VILSON
Company

is getting along nicely. All
added, in the disconcerting
ension of being thought an ego-
the excellent condition and
tion of the patient."
privacy of his own office af-
the doctor admitted to him-
t he certainly had been a lit-
ed.
irl, with the patient still
erratically but delightedly
her, walked up to the porch.
doctor eagerly placed a chair

Colonel Cardigan's daughter,"
as she sat down. "Won't you
ell me how it happened"
how it happened? Why, he
ell her everything he knew if
id just sit there and let him
her.
he tale was done. Dr. Lambert
forgetful of the dignity that
be maintained by the leading
n and surgeon of Onokis,
more than three-quarters of a
the Cardigan home by the side
Bessie Cardigan, and felt no
ss as a result of carrying a
dal chunk of broken legged
terrier in his arms; met the
who knew his father—con-
him once more that fathers
etimes a very desirable con-
and acquaintance ripens
under favorable circumstances,
y in the country—stayed for

scandalously late—for Onokis
the doctor made his way back
fice through the silent and de-
streets, lighted only by the
Then, late as it was, instead of
bed, he sat down on the same
here she had sat, and smoked
er pipe under the impression
was thinking matters over;
thoughts ran largely on the
ssingly unequal distribution
h, and the awful handicap la-
nder by a young man who had
wherewithal for a bare exis-
nd an inchoate profession to
the favorable opinion of the—
ld.
" he said with a sigh as he
out his last pipe and gvae up
ggle for the night, "it's darn
around this little joint with-
g, anyhow."

V.

gh Beans accepted submis-
the doctor's judgment, and
himself to be quietly carried
office in Main street to the
home, rather than run the

njury by attempting to do the
on three legs, even at the
gait adopted by his physician
Bessie, he was convalescing
y that he felt no hesitancy
dertaking the trip alone on
icted footing the next after-

ctor, glum and oppressively
s again smoking his pipe on
when Beans limped friskily
n with a joyously impertinent

" the doctor ex[illegible]med, start-
ith more light [illegible] face than
there since t[illegible]ening be-
That the deuce [illegible] you doing
He took the dog up in his lap.
ou know you've no business
around in your condition?"
as if to demonstrate that he
o distress, stretched his head

around and sniffed the bandaged member critically.

"Ah, yes," went on the doctor, in his professional tone, "I see. Just dropped in to have the bandage readjusted. Very well, sir; step into the consulting room, please."

The doctor, always careful of his patients, locked Beans securely in the office when he went for his evening meal—which was called supper as yet, in Onokis—and when he returned he brought with him a substantial bundle tied up in butcher's wrapping paper. Now, it may not have occurred to the doctor—or it may—that a dog with tendencies inherited from ancestors who knew a fiercer struggle for existence will nearly always return to a place where he has been fed to see if there isn't smething more to be had. At any rate, the doctor fed Beans heartily that evening.

"Now," he said, when the dog had finished and was tidying up his chops with a sinuously active tongue, "I suppose I'll have to take you home."

His guilty conscience seemed almost to detect a smile on Beans' face, but, when he looked sharply a second time, the dog's blinking eyes were gazing up at him in all seriousness.

"Um—m—m," he mumbled, glancing at his watch, "not seven o'clock yet. It's pretty early to make a——But, darn it, I'm not! I'm only taking the dog home. I'll be back in half an hour. Come on, Beans!"

But among the few light sleeping Onokis citizens the query the next day was, Who the dickens do you s'pose it was going along Main street about midnight, whistling like a circus calli-ope?"

The fact that Beans was sure of a meal at either the Doctor's office or the Cardigan home may have caused some confusion in his mind as to his ownership. At any rate he apparently strove to compromise the matter by a pretty equal division of the favor of his presence. So, after vigorously convincing certain curious dogs in town that his comings and goings were none of their business, he trotted back and forth attending strictly to his own affairs and helping certain other people pass a pleasant summer.

It was with an air of more than usual importance that he pranced up to the hammock, where his mistress was lying one September afternoon, and instantly demanded her attention. Miss Bessie was reading, and was not inclined to brook an interruption. But when Beans put his forepaws up on the hammock and stuck his muzzle in her face she swung herself into a sitting position and seized him by the collar. To it was fastened an envelope addressed:—

.. ..
.. MISS BESSIE CARDIGAN ..
.. Kindness of Beans. ..
.. ..

Certainly it was natural that the novelty of receiving mail in such a manner should have made her fingers more than usually eager to open the envelope. But, after all, the enclosure only read:—

"DEAR MISS CARDIGAN,—I take the liberty of sending you this little note to show you what a smart dog Beans is, and to give him an opportunity to demonstrate the versatility of his accomplishments.—Sincerely yours,

"LAMBERT HUSTON."

