

An Hour with the Editor

AN EASTER THOUGHT

Today is the anniversary of the close of a brief period that may well be called the most important in the history of mankind. To those who look upon the tragedy, which Good Friday commemorates, as a sacrifice by way of atonement for the sins of the world, and upon the glorious event, to which Easter is consecrated, as the triumph of humanity over death, this statement calls for no demonstration; but it is not proposed to consider here either the Crucifixion or the Resurrection from the standpoint of religious dogma. That seems no part of the work of a secular newspaper, which may, however, very properly concern itself with facts and with the logical deductions from them.

Let us first tell the story of these few short days. A young Jew had for two or three years been traveling through Palestine, teaching the people and performing mighty works, especially in the way of healing the people, apparently by the employment of no other means than powers inherent in himself. He became very popular, and the common people among his fellow-countrymen looked upon him as a deliverer who, it had been foretold, would come to rescue the nation from its misfortunes. They would gladly have proclaimed him king and have supported him in a rebellion against the constituted authorities, but to this he would not consent. In the course of his travels he came to Jerusalem. His fame had preceded him, and he was welcomed by the populace. The civil authorities appear to have ignored his presence, but the ecclesiastics were deeply incensed against him, and they planned for his arrest. After a species of trial, in which he was acquitted of any offence against the civil law, the governor proposed to release him, but the people, apparently on the instigation of the priesthood, demanded his execution. From the standpoint of modern opinion, the compliance with this request was an abominable outrage upon every principle of law and justice; but it is to be remembered that in the days, when these events took place, life was not valued as it is now, and to permit a mere common person more or less to be killed to satisfy public clamor was looked upon as a very trivial matter. We will never appreciate the full significance of the events to which reference is now made unless we remember that, to Pontius Pilate, Jesus of Nazareth was a person of no importance whatever, a harmless young man laboring to teach people an abstract idea, which he called "the truth," and to the priests a disturber of established conditions, who ought to be got out of the way. He was accordingly, condemned to death, and crucified, which was the manner in which the sentence was usually carried out upon the lower classes of condemned persons. His body was delivered to his friends, and it was placed in a tomb, which two days later was found to be empty, although it had been watched by a guard of soldiers placed there at the request of the priests in order to prevent the body from being stolen, and a claim being set up that he had risen from the dead. We get an insight into the condition of the popular mind on the subject of a resurrection by recalling that when Jesus asked his disciples why people thought he was one of them answered "that some said he was John the Baptist who was risen from the dead and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him."

Such is the story told as we would tell today of any incident of general interest and treated just as a passing incident in human history. If you take the trouble to refer to any other history than that contained in the New Testament you will find little or no reference to the event just narrated. Josephus wrote a history of the Jewish people. He was born shortly after the events just related. In his work there is a brief reference to a man called Jesus of Nazareth, but some claim it to be an interpretation made in late years. There are a few other references to him by other writers, the authenticity of which is not seriously called in question. This shows that while his career was by no means inconspicuous it was looked upon by contemporary writers only as of passing interest, and yet today, although nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since the events referred to took place, a chorus of world-encircling praise is going up from the lips of the most highly civilized and most refined people upon earth, whose highest testimonial to individual excellence is to call a person a Christian and who have adopted the word Christendom as the name for the most enlightened and most progressive division of the human race. But what is more striking still is the fact that this civilization represent, enlightenment and progress, have been rendered possible by the acceptance, although doubtless at times in a distorted form, of the principles taught by the crucified, and that the whole effort of humanity is to attain in early life to the realization of the ideals which He held up before the people when He sat upon the mountain and taught the assembled multitudes who gathered around him.

IRISH HISTORY

The Parliament of Ireland, which was composed largely of English settlers and persons bound to them by ties of marriage or self interest, passed an Act in 1541 whereby Henry VIII. was formally elected to be King of Ireland. This was the first actual recog-

nition of the English sovereign in that capacity, the claim of Henry's predecessors being based upon acts of homage whereby they were accorded the position of over-lords, a purely feudal title. Henry secured a parliamentary title, such as it was, but the candid reviewer of events must concede that the body, which conferred it upon him, cannot be said to have been representative of the masses of the people, although some of the princes hastened to acknowledge him as their sovereign and to accept peerages at his hands. Green in his History of the English People thus sketches the condition of Ireland at this time:

