

and being entertained by Prof. Max Mueller at Oxford.

When he reached home, in May, he was met by the "whole town, down to the babies in their wagons" whistles blew, church-bells rang out joyous peals, engines added their deep notes to the happy clangor, and triumphal arches marked his route to his old home, which had been completely restored during his absence.

From this time forward he never wholly regained his health. He became frail and forgetful, but as he went about everywhere in his own part of the country "he was silently watched over by an unknown body-guard, some one of whom could usually be reckoned on to provide a seat, a carriage, or to render any needed service."

His last years, indeed, were tranquil and happy, his chief enjoyment being to sit on the piazza and watch his grandchildren at play.

In April, 1882, he was taken ill of pneumonia, and after a few days' illness quietly passed away. He was buried at Sleepy Hollow, near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

To give anything like a clear idea of Emerson's thought, or, indeed, of any man's thought, within the limited space of a short article, is obviously among the impossibilities. One must go to a man's works to learn his mind, and Emerson was the writer of many books, the variety of whose contents is very inadequately indicated by the general titles: (1) Nature, Addresses, Lectures; (2) Essays (2 vols.); (3) Representative Men; (4) English Traits; (5) Conduct of Life; (6) Letters and Social Aims; (7) Society and Solitude; (8) Poems; (9) Lectures, Biographical Sketches; (10) Miscellaneous; (11) Natural History of Intellect.

Briefly, in closing, he was an optimist. He believed in the high office and limitless possibilities of man. The highest revelation he considered to be that God is in every man. "The spark in the clod" of which Browning speaks. "Men ought," he said, "to behold the presence of God in every gleam of human virtue, however dim and distorted, and not merely in the eminent example of Jesus. They ought to present the idea of salvation, not as a mystic formula, but as a universal truth, realized wherever a man, through death to selfishness, rises to the life of humanity—a life governed by the perception that all private and separate good is a delusion."

A man, he held, contains all that is needful to his government within himself, and accomplishes all that is needful if he lives up to the best that is in him. His duty, then, is self-reliance, self-growth. "I believe in this life," he used to say, "I believe that it continues." He insisted that we should go through life with good cheer, and that we should be satisfied to stay in a rut. In his lectures on "Human Culture" he advocated "man's education by manual labor, by the perception of truth, by the sense of beauty, in art and in poetry, by his affections, and the reaction of the will against the tendency of his social disposition to involve him in tradition and routine, by the economy of his daily living, and the stand he is sometimes called upon to make against it. Lastly, by the highest ascension of the soul, the dominion of the moral sentiment."

He vividly realized the need of progression. Even as early as 1835 he said: "But the common life is an endless succession of phantasms, and long after we have dreamed ourselves recovered and sound, light breaks in upon us, and we find we have yet had no sane hour." Another morn rises or mid-noon.

He believed that we should be constructive, rather than destructive—as Calcutt says. "He liked the sun's way of making civilization east of its discloses better than the storm's." "It is wholesome to man," he says, "to 'Fate'—to look not at Fate, but the other way—the practical view is the other." And again, in the "Over Soul": "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean?" He implies that we can spend our time better in doing something to help than in merely find-

ing fault. If we pull down a house we should put a better in its place. And he advises a spirit of tolerance towards others. "We can afford to allow the limitation," he says, "if we know it is the master of the growing man."

Emerson lends himself well to quotation, and one might go on indefinitely. Better, then, to stop with this, and refer those who would know more of him to his books.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

There is Nothing Hid.

There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested, neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad.—S. MARKS, ix, 22.

In the long run all hidden things are known.

The eye of truth will penetrate the night.

And good of all the secret shall be known.

However well it is guarded from the light.

All the unspoken motives of the breast Are fathomed by the years and strong contest.

In the long run.

—ELLA WHEELER WELLES.

"Murder will out," says the proverb, though probably when a man is bent on murder he has little faith in the proverb.



Where Rooi-lines and Windows Count.

Designed by Mr. A. Reed, artist, Indian Road, Toronto.