Now there was, of course, no reason why such a simple note should have been read more than once, nor that Beans should have been encouraged to imperil his digestion with half a dozen lumps of sugar, but when one is living in the best part of the twenties one does not require a reason for everything. And the next morning—mere courtesy required an acknowledgment—Beans raced into the Doctor's office bearing on his collar a small white envelope, rather dusty from its travels—but the Doctor did not mind the dust.

With Beans the matter became a favorite game, and it was doubless due to his insistence that, despite the Doctor's more than occasional calls at the Cardigan home and frequent rides about the country with Miss Bessie in her pony cart, there was a daily exchange of mail by this exclusive rural free delivery route.

Meantime affairs were going well and ill with the doctor. Patients were coming with an increasing confidence that was not only encouraging and remunerative, but made even him feel that perhaps there might be a future for him, while President Bowersmith wagged his beard and knowingly reiterated to his associates that he knew the young man was a comer when he picked him out for Onokis.

But, on the other hand, the Doctor suffered a good deal of mental distress, complicated with exquitely painful, but much pampered, cardiac symptoms. The Colonel was so distressingly well to do and his daughter was accustomed to so many of the luxuries of life which——

Late into the night the Doctor sat at his desk writing. It seemed to him that if he could just put the whole story, the whole argument, his whole hope of the future into writing, he would feel better about it. He even went so far as to enclose the result in an envelope and address it. Then he went to bed to dream over it.

The next morning Beans found his friend unusually absent minded and inattentive. To be sure, the dog was kindly received—and fed—but there was little conversation, and the Doctor soon gave himself up to his pipe and silent meditation on the porch.

Beans was puzzled. He felt that something was wrong, and that it was his duty to set matters right. So he investigated—sniffed all about the premises, indeed, looking for the difficulty. He even climbed up on the Doctor's chair and nosed suspiciously over the desk, and—why, yes, to be sure, there it was! For some reason or other the doctor had forgotten, but Beans was a dog that never forgot and never neglected his duty.

Five minutes after, when the Doctor called him, Beans did not respond. He was gone.

So the doctor wrote on his slate that he had gone to attend a patient in the country, and would return at five in the afternoon.

When he got back to the office that evening, dead tired after a day of hard work and anxiety, Beans was waiting for him on the porch. His stump of a tail did more than wag, it actually vibrated—indicating extreme satisfaction with himself—as he plunged at the Doctor and jumped and snapped at him in a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. Then he dashed back to the porch and picked up something which he brought and dropped at the Doctor's feet.

It was a little white envelope, dusty, bearing the marks of the dog's teeth and generally mussed, but, nevertheless, to the weary Doctor very refreshing to receive. As he stared at the enclosure he caught his breath sharply and his hand trembled slightly; then the little wrinkles of anxiety which were beginning to mark his forehead smoothed themselves out and a great light of triumphant happiness spread over his face as he read:—

"Come this evening. "BESSIE."

For she had never signed one of her notes "Bessie" before.

Memoirs of Long Ago

The memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe, 1600-72, reprinted from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parsloes.

London Times:—The memoirs of Lady Fanshawe are probably the memoirs of many other ladies of her time who did not go to the trouble of writing them down. Such were the stories that were current in halls and manor-houses all over England in the luxurious Restoration days; how "your father was the tenderest father imaginable," how he loved hospitality, which he thought "wholly essential for the constitution of England"; was loyal, honest, and walked often with a poetry book in his hand; listen, then, while I tell you how he lived, so that you may live like him, and grow up true and charitable and discreet. The writer, in this instance, might go on to speak of grandfathers and uncles and aunts, all of them "honest, worthy, virtuous men and women who served God in their generation" and lay now obscure beneath their tombs. Indeed, she could hint at far generations, doubtless once practising the same virtues, who had accumulated in the chancel of the church at Dronfield, and bore the same name, spelt variously ffaunchel, ffauncall, or Fanshawe, above them. Nor would it be hard for a stranger who finds himself in that churchyard, or comes upon the low little stone house from which they issued, to perceive a family history running alongside of all seasons of English life, inconspicuously, as a murmured accompaniment. So set humming, the whole land seems to swim in a pleasant kind of harmony, in which no age is more present than another, and all are of the one piece.

