that took them out of the ordinary class of men in similar positions in their day.

Henry was not what in these times we could call a right living man, but we must not lose sight of the saying "other times, other manners," and more latitude in certain directions was permitted to a king in the Twelfth Century than would be countenanced in the Twentieth. He inherited the aggressiveness of his ancestors, but not their skill, and his military operations were not always successful. It was as the administrator of the affairs of England that he made his fame, and it can be said without hesitation, that he contributed greatly to the stability and greatness of the kingdom.

We saw in our reference to Stephen that in his reign the church received concessions and that, following a great religious revival, its power became well nigh supreme. Its influence under the guidance of Thomas a Becket was exerted during the early part of Henry's reign in restoring order. Later the King quar-

relled with the Archbishop and the latter was slain by friends of the former under circumstances that are familiar to all. The occasion of the quarrel was the refusal of Becket to abide by the Constitutions of Clarendon, and as these form an important factor in the development of constitutional government in England reference must be made to them. This document professed to set out the law of England as it existed before the anarchy. One of its principal features was the declaration that there was no power of appeal in any disputed matter, ecclesiastical or civil, to any authority outside of the kingdom. The claim of the Church to shelter offenders against the law was declared to be void. The property of the church was declared to be held under a baronial tenure, that is to say in the event of vacancies occurring the estates passed under the control of the Crown. The election of prelates was required to be with the King's assent. The importance of the bearing upon constitutional development of the Constitutions of Clarendon is that by them the king was made head of the Church and the papal authority within the realm of England was declared to be at an end, except so far as the King might permit it to be exercised. Becket assented to this provision, but subsequently withdrew his approval, but his death removed him from the scene of his activities.

After the death of Becket the King of France organized a league with the object of dethroning Henry and placing his son in power. The King of Scotland, the Count of Flanders and many of the English nobles joined in the plan, but Henry attacked his enemies with vigor and with complete success. He then set himself to work to secure the confidence of the English people. For the purpose he abolished the baronial courts and made the royal courts the only dispensers of justice. He established the Grand Jury, and directed that trial by jury should take the place of trial by battle. The system of circuit courts was enlarged and improved, and the High Court of Justice, which was afterwards transferred into the Court of King's Bench was established. Feudal service was made commutable by the payment of a money tax, and the national militia was formed. Thus for the first time since the Conquest the King became independent of the support of the barons. Henry was active in the extension of his own prerogative as was shown by his curbing first the power of the church and afterwards that of the barons, but he enlarged the rights and privileges of people. He was the greatest lawgiver that ever sat on the English throne, for his proclamations were so far as can be judged, the creation of his own active mind. Indeed one might almost say that he was the last of the English law-giving kings, for, as we shall see later, the next great step in the evolution of the Constitution was in the direction of the diminution of the kingly power, and to this in due course followed the inauguration of parliamentary government. The general influence of Henry II. upon the development of our Constitution may be said to have been for the strengthening of the power of the crown as against both the church and the baronage, and the broadening of popular rights. He was emphatically the first King of the English people.

THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY.

In India as in China the traditional and the historical periods merge into each other so closely that it is impossible to distinguish where one ends and the other begins. The literature of the country is profuse and it professes to give an account of past events with a good deal of circumstantiality; but most of it was, in its present form reduced to writing at a comparatively recent date. Of these literary monuments the Rig Veda is the most remarkable and the oldest. It is not a history but a collection of hymns and other writings of a philosophical or devotional character. Scholars are in doubt as to the date of its origin; but there is no doubt that it is the oldest work of its kind now known. At a period which is estimated to have been at least fifteen hundred years before Christ there occurred in India a great war, the story of which has been written in the Mahabharata. The account is largely fanciful, in which respect it resembles the story of the siege of Troy. In its present form it was written by Vyasa, whose name signifies that he was only the compiler of the current versions of this great event. It is a monumental work consisting of 100,000 couplets; that is, it is eight times as large as the Iliad and Odyssey combined. The whole character of this great epic shows that it must not be accepted as serious history; but it is of value as showing the existence of a well-advanced civilization in Northern India nearly 2,000 years before the beginning of the Christian Era.