"Though Henry VII. had begun the work of bridling Ireland he had no strength for exacting a real submission; and the great Norman lords of the Pale, the Butlers, the Geraldines, the De la Poers and the Fitzpatricks, though subject in name, remained in fact defiant of the royal authority. In manners and outer seeming they had sunk into mere natives; their feuds were as incessant as those of the Irish sept, and their disposition combined the horrors of feudal oppression, with those of Celtic anarchy, crushed by taxation, by oppression, by misgovernment, plundered alike by native marauders and the troops sent to disperse them, the wretched descendants of the first English settlers preferred even Irish misrule to English 'order,' and the burden of the Pale steadily retreated towards Dublin. The towns of the seaboard, sheltered by their walls and their municipal self-government, formed the only exception to the general chaos; elsewhere throughout its dominions the English government, though still strong enough to break down any open revolt, was a mere phantom of rule. From the Celtic tribes without the Pale even the remnant of civilization and native union which had lingered on to the time of Strongbow had vanished away. The feuds of the Irish Septs were as bitter as their hatred of the stranger; and the government at Dublin found it easy to maintain a strife which saved it the necessity of self-defence, among a people whose nature is such that for money one shall have the son to war against the father and the father against the child." During the first thirty years of the sixteenth century the annals of the country, which remained under native rule record more than a hundred raids and battles between clans of the north alone.

These conditions warranted Henry VIII. in the opinion that the time had come to bring Ireland under subject. He was a firm believer in the Tudor doctrine of absolutism, and having brought England to recognize his autocratic power, he proceeded to deal with Ireland in the same way. The earl of Kildare, the head of the Geraldines, who during Henry VII.'s reign had been virtual ruler of Ireland was called to England and thrown into prison. An uprising of the Fitzgeralds was suppressed mercilessly, and the rebels were driven to take refuge in the bogs and forests. Skeffington was made Lord Deputy and he brought with him from England a train of artillery and with this he battered down the castles of the nobles, which had been the centres of the revolts. The hand of Henry was laid heavily upon the Geraldines and in a few weeks this, the proudest of all the Anglo-Irish houses was utterly broken so that there was not even a boy left to preserve its name.

Thomas Cromwell was Henry's minister at this time and he displayed in Ireland that tremendous zeal and unflinching determination that had marked his career in England. English armies swept the country, trampling out all opposition, and after seven years of bloodshed and extermination the power of Henry was supreme throughout the whole island.

Having accomplished this, Henry turned his attention to the establishment of English law and English customs in Ireland. What measure of success he might have achieved, if it had not been for his adoption of a new policy in matters of religion, it is impossible to say, but it is clear that his determination to take his dominions from under the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome and constitute himself their spiritual as well as temporal chief made the assimilation of Ireland impossible. We saw in a previous article that Ireland did not participate in the Crusades and therefore did not come within the influence of what has been called "The New Learning," which was a revival of the ancient philosophy of Greece. Thus by giving men's thoughts a new direction prepared the way for the Reformation in both Germany and England; but Ireland remained untouched by it, and however much of their former civilization the Irish people may have lost they retained in the fullest degree their devotion to the Church as represented by the Pope of Rome. Henry might be able to destroy castles; and by force or cajolery influence the nobles to accept titles at his hands, but he was unable to break the allegiance of the people to the faith they had held for a thousand years. This was the rock upon which all his plans for the Anglicization of Ireland were wrecked, and it was because of his attempts to enforce upon the people his claims as their religious head that the breach between Ireland and England, already wide enough and deep enough, was widened, and deepened until it became well-nigh unbridgeable. Statesmanship has not yet solved the problems which he thus created.

LEADERS OF HUMANITY

Greek thought has materially affected the world for more than twenty centuries, and therefore, though many of us may not be able to state specifically much that Socrates taught this fact entitles him to a place among the leaders of humanity. Grote, in his history of Greece says: "There can be no doubt that the individual influence of Socrates permanently enlarged the horizon, improved the method and multiplied the ascendant minds of the Grecian speculators would in a manner never since paralleled. Subsequent philosophers may have had a more elaborate doctrine and a larger number of disciples, who united their ideas; but none of them applied the same stimulating method with the same efficiency. None of them struck out of other minds that sets alight original thought; none of them either produced in others the pains of intellectual pregnancy or extracted from others the fresh and unborrowed offspring of a really parturient mind." Another writer said of Socrates that he brought philosophy from heaven to earth by which is meant that he taught that the affairs of men were more worthy of study than questions concerning the nature of things for which no satisfactory answer is possible. He protested against the action of those who neglected human affairs "to meddle with the divine." Socrates was one of the first of the philosophers. Indeed he is the first so far as is known, to insist that that accuracy of definition is the foundation of all true investigations. Xenophon says that he made this accuracy the best of righteousness, holding that a just and honorable man must know of what justice and honor consist. As absolute knowledge on these points is impossible, it followed that the true object of life is to endeavor to understand the right and do it.