Lady Fanshawe's memories serve but to freshen colors now grown dim; one might read them beneath the yew tree on a hot summer day with no sense of incongruity, no discordancy. She was the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and, through her mother, cousin already of the Fanshawe family; her father was a member of five parliaments, and a devoted servant of the royal cause, which, as a rich man, he supported with his purse. Ann was educated in "working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, the lute, the virginals, and dancing"; but a vigorous love of "active pastime" breaking through her restraints made her "that which we graver people call a hoyting girl." At Oxford, where they had come with the Court, she married her husband, Sir Richard Fanshawe, the talk of battles in her ears, sickness and the spectacle of war before her eyes; and immediately the turbulent business that was to last their life together began. She makes, as perhaps she once made on her knees, some solemn little preface to this undertaking—"as faith is the evidence of things not seen, so we upon so righteous a cause cheerfully resolved to suffer what that would drive us to." And, without further meditation, she began her voyages and shipwrecks and adventurers, till, having lavished herself with characteristic profusion—bearing eighteen children in twenty-one years, for example, and losing most of them—she was laid in the church of Ware beside her husband. It is the lack of meditation in proportion to so much action that strikes the reader, and colors, if we do not mean rather washes with a single shade, the whole book. The atmosphere is singularly clear; you see what happens now and what comes next, the clothes Sir Richard wore, the wondrous fruits that dropped from trees, the commodities of the land, the detail and solidity of things as in a child's story of adventure. It is a method full of charm; a method, it seems, that marks another age. Indeed, we should miss a great deal if we tried to convince Lady Fanshawe of much fine feeling; it is precisely her candor and simplicity that are valuable, adding nothing to the fact, but, at the same time, in no way obscuring it.

"In October, as I told you, my husband and I went into France by way of Portsmouth, where, walking by the seaside, . . . two ships of the Dutch shot bullets at us, so near that we heard them whiz by us; at which I called my husband to make haste back, and began to run. But he altered not his pace, saying, if we must be killed, it were as good to be killed walking as running."

An attitude of mind which Lady Fanshawe gives us to understand is proper to a nobleman on all occasions. Such is the rather serene and florid spirit, easily to be made visible to the eye, in which the whole drama is presented—the two embassies to Madrid, the shipwrecks, the scape from Cork, the imprisonment of Sir Richard. Their adventures stir in them no petty feelings of resentment against men or against nature; it is the lot of gallant knights to tilt nobly against obstacles, as the knights in "The Faery Queene" proved their chivalry against the monsters of allegory. So, when they part with Charles I:

"I prayed God to preserve his Majesty. . . He stroked me on the cheek and said, "Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must sumbit to God's will." . . . Thus did we part from that glorious sun within a few months after set, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God."

The phrase is round; it gives the surface and the ceremony, much as a curtsey duly regulated expresses what it is proper to fell in the presence of the Sovereign; but the pen is scarcely more subtle than the knee. After all we must allow that in an age when there was so much ceremony, so much action needed merely to cross to Spain—"we saw coming towards us with full sail a Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should all be carried away slaves"—it would have needed a deeper mind than Lady Fanshawe's to accept all these events and stain them in any peculiar dye, or crack them open and show what was inside. As it is, there is so much of a likeness between one thing and another as they appear in this medium that we give almost the same value to the story of the little Portuguese boy who was rolled in honey as to the Restoration of Charles II. On both occasions it is the show that the writer lay before us, without comment, almost without arrangement. But the charm of such unconsciousness is that it permits her to make statements plainly, which most writers would in some way distort; and the reader has the pleasure of filling in the picture with fresh colors. "I found a twenty shilling piece of gold which nobody owning that was by, I kept." Of Irish ghosts: "She spake aloud, and in a tone I never heard, thrice 'Ahone'; and then with a sigh more like wind than breath she vanished. . . . Your father entertained me with telling how much more those apparitions were usual in Ireland than in England."

It is something of a surprise to find that this candid tale with its air of something naturally completed, a statement as round and as detached as a bird's song, is in need of five appendices and nearly 350 closely-printed pages of notes. The supplement includes not only the minute comment of history but the still more minute additions of family pride; and both together make Lady Fanshawe's memoirs a matter of far greater or other importance than she or her readers were aware. The perspective has changed of a sudden, and instead of vague "business" into which she did not inquire too narrowly, you have accurate texts faithfully recovered from the originals in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Public Record Office, and from nearly a thousand printed volumes. You have what Pepys wrote and Evelyn; distances measures on the map; a precise examination of dates and Christian names, for Lady Fanshawe was casual even as to her own children; a little biography of every name she mentions and often a genealogy as well; till the family of Fanshawe seems to cast itself like an intricate net over the entire population of England. The curiosity of such speculations is great; some one with a fiery imagination might fuse the text and its notes into such a whole as should constitute a complete little globe of human life; meanwhile the book remains curious, delightful so far as Lady Fanshawe is concerned, elaborate and admirable so far as we can absorb her editor. The touch, "a real personage, whose memory is speedily dear to the family of her husband," colors much very pleasantly that we are apt to call mere antiquarianism. Lady Fanshawe, it seems, is still a grandmother.