It seems safe to assume that the inhabitants of India at the beginning of the semi-historical period were dark people of a low type—the Mahabharata calls them demons—who were spread over the whole land and were sunk in deep barbarism. A fair-skinned race invaded the country by way of what is now Afghanistan. These people called themselves Aryans, and are supposed to have belonged to the branch of the human family from which Europeans are descended. Investigations show that the dark people were not the aboriginal inhabitants, but were preceded by two or more races, the last of which seemed to have been somewhat more advanced, than the people who overthrew them. The Aryan invasion was a succession of triumphs, and the dark people were driven from the low lands. They sought refuge in the mountains of Southern India, where their descendants are found today. Others found their way to the Andaman

Islands, where only recently they lived in a condition of almost absolute savagery. There is a tradition among these people to the effect that their earliest home was around the foot of a mountain somewhere to the north, and it has been suggested that they were originally a circumpolar race. Their language shows them to be of the same stock as the Chinese. Thus we find the beginning of the history of India to be the southerly migration of this dark-skinned race, which overthrew the people already in possession of the country, and in its turn became the victims of the Aryan invasion. It is quite impossible to fix dates with the slightest pretension to accuracy; but that the period over which these events extended must have been very long is shown by the fact that the cult of Brahman was able to impress itself upon the millions of the population. When the Gotama Buddha began his great work, which was at least five centuries before Christ, Brahmanism was already hoary with antiquity and we find silhouetted against the background of a very ancient past such beings as Indra, Vishna, Krishna and others, who are not unlike the ancient gods of Greece. We saw in an article dealing with Manu, the great Indian law-giver, that the date of the origin of Hindu civilization cannot be approximated. From the time of the great Buddhist movement to the present day the history of India is unbroken.

The Aryan conquerors of the country were a people well advanced in civilization, that had workers in iron, copper and gold. They used horses to draw their chariots in war. They kept great herds of cattle. Indeed they seem by comparison to have been equal, if not superior to any people whom we have any right to assume to have been their contemporaries. The story of the strife, which culminated in the great battle described in the Mahabharata, shows that a high code of ethics was observed by the people, that women were treated with every courtesy, and that rights of property were respected as well as they are today. In closing this brief reference to this early history of India reference may be made to the fanciful story with which the Mahabharata is concluded. It is told that the blind Maharajah, who ruled the land, went just before his death to the banks of the Indus and prayed that his eyes might be opened so that he might see the men who had fought and fallen in his behalf. Suddenly the waters were troubled and out of the waves arose a host of warriors. These were joined by their wives, their children and their sweethearts and the night was passed in joyfulness; but when morning came all had disappeared and the river flowed on with unruffled face.

A Century of Fiction

XVI.
(N. de Bertrand Lagras)

Bjornstjern Bjornson

That old countries are far more suitable than new ones as the settings for heroic drama is evident at a glance. In fact a country, or perhaps not so much a country as a locality, unless it be mellowed by time and tradition, seems altogether inappropriate as the scene of a novel; and we instinctively feel that a writer who is guilty of such ignorance of the fitness of things, as to introduce some glaring new town or district that has not been familiarized to us as the scene of some great event or series of events, and to expect us to associate it with romance or chivalry or tragedy, is presuming far too much on the complacency of the reader's imagination; try as we may, we cannot take a fair amount of interest in the narrative. Locality, to suit the action of the novel, must have one of three qualities, remoteness, tradition, which implies antiquity, or romantic interest. And the richer a place is in these qualities the easier, one would suppose, is it for the writer's imagination to have full play, and produce something heroically or romantically excellent. One of the richest countries in the world for the artist to revel in is Norway, the land of lovely fiords and towering snow-clad mountains; and Bjornson rejoices in being a patriot of this brave land of the Vikings, which makes his work doubly telling. Probably some of the blood of those ancient sea-rovers flows in his own veins, for his romances and dramas and poetry are full of the thrill of brave deeds, the music of the sagas, and the echo of the north wind. He has written the words of what has been accepted as the national song of Norway, and though the verses must lose much of their beauty through translation, yet some idea of their beauty may be gained from the following stanza:

"Ave, we love this land of ours—
Crowned with mountain domes;
Storm-reared o'er the sea its towers,
With a thousand homes.
Love it, as with love unsated,
Those who gave us birth,
While the saga-night, dream-weighted,
Broods upon our earth."

