

## CULTURE AS A SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.

What is salt? Sodium chlorid, says the chemist. What makes things taste bad when you don't put any on, says the boy. What is work? What you have to do. What is play? What you like to do. Definitions are not always easy. What is culture? We know it when we see it, but what makes a man or woman of culture?

Matthew Arnold says culture is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world. This is comprehensive. It means a great deal. It means religion, philosophy, literature, art, music, science. It means Moses and Paul, Plato and Bacon, Dante and Shakespeare, Pheidias and Raphael, Mozart and Beethoven, Newton and Darwin. It means the noblest work of six thousand years.

Culture is not reading or study, but discipline and reflection. President Jefferson was a scholar and drew up the Declaration. President Lincoln was no scholar, and delivered the Gettysburg oration. Lowell had college, various languages, foreign travel, and wrote the "Vision of Sir Launfal." Whittier without college, travel or Italian, wrote "Barbara Frietche." It is mind, not books.

Yet books are important. You need the inspiration of other minds. Pythagoras, of Greece, sought more knowledge in Egypt. Dante reflected the thought of the Middle Ages. Milton had all the learning of his time. Shakespeare is the sun of English literature. Macaulay carried Thucydides on his excursions. The Bible was a mine which Tennyson never tired of exploring.

Culture is enriched by travel. But you must make suitable preparation. Does your heart thrill with emotion at sight of Westminster Abbey, the Coliseum, Parthenon, Pyramids, Baalbec, the Nile and the Jordan, the Sistine Madonna, Wittenberg and Geneva, Abbotford and Mount Vernon, Old South Church and Independence Hall, Gibraltar and Gettysburg? 'Tis well.

In his tour to Scotland in 1773, Dr. Johnson made this natural comment: "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Let no frigid philosophy conduct us unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

When Charles Kingsley contemplated the majesty of God in the Pyrenees, he wrote to his wife, "I could have looked for hours. I could not speak." As Horace Bushnell gazed upon the glories of the Alps, and felt his soul drawn out in worship, he exclaimed, "Let this be my temple!" An old Scotchman looking at the lakes and hills took off his hat in grateful acknowledgment of the beautiful prospect.

Happy is the man or woman who can sing with the old poet:  
"My mind to me a kingdom is;

Such present joys therein I find  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind.  
Though much I want which most  
would have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave."  
"God be thanked for books," wrote Dr. Channing. "They make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. If the sacred writers will take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society of the place where I live.

Culture is not satisfied with common recreations. It shrinks from what is low, coarse, noisy, insipid. Imagine Emerson shouting at a race, Gladstone standing in the sun at football, Julia Ward Howe spending an afternoon at cards, Frances Willard at

a midnight ball, Livingstone chasing elephants in the jungle, Jane Addams lounging in a daily automobile.

Straws show how the wind blows. Your tastes show the extent of your culture. What are your favorite books? Do you enjoy a library? Can you linger over the paintings of an art gallery? Do you prefer classical music to rag-time? What pictures are on the walls of your home? Do you take delight in the society of refined people? By their fruits ye shall know them.

Like the oak, culture is a plant of slow growth. You can make a fortune in a day, but culture cannot be gained by love or money. It is the flower of time and experience.

"How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed as dull as fools suppose;  
But musical as Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

W. W. Davis, in Lutheran Observer.

## RAIN AND ANIMALS.

"Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain," said a zoo keeper. "On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. We usually give them an extra ration of hot milk. That puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly. Snakes, too, like rain. They perk up wonderfully as the barometer falls and the damp makes itself felt in their warm cases of glass.

"Rain makes monkeys glum. They are apt from instinct, when they see it through the window, to clasp their hands above their heads and sit so for hours. That attitude, you know, makes a kind of shelter. It is the primitive umbrella."—Selected.

## WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

By Rev. C. D. Crane.

I asked a little child with laughing eyes:  
He answered: "I am chasing butterflies."

I asked a youth and maiden on their way:  
They said: "To-morrow is our wedding day."

I asked a merchant in his princely store:  
With hands outstretched he cried: "A million more!"

I asked a saint upon his dying bed:  
"I found her when I sought her not," he said.

I asked the seraphim on Zion's Hill:  
They smiled, and swiftly flew to do God's will.

## THE YEARS RETURNING.

By Arthur W. Peach.

Each day the tide flows out and in,  
Each day the gray ships leave,  
Each night the mute-lipped stars appear.

Each night the waters grieve;  
But from their distant harbor home  
Toward which our hearts are yearning.

No more with laden ships of dreams  
We see the years returning.

Each year that passed the silent bar  
Went out beyond forever;  
Though on the heights we watch and wait.

The ships are sighted never;  
But in our hearts old memories  
Come to the heart's discerning.  
And comfort us if nevermore  
We find the years returning.

The deeper Christians we become,  
The more profound and rich in its associations  
and suggestions becomes Christmas Day. The more Christ is to us, the more this day, which gathers to us, the more life up and holds it in the light, must mean.

## WORN, WORRIED MOTHERS.

Much of the worry which every mother of young children undergoes would be spared if the mother kept Baby's Own Tablets on hand and gave an occasional dose when the child was fretful, cross or feverish. Nearly all the ailments of childhood can be traced to the stomach, bowels or teething. For these troubles no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. Ed. Suddard, Haldimand, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my home for a long time and all ways with the best results. I do not know how I could get along without this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## SPOTLESS TOWN.

Delft recalls a doll's house. There is evidence of eternal scrubbing everywhere. The water in the marble basin at the hotel suddenly giving out, we were informed that Saturday was wash day. It reminded one of some parts of Philadelphia on Saturday. On all fours, unconscious of the peril of housemaid's knees, servants of varying ages scrubbed the flagstones as if they had been running molasses. They polished up the bellpills and the handles of the big front door; they scoured the marble which streaks the house facade, and amid a clangor of tongues, a bristling of brushes, amid torrents of water, the visitor moved lil at ease, but sure that Holland did not win its reputation for cleanliness on mere rumor. The insides of the houses are as shining as the outsides. What brass, china, furniture, woodwork! But there is the reverse to the medal. One night in Rotterdam, having lost our way on a canal, we heard a series of sharp, snapping explosions; the sound had a familiar accent in it, something between a Fourth of July celebration and the beating of rugs. Horrors! Surely it could not be that that venerable New York custom existed in Holland! It was the case. On a shallow sidewalk two able-bodied maids were pounding a dirty carpet, raising the very dead with their crepitant padding and showering with perfect impartiality the dust on anyone in the vicinity. Nor is this a custom confined to Rotterdam. Any morning in any town of Holland, from 7 to 11 o'clock, you will hear with dismayed ears the crack, thump, crack of wounded rugs and murdered carpets.

Now wouldn't you suppose that the Dutchman, overzealous in the cause of cleanliness, could be made to recognize the unsanitary nature of this practice? Not at all. We argued with an intelligent native and he said that it was a very old custom—more honored in the breach than in the observance, he might have added. In such crowded thoroughfares as the Wagenstraat at The Hague, or the Kalverstraat at Amsterdam, servants literally throw the dust in your eyes. What a row there would be in dear, dirty old New York if half the population turned out with wicker paddle and pounded their rugs! The very janitors on the blocks would protest. The excuse of a custom that flourished when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, is the same given by the dwellers on the canals who persist in drinking their stagnant waters. They, when warned of the danger of cholera, indignantly answered that their fathers and grandfathers had always drunk the sewage, had lived long and happily; so what are you going to do about it?—N. Y. Sun.

Dependency is not a state of humility; it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride.—Fenelon.