The Way to the Stars

(G. K. Chesterton, in the Daily News, London.)

All Edinburgh is darkened with a cloudy and purple darkness, for the clouds cling close about the city, as they always ought to cling; and it is raining, as it always is and always ought to be. Whoever invented the phrase "blowing great guns" meant it for a wind like the wind that is now blowing; for the wind is really like great guns, as it comes in explosive blasts, one after another, that have the reverberation of artillery. In this rain and wind, and in a state of great joy, though of confused intelligence, I am walking the steep, bleak streets beloved by so many of the Romantics. The sky above me, dark as it is, blackened by the spire, like the spire of a half-buried Cathedral, the immense monument of Scott. And the air that bursts between its arches wraps me, as in a cloak, in that wild wet wind which inspired Stevenson and slew him.

The beauty of Edinburgh as a city is absolutely individual, and consists in one separate atmosphere and one separate class of qualities. It consists chiefly in a quality that may be called "abruptness," an unexpected alteration of heights and depths. It seems like a city built on precipices; a perilous city. Although the actual ridges and valleys are not (of course) really very high or very deep, they stand up like strong cliffs; they fall like open chasms. There are turns of the steep street that take the breath away like a literal abyss. There are thoroughfares, full, busy and lined with shops, which yet give the emotions of an Alpine stair. It is, in the only adequate word for it, a sudden city. Great roads rush down hill like rivers in spate. Great buildings rush up like rockets. But the sensation produced by this violent variety of levels is one even more complex and bizarre. It is partly owing to the aforesaid variety, the high and low platforms of the place; it is partly owing to the hundred veils of the vaporous atmosphere, which make the earth itself look like the sky, as if the town were hung in heaven, descending like the New Jerusalem.

But the impression is odd and even eerie; it is sometimes difficult for a man to shake off the suggestion that each road is a bridge over the other roads; as if he were really rising by continual stages higher and higher through the air. He fancies he is on some open scaffolding of streets, scaling the sky. He almost imagines that, if he lifted a paving stone, he might look down through the opening and see the moon. This weird sense of the city as a sort of starry ladder has so often come upon me when climbing the Edinburgh ways in cloudy weather that I have been tempted to wonder whether any of the old men of the town were thinking of the experience when they chose the strange and splendid motto of the Scotch capital. Never, certainly, did a great city have a heraldic motto which was so atmospherically accurate. It might have been invented by a poet—I might almost say by a landscape painter. The motto of Edinburgh, as you may still see it, I think, carved over the old Castle gate is "Sic Itur ad Astra"—"This way to the stars."

This element in a city is not a mere local oddity or even a mere local charm. This abrupt sublimity, this sharp and decisive dignity, is in some sense the essential element of a city which is a city at all. The true nature of civic beauty is extraordinarily little understood in our time. I hope it will get itself understood before the London county council takes London thoroughly and properly in hand. When we talk of a town as a dull or ugly thing in comparison with the country, we are judging quite carelessly by a few unfortunate examples. A shaggy wilderness is better than some cities; similarly, a shaggy chimpanzee is better than some statues of eminent politue, we do not always think of an ugly statue. But when we think nowadays of a great city we do think almost exclusively of an ugly city, of Birmingham, Manchester, or London. There are pathetic failures in statuary—Birmingham and Manchester are human failures, faint and feeble, and full of that sense of defeat which our poets call a Celtic sorrow.

But every city is not like Birmingham, a home of lost causes. Some cities are really successful, and present the solid and definite achievement of the thing at which their builders aimed; and when they do this they present, just as a fine statute presents, something of the direct divinity of man, something immeasurably superior to mere nature, to mere common mountains, to mere vulgar stars. The urban civilization of Brixton is doubtless dull compared with the dullest horsepond in the real country. But the eternal cataracts and the sea in all its thunders and splendors are utterly commonplace compared with a real city. Birmingham is a failure, not because it is a town, but because it is not a town. The modern city is ugly, not because it is a city, but because it is not enough of a city, because it is a jungle, because it is confused and anarchic, and surging with selfish and materialistic energies. In short, the modern town is offensive because it is a great deal too like nature; a great deal too like the country.