We do not know very much about the teachings of this great master. Xenophon and Plato are our chief authorities for the principles of his teachings. He was born in 469, B. C., at Athens. He was condemned to death when 70 years of age. He chose death by poison, and up to the moment that the cup of hemlock took effect he conversed on lofty subjects with his friends who gathered around him. His defence before his judges and his consultations in prison, both of which have been preserved by Plato, are among the greatest utterances that the world has ever heard.

Plato was a student under Socrates. He was born when the latter was 40 years old, and he met that great teacher when 20 years old. Previous to this Plato had devoted his attention to poetry, but Socrates persuaded him that he should make wisdom his study. It would be impossible in the space that can be allotted to his subject here, to give even an outline of the various teachings of Plato, and indeed any synopsis of them that might be attempted would be vague and unsatisfactory. Lord Macaulay said of him that "he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that with which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a dramatically opposite direction." Plato's great effort was to reach the truth by the exercise of this reasoning powers. Hence he commended the study of arithmetic, because in numbers we have absolute truth, and a knowledge of their properties is calculated to show that in all things there is "an immutable essence." Here we discover in Plato a reflection of the demand of Socrates for exactness in everything. It is interesting to know that Plato did not regard the invention of writing as of much real value to mankind. Without writing he claimed men would be bound to absorb knowledge and make it their own; but when they committed it to writing the next step was to forget it. Nor did he think the science of medicine of much advantage, for he said: "A life protracted by medical skill is a prolonged death." To again quote Macaulay: "To sum up the whole we should say that the aim of Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god, to raise us far above vulgar wants. But, however, we may classify his teaching, we cannot easily set a limit to its influence, for it was the revival of Platonism which more than anything else led to the great intellectual movement which swept across Europe after the crusader and was the forerunner of the religious change which we call the Reformation."

Stories of the Classics

(N. de Bertrand Lugin)

ULYSSES AND NAUSICAA.

The languid sunset, mother of roses,
Lingers a light on the magic seas,
The wide fire flames as a flower uncloses,
Heavy with odor and loose to the breeze.

The red rose clouds without law or leader,
Gather and fleet in the airy plain;
The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar,
The cedar scatters his scent to the main.

The strange flowers perfume turns to singing,
Heard afar over moonlit seas:
The siren's song, grown faint in winging,
Falls in scent on the cedar trees.

When Ulysses awoke from his sleep on the shores of that land to which the waves had

brought him, after his shipwreck off the coast of Calypso's isle, he found himself bathed in the rays of warm sunshine, while a gentle breeze softly fanning his face brought him a hundred delicious fragrances of growing tree and herb and blossom and ripening fruit. As he sat up and looked about him he knew that he had never, in all his travels, seen so wonderfully fair a country. Naked as he was, he felt neither heat nor cold for the soft air touched his body like a caress, soothing his weariness and his pains away.

He walked along the river bank marveling at the sight of so much beauty. Not only did the flowers carpet the earth and deck each shrub with a starry garland, but fruits mellow and luscious grew upon every tree, so that the travel-worn hero slaked his thirst and appeased his hunger most deliciously.

"Great fruits, fragrant, green and golden
Gleam in the green, and droop and fall;
Blossom and bur and flower unfold
Swing and cling to the garden wall."

Deep in the woods as twilight darkens,
Glades are red with the scented fire;
Far in the dells the white maid harkens
Song and sigh of the heart's desire."

It is this white maid, Nausicaa, Alcinoos' lovely daughter, that Ulysses discovers. And Nausicaa is one of the fairest of Homer's fair women.

Alcinoos was the king of Phaeacia, this most luxurious land in all the world, and to Nausicaa his daughter Pallas Athene had vouchsafed a vision in the night, and the vision had warned the girl that she must make ready her linen for the bridal, for she was soon to meet with him who should become her husband. Therefore in the morning when Nausicaa had awakened she bade the thralls get ready the high cart and harness the mules to it, that she and her hand-maidens might take all the household linen to the river to wash it in preparation for a glad day that might not be far distant.

The gods and goddesses were quite merciless in using any sort of means to attain an end. Poor little Nausicaa accepted the vision in all good faith and sitting there in that "high wagon the shining raiment" piled behind her and listening to the clattering hoofs of the swift-going mules, she let her imagination picture for her a happy destiny, to which her wedding day would be the golden threshold of a palace of delights. Her laughter and song were gayer than all of the maidens, as with light feet they tread upon the linen in the stream, washing it white as the cherry-blossom petals. Then while the "shining raiment" lay drying in the sun, the princess and her hand-maidens played ball together. It was when the ball had been accidentally thrown into the stream, and the girls had shrieked in dismay, that Ulysses, asleep in the thicket, was awakened. Covering his nakedness as best he could, with a thick green branch, he came from his hiding-place and looked such a huge and uncouth figure, the seashed matter in his hair, and the brine thick upon his shoulders and arms, that the erst-while gay little company was struck with fear and fled in all directions, with the exception of Nausicaa. Being a princess of noble birth and high courage, she stood her ground bravely though her heart beat fast and her voice trembled when she spoke.