But murder is not the only secret which is sure to be openly manifested. "There is nothing secret, but that it should come abroad," says our Lord. "Whatever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops." We are constantly finding out the truth of His words even now, though the day has not yet come when God shall judge the secrets of men and bring to light the hidden things of darkness. That day comes so near all that we are apt to care little about it, and may be more interested by the thought that even now the secret thoughts of our hearts are plainly visible at least the general direction of them—our acquaintances, and especially to our relations. And how are we to see what is hidden beneath the surface? A teacher once asked a small boy how large a piece of paper would get if his mother had it to look at among the family. Seven persons, including the boy, he answered. A sixth? The teacher thought he had made a mistake, with meagre excuse, and the boy, who was a good deal of a philosopher, answered: "I know my mother. She is a sixth."

And I know my mother. She is a sixth. Was I really? The teacher said, and I did not know it.

And I know my mother. She is a sixth. Was I really? The teacher said, and I did not know it.

and can judge how those thoughts will blossom out into action—and so can their elders.

We can make a pretty safe estimate of a person's general character sometimes by a few remarks he may make. For example: Would you like to engage this man to work for you? Do you think he would be a success in any business?

Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle-street house. One day, as he was lurching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" said the carpenter.

"What?" In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully.

We give ourselves away," as the saying is, just as plainly as that, every day of our lives. Two people may live in the same house, doing much the same work, and yet the one life may be very plainly consecrated in the highest service, while the other is plainly seen to be selfish and worldly. It is especially the little things which reveal the secret spirit of a life, the little opportunities which are gladly seized or carelessly let slip. If only our trust and love were unfeigned, every body around us would know that our secret life was hid with Christ in God. There is never need to proclaim to the world that your thoughts are true and lovely. Keep your secret soul white and shining and loyal in God's sight, and your world will not fail to know it without being told. Our Lord made no attempt to assert His innocence to Pilate.

Her lips can whisper the tenderest words,
Her eyes can tell the truest tale,
Can tell of a sin from the heart of man,
And lead it to Christ's dear throne.

And she can walk where'er she will,—
She walketh never alone.
The work she does is the Master's work,
And God guards well His own.

We read in Ezekiel ix. of a mark which is set on the foreheads of those who hate evil—it is not a mark which they can place on themselves, but it is written there by "a man clothed with linen," when, in the Book of Revelation, this seal of God is mentioned several times, and in the last chapter we are told of the servants of Christ: "They shall see His face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads." How is that mark of possession indelibly stamped, outwardly and visibly, on the willing servants of the King? "They shall see His face," and, looking daily at that Vision of perfect holiness, the secret desire of their hearts shines through the veil of flesh as secret desires always do.

There is another mark mentioned—the mark of the beast—which is the outward sign, on forehead and hand, of those who worship the beast. This also is frequently mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and in Chapter xiii. we read that "no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." The state of affairs in the markets of a great city must have been far worse in those days than they are now. Plenty of people can prosper in business without stooping to trickery or meanness of any kind. But those who do stoop to "worship the beast," either by dishonesty or by letting their kingly spirit be dragged down by vices which may well be called "beastly," need not fancy that they can hide the fact. Thoughts and habits which are encouraged for years always write themselves on the body. Those who work in hospitals know the awful truth of Rev. xvi. 2—and the sins of men are still visited upon their children. We are too closely linked with each other for sin's consequences to stop short with the sinner. This is one of the mysteries which God has not explained to us, though He never fails to make all things work together for the good of those who choose His service. We do not understand His ways always, but we always know that the path of righteousness is bright and glad and safe, while the path of unrighteousness is dark and miserable and dangerous. And, knowing this,

Faith keeps its way, hand-knit with
Reverence,
And both with knowledge going on be-
fore,
Climbs out of deeper depths to high,
serener heights,
And climbs forevermore."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Our Homes.

[Repeated requests for information re house-furnishing, etc., is the raison d'être for the following series of articles.]

"Home is home, though it be never so homely," runs the old proverb, and that is very true. One's heart can twine even about a log shack and a pigpen, provided one loves the people who inhabit the shack enough. At the same time, what a pride and interest one takes in an attractive and well-kept home! It may not be grandly expensive; that scarcely enters into the calculation at all, provided there is the coziness of trees, shrubs and vines, and of quiet coloring and tasteful furnishing. If the house itself has been designed with an eye to the picturesque and the beautiful, why so much the better.

Perhaps you are going to build a new home before long. The happy are

Her eyes are the windows of a soul
Where only the white thoughts spring,
And they look, as the eyes of the angels
look.

For the good in everything.

Her lips can whisper the tenderest words,
The wavy and worn can hear,
Can tell of the dawn of a better morn,
Can only the coward fear.