From where I stand I can see the sombre pillars of the Scott monument, like a tangle of great trees, and between them and behind them a shoulder of Arthur's seat. They both show a dark and decisive outline; but I know the real difference between them; and the real difference is the whole difference between the handiwork and the image of God. The difference is that the outline of the mountains looks decisive, but the outline of the monument is decisive. If I went to the top of the mountain (which I have not the smallest intention of doing) I know that I should find vague curves of clay, vague masses of grass. Everything which my contemporaries call evolutionary, and I call without form and void. But if I were to climb up the face of the Scott monument (which would considerably surprise the people looking out of the Royal hotel) I know that I should find lines of sculpture and masonry which were meant to be decisive, and are decisive. In a word, I should find certainty or conviction or dogma, which is the thing that belongs to man only, and which, if you take it away from him, will not leave him even a man. For it is the whole business of humanity in this world to deny evolution, to make absolute distinctions, to take a pencil and draw round certain actions a line that nature does not recognize; to take a pencil and draw round the human face a black line that is not there. I repeat, it is the business of the divine human reason to deny that evolutionary appearance whereby all species melt into each other. This is probably what was meant by Adam naming the animals.

As I turn indoors another great roar of wind breaks about the monument, as if the giant it symbolizes had cried aloud in his sleep. And it is with a sense of the namelessly appropriate that my thoughts rest for a moment upon that enormous and unequal writer who has just this difference from Dickens, from Thackeray, from Jane Austen, from George Eliot, from all his equals, that he had some manner of suggesting at certain moments that every man he wrote of was a king in disguise.

A shepherd's van (without wheels) is used as a postoffice at the primitive seaside hamlet of Holworth (Dorset), the loneliness of which is immortalized by Mr. Thomas Hardy in his Wessex tale, "The Distracted Preacher." Telegrams are dispatched from the coastguard station.

Commentary on the First Gospel

The great critical undertaking, of which this volume is a further instalment, is proceeding somewhat slowly, says the London Times review. We recently noticed the two volumes in which Dr. Briggs, of New York, has dealt with the Psalter; but the fact that the book now before us has a Gospel as its subject may well remind us that is already over ten years since we first made acquaintance with Dr. Plummer's splendid commentary on St. Luke. Such an interval in the midst of a series is bound to make itself felt. The reader will be conscious of differences of method and of treatment, which arise from something more than the mere difference of personal characteristics between author and author. During the years that have thus elapsed men's thoughts and researches have somehow changed their objective. What is looked for in a critical and exceptional commentary becomes somehow different, till it is almost difficult to realize that Dr. Plummer's work and Mr. Allen's belong to the same undertaking. Still more is the change of standpoint in the process of Biblical expositions noteworthy and, indeed, obvious when we pass back to the series which alone can compete in interest with this of Messrs. T. and T. Clark—the "Speaker's Commentary." Take the most familiar volume in the latter, perhaps the only one now commonly in use, Dr. Westcott's "St. John." Consider its conception of what it is the business of the critical expositor to supply, its laborious and cumulative construction of a case for the traditional authorship, its tendency to interpret the thought of the evangelist to the spiritual intelligence of the modern reader, and its anxious fidelity to the force of what is written, exactly as it is written.

We will not pretend to be altogether acclimatized as yet to the change of atmosphere. Yet it is only fair to say that the younger and newer school has an admirable exponent in Mr. Willoughby Allen. That he owes much to Dr. Sankey's influence he ackuowledges with gratitude, and the synopsis of the four Gospels, on which he and the Lady Margaret Professor are jointly engaged, is one of the most eagerly expected of the volumes of this series. But an adequate work on "St. Matthew" was even more needed. In fact, the first Gospel can claim no adequate commentary in the English language; and only scholars, who can read him in the original, have the great advantage of Dr. Zahn's volume, published in 1903. It is idle to discuss the reason of this neglect. It may be that modern Christian thought is out of temper with the Palestinian and Judaistic sympathies of the first Gospel. It may be that St. Luke's spirit appeals more to our Zeitgeist, or that we prefer to be nearer the source and so turn to St. Mark, with Dr. Swete as our indispensible guide. The fact is more obvious than the causes that lead to it. Mr. Allen's work may produce a change. Whether it does so or not, it marks a stage in English exposition of the evangelic documents, and one or two considerations will show why we say so.