Ulysses having prevailed upon sympathy, as Athene meant he should do, she provided him with fragrant garments, and he went and bathed in the stream, and anointed himself. To further her ends the goddess now made him "greater and mightier to behold his hair in curls like the hyacinth flower." So that when little "white Nausicaa" saw him again, she was abashed before his beauty and his lofty bearing, and made no doubt at all, but that the gods had sent this wonderful stranger in accordance with her vision of the night before, to be her husband. She was very glad and shy and secretly proud, and she did just as that rather heartless Athene meant that she should, she guided Ulysses to her father's palace and gave him wise counsel so that he could make no error, and then modestly and quietly effaced herself, trusting no doubt that the kindly gods would bring about her happiness without any effort on her part.

But the kindly gods had quite finished with Nausicaa. She had served their purpose, they had no further use for her. Ulysses made a favorable impression on the King and Queen. They promised him a ship to carry him home and gave him many and diverse rich gifts.

And the last we see of Nausicaa is just as Ulysses is leaving the palace. When she steps from "behind a doorpost of that well-built hall—beholding him before her eyes, and she raised her voice and spake to him in these words:

"Farewell stranger, and even in thine own country, bethink thou of me for a time, for that to me first thou owest the ransom of life."

THE SQUANDERER

God gave him passions, splendid as the sun;
Meant for the lordliest purposes, a part
Of nature's full and fertile mother heart.
From which new systems and new stars are spun.

And now, behold, behold, what he has done!
In Folly's court and carnal Pleasures' mart

He flung the wealth life gave him at the start.
(This, of all mortal sins, the deadliest one.)

At dawn he stood, potential, opulent,
With virile manhood, and emotions keener
And wonderful with God's creative fire.
At noon he stands, with Love's large fortune spent

In petty traffic, unproductive, mean—
A pauper, curst with impotent desire.
Eller Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MANIAC

Stay, jailer, stay and hear my woe;
She is not mad who kneels to thee.
Listen a moment ere you go:
Turn not upon my prayer the key.

Once I was happy, blithe and gay;
Fond memory even now beguiles
That time so sweet: Alack-a-day!
I tried to follow all the styles.

I first remember how it seemed
To put the web-legged corset on.
I laced it up, and then I dreamed
Some demon bade my breath begone!

The spring had come; beneath my hair
I pinned a pompadour rat;
And from its tissue-paper layer
Took forth my bushel-basket hat.

A lovely thing—a rose—a grape—
A bird—a carrot and a pear;
A bunch of smilax and a drape
Of pink prune blossoms here and there.

I pressed it down upon my head,
And pinned it on relentlessly.
Then all grew dizzy, dark and dread.
I tried in vain. I COULD NOT SEE!

But still I smiled beneath the brim.
I knew I wore Dame Fashion's crown;
And then to suit her latest whim
I ordered out my hobbie gown.

They tied and hooked me like an eel.
I gasped and groped and tried to talk.
I moved—I stirred—I seemed to feel
A thrill of life—BUT COULD NOT WALK!

'Twas then I took the hat-pin out
And struck the doctor to the floor;
I seized the scissors with a shout
And snipped at him until he swore.

Oh, give me back my hobbie hat,
And plant the prune vine in my hair.
Return to me my web-legged rat,
The bird, the carrot and the pear!

Then hook me up and hook me down,
And lace me there and lace me here.
Button and loop me in my gown
And pin a rose behind my ear.

Bury me in a smilax bed,
Beneath the weeping willow plume.
Put hat pins all around my head,
And write this warning on my tomb:

"Here lies a lady, dressed to kill,
Like those you see in fashion books.
She looked exactly like them, till
One day she hobbled off the hooks!"

—Kate Masterson.

AVE SOROR

I left behind the ways of care,
The crowded hurrying hours,
I breathed again the woodland air;
I plucked the woodland flowers:

Bluebells as yet but half awake,
Primroses pale and cool,
Anemones like stars that shake
In a green twilight pool—

On these still lay an enchanted shade,
The magic April sun;
With my own child a child I stayed
And thought the years were one.

As through the copse she went and came
My senses lost their truth;
I called her by the dear dear name
That sweetened all my youth.

—Henry Newbolt.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES

She stands a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morns impetuous;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand.
With forests from her scatterings made
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye wandering tempest sown,
Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That waited you afar!
For you are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island breed,
To whom the mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.