

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## THE GREAT BOOK.

There is a literature whose mastery of antiquity is such that over its portals are inscribed the words, "In the beginning," and whose welcomes to investigation and profit in the wealth which it discloses are fittingly set forth by the concluding of its message in the word "freely." Its left hand is thus seen to lay hold of earliest truth, and its right is extended to dispense to the latest need.

It speaks as if it never told all that it knows. It seems to shape an orb of truth the shining from which goes back before all creation, out beyond all dream, down beyond all hope and up into all glory—the orbit of which is fitted to the life of every man.

It speaks to tell what is most needed. It is a law with which to fence the precipice. It is a gospel with which to paint the fence so that it may be easier seen, better preserved and rendered beautiful. The fence is decorated with rubies. It deals with public life. The nation, the city, affairs health and morals of the public are here the objects of law, correction, sympathy and blessing. It addresses the race, the tribe, the community as a whole.

Not content to deal with the public life only, it follows the individual into the minor character. It singles out the poorest and vilest as well as the most lofty and refined, and placing an estimate great and high upon each and both, it deals with the secret things of the body as well as those of the spirit. It talks to him within his inner character a whispered message, which behind all external act and form finds its way into the very core of his conscience.

With a strange abandon to its mission, this book reveals no fear in the presence of either antagonists or competitors. As if it disregarded all that might be said or done in opposition to its words, it tells of weakness as of strength, of darkness as of light, of failure as of victory, regarding the existence of its opponents only by the mercy and comparison with which it seeks their ignorance to cure. It accounts for wars and advocates for peace, it tells of sin and champions holiness, it paints at large the awfulness of death, yet urges provision therefor and gives eternal life. It mentions very few other books which bid for claim with or against its own, yet ever again it digs the grave and buries deep the things, of such it has slain, or sends its light to render luminous the flickering taper set for truth in ancient books. With a "thus saith the Lord," it clears the way for its increasing possessions of witnesses out from the mist and down the brightened centuries.

Its abstruse teachings find a swift ascent because its plainer truth are borne upon such sympathy, such openness of speech, such love. The reader, like a child whose mother never deceived him, looks into the clouds content to say, "So many days have never failed to shine their brightness forth upon me, though I do not see the sun as yet, that rustle I have heard before, and with confidence I know truth's day will dawn through all those mists."

Science here is knowledge otherwise unobtainable, except when the character of man is viewed; then every little blade of grass, or hair, or wing of bird, must be explained, until man has enough to guarantee his mastery and peace. To the perishing, the material, the thing, it offers least of all. To deathless, regal principle it brings a treatise all its own. It seems like higher science. To deeper depths and loftier heights it leads the

way, never to report a guess. It sees the invisible, declares the divine; its laboratory is eternity. Such wealth of simplicity here abound that whole infinities of truth are lispd in little paragraphs by infant lips, while uttered by the mentally infirm, their messages have been known to send a new discovery to the lost and benighted listeners.

The very aged, and even the semi-comatose, have gathered hence expression of their peace and joy. "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Jesus wept," "Come unto me," "My grace is sufficient," "I know in whom I have believed," "In the beginning God," and "I will never leave thee," these are but a few kernels from the granary of plain, food-fitting truths for simple minds of which this book gives such an immense supply. Acceptable and understandable like water, air or food, these precious simplicities are offered here.

This book is highest literature. It is also alphabet. Its simplicity ends before it wearies us, and its abstruseness charms rather than distracts us. How serene its beamings, how terrible its thunderings. Its scope is adequate. From "Greatness," by Henry Ostrom. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Company.

## VERACITY AND THE SIN OF LYING.

The God whom we worship is "The God of Truth." He loves truth and hates falsehood. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." He desires truth "in the inward parts;" truth in thought, feeling, intention and purpose.

Truthfulness is the basis of excellence in character and the bond of civilized society. The spirit of the oath of jurisprudence should pervade all life, character, and conduct, viz., "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The law of veracity forbids us to utter anything as true knowing it to be false, and more than that, it forbids us to utter as true, what we do not know to be true, or intentionally to state what is true in such a way as to create a false impression. What a happy world we would have were this law carried out. "Wherefore putting away lying speak everyone truth with his neighbor."

From what motives do men lie. From self interest, to gain money or win a position. From vanity to appear richer, wittier, higher on the social scale than they really are. In some cases life is a "lying lie," a struggle to keep up false appearances. Some lie through the desire to please. It is lying in an amiable spirit, but lying all the same.

The worst lies are those of malice, envy, jealousy, and hate, told with desire to injure, to stab, to kill. These are satanic lies.

Cowardice is the parent of many lies.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare." Many lie through mere carelessness in regard to truth. They do not think. They repeat what they do not know to be true, repeat rumors, opinions, possibilities, as truths.

Oh for simple truthful lives! Truthfulness should be the mark of every man and woman. "Surely they are MY PEOPLE Children that WILL NOT LIE."—"Piths and Points" from St. Paul's Pulpit.

The Prince of Wales has been riding on an elephant. That in itself is not a sensational circumstance, but it means much to India. To the Oriental mind the Prince of Wales is at home when he finds himself on the back of an elephant. As the future Emperor of India that is his right place.

## THE FORESTRY CONVENTION.

The time has arrived when something emphatic, something absolutely constructive, has got to be done to save Canada's forests for those who are to succeed us. The forestry experts have done good work, the Canadian Forestry Association has done wonders; but the conscience and the interest of the public as a whole still need to be awakened. Forestry is not an academic subject; it is one upon which the very existence of the Dominion as a rich and productive country may well depend. In such a spirit as this, brimful of the surpassing importance of a matter which calls for the best brains and the most industrious talent of our land, was the great convention held in Ottawa last week, a gathering called together by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and rendered representative by the presence of Lord Grey, and of such men as Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Forestry Bureau; Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, President of the C.F.A.; Dr. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey; E. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry; Dr. Fernow, of Cornell; and three or four hundred delegates from all parts of Canada representing the forestry, lumbering and agricultural interests of the country.

The danger looming before our boasted resources unless something is done to check the ravages of greed and carelessness, is admirably expressed in the following paragraph from the address of Mr. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry:—

Denude the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains of its forest growth, and as sure as result follows cause you will destroy the great rivers that have their sources there. You will create a raging torrent for a few weeks in the spring, and after that a water famine. You will destroy the North and South Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, and the Peace Rivers, and you will make a desert of our new Western Provinces. Your irrigation canals will be raging torrents for a short time, and devoid of water when it is required. You will simply bring about a condition of affairs which anyone can see to-day in southern Europe, in northern Africa, and in Asia Minor, where large areas of country once fertile are now, owing to the denudation of the timber on the mountain sides, practically a desert.

And His Excellency was able to supply from his own experience a verification that the arid conditions of these deforested regions had not been over-drawn:

I have myself seen in India, Asia Minor, in Greece and Italy extensive tracts of territory once inhabited by a strenuous, prosperous, numerous population, and now reduced to the misery of a barren desolation by the unregulated deforestation of their lands by a blind and selfish generation, which had no regard for posterity, nor eyes for anything but their own immediate requirements. Gentlemen, there are no more melancholy reflections than those suggested by the sight of a country once rich and equipped with all the majesty and panoply of power which has become a waste and a desert through the reckless imprudence of its own people.

These countries had no previous experience to guide them, no history to show them the results of an unsparing use of the forests beneath their eyes, and so they cut them with lavish hand. But shall we in Canada, who have this experience, and can read this history, and have had repeated warnings—shall we make the same terrible and fatal blunder?