First of all, there is here no Wescottian upbuilding of the case for the traditional view of the authorship. We start our section on "The Author" by giving the text of five familiar passages in Eusebius, the statements of Papias, Irenaeus, and Origen, and two which the historian gives as his own view. These imply that in the second, third, and fourth centuries it was currently believed that the first Gospel was the work of Matthew the ex-publican and Apostle, who wrote it in Hebrew, each man, as Papias says, interpreting it as he was able. Now it is Mr. Allen's business to pull down this traditional structure; in fact, long before he reaches his decision as to the author, the process of demolition has been practically completed. For the contents, the arrangement, and the closely analysed diction of the document have been proved to have various independent sources with which recent investigations have made students familiar. If any stray student is not thus familiar, he only needs to purchase Dr. Arthur Wright's Greek synopsis of the Gospels to become so. These sources, briefly, are—(1) St. Mark's Gospel in regard to which the author of the first Gospel is found sometimes abbreviating narratives and sometimes expanding discourses; (2) a source represented by the matter common to the first Gospel and the third, Mr. Allen's view being that St. Luke probably wrote his account after reading "St. Matthew," a view which seems to us to rest upon an exaggerated idea of the speedy circulation of evangelical documents among first century Christians, and which may even imply that St. Luke thought "St. Matthew" less trustworthy than his own production; and (3) the Logia, which the editor of the first Gospel probably read in a Greek translation from the Aramaic.

Obviously we have to change our whole conception of the work of an Evangelist. We must submit to be told that "traditional commentators" have used certain "assumptions" as "a ground for teaching the Gospels in a wholly artificial manner." We had thought of an Evengelist as one who, as it were, put the best of himself, his divinely guided self, into the compilation of a life of Christ. But now we must to a large extent give up the idea of the Evengelist as a personal witness, possessed with the vital import of the facts committed to his own knowledge. We must talk, says the new method, not of Matthew the publican, but of "the editor." "If the five passages quoted above," says Mr. Allen, "represent a uniform tradition the only course open to us is to assert that tradition has here gone astray." We sacrifice the idea that we are here dealing with a document originally written in Hebrew, and for that we need not grieve; but, when it is added that it is not likely to have been in its present form, "the work of an Apostle," the verdict brings with it a sense of loss, the loss of a nearness to the personal Source of truth, which we had learnt to associate with the only Synoptic Gospel to which the name of an Apostle has been immemorially attached.

Mr. Allen gives some interesting, if somewhat subjective, reasons, for the association of St. Matthew's name with this document. Briefly, he thinks the fact to be that the name was transferred from the Logia to the canonical document. But we are more concerned to ask what we have gained by this new criticism. Roughly, the Matthaean authorship has gone, but the Matthaean date remains. When Germans tell us that the first Gospel's two references to the Church presuppose a late stage of ecclesiastical development, the answer is given here that the "Church" may well be "the Palestinian community of Jewish Christian disciples" in the middle of the first century, while the years 65-75 A.D are held to satisfy the data as to the period during which the document must have had its birth. And here we find comfort. For, if "St. Matthew" be, not an apostolic and personal story written at this period from the recollections of the man's association with the Master, but a conflation of documents, which ex hypothesi must be of earlier date, then the new criticism tends not to pull down the faith, but to build it up, and the Gospels are nearer to the time of Christ than men had believed. It is Tubingen that is come to naught, not the Truth.

Feeding Trees by Their Trunks.

In recent experiments the artificial feeding of trees through incisions in their trunks has given remarkable results in restoring health and vigor, and in saving valuable specimens whose roots had been so weakened by disease as to draw insufficient nourishment from the soil. The death of the many apple-trees on the estate of M. Simon, at Allaire, France, was traced to an affection of the rootlets. To treat diseased trees a tube was inserted through the bark of the stem to the layers having the sap vessels, and liquid was supplied from a reservoir placed from three to five feet higher than the hole in the bark. An apple-tree in bad condition absorbed a pint and a half of water in twenty-four hours, then two quarts of liquid fertilizer containing fifty grams of sulphate of potash in twelve days, and afterward dilute fertilizer including nitrate of potash. The treatment, begun early in March, was followed by vigorous spring growth, and by September new twigs were eight to ten inches long. Other results showed that apparently dying trees might be restored. An attempt to improve cabbages, cauliflowers and potatoes by the same process, using 1-2 per cent. solution of common salt, gave products of exceptional size and flavor.

"Are you hurt, John?"

"Yes, dear, I am afraid three or four of my ribs are broken."

"Well, don't feel bad; it doesn't show."—Houston Post.

The Order of the Golden Age

The institution of a Canadian branch of the society that bears the above suggestive title is a "sign of the times," which indicates that the Food reform movement that is now spreading so rapidly over Europe and America is likely to invade the Dominion also and to win converts among the more thoughtful sections of the community, says the Montreal Herald. For whatever this somewhat idealistic but yet practical organization is operating by means of its voluntary missionary workers, humanely disposed men and women are being made to realize hat many of our social ills would be remedied by the general adoption of a more humane, natural, and hygienic dietary.