It has been said that Bjornson, more than Ibsen, typifies the national spirit of his country. Ibsen wrote for all the world, Bjornson's aim seems to be rather to appeal primarily to his own countrymen, their instincts and their sentiments. In doing so, he is no less great than his famous contemporary. To the Norwegians themselves his name is the symbol of patriotism, as one critic has expressed it, to mention his name in a company of Norsemen is like running up the national flag. To again

compare him with Ibsen, for these two men stand unique in the history of Norwegian literature, it has generally been conceded that while the latter's plays are richer in dramatic qualities, Bjornson's stories and poems are unquestionably superior to those of the other artist.

Bjornson was born in 1832 at Kvikne, and was the son of a parish priest. His childhood was passed amongst the grandest scenery of the north, and in localities rich in brave tradition. Thus was instilled into the lad an appreciation for the romances of his country, and a love for the sublime in nature. In 1852, he entered the University of Christiania, where he did not distinguish himself by his application to his studies, but did bring himself into prominence by a play which he wrote and which was accepted by Christiania Theatre, though it was never produced. He left the University before he had completed his course, and devoted himself to journalism.

His first novel was Synnove Solbakken, and shortly afterward his first printed dramatic work appeared. For two years he remained at Bergen as director of the theatre there, and afterwards, receiving a stipend from the government, he spent his time in traveling and busily writing. He has been in most civilized countries of the world, and some years ago lectured in the United States. He has a beautiful home in Southern Norway, and has for the past twenty odd years identified himself with the politics of his country, becoming the recognized leader of the republican party. He has taken an active part in all religious and educational movements, and his work has given a strong impetus to all improvement in public institutions.

Synnove Solbakken.

This is a story of Norwegian peasant life, and has as its appropriate setting the beautiful hills of Norway. The heroine is a young, lovely, and virtuous girl, Synnove, who loves her childhood's playmate, Thorbjorn Granlid. This young man, through the harshness of a misunderstanding, though well-meaning, father, has grown up reticent and seemingly vindictive, so that he is not a favorite in the village, and Synnove's parents make their dislike for him so apparent that he does not dare to openly woo their daughter, though his love for her is the absorbing passion of his life. He promises her to so conduct himself so as to win the respect of all who know him, and be worthy to ask her for his wife, when upon the very heels of his vow comes an occasion which involves him in a drunken brawl, and he is stabbed and seriously wounded. Innocent of intentional offence he grieves deeply, his whole nature becomes softened and changed and during his long illness he and his father come to an understanding and are reconciled. When the lad recovers, the aged parent accompanies him to Synnove's home and together they ask that the young girl may be allowed to marry Thorbjorn, which request is granted to the lovers' unspeakable happiness.

The story abounds in charming description, and Thorbjorn is a powerfully-drawn character. There are many dramatic scenes throughout, the one at the church door, where Thorbjorn becomes reconciled to his former enemy, being one of the best.

THE INVETERATE ANGLER

(By W. H. Johnson in Field & Stream.)
Barefoot and freckled he began,
A boy, in old Ohio's holes,
To fish with wriggling worms for cats
And yank them out with hickory poles.

With added years, young manhood's pride
Plebian catfish learned to flout;
He tossed the humble worm aside,
And cast the fly for bass and trout.

Time passed, and now upon the brine
That washes California's isles,
He matched his strength and tackle fine
Against the leaping tuna's wiles.

Strength fails; the frost is on his locks,
And trembling age his frame doth warp,
But slow he hobbles to the docks
And fishes for the sluggish carp.

And when, with trumpet to his lip,
The herald angel stands in sight,
He'll hook another worm and call,
"Wait, Gabriel! just another bite!"

SMILE MAKERS.

She—"Don't you think woman's suffrage would be a fine thing?"
He—"I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wanted by telling her I intended voting the other way."—Boston Globe.

"I had a new hat sent home today!" exclaimed the editor's wife, "and it is a poem."
"That's what it is all right," replied the editor, "and it goes back."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'll bet there is an eloping couple in the rear car," said the conductor.
"Why do you think so?" queried the Auburn complexioned brakeman.

"Because," explained the ticket puncher, "they haven't got that hunted look as if a mob armed with rice and old shoes was chasing them."—Chicago News.

"Why do you stop here?"
"I know an artist on the fifth floor of these apartments. If we walk up we can get a drink."
"Oh, whistle up for him to pour it down the tube."—Kansas City Journal.