Thousands have been induced, in the forty-three countries and colonies in which the order circulates its literature and has enrolled workers, to abandon altogether the use of the flesh of animals as food, and it is these converts who become in their turn enthusiastic advocates of the simpler way of living. In consequence of physical benefit that they have experienced through making this change in their daily habits, or because they realize intensely the cruelties that are inevitably involved in the flesh traffic, these disciples of what may be termed the Pythagorean revival, proclaim far and wide their beneficent ideal, and urge everyone to live henceforth upon the fruits of the earth (including cereals, pulses, nut foods, and diary produce), instead of upon the products of the shambles.

Their Evangel is claimed to be free from "faddism," is reasonable, and is based upon well-established scientific date and incontrovertible facts that are clearly set forth in the numerous books and pamphlets published by the Order and in its official magazine, "The Herald of the Golden Age." The way is made comparatively easy for the would-be food reformer, and when one reads the guide-books that are issued by the order, one is compelled to admit that the not only is the path of the humane-dietist, a feasible one, but also most pleasant and inviting. For such a variety of toothsome recipes are included in the programme that the average reader is constrained to exclaim, apart from all humane considerations, "Almost thou persuadest me to become a fruitarian."

The chief arguments employed to justify this proposed amendment of the dietic regimen of Christendom are as follows:

1. Flesh-food is unnatural for mankind, and its use is a violation of a physical law of our being, and contrary to the Creator's intention. Man is a fruit-eating creature, and does not resemble the carnivora in any respect, whereas his structure is identical with that of the fruit and nut-eating apes.

2. Flesh-food is quite unnecessary; more than half the human race live without it and mantain health and strength, both of mind and body. Most of long-distance athletic records are held today by abstainers from flesh, and many of the greatest men in history were such, including Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, Buddha, and the Apostles and early fathers of the Christian Church.

3. Because of the barbarity and cruelty that is inseparable from the system of rearing, transporting, and slaughtering animals for food, flesh-eating is unjustifiable from a moral and humane standpoint. The sentiment of the truly enlightened soul revolts against the whole sanguinary business.

4. Flesh-food is unhygienic, being always laden with uric acid and other waste products and often infected with disease germs as well, for most animals are suffering from some malady or other when killed. Many of our most prevalent and distressing maladies, such as cancer, appendicitis, gouty diseases, consumption and other tubercular troubles, etc., are to a great extent directly or indirectly the result of this unnatural habit. Thus it is urged with much reason by the apostles of the bloodless diet, that an immense amount of human pain and sorrow would be prevented if people could be persuaded to live upon purer food.

5. The carnivorous habit leads to the hydra-headed evil, intemperance, it being a fact that a fruitarian drunkard is unknown, and the "Drink Problem" does not exist in countries where flesh is not eaten.

6. And last, but not least. The wholesale and ruthless massacre of animals which takes place in Christian countries (involving the cruel death of at least one million sentient creatures every day), and the degradation of tens of thousands of slaughtermen who are engaged in the dreadful trade, is discordant with the spirit of Christianity and with the life and teaching of its gentle and self-sacrificing founder.

These weighty reasons, which are well supported by sound evidence, certainly deserve the consideration of all cultured and religious persons; and it is quite possible that this new movement may prove to be a very practical form of philanthropy, as well as a most ingenious plan for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Pistols of Gen. Wolfe an Heirloom

When Wolfe lay fatally wounded on the Plains of Abraham, and the battle light in the eyes that looked up on victory through the mists of death was fast fading away, there stood by his side, supporting him, an officer whom the dying general esteemed as a brother. Bravely had he fought on that eventful day, when the French lost Quebec and Canada, and the golden lilies were trampled beneath the rushing feet of British troops, triumphant. This officer was Major Samuel Holland, a gallant soldier, a gentleman of liberal education and of courtly manners, an ancestor of the Holland family represented so worthily in Prince Edward Island today.

Major Holland received his military education in England, where he was born, and at an early age entered the army as lieutenant in the artillery, serving some time on the continent In 1756 he was promoted to a captaincy, and in the following year was appointed and entrusted with the attack on the Western Gate, when it surrendered. He was also at the battle of Beauport as well as at the subsequent battle of Quebec. On the day of the latter contest, he was presented with a pair of pistols from General Wolfe, on the barrels of which are engraved the words: "The gift of Major General Wolfe to Captain Samuel Holland, 1759."

These pistols remained in the Holland family for a number of years, but through marriage they passed into other hands and are now in the possession of Mrs. James F. Welsh, of Charlottetown.

The barrels of the pistols are about ten inches in length, and the butts are heavily mounted, so after being discharged they could be effective as clubs when held by the barrel end. They are of the flint lock pattern of that time; the locks are still in good working order, and the weapons, on the whole, are in an excellent state of preservation considering their antiquity Each pistol has its ramrod with the screw attached for withdrawing the load, and the case contains compartments for holding flints, etc.

"Barber," presumably the name of the manufacturer, is marked on the pistols. The case containing them has the name "Josias Whitney, late foreman to the late Mr John Richards, 85 Strand, gunmaker, No. 3 Craven St., Strand,"

No elaborate carvings adorn the pistols, which were evidently built for business—not as ornamental souvenirs.

After coming into Holland's possession they were used in a duel between his son, Ensign Samuel Holland, of the 60th Regiment, and a Captain Shoedde. As usual there was a woman in the case. The Captain charged the Ensign with undue intimacy with Mrs. Shoedde, and young Holland, smarting under the odioum of a charge which was utterly unfounded, wrote his father, asking him if he were in honor bound to take any notice of the matter. The father replied by forwarding the pistols. On biding his son adieu, just before he went to meet his adversary, old Major Holland said: "Samuel my boy, here are the weapons which my beloved friend, General Wolfe, presented me on the day of his death. Use them to keep the old family name without stain."

The two men met near Windmill Point, Point St. Charles, at Montreal. Ensign Holland was mortally wounded at the first shot, but in his agony rose on his knee and levelled his pistol at the heart of Captain Shoedde, who received the ball in his arm, laid over his breast. Mr. Holland was conveyed to the Merchants' Coffee House, in the small lane near the river side, known as Capital street, where he died in great pain.

The above duel was fought after Major Holland had retired from active military service, and was residing in the Holland House. When he purchased this building it was known as the Jean Tache mansion, on the Ste. Foye Road, where General Montgomery made his headquarters during his unsuccessful attempt on Quebec, in 1775. There he gathered around him the elite of Quebec society, the Duke of Kent, father of the late Queen Victoria, and it was here that Holland died in 1801.

In 1763, after the Treaty of Paris, King George the Third decided to have accurate surveys of all his possessions in North America. Accordingly in that year, Major Holland then captain of artillery, was appointed Surveyor General of Quebec and Director of Surveys in British North America. In the same year he was appointed a member of the council of Quebec. As the fisheries of the Gulf and St. Lawrence river were considered of great importance, he was instructed to begin the survey of Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and the Magdalens. In 1766 he completed the survey of the St. Lawrence and a map of Prince Edward Island, showing the counties and townships. One of the sixty-seven townships or lots, containing twenty thousand acres, was granted to himself, and in 1767, in compliance with the terms of his grant, he sent to the Island a number of settlers, whose descendants are now among the most properous farmers in this province. The Major was commended on carrying out the survey so accurately and faithfully. Later, when he was directing surveys in New Hampshire, the American Revolutionary War broke out, and he was offered a high command in the Continental army. He refused it, was immediately imprisoned, but broke jail, and, making his way to Quebec, again entered active service. Altogether, he held the office of Surveyor General for fifty years, and was a member of the executive and legislative assembly of Quebec. His eldest son, Colonel John F. Holland, was the first British subject born on Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. James Welsh obtained the Holland pistols under the will of her son, Colebrooke Perley Welsh, who died in Charlottetown in 1897, aged 25. His aunt, Mrs. Hettie Barker, gave them by her will to him in 1880. She was a sister of James Welsh, and obtained them by devise from her husband, Robert Barker, who died in 1861 without issue. His mother was Henrietta Holland, wife of Captain Robert Barker, and daughter of Colonel John Frederick Holl and who bequeathed the pistols to his grandson, Robert Barker. Colonel Holland received them from his father, the Major Holland referred to at the beginning of this article.—St. John Times.

Presidents' Sons.

Twenty-one sons of Presidents of the United States have grown to manhood, and ten of them have become national figures. Of the famous sons, John Quincy Adams, himself a president, was the most famous. Then comes Charles Francis Adams, publicist and statesman; Robert and Richard Tyler, big figures in the Southern Confederacy; John Van Buren, entering national politics as death cut short his career; Robert Todd Lincoln cabinet minister and ambassador; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomat and major-general; John Scott Harrison, son of one president and father of another, and finally the two Garfield boys, James R. Garfield, is now Secretary of the Interior, and his brother, Professor Harry A. Garfield was, recently chosen president of Williams College. In accepting the presidency of such an institution as Williams, Prof. Garfield does not fall short of the record established by other sons of noted sires. And it cannot be said that presidents' sons as a class, compare unfavorably with any other second generation which the country has to offer—Chicago Post.